

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 4th, 1867. ACTS xx. 1-16: Euty chas raised to life. 2 Kings xxi. 17-26: Amon's wicked reign. Recite—LUKE ix. 46-48. Sunday, July 11th, 1867. ACTS xx. 17-38: Paul at Ephesus. 2 Kings xxii. 1-20: Josiah's good reign. Recite—EPHESIANS v. 1-2.

Only the children.

Beneath an ancient, wide-spread tree, Which cast a pleasant shade, Five children full of mirth and glee One sunny morning played. Loud were the sounds of merriment Which o'er that daisied field they sent; For their's were hearts untouched by care, And eyes that seldom owned a tear. "What are those sounds," asked one, "I hear?" "Only the children playing there."

Only the children! Years have flown Since that bright summer day, And those have men and women grown Who then were at their play: The eldest of that little band, Who threw the ball with skilful hand, And rolled the hoop by far the best, His country now attempts to guide, And fashions laws, which, when applied, Shall aid and succor the distressed.

The next—a gay and laughing girl, With blue and sparkling eye, Whose hair was always out of curl, Whose frock was oft awry, Is now a lady full of grace, In whom you scarcely now can trace The want of care that marked her youth; And to whose gifted pen we owe Some sweet and simple tales which show How lovely is the way of truth!

The youngest, gentle as a dove, As sweet as she was fair, Who gave her doll such words of love, And nursed it with such care— Far from the scenes of early life, Is now a missionary's wife, And oft her wearied husband cheers: Together patiently they toil, And hope to reap on India's soil The seed which they have sown in tears.

Only the children! Yes, they seem But ciphers unto some; But I, who often sit and dream Of things that are to come, Our future generations see, Mighty for good—or else for ill! God bless and guide them, so that they May scatter blessings o'er life's way, And all His wise behests fulfill!

East wind.

Why should the wind coming from the east over an ocean of water depress the human body, while that which comes from the west across a continent enlivens the spirits and gives courage and vigor? Be this as it may, it seems as if some people never felt any wind that was not east. They are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said: "Mr. Nayling, this rain will be fine for your grass crop."

"Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said:

"Fine sun for your corn, sir."

"Yes, pretty fair, but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again, on a cold morning, I met my neighbor, and said:

"This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Nayling."

"Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward."

So the man lives in a perpetual east wind. Nothing suits him, and it would be impossible for Providence to give him weather about which he would not grumble. I know one man who feels that our country is on the very brink of ruin, the Government a curse, and everything to be destroyed. And he has felt and talked thus for at least thirty years, and yet his property has been increasing in value all this time, amid this gathering ruin. The fact is, the man lives in an unchanging east wind. And there is Mr. Slow, who lives in the hollow under the Long Hill; he has been mourning for many years over the degeneracy of the times, and always telling what wonderful lawyers, and doctors, and ministers there were when he was young! He can sleep under any preaching he now hears, and the lawyers seem to be young upstarts, or too old to practice. He longs for the good old times. Ah! Mr. Slow, does your weather-vane ever point anywhere but to the east?—Rev. John Todd, D. D.

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persians: "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

Carl Herstadt.

It was the night after a famed battle, and the moon rose over the scene of carnage, reflecting a ghastly picture of bloodshed and death. Near the mouth of a tremendous cannon stood a little group of soldiers, talking earnestly together. Their uniforms were torn and tattered, and one had his arm in a sling. His face was pale and haggard, and from time to time he bent forward as if to examine something lying on the ground. As the others moved aside, the light of the moon fell on a man's face, apparently in the last agonies of death. He wore plain uniform, decorated by one single star, and his sword lay stretched on the grass beside him, evidently an officer of very high rank, young, and in the vigor of manhood. Now the cruel cannon had done its deadly work, and its victim lay dying. The soldiers gazed silently on the marble brow and quivering form of the sufferer, and felt they could do nothing.

