

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 8th, 1865.

JOHN II.: Christ's first miracle. 2 SAMUEL XXIII.: A catalogue of David's mighty men. Psalms—ECCLIASTES V. 1, 2.

Sunday, October 15th, 1865.

JOHN III. 1-17: Regeneration. 2 SAMUEL XXIV.: A pestilence is sent upon Israel. Psalms—ROMANS VIII. 1-4.

For Christ's sake.

Clara's work had fallen from her lap, and with her elbow resting upon the broad window-sill, her chin upon her hand, and her eyes fixed up on the distant fields, she seemed in a deep reverie.

"Why Clara!" she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and reproof, "what are you dreaming about, child? Your will never get that shirt done, at this rate!"

"I was thinking," said Clara, starting at the sound of her mother's voice; and taking up her work she began stitching away very industriously.

"You must learn to think and work too," said her mother. "Time is too precious to be wasted in idle dreaming."

"I was thinking," said Clara, after a few moments silence, "of the sermon last Sunday evening. You remember the text, don't you, mother?"

"It was, 'Occupy till I come,' was it not?"

"Yes, and I wish you would tell me what you think it means."

"I thought Mr. Smith's explanation of it was a very good one."

"It was good, so far as it went, but it was too general. He told us to occupy meant to work, to be busy—and he said it was every one's duty to employ in the service of Christ, the talents committed to him—but he did not tell us how."

"He could not tell you that, my dear; that is an application every one must make for himself."

"But mother what does 'working for Christ' mean?—that is what I want to know. I don't think I have five talents, or even two, but I suppose every body has at least one; and I want to devote my one talent to his service, but I don't know what to do."

"I think if you really have that desire, Clara, you can find plenty of ways of employing your talent. But I fear you think serving him consists in doing something great,—being a missionary for instance,—do you not?"

"Why, yes, mother, I was thinking of that—or of being a Sunday school teacher, which is a sort of missionary work you know."

"Not often undertaken in a missionary spirit I fear, Clara. But you are yet too young to undertake to be a teacher. Did you ever think that you will honor and serve Christ more by diligent attention to your Bible lessons, thus fitting yourself to become a teacher, than you would by taking upon yourself that office without the proper preparation? If he has any great work for you to perform, he will make it known to you; meanwhile you will be employing your talent in his service, by faithfully performing the little daily duties that lie plain before you,—making that shirt for instance, is—"

"Oh mother!" interrupted Clara almost indignantly, "it seems like profanity to talk of honoring and serving Christ by such things as making shirts!"

"My dear child," replied her mother earnestly, "you make a great mistake. You are now on the verge of womanhood; a woman's lot, with its daily routine of small duties, is yours. You may not, and probably will not ever be called upon to perform anything greater, or more important than these; are you, therefore, to sit down with your hands folded, and say there is nothing I can do for Christ?"

"But, mother, we would have these things to do anyhow—the same if we were not Christians as if we were, I mean our own comfort and happiness depend upon them, and I don't see how doing them is serving Christ."

"That depends upon the motive, Clara. If you take that low standard, and perform these duties merely because it enhances your own comfort, Christ is not honored; but if you perform them, faithfully and well, out of love to him and because he wishes it, you do serve him. He is not benefited by anything we can do, and he judges, not the magnitude of the action, but the motive that prompts it. The meanest household duty, performed with a desire to please him, is more acceptable in his sight, than thousands of dollars given to build up churches and Sunday schools, without that motive."

"I begin to see it, now, mother, and I'm glad I asked you about it," said Clara, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"There are many things you can do outside of your home duties," replied her mother. "You spoke of the Sabbath school. If you cannot be a teacher, you can hunt up scholars; there are plenty, even in our own neighborhood, who do not go to Sunday school at all, and that is part of a missionary's work, you know. You can also be a tract distributor; and above all you can recommend the religion of Jesus to your companions and school-mates by your consistent walk and conversation. So you see there are many ways of 'employing your talent.'"

"Yes, mother, I see; thank you," said Clara.

and with a happy smile she stitched away more industriously than ever, now that she had a new and higher motive for doing so.—National Baptist.

Sleight of Hand.

People like romance—something hidden. Even if they are cheated, they like the excitement of trying to explore that which is at first sight beyond their grasp.

The following account of THE WONDERFUL HAT is from Our Young Folks and will shew our youthful readers that the magic of it, is, after all, only the dexterous manipulation of the performer.

A hat is borrowed and placed on a table, after the audience are satisfied that there is nothing in it. The performer then requests his audience to lend him six silver half-dollars. As there are not plenty in these days of paper currency, he proceeds to take them, one from a gentleman's beard, another from a lady's sleeve, and so on until he gets the required number. As he gets each one, he throws it seemingly towards the hat, and when he has finished, he requests one of the audience to examine the hat, where the money is in all cases found.

