

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 23rd, 1865.

LUKE XXII. 24-46: Christ's agony in the Garden. 2 SAMUEL XVI. The doings of David's enemies. Recite—HEBREWS IV. 14-16.

Sunday, July 30th, 1865.

LUKE XXII. 47-71: Christ betrayed. Peter's denial. 2 SAMUEL XVII. David's enemies counsel against him. Recite—HABAKKUK II. 19-20.

"Nothing to do."

Let no one say, "There is nothing that I can do." Nothing in a world so full of sin and ignorance and sorrow? Nothing, when so many schemes of practical philanthropy have been devised, and when some of them are even falling to the ground for want of hands to carry them out? Surely it needs but to be known that you are willing to work, for work to be found for you in abundance. Is there no sick or aged person to whom, if you feel that you cannot speak words of your own, you can read God's word, or some simple, instructive book? Is there no one whom you can invite to go with you to the house of God? Is there no sick or aged person to whom, if you feel that you cannot speak words of your own, you can read God's word, or some simple, instructive book? Is there no one whom you can invite to go with you to the house of God? Is there no vacant class in the Sabbath School? Is there no district where you can distribute religious tracts? Is there no friend to whom you can speak kindly and faithfully about salvation? Is there no great religious society which you can help in working? It may be quite true that you are unfit for some kinds of labor; do not, therefore, in'er that you are unfit for all. Ask your pastor if he can find you nothing to do; or ask any earnest Christian man whom you see engaged in diligent work. Best of all, go to the footstool of Jesus in the spirit of willing consecration; and ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"The smallest effort is not lost; Each wavelet on the ocean tost; Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow; Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow; Each struggle lessens human woe."

An authentic anecdote.

Talleyrand was once in the company of Madame de Stael and another eminent French lady whose name we do not remember.

"You say charming things to both of us," said Madame de Stael to him; "which of us do you like best?"

The witty statesman artfully replied that he was delighted with both.

"Ah, but you prefer one of us," continued Madame de Stael. "Suppose we were both drowning in the Seine to-night, which of us would you help first?"

"I would extend my right hand to Madame de Stael, and my left to Madam yonder."

"Yes; but suppose only one of us could be saved, which would you attempt to rescue?"

Talleyrand's diplomacy was pushed to its severest test, but not one whit discomposed, he turned to Madame de Stael, and replied:

"Madame, you who know so many things, doubtless you know how to swim."

—WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.—A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says: I asked a little boy last evening—

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes; when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to holler at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran in the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, the tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her.'"

Do we find anything more sweet, delicate and lovely than this in the annals of pretty? Can conventional improve upon such politeness, spontaneous in the heart of a six years' old boy?—Journal and Messenger.

LOVE.—People are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their loveliness. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiable, or of showing encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot itself, with its trees, health and quiet.

NOTES TO BE REMEMBERED.—Constant occupation prevents temptation. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid. A man is never so apt to be crooked as when he is in a strait. Our real wants are few. The stomach tires of every thing but bread and water. There is one good wife in the country; but let every married man think that he hath her. A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

The charitable give out at the door, and God give in at the window.

The Expedition to Brazil.

Our readers will remember that we noticed, some time since, the departure from Boston of Professor Agassiz and a number of other scientific gentlemen, on an expedition to Brazil. Mr. C. F. Hartt, well known to quite a number of our readers, son of J. W. Hartt, Esq., formerly principal of Horton Academy, was one of the company, and has written to his father from Rio Janeiro, where he arrived April 22nd. The following are extracts from his letter:—

THE ORIGIN OF THE EXPEDITION.

Professor Agassiz has long been a friend of the Emperor of Brazil, and in constant correspondence with him, and the Emperor has frequently sent to him collections of objects of Natural History from Rio and its vicinity. A few months ago he wrote to the Professor asking what he could do for him. The Professor proposed sending out from the Museum a couple of Geologists to explore the Geology of Brazil, and to ask the Emperor to give them facilities for travel and protection while in the country. Agassiz has for some time been in poor health, and on thinking the matter over, he concluded to go himself to Brazil, to spend the summer, and, if possible, to visit the Andes. A very wealthy gentleman of Boston, Nathaniel Thayer, Esq., an intimate friend of Agassiz, on learning the Professor's intention, offered him \$12,000 to fit out a regular expedition; thus enabling him to take out with him a number of assistants, and to make explorations on a much larger scale. In less than ten days an expedition was organized and ready to start. A free passage, in the steamer "Colorado" to Rio was generously offered to the whole party by "the Pacific Mail Steamship Company."

