

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 30th, 1868.

MATTHEW v. 27-48: MARK vi. 27-36: The sermon on the Mount continued. Recite.—ROMANS xii. 17-21.

Sunday, August 6th, 1868.

MATTHEW vi. 1-18 The sermon on the Mount, continued.

"My brave Boy."

BY JEAN INGELW.

I have a brother who is a midshipman. That announcement is easily made, and to sisters who are not in similar case it is of no particular signification, but to those who are, it suggests a great deal. For midshipmen, like other boys, come home sometimes to cheer the hearts of their relatives; and how they spend their time when enjoying these visits, is well known to the initiated, but the world in general can form but a meagre notion of it.

A midshipman, when he comes home, soon makes his family feel that no part of the house, inside or outside, is inaccessible to him; windows are handier things than doors to come in at, it may be judged by his habits; there is no tree in the topmost branch of which he will not sit cross-legged, cracking filberts; there is no rook's nest, however high, that he has not poked his fingers into; poplars are a joke to him, and he makes no more of oaks and chestnuts than he does of haystacks.

Other boys are contented to sit on chairs and eat their lunch in the dining-room, but a midshipman loves to eat aloft, and carries his provisions, sometimes plate, glass, and all, to the top of the green-house, where, strange to say, he never breaks the glass; or to the top of the pigeon-house, which is a very handy place, because of the weather-cock upon which he can hang his cap and jacket.

He comes in, smelling of smoke, and presents you with some sooty young jackdaws, which he has just got out of the top of the chimney.

He spends a sovereign in rope such as boxes are corded with; it comes home from the shop in a cart; some of it he makes into rope ladders, and runs up and down them like a squirrel; other lengths are twisted into cat's cradles up in the trees, or festooned from one to the other, and upon these he disports himself and travels audaciously from tree to tree without touching the deck. O that her Majesty could conveniently be served without so much agility and such marvellous powers of swarming!

Finally, he goes away again upon his country's service, and his relatives have the comfort of knowing that, whatever he may have done at home, the feats he is performing, perhaps at that very moment, in the rigging of H. M. S. the —, make his other feats nothing, and not worth mentioning.

The best receipt that I know of for keeping a midshipman on terra firma is to tell him a story. Under favorable circumstances I have known this to succeed for two or three hours together, if it is done in the open air, and among newly-cut hay; the lines of hay, I suppose, remind them of waves for certain it is that I have never known a midshipman run off over these lines, and I have tried the experiment several times, and on more than one of these generally refractory subjects.

Sometimes my brother could be drawn into relating a story himself; some adventure that he had met with, or some wonderful thing that he had seen; for this said midshipman, though scarcely yet fourteen years of age, has visited every quarter of the globe, and known both shipwreck and tornado.

Once he told me such a curious story, showing the value of presence of mind, that I wrote it down shortly afterwards, and I now offer it to you, divested of nearly all the language of the sea: its interest partly depends, in my mind, upon the fact, that but for this singular presence of mind he probably would not have lived to tell it.

"I suppose you have heard of Cumana?" he began; "ignorance on such subjects as terrestrial magnetism, navigation, and the internal arrangements of a ship, seeming to his mind inconsistent with knowledge on any other points."

"How can you ask such a question?" I answered. "Yes, of course I have, and I have read an account of it in Humboldt; it is a town in the northern part of South America."

"O, well, I thought you might not know about it; at least, I thought you might not know about the experiments that have been made there; about the variation, and all that." He then added something about a volcanic country, and the "inclination," and the "dip;" and I thought I would not commit myself; so I merely said that I had read Sir John Ross's book, and how he went in search of the magnetic poles.

"O, well," he answered, "then I needn't explain it to you. I did tell you that we lay off Cumana for some time, and that we were sent up the country to that convent on the mountain; Talbot, and Owen, and I were sent, with the second and third lieutenants and the doctor, to the heights above Cumana, with the chronometers and the instruments."