To perform the trick, seven half-dollars are required, all of which are concealed in the right hand, in the manner described for holding a coin, when palming it. The performer then requests his audience to lend him six half-dollars, but the next moment, under pretence of not troubling them, he approaches some gentleman who glories in a fine beard, and, excusing himself for the liberty he is about to take, pulls a bright half-dollar out from the midst of his whiskers, by letting one of the pieces which lie concealed in his palm drop to the end of his fingers. He then goes to the hat, calling attention to his movements, informs the spectators that he will put the half dollar which the hirsute gentleman has so kindly furnished in the hat.

To do this he puts his whole hand and wrist inside the hat, and at the same time carefully places six of the half-dollars on the bottom of it. After doing this, and when about leaving the hat, he remarks: "But you may think I did not actually place that half-dollar in, but only pretended to; now see, here it is;" and taking one of the six out, he shows it plainly, and then says: "To satisfy you that I really put the money in, I will drop it in, so that all may see;" and suiting the action to the word, he does drop it taking care that, in doing so, it does not chink against the five already there. There are now six half-dollars in the hat, and your audience suppose there is but one. A seventh still remains concealed in your palm. This one suffices for the six which you are supposed to take from the audience, and is managed in this way.

After you have taken the half-dollar from a lady's sleeve, in the same manner as you took it from the gentleman's beard, you pretend to place it in your left hand, but retain it in the right by palming it. You then have it ready to produce from the next person, with whom you repeat the same motion, palming it each time, and pretending to make it pass from the hand to the hat. Of course there is no trouble about bringing the money into the hat, as it is already there.

The whole secret of the trick is, after all, in neatly palming the coin; in fact, when one has learned adroitly to palm, he can invent a number of tricks, or rather improvise them, to suit occasions. Another of the many uses to which our wonderful hat may be turned is that of cooking; it far surpasses in economy the gas stoves of whose excellence we read so much, although in the performance of the trick considerable "gas" is needed. It is invaluable for camping out, as you need only blow out the fire and clap your stove on your head, thereby saving the cost of transportation. It is also very easily managed, and with a little practice the most inexperienced housekeeper can by its aid prepare an excellent meal, fit to be served up to the most fastidious. For instance, we will suppose a cake is needed; this is the way we would proceed to bake it. The hat is placed on a table, two or three eggs are broken and dropped in it, and lastly some flour and water are mixed in a cup and poured on the eggs. The whole is then beaten up with a spoon or clean stick, and when the ingredients are sufficiently mixed, a lighted candle is held under the hat for a few minutes and our cake is done. It is then turned out on a plate, cut in slices, and handed to the audience for them to determine the efficiency of the patent stove.

Of course my young readers are too knowing to believe more than half of what I have been telling, and will naturally inquire how it is done, how did the cake get in, and how did the flour and eggs get out?

Well, the cake, and along with it a tin cup to receive the eggs and flour, were put in the hat, much in the same way as the bag of feathers—that is, they were lying behind the table, from which place we took them, and slipped them in the hat. Being in, of course we were careful that the flour and eggs fell into the tin cup, and the only difficulty then was how to get that out without being detected. That this is easy enough, the following explanation will show. The flour and water are first mixed in a small china jar, and from that poured into the hat. Now the tin cup which is inside the hat is made of such a size that it will just fit in the jar when coaxed a little. When all the flour and water is poured out of the jar, we pretend that there is still a drop or two remaining, and putting it inside the hat as if to shake out those

last drops, we put the jar over the cup, push it fairly down, and bring out jar and cup together.

Handel and the Church Choir.

Handel (or Mister Handel, as he is styled in some of my aged music books) was likewise one of the most humorous of mortals. The witty stories and manifold eccentricities related of him, would suffice to fill a large volume. Strange to say, his best jokes were perpetrated during the frequent and uproarious bursts of passion. One of the richest is the following: "Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, he began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while such as were collectable were gathered together in a room, and, after preliminaries, Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscripts. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "you all read manuscript?" "Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room. "We play in the church," added one old gentleman behind a violin. "Very well, play die," said Handel, distributing the parts, This done, and a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling, fumbling, and blundering that ensued is said to be indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not long brook the insult, and, clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violin, and shaking his first furiously at the terrified man and instrument, said: "You play in de church! very well; you may play in de church, for we read, De Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. You shall play in de church, but you shal not play for me!" and snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.—Musical Magazine.

The Mute Detective.

The N. York Examiner and Chronicle gives the following remarkable dog story. Found in that paper, it ought to be true, and yet it seems almost incredible:—

"No dogs admitted, sir," said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance; "you must leave him behind, if you go in."

"Very well," said the young man—"stay about here, Prince, until I come back!"—and he joined the crowd within. By-and-by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when behold! the chain had been snipped in two, and the valuable timepiece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed into his mind. So, stepped out, he whispered the fact to the porter, and gained permission to take in his dog for a minute or two.

