

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, February 10th, 1861.

Read—MATT. v. 17-32: Christ's Sermon on the Mount continued. 1 KINGS xxi. 17-29: The Judgment of God against Ahab and Jezebel.

Recite—MATTHEW v. 13-16.

Sunday, February 17th, 1861.

Read—MATT. v. 33-48: Christ's Sermon on the Mount, continued. 1 KINGS xxii. 41-53: Jehoshaphat's good reign.

Recite—MATTHEW v. 17-20.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

11. What metaphorical character did the people of the East often ascribe to cities?
12. Give the figurative expression which in the Old Testament constantly indicated kings, but in the New Testament teachers, or those who presided in the synagogue.

Answers to questions given last week:—

9. Abraham and Isaac denied their wives through fear, at Gerar; and the two Abimelechs rebuked them for the crime.
10. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The Cloak trimmings.

"Oh, aunt Mary, I saw such a lovely cloak before us to-day," said Fanny Dayton as she returned from church with an aunt she was visiting; "did you take notice of it?"

"No, my dear; I was interested in the services, and did not observe it."

"I know now just how I shall have my new cloak trimmed, and I think I can do it very easily, as I took particular notice of that one."

"You have all the material up-stairs, I believe," said her aunt, gently; "would you not like to run up for it, and bring down your needle and thimble, and just arrange it now, before you forget?"

Fanny was quite shocked: "Why, aunt Mary it is the Sabbath. Do you think I would do such a wicked thing as to sew on the Sabbath?"

"Why not, my dear; have you not sewed it over many times in your mind to-day?"

Fanny looked ashamed, but presently inquired, "Is it as bad to think about such a thing on the Sabbath as to do it?"

"God looks on the heart, Fanny. In His sight you have broken His holy commandment by sewing on your cloak to-day."

"But I would not really sew on the Sabbath for any thing."

"You remind me, Fanny, of a poor woman who took out the parts of a garment and began arranging them together with pins on Sabbath morning. One said to her, 'You are not going to sew to-day?' 'Oh no,' she replied; 'I am only fitting these pieces together nicely, to sew on Monday.'"

"I see by your smile, Fanny, that you perceive her inconsistency. Is there really any difference in the cases? My dear, God's commandment is exceeding broad. It forbids us not only to do our own works, but to think our own thoughts on the Lord's day. Heart sins are the worst of all, for they produce all the others.—Am. Messenger.

Talk of the little ones.

An artist friend allowed Fannie to "look over," while he drew a landscape for her. After watching for a few moments the progress of the picture, she exclaimed—"O, Mr. Wells, do tell me how you make way off so beautifully." The artist prized the compliment, although the critic was only three and a half years old.

Eddie's grandma reprimanded him for an act of disobedience, and told him it was her duty to let his mamma know how naughty he had been. "Oh, no, grandma," said he, "I wouldn't trouble her with it."

A little boy kneeling at his mother's knee to say his evening prayer, asked leave to pray in his own words, and with a childlike simplicity, said—"God bless little Willie, and don't let the house burn up—God bless papa and mamma—God bless me, and make my boots go on easy in the morning."

There are some things which no wealth can purchase, which no enterprise can compass and with which no ship that ever rode the seas came freighted. Where is the emporium to which you can resort and order so much happiness? Where is the ship that ever brought home a cargo of heart-comfort, a consignment of good consciences, a freight of strength for the feeble, and joy for the wretched, and peace for the dying? But what no vessel ever fetched from the Indies, prayer has often fetched from heaven.

WHAT MAKES THE BOAT GO—A gentleman on board a steamboat, with his family on being asked by his children "what made the boat go," gave the following ludicrous description of the machinery and its principles:

"You see, my dear, this thingum-bob here goes down through that hole and fastens on the jigger, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum, and then that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind o'stirs up the—what-do-you-call-it, with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—We have to record the death of one of the oldest, and perhaps the oldest inhabitant of this colony. Mrs. Dinah Huggins, who expired at her residence, Boggy Flat, near Singleton, N. S. Wales, on Tuesday last, the 28th ultimo, at the great age of 104 years. She was born in the year 1756, on the very year of the commencement of the Seven Years' War, and thirteen years before the birth of the first Napoleon. In looking back to the vast extent of time that separates the present generation from those mighty revolutions of the second half of last century, which filled the world with awe and amazement, it becomes a subject of incredulity to realise the idea that a human being, who has been a living witness to those important incidents of history, should have still been in existence amongst us.—*Maitland Mercury, New South Wales.*

A GOLDEN WEDDING.—The Danish journals were lately filled with accounts of the rejoicings which took place at Copenhagen, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Prince William of Hesse and Princess Charlotte, who is aunt of the present king of Denmark. This "golden wedding," as such an event is called, is not of frequent occurrence either in royal or in other families; and, as happened in this case, it is usually the cause of a general meeting of all the relations that can conveniently attend. The King and all the members of the Royal family were present to offer their congratulations to the Princess, who are now respectively in their seventy-third and seventy-first years, and who both continue to enjoy the most perfect health.