At last the man with his arm in a sling said sternly, so sternly that his companions almost started: "Comrades, it is mean, cruel, to leave him here to die! We must brave danger with a desperate courage, and carry him to the hospital!"

"What! risk our lives to preserve an enemy! Are you insane, Carl?"

"No!" he replied, sharply. "The poor fellow is past saving, but still we cannot leave him here to die like a dog. The enemy's camp is quiet now; Franze and I will fetch a litter from the surgeon's tent, while the others stay and watch him." And turning on his heel, Carl walked away, leaving Franz sulkily to follow.

In a few minutes the two men returned. Carl had slipped his arm out of the sling, that he might the better support the litter. It gave him great pain, but he cared not, so long as he could relieve the sufferings of the dying man. His companions, who felt half ashamed of their cold heartedness, now roused themselves, and proceeded to lift him gently from the ground. It was sad work, and the groans of the wounded soldier fell painfully on Carl's ear.

As they placed him slowly on the litter, with their jackets under his head for a pillow, a small Bible fell from his pocket. Carl picked it up and put it by the officer's side. The sufferer turned his face round, and faintly said, "Keep it." Carl could only clasp his hand very softly in token of thanks. Bravely did those four men carry their heavy burden through ranks of sleeping soldiers, and those soldiers enemies.

Yet God protected them on their errand of mercy, and they reached the hospital in safety. Carl's arm was aching painfully as they rested before the gates waiting for admittance. Still he would not think of himself while he was able to help others; and kneeling once more over the officer's noble form, he whispered gently, "Stranger, do you love Jesus?" "Yes," was the firm reply.

"Then we shall meet again," returned Carl. "Farewell!" he added, as the gates of the hospital were thrown open to receive the dying man.

Heavily they closed on Carl and his comrades, and with slower steps they turned to the camp. Fortunately for them, the moon had hidden her face under a cloud, and they crept round the trenches to escape the observation of the sentinels. At last they reached the tent, weary and worn; and all but Carl seemed worse for the adventure.

In spite of the wounded arm, he kept up cheerfully, and his kind heart felt lighter, and even happy, for the good deed he had done.

As he read a few verses out of the poor officer's Bible, the men listened attentively, and when he had done, said, "Thank you, Carl; it does one good to hear a bit of reading like that; it reminds us of home, and that perhaps the folks there are thinking of and praying for us."

"I am glad," replied Carl, "to hear you all say so; and comrades, was not our sacrifice for that poor, dying man, worth making?"

"Yes, yes," said Franz, earnestly.

Tears started to the eyes of the other two, as they thought that but for Carl's humanity they would have left the helpless sufferer to die on the field "like a dog."

Carl's slumbers were very sweet and peaceful that night, for he had done his duty.

A short time after this the regiments were discharged, and Carl returned home safe and well.

Yet often in the quiet of his little cottage the memory of that night scene on the battle field would return to his mind, and he wondered who the dying stranger could have been.

One morning a large official looking letter arrived, directed for him. Carl broke the seals, and hastily looked at the signature. It bore a royal name, the name of a duke. And then he read slowly—

"To Carl Herstadt, the sum of one hundred pounds is presented as a small mark of gratitude for his brave and humane kindness to Augustus, late Duke of —, who died in the hospital of —, from the effects of his severe wound."

Folded inside the paper was a bank note amounting to the sum stated. Joyfully, and as a gift from God, did Carl receive the generous reward; and the little Bible the unknown duke had given him became more prized than ever.

Many, many years after the veteran soldier had finished his earthly course, that Bible, with its gilt edges and red binding, was carefully preserved in his family from generation to generation; and the name of Carl Herstadt became associated with all that was good and excellent in the hearts of his descendants.—Kind Words.

Scientific.

Le Cheval Mechanique.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION—A MECHICAL HORSE THAT BEATS DEXTER'S BEST TIME.

