

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, August 11th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVII. 1-13: The Transfiguration. GENESIS VIII.: Noah's sacrifice.
Recite—M. THREW XVI. 24-27.

Sunday, August 18th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVII. 14-27: Sundry miracles. GENESIS IX.: God's covenant with Noah.
Recite—MATTHEW XVII. 1-3.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

63. Name two distinguished men—illustrations of the truth that we must not judge of persons by the readiness and fluency of their discourse.

64. What singular circumstance, which the history of the world cannot parallel, is stated by the Psalmist, relative to the physical health and strength of Israel when they left Egypt?

Answers to questions given last week:—

61. Noah: he lived before and after the flood, and being an heir of the righteousness which is by faith, when he died, he inherited a better than either.

62. Joseph: when he was dying, charged his brethren and made them promise with an oath, that they would bury him in Canaan, which he preferred before a magnificent funeral in Egypt. When the Israelites left this place of bondage, they carried Joseph's bones with them.

Somebody's Grandpa.

"Oh," cried Emma Rich, out of breath with running to catch up with Julia Kent, "there's an old man coming down Truman street, and walks so queer; the boys are pestering him, and it frightened me awfully."

Julia looking round, yet saw nobody but Emma at her side, pale and trembling.

"How did he look?" asked Julia.

"Awfully," said Emma, who saw him through her fears, and fears, you know, often give quite a wrong impression.

Julia looked again, and then caught sight of an old man staggering round the corner, with a pack of rude boys behind him.

"Let's run away," cried Emma.

Instead of that, Julia stopped. "I should think those boys would be ashamed to treat an old man so," she said, her cheeks glowing.

"He's Somebody's Grandpa."

"Oh, I am so scared cried Emma again.

"Scared!" cried Julia, indignantly; "then run." Julia went back. "Boys, she said boldly, "I think you ought to be ashamed to treat a poor old man so. Should you like it, if 'twas your grandpa?"

"Who are you?" cried the rude boys, and they began to sneer at her.

"You may laugh as much as you please, said Julia; "I don't mind it."

"I hear a friendly voice," said the old man, "but I'm blind; I cannot see where it comes from."

"It is I," answered the child, going up to him, "and I will lead you home, if you'll like me to. Maybe you lost your way, sir. It must be so hard not to see."

"Yes dear child," said the old blind man; "I'm a stranger here, I'm visiting my daughter, who lives in—street. I just stepped out to sun and air myself, and some how missed my way. The boys think I'm in liquor, for I can't walk with young legs. How came you to befriend me, dear child?"

"Oh, sir," said Julia, "I thought you must be somebody's grandpa, and I could not bear to see you treated so. I will lead you home, sir."

"God bless you, dear child," said the old man.

As soon as Julia took him in charge, the rude boys sneaked off, showing that the brave stand of even a little girl for the right, confounds and puts to flight the wicked. Kindly and carefully she helped him down unexpected steps, and round sharp corners, and by the dogs and the people in the streets, the old man thankful for a little child to lead him, and Julia very pleased to do it, for Julia had been taught to respect and care for the aged. Her grandpa had lived in her father's family, and she knew old feet needed young, active steps to go for them; old eyes wanted young, bright eyes to see for them; and old hands, which had done the hard work of other days, must now have young, strong hands to help them.

So in every old man, no matter how poor or how pitiful he was, he saw "somebody's grandpa," who ought to have the respectful behavior, the kind attentions, and the affectionate treatment which made her grandpa so happy while he lived, and which made grandpa's memory so sweet to his little grandchildren.—*Child's Paper.*

LOVE OF THE WONDERFUL.—What stronger pleasure is there with mankind, or what do they earlier learn or longer retain, than the love of hearing and relating the strange and incredible. How wonderful a thing is the love of wondering and of raising wonder! 'Tis the delight of children to hear tales they shiver at, and the vice of old men to abound in strange stories of time past. We come into the world wondering at every thing; and when our wonder about common things is over, we seek something new to wonder at. Our last scene is to tell wonders of our own, to all who will believe them. And amid all this, 'tis well if truth comes off but moderately tainted.—*Shafesbury.*

Sorry for him.

A rich man, in a costly carriage, by careless driving, brought his carriage against the wagon of a laborer. It was the rich man's fault that the two vehicles came in collision. The laborer's wagon was heavily loaded, but he gave more than half the road. The man in the carriage abused him sadly, while they were extricating the vehicle. When he had driven on, the companion of the laborer said, "I should not have taken his abuse as patiently as you did."

"Poor fellow, I am sorry for him," said the laborer.

"Poor! he is worth nearly half a million, and is laying up more every day."

"He is not laying up anything in heaven, and I am afraid he never will. He is to be pitied."

Father Gavazzi in England.