THE PARTY.

Wednesday, March 29th, found the party comprising the commission on board the "Colorado," at her dock in New York. The following are the names of the members of the expedition:—Prof. Louis Agassiz, Director; J. G. Anthony, Conchologist; Geo. Sevea, Osteologist; J. A. Allan, Ornithologist; O. H. St. John, Geologist and Zoologist; C. Fred. Hartt, Geologist and Zoologist; Dr. E. B. Cotting, Physician; Mr. Dexter, Taxidermist; Mr. Hunnewell, Photographer; and Messrs. Copeland, James, Ward and Thayer. Professor Agassiz and Dr. Cotting are accompanied by their wives.

Mr. J. C. Fletcher, the author of the work on "Brazil and the Brazilians," very fortunately was suddenly called to Brazil at the time of our departure, and we had his company. He was very kind, and rendered us great aid in giving information respecting the country, and in teaching us Portuguese. There is no one better posted on Brazil than he.

It is very probable that I shall head a party to go westward from Rio to Goyez, Matta Gross and Fort Principe de Beira, at the confluence of the rivers Madeira and Stenez; thence up the Andes to Cochabamba, and probably to Arica on the Pacific, returning by the Madeira to the Amazon and down to Para, thence to Rio and home. My chum, Allan, from the Museum, the Ornithologist, will probably go with me, together with a Civil Engineer, Mr. Copeland, of the Lawrence Scientific School. Besides these two, there will be several others—possibly a Brazil student or two. We will go out under the protection of the Emperor, Don Pedro 2d, furnished with official passports, letters, etc. We shall not leave Rio immediately, but shall spend some six weeks in exploring the vicinity preparatory to our departure on our longer journey. The Professor (Agassiz) is going with a party up the Amazon to the Andes. Mr. St. John is to explore the Rio San Francisco.

THE COLORADO, CAPT BRADBURY, COMMANDER.

is a magnificent ocean steamer, just built for the Pacific mail steamship company, to run between San Francisco, Cal., and China. She is 4,000 tons burthen, 340 feet long, and fitted up with accommodations for 3000 passengers! She has one large saloon 93 feet long, very elegantly furnished, and a second cabin almost as large. Each is surrounded by staterooms, which, in the first cabin, are not equalled by those of the splendid steamers of the Sound. The engine is one of the finest that was ever built—a perfect Titan. I never tired, during the voyage, of watching the noiseless motions of the piston. They seemed like the breast-heavings of a giant, whose great arm and hand, swollen with muscle, grasped the immense crank of the shaft, and untiringly and without complaint, worked on day and night. The hurricane deck afforded a delightful promenade of over 300 feet. Each one of the party was furnished with a state room, redolent of paint and varnish, and as neat as a never-before-used furniture, &c., could make it. As for food, we had everything that French cookery could devise, served up in the best of style. Altogether, we were as comfortable as could be. It was more like going to sea in a big hotel than anything else.

THE VOYAGE.

After a delay, on account of stormy weather, and a slight accident to the engine, we weighed anchor on Saturday, April 1st, at 9 A. M., and steamed rapidly out the Narrows, past Forts La Fayette, Hamilton, and Richmond. The low sand banks of Sandy Hook, with its immense unfinished fortifications, was soon left behind. The hills of New Jersey sank down behind the horizon, and by sunset we were far out at sea. How long before these shores shall again greet our eyes! After a year of wanderings in a strange land, it permitted to return, how will

the heart beat to see them once more, the earnest of HOME!