The following is a description of a new invention now on exhibition at the great "show" in Paris:

"I was fortunate enough to be present yesterday evening at a private view of this wonderful invention. The throng at the Exposition is so dense in the daytime that any attempt to work it during the exhibition hours was impossible. Through the kindness of M. de M., whose acquaintance I made in 1858, when he was *attache* at Washington, I formed one of fifty persons provided with special permits. On entering, groups of the *Cents Gardes* made me think the Emperor was present; but I did not see him until the middle of the exhibition. I saw, among the curious, Nasmyth of hammer celebrity, and Witworth, arm in arm with Howe of sewing machine notoriety.

"The iron horse bears no resemblance to its equine namesake. Imagine a trunk-shaped box about seven feet long, and wide enough for a man to saddle, and five feet high; the whole concern mounted on five wheels; the wheels concealed, however, under the machine. It is covered with leather, and has a saddle, only the saddle is very high in front and back, so that there is no chance of being unhorsed; in front is a steering apparatus of the simplest kind—two silk cords—and just before the saddle a steel bar, which regulates the speed. If you pull it up you start the machine; pull it higher up you increase the speed; if you depress it you slow it until a point is reached, when the apparatus stops.

"The inventor, quite a young man, commenced winding up the machine with what seemed to me to be a crank motion, and as I distinctly heard the clink of the ratchet, I therefore supposed it was worked by a coiled spring, but I have reason since to think that was mistaken. I suppose it took two minutes to wind it, when he mounted it and started it by pulling up the steel bar. It moved gradually off, so that for the first minute I could walk alongside of it; but presently it started at the speed of a fast horse, and in a moment more was lost, going round the curve of the circle.

"I suppose you know the grand exposition consists of a series of concentric rings, each one devoted to a peculiar branch of industry. The one the machine was running on was the *Numero Quarte section del Mecaniques*, and is among the largest, measuring some yards more than an English mile. It seemed to me to be incredible that he should have performed the circuit in two minutes and twelve seconds. A hearty clapping of hands greeted the machine as it came careering on and gradually stopping without any apparent trouble.

"I noticed the emperor, generally taciturn, loud in his applause, clapping his hands as lustily as I did, and I was assured by M. de M. that he had never seen His Majesty on any occasion before show the least sign of commendation. The inventor then said that he would put it up to its speed, but to do this he must give the machine a start. He then wheeled round, and just like a jockey starting a horse, got it up to a maximum; as he passed he seemed to be flying. The circuit was made in 20 seconds. A new salvo of applause met him as he brought the machine to where the emperor was standing, and I must say I felt some just emotion when the emperor took the legion of honor from his button hole and placed it on the young inventor's breast.

"M. de M. told me that its endurance, if I may use the terms, was extraordinary; that at its highest speed it would keep on going for four hours. I was led to believe that the mechanical power was secondary in it, and that a galvanic battery was the real motive power. It is rumored that a battery of constantly increasing elements sustains the motion. Any-how the secret is well kept, the emperor having with the inventor, the only knowledge of it. M also told me that in Vincennes a battery of artillery was to be moved with it, instead of horses.

"I may add that I saw four persons mount it, and it moved much more rapidly than would a carriage. An interesting experiment was made as to its capabilities of going over rough country. Several loads of dirt were shot over the floor, and it passed over it with apparent ease. One thing I remarked was that there was a perpendicular play in the wheels, and that as a difficulty was surmounted, one wheel would be higher than the other, whilst the body was on the same plane.

"I think that it has been placed purposely in a retired part of the Exposition before this exhibition, so as not to attract too much attention, and I learn this morning that the Secretary of War has had it removed from the Exhibition.

"The inventor's name is Victor de Nardea."

FISHES TRAVELLING BY LAND.