"Was it a long journey?" I inquired. "No, not long, only difficult; it took several days. You cannot think what an extraordinary shore there is to that part of South America. When the tide goes out, it uncovers acres of trees; their stems and lower branches are thick-

ly incrustated with slimy mud, and yet they live and grow in the salt water. They are mangroves, and have great, flapping, fleshy leaves, almost as thick as a person's hand. You never saw such unwholesome-looking trees; they steam with the heat till the mud is dry and caked upon them, and then the tide comes up and wets it again."

"We travelled up the country on mules; it was intensely hot, and so steep, when we began to ascend the mountain, that I should no more have thought the mules could climb up with us, than I should have expected them to get up to the mast-head; and yet they did contrive it, and took up the instruments too. Where there were no trees for shelter, the country was nothing but dead grass, dust, and rents cracked in the ground; some of these rents were three feet across, and had lizards hiding in them, and crayfish; but under the shade of the forest, everything dripped with moisture, and we were so wet when we came out that our clothes and the mules steamed visibly; but the sun soon dried it up."

"We spent three days at the convent on the mountain, and the monks were very kind to us, and tried to teach us some of their Spanish words. I used to think that monks were dark, dignified fellows, solemn, and rather silent; but these monks were very greasy ones! and they had such dirty hands and gowns that I've no doubt soap must be very hard to get up there, and water too."

"There could not be a stranger place than that convent. It was built on a flat piece of land at the top of the mountain, and about as large as this field (four acres); on three sides there was a precipice, and if you walked to the edge you could see the trees growing below, and the apes springing about upon them. On the fourth side you could drop stones into a tarn or lake, a thousand feet below you; and yet almost overhanging this lake is the path downward."

"You would hardly call it a path at all. Imagine the steepest descent down which it would be possible to slide without danger of tumbling head foremost, and then imagine—that upon it was built a wall thirty or forty feet high, and that the path was the top of the wall, and you will have a very good notion of what it was like."

"But do you mean that there was a wall?" I inquired.

"O, no; but I mean that up great part of that side of the mountain runs a sort of spine of rock, scarcely wide enough in some places for two mules to walk upon abreast; it is flat at the top, and bare of trees. The mountain itself is covered with such dense forest that you can imagine nothing like it here; in some parts the 'spine' is higher than the forest, and you look down on the tops of the trees; in others they reach above it and overshadow it."

"Well, we three youngsters were left with the old monks for a day after the rest of the party were gone down again; and then we set off, Talbot, and Owen, and I, with two Indians, and two of the fattest of the old monks, who seemed so infirm that it was surprising to see how well they rode. It was the most piping-hot morning, and the stillest, that you can imagine, when we rode out at the court-yard of the convent. We thought we never were to begin the descent; those monks were so afraid we should be playing some tricks, or getting ourselves hurt for want of care, that they all collected round us, shaking their heads at us, and, with the greatest gravity, trying to let us understand that we ought to be grave and serious, as if we had not come up the very same path. However, I must say, it's ten times easier getting up than going down; and it was very kind of the old fellows to be sorry to part with us, for we led them such a life while we were there; in fact, our clambering about really frightened them out of their wits."

"So off we set, and at first we made scarcely any way; the mules are cunning creatures, and would not go a step faster for coaxing or whipping; they stepped along the spine as daintily as a lady who is afraid of wetting her feet, first a little to one side, then to the other, so that I could have thrown my cap down right into the water if I had liked; and I would have done it, only one of the monks, when we frightened him, used to heave up such deep groans that we all knew how thankful he would be when we were safe out of his hands."

"There are two forests there, one above the other. First, there are the trees with branches like our oaks and elms, only covered with flowers—large, white, yellow, and scarlet blossoms; great creepers twine over them; they are like cables, only green and hairy, and here and there bursting out with queer flowers, some like wax globes, some like tufts of feathers, others all thick and powdery, with red pollen strewing the ground beneath, and others dripping honey. This was the under forest; out of it sprang tall trunks, bare, like masts, and spread out their tops just like umbrellas held out to shade the under trees from the sun."

