

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 30th, 1865.

LUKE XXII. 47-71: Christ betrayed. Peter's denial. 2 SAMUEL XXII.: David's enemies counsel against him.

Recite—HABAKKUK II. 18-20.

Sunday, August 6th, 1865.

LUKE XXIII. 14-26: The trial and sentence of Christ. 2 SAMUEL XXIII. 1-18: Absalom is slain. Recite—1 Peter II. 21-24.

Ponto and Flirt.

Ponto was an old dog, and lay on the sunny bank just in front of the laurel bushes, so that he might have all the sunshine and none of the cold winds. He was very mild and grave in countenance, and when you went up to him he would get up, wink hard at you, and seem to say, "Yes, sir, we have met before!" He seemed to live in the past, so far as he took interest in anything; but he was gentle and kind, and everybody seemed to be Ponto's friend.

Little Flirt was a dog of a different stamp. He was all run and jump, and bark and play. He would often visit old Ponto, and then how he would scamper round him, look knowingly in his eyes, squat and look, and then jump and bound and bark, as if he would say, "Well, Mr. Ponto, did you ever see anything like that?" Old Ponto would look at him with awful gravity, as much as to say, "That's all well enough for a dog which has not yet come to years of discretion."

But one day Flirt came out to see Ponto on a sober walk. His tail drooped, and his face was grave, and he walked like one going to a funeral.

"Ponto" says he, "I'm going away to live, indeed!"

"Yes. I am determined to stay here no longer. I am resolved to run away!"

"Where will you run?"

"O, I don't know. I'll find somewhere!"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough! I'm tired of my master. You have always said he was one of the kindest of masters. But I now know better. You know old Cub, the brown horse, don't you?"

"I should think I did. I have run beside him times enough and miles enough to know him."

"Has he not always been a good and faithful old horse?"

"Not always old, but always good and faithful."

"Well, he has been sick lately. He has grown very poor. He would stand all day and bite his crib and gnaw the planks, and groan in pain. He has lost his appetite, and I thought he must die. But yesterday, when our master led him out, I thought, 'Well now he will kill poor old Cub, and put him out of pain, or else give him some comforting thing that he can eat!' But instead of that—O dear, how dreadful! he took him down to the blacksmith's shop, put the poor fellow in a frame in which they put oxen when they shoe them, and turned the leather under him so that he could not stand on his feet, and they put a great stick in his mouth, and then fastened it open, and then took a huge piece of flat iron, (I believe they call it a file,) and with that he sawed in between every two teeth in the poor fellow's mouth. Poor Cub groaned, and the blood ran, but no matter—rasp, rasp went the file till there was a parting between every tooth! If that ain't cruelty, I would like to know what is? I am going to run away! The cruel man will be sawing my teeth next! Who knows?"

"Suppose, Flirt, you just run into the stable and see what old Cub is doing."

Away bounded Flirt, and soon came back with a look of amazement.

"Why, Ponto, as true as you live, old Cub is eating hay as he never ate before!"

"Don't swear, Flirt, and say 'as true as you live'; but now it drowns and learns a thing or two; it may do you good as long as you live. You must know, then, O wise Flirt, that horses were made to eat grass, and to draw it into the mouth. This naturally draws their teeth out and spreads them. Old Cub has been shut up in the stall and fed on cut feed for years. The consequence is his teeth came tight together, and they ached, and this made him have what they call 'crib-biting,' or 'cribbing.' Now master by filing them apart has relieved the pain, and the old horse can eat as well as ever. He put him in the ox-frame and fastened his mouth open only as the easiest way to do it—easiest for the horse. So, you young dog, see that it was not cruelty but kindness in our master to file old Cub's teeth."

"O, I see it, I see it all. What a fool I was! I will never doubt my master again."

O child! you will often meet things in divine Providence that seem strange to you, and which look as if God was not wise nor good. But when these come to be explained hereafter, we shall see that God is wise and good and merciful. We cannot always understand what he does, but "just and true are all his ways." Remember Flirt, when you are tempted to doubt his wisdom or his goodness.—John Todd, D. D.

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the importunate letters of Tom Paine, "if men were so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

Listen, if you would learn; be silent, if you would be safe.

The Expedition to Brazil.

