

Youths' Department.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

GRANDFATHER'S watch is battered and old,
Innocent quite of jewel or gold:
Poor and common, and worn and crack'd—
Much like grandfather's self, in fact.
Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
And the child, as she listens in wonder bound,
To its mystic tales of departed time,
Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells.
Years, whose every setting run
Was marked by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsy help when the works went ill,
Yet serving their time, as best they can—
This is the story of watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch bush'd,
Many a blow has the old man crush'd,
Maiden'd with, tinkler'd, and sorely tiled,
At last rejected and thrown aside.
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless and crippled, despised and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban—
This is the story of watch and man!

But there's a reverse to the picture said—
Human hearts they can still make glad.
The watch, in its dented silver case,
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man, all battered and silvery too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you—
"Mark our time as well as we can"—
This is the lesson of watch and man.

THE FOUND POCKETBOOK.

TOM JACKSON says he does not believe there is a God; he says he never saw him: and I don't know as I believe—I never saw him," said John Clary, just come in from out doors, and I suppose from the society of Tom Jackson.

"I do," said his mother; and she said nothing more.

A week or more after this, John burst into the kitchen with Tom at his heels. "See mother," he cried, "what I have found—such a handsome pocket-book!"

"Where did you find it?" asked his mother.

"In Pine Grove; now who do you suppose it belongs to?"

"I reckon it grow there," said his mother.

"Grew there!" exclaimed John, lifting up his eyebrows with a great surprise; "A pocketbook grow in the woods! Who ever heard of such a thing? It could not be."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not?" replied the boy; "the pocketbook was made on purpose. Look here," opening it; "here is a place for bank bills, and here is a little out-of-the-way spot with a snug fastening for gold dollars, and a memorandum-book, and a pencil case, and such a beautiful gold pencil. Look, mother, with a pen and a lead both: it was made for a man to use."

"Some contrivance here, certainly," said his mother putting down her work and taking it into her hands for further examination. "It is one of the most useful pocket books I ever saw; if it did not grow there perhaps it made itself."

Both boys stared at her more and more.

"Why, mother, you talk foolish," said John, with a sober and puzzled look; "there must have been a man with a mind to have made this. A man that knew how—a pretty neat workman," added Tom Jackson.

"How do you know? you never saw him," said Mrs. Clary.

"No, but I've seen his work, and that's enough to convince me; I am just as certain that somebody made it as if I saw him."

"You are," said Mrs. Clary; "how so?"

"Why, mother," said John, very much in earnest, "you see the pocketbook had to be planned, to answer a certain purpose, now it must have had a planner, that's the long and short of it; and I know it just as well as if I saw it planned and done by the man himself."

"That is," said his mother, "it shows an intelligent design, and it must have had an intelligent designer. Somebody must have made it, and thought beforehand how to make it."

"Just so," exclaimed both boys at once. "And it would be foolish to think otherwise," added John.

"I think so," said his mother. "And it is just as foolish," she continued, with a great deal of meaning, in her eye as she looked into the boys' eyes, "when you see the wonderful contrivance in the things and things around you, the design with which they were made, and the skill with which they were put together, for you to doubt or deny that there is a God who made them. Who planned your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with? Can eyes make themselves? Can a man make a bird? Why, created the sun, and

planned night and day? Did your mother or your father plant your fingers and make them grow? You never saw who does all these things, but you know perfectly well that a great somebody thought beforehand, designed and contrived the eye, and the ear, and the sun, and your fingers—all things and all beings which are around you. And that great somebody is God, the eternal Mind and the great Maker of us all.

The boys did not expect to be condemned from their own mouth in this way.

"Can you see my mind?" asked Mrs. Clary. "I can see your body," said Tom Jackson. "How do you know what my mind is?" "I can only tell by what you do and say, I can't see it," answered John. "But do you think I have a mind, a spirit?" asked Mrs. Clary. "Oh yes," exclaimed the boys, "you show it by your actions."

"Now, as you can see my spirit only as I act it through or with my body, so you can see God the great Spirit, only as he shows himself to you by the wonderful things which he has made; but you are just as certain of one as the other."

The haymakers now came into the kitchen and interrupted the talk. The boys went off with thoughtful looks. The next day when John brought in a mess of beans which he had been picking from the vines, "Mother, said he, 'I shall never, never say I do not believe there is a God again; the little tendrils of the bean, curling and clasping round the poles show it. Why do vines have them, and not other plants? somebody planned it, I reckon. And that somebody is God.'

Selections.

DAMASCUS.