"Look here, Prince," said he, "you knowing dog, my watch is stolen;" and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. "Do you understand, old fellow? In there, sir, is the thief. You find it, my good doggie, and I'll get you a famous treat. You understand, do you?" Prince wagged his head and tail, and gave his master a wonderfully knowing look, and then the two stole quietly into the place again. Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling away at this one's coat and that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat-skirt of a genteel looking man, and could not be shaken off. The young man quickly made known the case to the by-standers who gathered around him, and had the thief's pockets duly searched. Six other watches were found about him, which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which their rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on again. Prince selected out his master's property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all agreed that he merited as fine a dinner as a dog could have. A good beef-bone and bowl of milk, however, abundantly satisfied all his wants, and then he was just as ready to do the same favor again.

Agriculture, etc.

TRUFFLES.

In the London market truffles are almost always sold as a product imported from France, and at a price from two to three dollars per pound. But more than three quarters of the quantity thus sold, and that of the finest quality, is produced in English soil, and in reality, supplied to the London markets by country dealers at a very low price.

Very little has hitherto been written about the truffle; and we look in vain for any account of its habitat or methods of propagation in botanical works. In scientific treatises it is classed in the ranks of the esculent fungi, like the mushroom, and is named the "Tuber cibarium." "There are few of nature's productions," says an English authority, "so extraordinary as this family of the fungi; and in no other country than our own are there so many varieties of the class to be seen, with their various shapes, their beautiful colors, and their fairy rings springing up like magic after a night's rain or a dumpy day." Unlike the mushroom, this strange fungus is propagated under the surface of the soil. They are found where the soil is black, loamy, mixed with flint, or is composed of chalk and

clay. They grow close to the roots of large trees, and seem to be propagated by the partial decay of their long fibrous roots, and nourished by the drippings from their branches. They are found in shrubberies, plantations and woods and sometimes in banks, and ditches, but always where trees abound, beneath them or at a little distance from their stems. They grow in rings or clusters of six or seven round each tree. Nor will they flourish beneath every kind of tree, but frequent the oak, the lime and cedar, and appear especially to love the beech, since, wherever that tree grows with the richest luxuriance the truffles are found in great abundance and of the best quality.

The usual season when truffles are found in England is the month of September; but their appearance depends very much upon the state of the weather. In a dry season the truffle-hunter will not look for them before October or November, and until sufficient rain has fallen for their production. In favorable situations and in damp weather they will grow in a few days. They will increase from a quarter to half a pound in weight, and in rainy seasons they will sometimes reach a pound, while they measure from four to six inches in circumference.

The truffle resembles, externally, a rugged knot of an old oak, or a piece of decayed wood. This is the large truffle. There is another kind well known to the truffle, though ignored in scientific accounts, called the red truffle in account of its color, and is of the size of a pea, and equal in flavor to the larger kind. This larger truffle, when examined through the microscope, is found grained with fibrous lines, and is of a firm, tough texture, white in color when young, and growing darker until its ripeness is shown by becoming entirely black.

As the truffle grows under ground, there would be some difficulty in finding it were it not for the fact that, before it is cooked, it possesses a peculiar odor—so powerful and so peculiar that no imposition can be practiced in its commerce. The raw truffles when ripe and fit to eat possess this pungent and oppressive odor which will pervade the whole house; and they must be boiled or stewed, when this odor will disappear.

This peculiar perfume is nearly imperceptible to the human senses when the fungus is growing beneath the soil; and for this reason the truffle-gatherer is assisted in the search for them by a peculiar breed of dogs that are trained for this purpose. "Clever little dogs they are, and trained from puppyhood to hunt the truffle out by the nose, and then to scratch it up with their long sharp claws. It is curious and interesting to watch the powers of nose possessed by these small dogs; how directly they perceive the odor of the hidden truffle; they rushed to the place, straight as a dart, even at twenty yards distance."—Horticulturalist.

THE GASTRIC JUICE.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of digesting the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the fibers of the living animal, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid.

HOW THE EYE IS PRESERVED.

There is dust on sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top.—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out: no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the eye, which yet is not blinded because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyeball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

KEEPING GREEN HAY.—Experiments have been made in packing green hay with entire success. The dew or rain is dried off, leaving the stalk still green, but wilted. The hay is then pressed in bales, and stored away. It will come out in winter almost as fresh as if went in, losing comparatively but little in weight. Of course, this is an improvement upon the old method, as the juices of the grass are retained.

CARE OF HORSES.—Never allow a horse to drink when warm, unless he is to be kept moving as usual. Where they are stabled during hot weather, clean the stables often, litter well, and allow each animal to have a breathing-hole in the window or wall before him, if possible. Some horses gall very easily beneath the collar and harness, during hot weather, where the parts do not fit well. Wash the wounds with clean water, and apply a paste made of white lead and linseed oil. Then provide a collar or harness that will not chafe.

A WATERSPOUT.—Belgium has been visited by a waterspout of extraordinary violence. It occurred in the neighborhood of Liege, and has spread ruin far and wide. The accompanying gale caught people up in the air and dashed them to the ground. It cut off the tops of some large trees, and felled many others to the ground. It stopped railway trains and overthrew houses. It was attended by thunder and floods of rain. Altogether it was one of the most disastrous storms that has ever visited the country.