Conclusion of Letter from C. F. Hart Esq.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

I can conceive of nothing more grand and beautiful than the entrance to the bay of Rio de Janeiro. On entering you have to the right a range of high hills, often extremely precipitous. At the entrance there are forts situated at the foot of the hills on the shore; and one is seen away upon the hill, hundreds of feet above the water, and occupying a very commanding position. An isolated peak, called the Sugar Loaf, quite inaccessible from the steepness of its sides, stands as a sort of sentinel to guard the western side to the entrance of the bay. It is nearly a thousand feet in height. Westward of this is one of the most beautiful groups of mountains on earth. One isolated peak, the Corcovado, is 2,500 feet high, and another, the Tijuca, is 4,000. The entrance to the bay is narrow, but it spreads out into a splendid sheet of water as one advances. It is completely surrounded by lofty mountains. The city of Rio is situated on the western shore of the bay, which is quite irregular. The houses are built in a straggling manner at the base of the mountains, and about numerous high hills, which are scattered about in the city, so that it occupies a large space. If you possess Mr. Fletcher's "Brazil and the Brazilians," read carefully what he says of Rio and its vicinity, look at the many engravings, and then think that descriptions and pictures fall far, far below the reality. Though I had read his work with care, and conversed with him on the voyage until I thought I was perfectly familiar with Rio and its scenery, yet when they burst upon my view I was overwhelmed with surprise at their beauty, which surpassed anything I had dreamed of. All the rest of the party were equally surprised and delighted. The Professor was particularly enthusiastic in his admiration of the scenery. Bouchard, shrugging his shoulders, as we were coming up the bay, said, "Ah sare, dis is Swiss."

The Botanical Gardens are just under the Corcovado, at the foot of the mountains, and on the bank of a beautiful little lake, called Lagoon das Freitas, entirely shut in by the mountains. They are more a great plantation than a garden, and are filled with all sorts of tropical plants—palms of all kinds and descriptions, clumps of bamboos, banana groves, coffee trees, etc., etc., with beautiful shady walks, murmuring brooks, rustic bridges, waterfalls, ponds and fountains. It is a lovely spot. I returned from the gardens in the evening with St. John. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. We were on the shore of the Lagoon, which, smooth as a mirror, reflected the shadows of the mountains that encircled it, while the centre was lit up by the clear sky overhead. On the left, the peak of the Corcovado half way sloping, and covered with trees, the upper part a sheer precipice, reared its head half a mile above us, while to the eastward, before us, in a notch between two high mountains, the Sugar Loaf was seen. The air was warm, and laden with the most delicious odors. Across the lake, the beating of the heavy ocean swell on the barrier which separated the lake from the sea, sounded like distant heavy thunder. Strange birds were noisy in the hedges, bright fire-flies were fluttering about. It was a scene that I shall never forget.

BRAZILIAN RAILWAYS.

A day or two ago the Professor, St. John, and I, with several others not of our party, were invited to take an excursion on the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway, which runs from Rio northward about 78 miles to the river Parahyba. The railroad has to cross the Serra do Mar, or Coast Range, which, as I have said before, are of great altitude. We left the station, which is larger and finer than that at St. John, in a train composed of cars built after the English style; and passed the Emperor's palace at the Sao Christovao (pronounced Spowg Christovung), which is just in the outskirts of the city, and winding round among the hills, were soon in the virgin forest. Gradually we entered the mountains, where we wound round and round—now running in some gorge, on each side of which the mountains towered; now along the side of the mountains, as we ascended further. This road is one which it must have cost an immense sum to construct, owing to the many very heavy cuttings and tunnels; of the latter there are no less than fifteen, some of which are more than half a mile long. By winding round the sides of the mountains, with an ever changing panorama of romantic scenery before us, we gradually reached a point near the top of the Serra, where a tunnel was being driven through the mountain. This tunnel is to be about a mile and a half long. A temporary road, about eight miles long, to be used until the tunnel shall be finished, has been constructed, running right over the Serra. The grade of this road is 800 feet in a mile—a pretty steep hill to ascend with a locomotive. Leaving the main road, we began the ascent, and were soon on the top of the Serra, two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then began the descent. It made me shudder when I saw the incline down which we had to run; but down went the break—the engine was ready to be reversed, and down we slid some three miles or more. It was like coasting down hill, only more so, and much more exciting. A great part of the way we were in the wild mountains and virgin forests, among palms and tree ferns, and multitudes of beautiful trees all draped with parasitic vines and orchids; but on reaching the northern side of the Serra, "fazendas," or plantations were frequent; nestled among the hills, and for miles, the steep mountain sides were covered with coffee trees, and the air was fragrant with the odor they exhaled. Occa-