"We were nearly an hour going down the first: thousand feet to the lake; after that the way was not so steep, and the spine of rock was lower, for the trees of the upper forest overshadowed us. Nothing seemed to live in them; but the under forest perfectly swarmed with monkeys, squirrels, lizards, yellow snakes, birds, and butterflies. You can't think what a noise and fuss was going on there; it was perfectly stunning. First we would come to a whole flock of blue parrots with rose-colored top-knots; they were tearing to pieces a quantity of white fleshy flowers with their strong beaks, and feeding on a yellow seed that was in them. Sometimes the way was perfectly white with these flowers, and not one was left on the tree, while the birds sat on the boughs absolutely panting with the toil of tearing them up. Next we

would come to a whole tribe of little monkeys, screaming, and squalling, and boxing one another's ears, and altogether making such a distraction, that the cock-pit, when we are all making as much noise as we possibly can, is nothing to it."

"This I thought was saying a good deal for the powers of the monkeys; and so I intimated to my brother."

"Ah, wait till you hear those monkeys!" was his reply; "in the hardest gale that ever blew, when the canvas was tearing, and the spars splitting, I'll engage to say they would have been heard as clearly as in a calm."

"But the noise subsided as it became hotter, and at noonday there was not a sound in the forest; and it was dull to see the cockatoos hanging to the branches by their beaks, just like game in a shop, and with the white film half drawn over their eyes, showing as plainly as possible that they were so hot that they did not know what to do with themselves."

"At noon we came into a sort of bower in a level place; it was perfectly overhung, and the trees were so matted and laced up with the creepers, that not an inch of sky could be seen, nor a waft of air felt; drops of water fell from the leaves, and a warm steam rose from everything. But there was a perfect shade, and as there was abundant room for us all to sit down and rest, and unsaddle the mules, we did all we could to persuade the monks to rest there. Besides, we were hungry, and we kept putting our fingers to our mouths, and telling as well as we could that we wanted something to eat; but they shook their heads, and made us understand that this place was infested with snakes."

(Concluded in our next.)

Boyish Wit.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

At the age of eleven, though young Beecher may have been dull at his books, he certainly was not dull witted. At this time he was placed in a young ladies' school, which was kept in Hartford by his eldest sister.

The school-room was divided into two divisions in grammar, under leaders on either side, and the grammatical reviews were contests for superiority, in which it was virtually important that every member should be perfected. Henry was generally the latest choice, and fell on his side as an unlucky accession—being held more amusing than profitable on such occasions.

The fair leader of one of these divisions took the boy aside to a private apartment, to put into him with female tact and insinuation those definitions and distinctions on which the honor of the class depended.

"Now, Henry, A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say, a man; but you can't say, a men, can you?"

"Yes, I can say Amen, too," was the rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers."

"Come, Henry, don't be joking; decline he."

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"You see, his is possessive. Now, you can say his book, but you cannot say him book."

"Yes, I do say Hymn Book, too," said the impracticable scholar, with a quizzical twinkle.

"Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted."

"But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive voice. Now, 'I strike' is active, you see, because, if you strike, you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because, if you are struck, you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do, I strike tack again."

After about six months, Henry was returned on his parents' hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar.

Scientific.

Telegraphic.

Office of the Mouth—at one end of the line. Office of the Stomach—at the other end of it.

Inquiry—Mouth of the Stomach—"Are you ready for breakfast?"

Stomach—"Yes, what are you going to send?"

Mouth—"You will see. Prepare."

The table bell rings; body hurries; drops into a chair; Mouth opens, and as quick as possible, a cup of coffee at a temperature of 145 degrees of Fahrenheit. It burns the whole oesophageal track, as it passes it, and when it gets into the Stomach, burns it, Stomach contracts, and shrivels, and cringes and finally screeches, and the

Mouth says—"Halloa! what is the matter?"