The next day, Sabbath, was fine, but cool and there was considerable sea running; but our great ship rode so steadily that the motion was unpleasant to but few. At 11 o'clock, A. M., we had services in the cabin, and a sermon by Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania (Episcopal), who, with his bride, was making a pleasure trip to California. Out of fifty passengers, there were but four or five who could sing. We got up a choir. I was chosen precentor, and we did up "Ortonville" and "Old Hundred" in the wounded snake style. I led off, and the rest came in, one after another, something on the principle of "Pull Pat! I pulled last." At about 1 P. M., we were off Petersburg, Va. On the horizon, over the spot where the city was supposed to be, were huge masses and streaks of what the captain said was smoke; and, he suggested that it might be the smoke of the battle, which, according to the last news we had on leaving New York, was about beginning. [We are anxious to receive news from home, to learn the result of this struggle.] The light house on Cape Hatteras was soon after seen, but that, too, sank behind the horizon, and we bade good bye to North America.

Our course had been thus far parallel with the coast, so as to keep within the Gulf Stream; but it was now necessary to cross it to the other side, as then we would have to strike it off Cape Hatteras, and if we continued on in our course the current would impede our progress: so, at 5 o'clock we changed our course to the Eastward, and at 6 we struck the stream, and warm weather. The Professor began, immediately on leaving the harbor, a series of observations on the temperature of the sea. On reaching the Gulf Stream, these observations were to be every five minutes, and continued until the stream was crossed. The Gulf Stream is nothing more or less than a river of warm water flowing through the ocean. From about the Gulf of Guinea a current of warm water flows across the Atlantic ocean, and impinging on the coast of South America at Cape St. Roque, divides into two—one goes southward, the other flows into the Gulf of Mexico, where it issues between the Florida Keys and the Bahama Islands. It continues up the coast to Cape Hatteras, where it is sixty miles broad, and then, spreading out like a fan, goes to bathe the coast of Northern Europe. There is a current of cold water flowing out of Baffin's Bay southward along the coast to Cape Hatteras, where it meets the Gulf Stream, and diving under the Gulf Stream, disappears. Many "Portuguese men-of-war" were seen. They are curious floating communities of animals, in which one forms a sack or float for all the rest, others catch food, while others digest it for the whole colony.

We soon fell into a regular daily routine, saving the occasional capture of some floating marine animals, and the watching of flying fish by day, and the phosphorescence of the sea by night, the voyage was one of great monotony. We occupied ourselves, in the morning, with reading works on Brazil, and in studying Portuguese; after lunch, came a daily lecture by Prof. Agassiz, who spread his cloth black-board in one end of the room. Then a nap for those who liked it; dinner at 5 p. m., and the evening was spent on deck, watching the setting sun, and the ever varying and gorgeous panorama of twilight at sea. After entering the tropics, we had heavy showers, almost every day. I never saw it rain so heavily in the North. It was very interesting to watch, night after night, the stars—visible in the North—sink towards the horizon and disappear, while new ones, made their appearance in the South. I was disappointed in the "Southern Cross," about which we hear so much. It is composed of only four large stars, forming an irregular square. It is not very conspicuous, and is not to be compared with the Great Bear or Orion. The principal of the Magellan clouds look like pale white clouds, or detached isolated masses of the milky way, which in reality they are. One, however, is black—it is only a piece of clear sky in the milky way, appearing black merely by contrast with the surrounding heavens so thickly studded with stars.

SIGHT OF LAND.

On Monday, the 17th of April, we had our first glimpse of land. Off the starboard bow, low on the horizon, and about twelve miles distant, were seen the coast of Brazil, near Cape St. Roque. We soon came up with a number of Jongadas, or Catamarans, with their negro crews, out for fish. These crafts are about 20 feet long, made of five logs of the cork palm lashed. They are furnished with a seat behind; and a slight flexible pole erected near the forward end serves as a mast, to which is attached a large triangular sail. They are steered by a large paddle behind. Each Jongada carried three men. It was surprising to see with what ease these mere rafts, washed constantly by the waves, were managed in a considerable sea, and the rapidity with which they sailed. We passed several which had taken down sail, and whose crews were fishing.

The land as we neared it, appeared to be of but slight elevation, and to consist principally of low hills of sand. During the evening, the phosphorescence of the sea was very brilliant. Looking into the water just abaft the paddle boxes, where the water had been agitated by the wheels, the sea seemed to be full of bright star-like points of light—so full that when a wave broke into foam, at a short distance away, it appeared to be all aglow with a pale white flame. When it was very dark the waves tomed from the bow seemed as if illuminated by a light from the ship. Behind the steamer, each wave of the wake was strongly lit up, and lay like fold after fold of phosphorescent smoke. This

phosphorescence is due to an innumerable number of very minute animals, crustaceans, aculeates, &c., which emit light when agitated. The great floating jelly fishes give a strong light, and the large moon-like lights in the wake of a steamer on the New England coast are given out by these.