Dr. Hancock, in the *Zoological Journal*, gives a description of a fish called the flat head hae-car, that travels to other pools of water when that in which it has resided dries up. Bose also describes another variety which is found in South Carolina, and if our memory serves us well, also in Texas, which, like the flat head, leaves the drying pool in search of others. These fishes, filled with water, travel by night, one with a lizard-like motion, and the other by leaps. The South Carolina and Texas varieties are furnished with a membrane over the mouth in which they are enabled to carry with them a supply of

water to keep their gills moist during their travel. These fishes, guided by some peculiar sense, always travel in a straight line to the nearest water. This they do without the aid of memory, for it has been found that if a tub filled with water is sunk in the ground near one of the pools which they inhabit, they will, when the pool dries up, move directly towards the tub. Surely this is a wonderful and merciful provision for the preservation of those kinds of fishes; for, inhabiting, as they do, only stagnant pools, and that too, in countries subject to long and periodical droughts, their races would, but for this provision, become extinct.

A VALUABLE "CRUMMIE."—We have to report an instance of fertility in our neighborhood. Crummie is the property of Mr. Wm. Begg, Prestwick. Her first calving was on March 10th, 1866, her last on 10th January, 1867; the produce during the ten months amounted to no fewer than 3993 lbs. of butter, besides supplying the family with cream. The feeding consisted of 2 bean meal morning and evening, turnips, green kale, cabbage, and hay. She was put on an imperial acre of grass, which owing to the drought of summer, suffered considerably. The total receipts reached the handsome sum of £40—£23 for butter and £17 for milk. It should also be stated that in addition the calf had its mother's milk for a fortnight. Are there any more cows of the same calibre in Ayrshire?—*Ayrshire Express*.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best, in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

A chimney a hundred feet high, and containing a hundred thousand bricks, at Thompsonville, Conn., was successfully moved a hundred feet, and it was also raised and placed on a new foundation.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES—"Your Troches are too well and favorably known to need commendation.

Hon. CHAS. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate. "My communication with the world has been very much enlarged by the Lozenge which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my Throat (for which the TROCHES are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer."

N. P. WILLIS. Are you disturbed at night? And broken of rest, by a child suffering and crying with the pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It relieves the little sufferer immediately. It cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is perfectly safe in all cases. Thirty-five cents a bottle.

If the forewarnings of nature are heeded, and a timely application of Blood's Rheumatic Compound be made, pain may be arrested and the foundation of disease broken up.

Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders may be given to cattle whenever a need of condition medicine is indicated by loss of cud, horn ail, and for red water in cows.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DALY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

AUGUST 4. Sunday. And they shall not sorrow any more at all, Jer. xxxi. 12.

Well may they cease to mourn who have ceased to sin. Sin is for ever shut out, and they are shut in. That joyful rest remains for thee, O weary traveller to a better land.

5. Monday. Do ye now believe? John xvi. 31.

Unbelief so dishonours Christ, that He will withdraw his visible presence if we insult Him by indulging it. The mercies of thy Lord in the past, O believer, increase thy guilt in doubting Him now.

6. Tuesday. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, Heb. xiii. 13.

The crown of glory will follow the cross of separation. A moment's shame will be well recompensed by eternal honour. A little while of witness-bearing, and then we shall be for ever with the Lord.

7. Wednesday. The place which is called Calvary, Luke xxiii. 33.

You who have had your seasons of conflict will confess that the bitter herbs of Gethsemane have often taken away the bitterness of your life, and the groans of Calvary have put all other groans to flight.

8. Thursday. We have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, Heb. iv. 15.

Our souls may sometimes long and faint to behold the light of the Lord's countenance; at such times let us say ourselves with the sweet fact of the sympathy of our Great High Priest.

9. Friday. Despised and rejected of men, Isa. liii. 3.

We too have despised thee, O Jesus, in the days of our unregeneracy; and even since our new birth we have too often set the world on high in our hearts. Oh that we could now set Thee on a glorious high throne in all men's hearts.

10. Saturday. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me. Ps. xxii. 1.

We grieve at a little withdrawal of our Father's love, but who shall calculate how deep the agony it caused our adorable Redeemer!