sionally a sugar plantation was seen, and several times we saw gangs of a hundred negroes. We went out as far as the railway was finished, and then returning to station on the Parahyba river, had some lunch, and some of us amused ourselves with fishing. We were not successful as far as the number of fish was concerned, but the Professor was delighted to find all the fish new to him. On our return we were caught in a very heavy tropical shower. Talk about rain in the North—you haven't any idea what it is. The train seemed to be submerged. There was a roar of a thousand brooks descending from the mountains, and perfect cascades poured from the cars. Oh dear! Think of spending a night in such a shower, with nothing but an india rubber blanket, or a little shelter tent to protect one! That's what I've got to learn to do.

BRAZILIAN LADIES.

I had heard a great deal about Brazilian beauties. If there are any, they don't show themselves. All the ladies are coffee colored, with black hair and eyes, and it is only occasionally that there is one at all good looking. Their features are coarse, and they are all very fat. It is amusing to see a family going to church on Sunday. The children march two and two in procession before the parents, the smallest ahead. All the ladies go bare-headed. If there are several girls in a family, the youngest looks best, but they grow tatter and fatter with age, and their mother is so fat that she can just waddle along.

Mules are used here almost entirely instead of horses. Negroes are rampant—splendid muscular fellows. The streets are full of them. If I look out of my window I see twenty or thirty. Three or four perhaps with bags of coffee weighing 150 lbs. on their heads, trotting off at a rapid pace, singing a wild song together, the head one beating time with a rattle. It is surprising to see the immense loads they will carry on their heads. My trunk was a large one, and heavy with books, cartridges, &c., so heavy that it would tire two of us to carry it twenty rods; yet a big "nigger" put it on the top of his head, with a large valise above, and marched a quarter of a mile with it, and up stairs to my room. They carry everything on their heads, from a plate full of oranges to a piano. Many of the negroes are tattooed on their faces and arms; these are native Africans, who speak their own language, and I have often heard them talking together.

Rio is the noisiest place I was ever in. The first few nights I stopped on shore I found it very difficult to sleep. Vehicles are rattling about all night long. A group of negroes get under your window, and sing or jabber. Every night the streets and gutters, which are in the middle of the street, are cleaned, and a fearful noise they make scraping and scratching. The police have an ugly custom of hallooing at one another at various hours during the night. One gives an unearthly screech right in front of the house, bringing you to your feet from a sound slumber, with an indefinite idea of fire somewhere. Bang, bang, bang goes a shower of rockets. There is a fiddle going in every other house. A church bell, or a whole chime rings furiously, as if possessed; and then very early in the morning bugles blow and drums beat at the soldiers' quarters, and everybody is astir. I thought I should go distracted with the noise at first; but, to my surprise, I am getting used to it. In Rio, all the sewerage is above ground, and, at night especially, the odors that are afloat are not very pleasant. Sunday is just like any other day. Shops are open, and business goes on as usual, though it seems somewhat of a holiday. Bells ring furiously with a tremendous clangor, as if there was a great fire somewhere. Occasionally, during the day, showers of rockets are thrown up.

Last Tuesday, the 25th of April, a total eclipse of the sun was visible a few miles to the northeast of Rio and at Cape Frio. It was very nearly total at Rio, where the whole phenomenon was very finely observed. A part of us watched it from the Largo do Pazo or square of the palace. It had been a very bright and hot morning, but it became dark as a night with a full moon. A religious procession, with presents, &c., in costume, bearing lighted candles, made its appearance in the street. Bells rang, men uncovered and devoutly crossed themselves. It was an extremely interesting phenomenon; the planet Mercury and the stars were distinctly visible.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

I saw the Emperor and Empress the other night on a public occasion. A squad of the imperial guard, negroes and mulattoes, dressed in very neat uniforms and cocked hats, and carrying halberds, were stationed at the door to await the Emperor's coming. I had a good opportunity of seeing his majesty. He is a pleasant, easy appearing man, looking more like a professor of Belles Lettres in some college than an Emperor. At the breaking up of the assembly, he stepped into a common looking coach, drawn by six mules, and drove away guarded by a squad of cavalry.