On Tuesday, April 10th, I was awakened early with the information that in three-fourths of an hour we should be in sight of Pernambuco. I arose at half-past 6, when I found that we were within four miles of the shore, and nine of Olinda, a town two or three miles north of Pernambuco. At first sight there was nothing in the "lay of the land," or the general appearance of the vegetation, to lead me to suspect that the region before us was at all unlike our northern shores; but a glance through the opera glass at the forest that luxuriantly clothed the country, as far as the eye could reach, and descended to the shore line where the waves were breaking showed the straight slender trunks and coronets of leaves of the cocopalms, and the imagination busied itself with weaving them with lilies and passionflowers, and filling the forest with all that luxuriance of plant and animal life that we have long loved to dream about, and which we were about to enjoy.

The land, like that of St. Roque was low and flat, like a great plain of slight elevation above the sea. Fishermen's huts were seen on the beach under the palms, and an occasional fazenda nestled among the trees on the higher ground.

We soon came up to the beautiful town of Olinda, which is situated on a high projecting point jutting out seaward. Numerous large convents with white walls and red tiled roofs, and several immense churches, crown the hills and are half hid among palms, broad-leaved bananas, and other tropical trees. The town itself presents a very fine appearance from the water, but it is said to be in a dilapidated condition.

Its name is derived from two Portuguese words, "O linda," "the beautiful." It was once a flourishing town, and the capital of the Portuguese possessions of South America; but the town of Pernambuco, springing up near by on a spot more favorably situated for commercial purposes, snatched its prosperity, and it is now of no importance.

The numerous church-towers, and high many-storied white buildings of Pernambuco, with their red-tiled chimneys, roofs give to the city a beautiful appearance from the water. Pernambuco is noted for its great sugar trade; its export of that article every year amounts to over \$4,000,000. Along the line of a fine railway of seventy miles, running south-westerly into the country, there are 400 sugar plantations.

We made a short halt before the city, with which we communicated by signal. A box containing a bottle full of letters was thrown overboard to be picked up by a Jongada.

Three days we were out of sight of land. On the morning of the 22d of April we passed Cape Frio, at about 4 o'clock. Mr. Fletcher called me on deck at day break, saying that we were three hours sail from Rio, and that the magnificent coast range of mountains was in sight.

Accustomed to the tame mountain scenery of my native land, the scene was one of great grandeur. Cape Frio was fast fading away in the east. From the Cape along the shore to the westward, as far as one could see, stretched a panorama of mountain scenery of extreme beauty. The mountains were, some of them, 8,000 feet high. Their outlines were very striking; now serrated, now lying dome after dome, one behind another, and anon shooting up into needle-shaped peaks, the whole being covered with trees from top to bottom.

(Conclusion next week.)

Addressing children.

The editor of the Western Christian Advocate says that "no man ought ever to address children, unless he knows what he is going to say, how he is going to say it, and what he is going to say it for." He lays down a few excellent rules on the subject, which we quote for the benefit of those of our readers who are occasionally called upon to "say a few words to the children:"

- 1. Always use the simplest, plainest words—monosyllables if possible.
2. Never speak without, like the archer, having a distinct object in view.
3. Avoid no side issues to divert you from the object. In your attempt to capture three rabbits, by running first after one, then after the second, and still after the third, you lose all.
4. Never tell a story because of its having a laugh in it; and,
5. Do not talk a long while, and then ask a vote for five minutes more. Children are too polite to refuse you, though your talk may greatly bore them.
6. Use enough of legitimate illustration or anecdote to hold the attention of the children, but be very careful it is appropriate, and has sense in it.
7. Watch the tones of your voice. Boys can see as quickly as an electrician when you have gone from the natural to the tawdry, or the declamatory; that is to say, they know when you are "speaking your piece, and they will, at once say to themselves, 'I can speak better than that myself.' Then it is time for you to sit down.
8. Never ask children for their attention, nor allow anybody else to ask it for you; for if you do, ten to one the children are not at fault, but yourself. Say something to rivet attention or stop.