POWER OF A BIRD'S SONG.—When we hear the song of a soaring lark, we may be sure that the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling in principle the reed of a clarionet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark, elevated to a height of 500 feet in the air. Before this is possible, the bird must have agitated a sphere of air 1000 feet in diameter; that is to say, it must have communicated to 17,888 ton of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.—*Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps.*

New desires, like new nails, can be eradicated without difficulty or danger; but old desires, like rusty spikes, can't be pulled out without great labor, and some damage to the plank in which they were inserted.

Moral.—Out with your nails before they rust in.

Alchemy of Vice.

Every man entering on a course of vicious indulgence ought to weigh well the inevitable results, in a body shattered by disease, and a heart filled with shame and remorse. The *Independent* has a striking illustration of the wasting power of vice.

You have heard the story of the Italian artist, who meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve its features for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon the walls of his studio. In his somberest hours that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. If ever I find, he said, a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side, an ideal of heaven and hell. Years passed. At length in a distant land, he saw in a prison he visited, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of his loathsome form, to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. The two poles of the moral universe were before him. What was the surprise of this artist, on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, to find he was once that lovely little boy. Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of vice upon the body. The brazen-faced, wanton-looking wretch of womanhood, was once a sweet modest little girl, that blushed at the slightest indelicate allusion. That obese, bloated, brandy-burnt visage was once a joyous-hearted boy.

What strange alchemy has wrought this bestial transformation? They have been in the hard battle of appetite, and carry the scars of many campaigns. In the basement cells of inebriety, and saloons of licentiousness, many youthful forms are sitting for their portraits. The demon artist of lust and intemperance is gradually moulding them into fiends.

You may, our young reader, steal secretly into these hells of inebriety and harlotry. Your kind parents and friends may little suspect your wayward proclivities. But be assured your "sin will find you out." Vice cannot long remain concealed. The soul has no place to hide it. Soon the foul flame, through some rent or fissure of the body, will find expression. The inmost loves, desires, and affinities of the soul, will mould the plastic body into a corresponding likeness. The body is a flesh and blood statue of the spirit, and the countenance the play-ground of thought and feeling.

An old poet has said;
"For of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Familiar Illustration of the Solar System.

The SUN being represented by a globe two feet in diameter,

Mercury might be represented by a mustard seed at a distance of 82 feet from the globe.

Venus by a pea 142 feet from the globe.

Earth by a pea 215 feet from the globe.

Mars by a pin's head 327 feet from the globe.

Vesta, Juno, Ceres and Pallas by grains of sand 600 feet from the globe.

Jupiter by an orange 1320 feet from the globe.

Saturn by a small do 4224 feet from the globe.

Uranus by a cherry 7920 feet from the globe.

John Bunyan's Dying Sayings.

OF SIN.

Sin is the great block and bar to our happiness, the procurer of all miseries to man both here and hereafter. Take away sin, and nothing can hurt us; for death, temporal, spiritual and eternal, is the wages of it.

Sin, and man for sin, is the object of the wrath of God. How dreadful therefore must his case be who continues in sin for who can bear or grapple with the wrath of God!

No sin against God can be little; because it is against the great God of heaven and earth; but it is the sinner can find out a little God, it may be easy to find out little sins.

Sin turns all God's grace into wantonness: it is the dare of his justice, the rape of his mercy, the jeer of his patience, the slight of his power, and the contempt of his love.

Take heed of giving thyself liberty of committing one sin, for that will lead thee to another, till by an ill custom it become natural.

To begin a sin is to lay a foundation for a continuance: this continuance is the mother of custom, and impudence at least the issue.

The death of Christ giveth us the best discovery of ourselves, in what condition we were in that nothing could help us but that; and the most clear discovery of the dreadful nature of our sins: for if sin be so dreadful a thing as to wring the heart of the Son of God, how shall a poor wretched sinner be able to bear it.

OF THE LORD'S DAY, SERMONS, AND WEEK-DAYS.

Have a special care to sanctify the Lord's day; for as thou keepest it, so will it be with thee all the week long.

Make the Lord's day the market for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer, repetitions, or meditations; lay aside the affairs of the other parts of the week; let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into prayer. Shall God allow thee six days, and wilt not thou afford him one?

In the church be careful to serve God; for thou art in his eyes, and not in man's.

Thou mayst hear sermons often, and do well in practising what thou hearest; but thou must not expect to be told thee in a pulpit all that thou oughtest to do, but be studious in searching the scriptures, and reading good books. What thou hearest may be forgotten; but what thou readest may be better retained.

Forsake not the public worship of God, lest God forsake thee, not only in public but in private.

In the week-days when thou risest in the morning consider, 1. Thou must die. 2. Thou mayst die that minute. 3. What will become of thy soul; Pray often. At night consider, 1. What sins thou hast committed. 2. How often thou hast prayed. 3. What hath thy mind been bent upon. 4. What hath been thy dealing. 5. What thy conversation. 6. If thou callest to mind the errors of the day, sleep not without a confession to God, and a hope of pardon. Thus, every morning and evening, make up thy accounts with Almighty God, and thy reckoning will be the less at last.