I am stopping at a French hotel, the "Exchange," on the Rua Direita, with Prof. Agassiz and the rest of the party. In Fletcher's book, page 26, is given a good sketch of the Largo do Pazo looking down upon the Rua Direita. Our hotel is on the right hand side and is not seen, but is just opposite to the two figures seen down the street. At the hotel, French, German and Portuguese, with a little English are spoken. I find my French of great value. It is a fortunate thing that I some years since studied Portuguese. I am getting so that I can use it a little.

Now this is a very rambling letter and unworthy of publication. I have seen and experienced so much within the last few weeks, that

when I begin to write, I have so many things to say that I scarcely know where to commence, or where to end. While at Rio, I shall endeavor to write several letters home, giving you more minute descriptions of the city and places of interest in the vicinity.

Agriculture, etc.

A USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL TREE.

The Paris correspondent of the Montreal Herald says that the Emperor has brought from Algeria a profound admiration for a certain tree, a native of Australia, not yet introduced into France, but promising to thrive most successfully in the pet colony he has been exploring. This tree is the *Eucalyptus Resinifera* which is said to attain, in its native land, a height of 840 feet, and frequently have a girth of 10 feet a yard from the ground, furnishing planks of 200 feet in a single length without a flaw, with beautiful leaves like those of the laurel, and a profusion of white fragrant flowers, which furnish a delicious honey, spreading out at the top of the sylvan giant like an umbrella. The wood of this tree is said to be of beautiful colours, highly in request, for ornamental work. It has, moreover, a purifying effect on the air, being unknown in the districts in which it abounds. Hitherto the cost of procuring this tree has been so great as to impede its cultivation in Algeria; but one of the acclimation gardens of this colony has 40,000 young saplings which are coming on remarkably well, and which, sold to the colonists at a low price, are destined to naturalize the species through the length and breadth of the colony.

DRIED FLOWERS.

Dried flowers, in their natural colours, have for some time past appeared for sale in the shops. The mode in which the operation is effected is this—A vessel with a moveable cover is provided, and having removed the cover from it, a piece of metallic gauze of moderate fineness is fixed over it, and the cover replaced. A quantity of sand is then taken, sufficient to fill the vessel, and passed through a sieve into an iron pot, where it is heated with the addition of a small quantity of stearine carefully stirred, so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. The quantity of stearine to be added is at the rate of half-a-pound to one hundred pounds of sand. Care must be taken not to add too much, as it would sink to the bottom and injure the flowers. The vessel with its cover on, and the gauze beneath it, is then turned upside down, and the bottom being removed, the flowers to be operated upon are carefully placed on the gauze, and the sand gently poured in, so as to cover the flowers entirely, the leaves being thus prevented from touching each other. The vessel is then put into a hot place; such, for instance, as the top of a baker's oven, where it is left for forty-eight hours. The flowers thus become dried, and they retain their natural colours. The vessel still remaining bottom upwards, the lid is taken off and the sand runs away through the gauze, leaving the flowers uninjured.—Journal of Society of Arts.

THE STOMACH AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

It is now well ascertained that most of us eat twice as much as we need, and that ninety out of a hundred diseases are of our own making. The gentlemen who whirl about all day in their carriages as if they were rushing to put out a fire, passing from house to house to minister to people afflicted with colds, bilious attacks, headaches, nervous complaints, gout, rheumatism, and the majority of the physical ills that afflict humanity, owe their occupation and its profits to the "wrongs of the stomach." People treat that vile member, which prepares in its wonderful laboratory the streams of life that nourish the whole system, as if it was merely a convenient arrangement for the gratification of the palate and the appetite. As a rule, they don't even take the pains to lighten its labor by making their teeth do the rough part of the work, but bolt their food, gobbling away as long as a cubic barley-corn of the stomach if left unrammed. They convert it into an organ of sensual enjoyment, forgetting that its office is to prepare supplies to repair the hourly waste of the body, and that as these supplies are healthy or unhealthy, so will the body be.—London Review.

WHAT THE TELEGRAPH DID TO A MINISTER.

Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge. Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme south-west. When about to start for his new parish, he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church:—"Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape:—"Presbytery lacked a worm on its Adam." The sober church officers were greatly discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.—Boston Traveller.