THE REV. ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI whose name is so intimately associated with Garibaldi and the Italian cause, is at present in England on an errand of great interest and importance. He delivered a lecture to a crowded audience in St. James's Hall Piccadilly, on Tuesday fortnight. The chair was occupied by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and among those present were Lord Calthorpe, Sir R. Peel, and a considerable number of metropolitan clergymen. A strong committee has been formed to assist him in carrying out his purpose, which was thus stated by the Chairman in Gavazzi's own words:—"The object of my visit to England is entirely religious, and in direct connection with the mission with which it has pleased God to favor me. Italy, having obtained constitutional liberty under King Victor Emmanuel, (a wish I had always expressed in my former lectures,) is now to be initiated in the blessings of the Gospel's liberty. For this purpose I am asking the support of British Christians to the effort:—1. To open a large chapel for the present in Naples, and afterwards at Rome. 2. To provide means for preparing future evangelizers, several priests being already desirous to work in the evangelization of their country. 3. To obtain a good supply of books, especially commentaries on the Bible, and the best books on the Romish and Neologian controversies, for the use of the future evangelizers while under training. 4. To establish a printing office for the publication of a daily evangelical paper and religious tracts. 5. To receive maps, etc., for our infant schools, to be established whenever a mission is formed. 6. To recommend personally our Italian work to the prayers of British Christians, that it may prosper in faith and love, to the spreading of the kingdom of Christ, and to the glory of God; my only wish is to see the pure Gospel of God preached and obeyed in Italy."

Father Gavazzi's lecture or speech on the occasion was thoroughly evangelical, showing that he has profited greatly during his former visit to England by his intercourse with Dr. Rule, and other pious and enlightened ministers and men, who did for him what Priscilla and Aquila did for Apollos. He said he had gone back to Italy as a sort of John Bull. (Laughter.) The English had done much by non-intervention to serve the Italians. He trusted England would maintain this system of non-intervention. All Italy wanted Rome for a metropolis. The Romans sent a petition to the Emperor Napoleon, requesting him not to interfere in this movement. If he (Gavazzi) went to Rome, there was an end of the temporal power of the Pope. And if he lost his temporal power, in a few years he would lose his spiritual power. The independence of Italy must be proclaimed from the Capitol, and there must be a Church of St. Paul in Rome. (Cheers.) He was desirous of having a Church in Italy that would stand by the Bible and the atonement and the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ.

What Creates Music.

Different causes produce the same result in nature and the human heart, and it is important to recognize the variety which is a prominent feature in creation, as well as the uniformity which lies at the basis of all law. One of our poetical writers, in answering the question, "What makes things musical?" says:

"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you speak to break the spell, the silence closes in your own words, like the ocean on a pebble you throw into it. The wind sighs afar off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig for joy; my birds feel it, and stir drowsily in their nest, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!' Then the wind awakes, and turns my trees for the concert striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep, plaintive tones of my pines. Then the early birds awaken one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp and buzz, and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The sun makes me musical," said the forest.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

Storms!" said the Sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or, now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind sends its wild trumpet-peals, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the sea.

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull heaps of silver and and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living, sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have been drawn out on the rock, and hammered and tused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes, such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fire and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical," said the harp-strings.

The Mendoza Earthquake.

A Valparaíso correspondent of the New York Commercial writes, by a recent arrival, that the accounts received from Mendoza go beyond the statements at first made concerning that fated town. Every letter that comes giving details, shows the horror of the calamity to be more complete. Ruin desolation, and death characterize the scene. At the most moderate calculation, it is now judged that ten thousand lives have been lost. The town was all peace and activity. Customers were in shops, visitors in parlors, loungers about the corners—a bright moon shone—when, in five seconds, the whole town was just a heap, or rather a series of heaps of ruins.

The cloud of dust from the fallen walls was so dense that for half an hour the moon was invisible, and intense darkness adding to the confusion and dismay of survivors.

Ere long the lurid light of burning buildings, or remains of buildings began to gleam. On every hand rose cries for help. But those buried under the ruins were actually more in number than the survivors. Few remained to render aid; fewer still were disposed to render it.

Robbery then set in. The shops, the houses, were scenes of unhindered pillage. The earth at intervals was still trembling. The savage robbers would rob, and then kneel in prayer, crying in loud voice for mercy, and up and at the work of depredation once again. All the time cries for assistance were assailing their ears on every hand—here a woman's voice, there feeble cry of an old man, but all in vain. They would not hear.

One man who, at the time of the shock, was away from his home, returning after a few days, found his children uninjured under a bedstead, that is to say without scar or bruise, but lifeless, probably from suffocation.

A nun was taken out alive who had been under the ruins eight days. She was in a state of extreme prostration, but still living; however, she did not survive, such had been the shock to her system, and such her exhaustion.

A man was actually taken out who had been sixteen days buried under the ruins. He had sustained a bruise on the head, in which worms had bred. His hip had been injured so that decay had commenced in it, and yet he was alive! Hopes were entertained that he might be brought round. However, all failed; the poor fellow died six days after he was taken out.

A man named Godey, with his wife, were for some time buried in their own dining-room ruins. As they had a little bread and wine, they sustained life till relief came.

A man ninety years of age was partly covered up by the ruins, even up to his neck. He was rescued by a serving woman, to whom he had offered an immense reward if she would extricate him.