How the London Times is printed.

A London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, having visited the office and press-room of the "Great Thunderer," communicates the following facts, which came under his observation:

They use nine tons of paper a day—enough to reach to Dover, eighty-three miles. The water to wet the paper is raised by an engine, and going through a perforated zinc cylinder, falls on an endless blanket, and wets twenty-four sheets at a time. They use twenty-seven kegs, or two tons of ink a week. Moulds for electrotyping are made of papier mache, from which lead impressions are taken, and ready for use in a half hour; can take six plates from a mould, the manner of doing it without burning the mould is a secret; saving six hours by electrotyping. Have an eight cylinder Applegarth press, that takes twelve thousand five hundred impressions, and a Hoe's ten cylinder, that turns out sixteen thousand four hundred in nine hours, working six men. The latter, moving horizontally, is not near so complicated as the former, which works vertically. They prefer Applegarth's, as it does its business more neatly. Employ 360 men, and issue 55,000 copies; have a man who counts 300 a minute, and they are all delivered five minutes after the stoppage of the press. One dealer takes 28,000 copies in twenty-four carts. Two twelve horse power engines are used. Forty years ago, only took 1,200 impressions per hour; and first yearly volume (1791) is but a quarter the size of quarterlies of late years.

Christianity in Practice.

Some thirty years ago, there was a dry-goods firm in Boston who made thousands of dollars every year by selling a certain kind of fine cloth used only for covering billiard-tables. After a time, one of the firm said to the other,

"How do you feel about selling goods for such a purpose?"

"I am not satisfied about it," was the reply, "and I think we had better give it up."

"Agreed," said the first; and from that day, notwithstanding the large and certain profits made on the article, not another yard was sold by them.

Agriculture, &c.

Green Houses in Garrets.

A writer in the *Evening Post* recommends people living in cities to convert their garrets into green houses for raising choice grapes, nectarians, flowers, etc. His plan is to make the roof of glass and cover the floor with a suitable depth of soil for cultivation. Of course it would be necessary to cover the floor beneath the soil with concrete, zinc, or some other water-tight material, and to provide for leading off the surplus moisture into the gutters. The writer thinks that where furnaces are used in houses, the waste heat would be ample for such a greenhouse, so that there would be no expense except the labor, and thus every family might have a winter supply of black Hamburg grapes, japonicas, etc., for the mere trouble of raising them, which would be a pleasing and amusing employment for the ladies of the house-hold. This is an excellent suggestion. If any of our readers adopt it, we suppose it will require no reminder from us to prompt them to be very careful indeed to have the covering of their floors beneath the soil absolutely water-tight.—*Sci. Amer.*

The Drover's Trick.

It is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a development in this direction, which the reader can add to his present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage.

"Never you buy a fat pig at Brighton," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not a fat pig?"

"Cause you see they fat 'em too fast for the Brighton market sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in, pretty high skin and bone. Well, jest afore Fair day they gives 'em corn and salt—nothin' but jest corn and salt—no swill—no water. Next day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpen's gin 'em just as much water as they kin drink. The pigs puts into it, and keeps a drinkin', and drinkin', and drinkin'. 'Sposed on an average they swaller about a bar'l apiece. That makes 'em look all filled out and sleek and heavy, I tell you. But there aint no heart and substance in it. You car' one of them are critters home and calculate you've got a busterin' pile of pork, but jest you look in your hog-pen next mornin', and you wont find nothin' but a hog-frame, skin an' bone, and deep at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs I've been there, and I've seen 'em manufactured."

Why do Animals need Salt?

Pro. Jas. E. Johnston, of Scotland, says: Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (27 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the ingredients of salt), as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt; therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."

It is better to place salt where stock can have free access to it, than to give it occasionally in large quantities. They will help themselves to what they need if allowed to do so at pleasure; otherwise, when they become "salt hungry," they may take more than is wholesome.

Extraordinary Circumstance.

The Murrurundi correspondent of the *Maitland Mercury* writes:—A few days past, a Mr. William Martyn, of this district, has had his poultry yard much infested with crows; and to get rid of this pest he shot an opossum, and having placed a quantity of strychnine in almost every part of it, had it hung up in a tree, thinking the crows would be attracted by it. Mr. Martyn has a valuable and favourite sheep-dog, and the creature managed to get up the stump of the tree and eat the opossum. Some members of the family observed this, and in a few minutes saw the poor dog in a fearful state of agony—the limbs contracted, and the head turned quite towards the back. Mr. Martyn determined at once to put an end to his misery, not knowing how long it might be in pain, and for this purpose mixed a large spoonful of arsenic in water, and put the whole of it down the throat. Instead of killing the dog, in a few minutes it appeared to get better, the contraction of the muscles ceased, and in less than an hour the dog had quite recovered.