Stomach—"Matter? Enough, I should think. Do you know that I cannot endure *stush* at 140 to 160 degrees of heat?"

Mouth—"O, never mind. Here comes some beefsteak, with hot fried potatoes, hot rolls, poor butter; some salad with vinegar, some buck-wheat cakes and molasses. These will heal it."

Stomach—"Stop! What earthly use is there in sending these down here all at one time? They make a hodge-podge."

Mouth—"Here comes some more coffee."

Stomach—"Hold on! wait! Give me some water!"

Mouth—"Water! when you can get coffee? You must be crazy! Water has nourishment in it. One wants water only when one is dry."

Stomach—"I am thirsty! Give me some water!"

Mouth—"Cannot do it. They haven't any water up here. If they have it, it is hot, and I doubt if they have any of that. Persons do not like water; and you, O, Stomach, are eccentric; so stop complaining and get ready to take some more feed—take the goods provide for you, and be content. Are you ready? I am in a hurry. Up here, 'time is money.' I have to furnish you with material out of which strength is to be gotten for the body's use to day, and I have ten minutes allowed for this purpose. Now the afterpart is your look out, not mine. Take notice! Are you ready? Here comes apple pie, fried chicken, tripe, tomato catsup, boiled ham, minute pudding, corn bread and cucumbers, pepper, salt, gravy, mince pies, another cup of coffee—so look out!"

Stomach—"Look out! O, murder! What am I to do? Do! I must grind away at it like a horse in a bark mill, till I am worn out. Under such a condition of things as this, I shall break down in a fourth part of the time which I might work; then when the Mouth, and for that matter the heart, too, will be still, and I shall be at peace."—Laws of Life.

VAST TIMBER FIRES.—Can nothing be done to stay these annually recurring ravages by fire of the forest and the new settlements? If the loss in a single year can be counted by tens of millions of dollars, surely it would be wisdom to expend annually a few thousands in the cause of prevention. Some measures ought to be devised whereby a watch might be established and a force summoned in time to prevent the fire from extending beyond certain limits. More stringent provisions relating to camp fires, the burning of brush and logs on new land, and other uses of fire, in themselves legitimate, but exceedingly dangerous, should be enacted by the Local Legislatures, and means devised for their enforcement. A carelessness which ought to be accounted criminal has this year been the cause of the loss of many millions worth of valuable timber, the destruction of crops, and the loss of other property. Must we go on year after year quietly deploring and submitting to the loss, or will somebody come forward with a plan for abating this most expensive and destructive nuisance of bush fires?—Ottawa Times.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts stowed, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family; if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, waste, cries "more," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle. Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

IRISH GALLANTRY.—Two young ladies and an Irish gentleman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home-question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. G—?" "Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

RECIPE FOR LONG LIFE.—William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, a distinguished antiquary, attained a healthy and happy old age, and had a prescription for all his friends who would enjoy the same blessing, namely, short but cheerful meals, music, and a good conscience.—Brown's "Epitaphs."

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says, "that it is because there is so much *due* on it."

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF PURGATION.—The great object in bowel complaints, is to purge the system of impurities, without exhausting it. This is accomplished by the use of Radway's Regulating Pills. Their operation is thorough. Every obstruction is cleared away, but gently and without pain, and the intestines are left in a healthy, vigorous, natural condition. Constipation never follows the action of this healing and strengthening aperient.

Price 25 cents per box, coated with sweet gum, free from taste. Sold by Druggists.

THE LESSONS OF ECONOMY.—It is an old saying that "take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Millions of dollars are spent annually for worthless stuff called "remedies;" but it is an acknowledged fact, that a box of Grace's Celebrated Salve has saved to many a poor man a large doctor's bill. Try it.

Should we be so unfortunate as to be visited by the Cholera this summer, every individual should guard against an attack by all means at command, one of the most effective of which would be a frequent use of Blood's Rheumatic Compound.

Sheridan's Condition Powders are recommended for sheep in loss of appetite, rot, murrain, and all diseases of the skin.