The probability is that Mendoza will never be rebuilt. Certainly it will not on the former site.

Great Influences.

The man who wrote the four simple lines beginning with "Now I lay me down to sleep," seemed to do a very small thing. He wrote four lines for his little child. His name has not come down to us, but he has done more for the good of his race than if he had commanded the victorious army at Waterloo. The little fires which the good man kindles here and there, on the shores of time, never go out; but ever, and anon they flame up and throw a light upon the pilgrim's path. There is hardly anything so fearful, to my mind, as the mind reaching down into the coming ages, and writing itself upon the minds of unborn generations. We know not whose hand held the pen that wrote the Arabian Nights; but what a book! How few are the children who have not sat spell-bound at the feet of that enchanter!—*Dr. Todd.*

Agriculture, &c.

Kill the Millers.

The following, from a farmer in New Jersey, may be of interest to many. He says:

Some ten years ago I purchased the property where I now live. The former owner, being quite a man for fruit, had set a large variety of trees. The farm was noted for producing more fruit, and a greater variety, probably, than any farm in the neighborhood.

At the time of my purchase the trees were on the decline. The cherry and the plum trees were covered with black knots, and the fruit was wormy and worthless, so that I was about to cut them down and supply their places with shade trees; but disliking to part with the fruit and observing that the enemies were at one stage of their existence in the form of a miller, my plan was to destroy them while in that stage. With that object in view, and observing that they were fond of a light, in the early part of the summer of 1855, I commenced their destruction. To do this I elevated a brisk blaze about five feet from the ground in the vicinity of my trees. The first evening, between eight and eleven o'clock, the millers destroyed might have been counted by hundreds, which gradually diminished, so that at the end of one week, there were none to destroy. I then discontinued my fire until the latter part of the summer, when I discovered another crop of millers, and again built them a blaze. I have followed the same course whenever the candles have drawn them, to give them a light of their own, which has been twice in the summer. Now for the result: My trees have gradually resumed their former rich green; those knots have fallen from the cherry and plum trees; and this year the crop of Morella cherries has been probably as large as it ever was, and that on trees that were considered worthless five years since and the fruit, both cherries and plums, not wormy.

How I treat my Turkeys.

It may be interesting to some novice in turkey raising, to know my experience in that line.—Two years ago this spring, a neighbor sent me a present of eight turkey eggs, and as I had never raised any before, I looked upon the undertaking as gigantic. However, I gave them over to the care of a common hen, and resolved to find out something about the proper method of rearing them from some book or agricultural paper. In due time six turkeys made their appearance, and I commenced my practice at all hazards. I made a small coop with a tight roof, and in this I confined them nights and rainy days until they were half grown. In fine weather they had the range of a clover field, where they found a plentiful supply of bugs, and I fed them three times a day until four weeks old with corn dough mixed with water, adding to the dough, rainy days, a small sprinkle of black pepper. I also chopped up fine all the onion tops, which they ate greedily. I kept a pair over winter, and through the summer the hen laid 26 eggs, at three different times—from these, part having been broken, I reared 18 fine large turkeys, with the same treatment as above. Last winter I killed and sold all but five hens and two gobblers. I have already collected about 50 eggs, have 40 set, and hope to raised 100 turkeys this season. My turkeys are a very common kind, some entirely white, some quite dark.

Recapitulation.—To insure success in turkey raising, they must be kept perfectly dry while young, have access to plenty of bugs in fine weather, plenty of onion tops, and a little pepper in their feed in damp chilly weather.—*Country Gentleman.*

How to make good Soap.

To make boiled Soap.—First ascertain how much clear grease you have, and to each pound of grease add one pound of potash. Break the potash into pieces, place it in the kettle, add a little water and then as many pounds of grease as there are of potash. When they are dissolved add cold water as the mass boils up, until the kettle is full. Twenty pounds of potash and twenty pounds of grease, will take up water enough to make about a barrel of excellent soap.

To make cold Soap.—Break twenty pounds of potash and put it into the barrel. Heat twenty pounds of grease and pour upon it; upon that pour to pails of boiling water. Stir it thoroughly together, and afterwards add one pailful of boiling water, daily, until the barrel is full.—Care should be taken to the light-colored potash as soap made from a dark-colored, or reddish potash will color the clothes.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DRYING RHUBARB.—Rhubarb dries very well, and when well-prepared, will keep good for an indefinite period. The stalks should be broken off while they are crisp and tender, and cut into pieces about an inch in length. These pieces should then be strung on a thin twine, and hung up to dry. Rhubarb shrinks very much in drying—more so than any plant I am acquainted with, and strongly resembling pieces of soft wood. When wanted for use, it should be soaked in water over night, and the next day simmered over a slow fire. None of its properties appear to be lost in drying, and is equally as good in winter as any dried fruit. Very few varieties of rhubarb are suitable for drying, as most of them contain too much woody fibre. The best variety of rhubarb for any purpose is the Victoria, when grown in a suitable situation. The Mammoth is worthless, owing to its fibrous nature, as are also some other kinds.—*Prairie Farmer.*