No person who has ever viewed this beautiful city can ever forget it. As Constantinople is the most beautiful city of the hills, (for parts of the city are built on hills) so Damascus is, to my mind, the most lovely city of the plains. Its history is very ancient; it is, perhaps one of the most ancient cities in the world. We have the first mention of it in the Bible as early as the Book of Genesis, xiv. 25, when Abram rescues Lot, and scatters the enemy unto "Hidai, which is on the left hand of Damascus;" here we have Damascus spoken of as a well-known town. And, again, in Gen. xv. 2, Damascus is so spoken of as being well known: "The steward of my house is this Euzzer of Damascus."

We will see a little of the city as it now is. The view of the city from the high hills which form part of the range of Anti-Lebanus, is unrivalled: it is called by Orientals "A pearl set in emeralds." The beautiful Barada, a stream by which you travel on your way from Damascus to Lebanon, is a stream full of breaks such as some of our beautiful trout streams in Cumberland and Westmoreland present. It brings abundance of sweet, pure water to Damascus; it is to this stream the city owes its beauty and loveliness in a great measure; it is surrounded by orchards and gardens, in which grow walnuts and standard apricots, and a profusion of fruit; wherever the stream comes it brings fertility and beauty, but beyond the influence of the stream, and further than its waters flow, there is nothing but barren sand, almost as far as the eye can reach. The wastes around make the emerald Damascus all the brighter, as the golden ring enhances the beauty of the emerald.

Mohammed, it is said, would not enter the city, saying, "Man could enter but one paradise." He need not, however, have feared, for the city, however beautiful at a distance, is soon seen and felt to be no paradise. On approaching it, and close to the walls, in one of the principal roads, a camel had fallen dead. The owner had stripped the creature of its skin, and left the raw and ghastly carcass in the road. The dogs—the scavengers of the city—had found it, and were feasting upon it, while the ravens were perched around, waiting anxiously for their turn when the dogs were sated. There were pools of green, stagnant water in the principal streets, whilst all kinds of dirt and dead animals are left in the public places. It is a town full of interest to every Christian as being spoken of in the New Testament. We find Saul, the persecutor of the church, full of fury against the believers in Jesus, having got letters from the high priest, going down from Jerusalem to Damascus to put to death any that called on His name. But Jesus smote him to the ground, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The spot is still pointed out where this happened; the house also, in which he received his sight is buried beneath the site of the present city, so that you have to go down many steps to it. There is also the street called "Straight," and a spot, marked by a Turkish inscription

in the wall, is pointed out as the spot from whence St. Paul "was let down by a basket." The streets of the city are dull: nothing but latrine and walls in many parts. You would think what a dreary dwelling and yet the interior of some of them are costly and magnificent; the ceilings of many of the houses are elaborately coloured with bright and gorgeous colours in different patterns. In almost every house the bubbling gurgling of fountains finds a way, and, playing in the fountains, cools the courtyards which are often filled with beautiful orange and lemon trees covered with rich fruit.

There is a large demand for the most beautiful scarfs made of the finest silk, woven with gold, purple, and various colors and patterns, which are manufactured in the city. Its bazaar is very long, extending almost half-a-league; and here you meet with the costumes of every nation,—some of the Bedouins, with their free and noble bearing, the Frank, the Turk, the Persian, &c. The bazaar is a long street of gay shops, where all kinds of merchandise are to be found. The caravans from Great Mecca, Bagdad, Aleppo, Beirut, Tripoli, and Acre, cause its extensive trade. Some have given its population at 300,000, but it seems more probable that it does not exceed from 120,000 to 150,000. about 12,000 Christians, and about the same number of Jews live in the city.

Let us remember that the good things of the earth—such as the most delicious fruits, and vines, and meats—cannot satisfy the soul. Let us learn that the gayest and softest silks ever woven will not suffice. The loveliest views cannot fill the soul. It is only where grace reigns, and the Holy Spirit dwells, that there is peace and joy, and that is brought to light by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let us pray for that time which shall come certainly—may it come, with our Lord speedily—when the Lord "will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord to serve Him with one consent." Pray for this blessed time, but be sure you ask yourself, Am I ready if my Lord should come, and should I be a partaker of it?

In Section B a series of four lectures have been delivered by Mr Horsley on "strychnia," so famous just now in criminal annals; and its notoriety, in fact, had led him to make a series of experiments, which he detailed. "He tried the effects of a precipitant, formed of one part of bichromate of potash dissolved in fourteen parts of water, to which was afterwards added two parts in bulk of strong sulphuric acid. This being tried upon a solution of strychnia, the bulk was entirely precipitated in the form of a beautiful golden coloured and insoluble chromate. The experiment as performed by Mr. Horsley was very interesting, and scarcely a trace of bitterness was left in the filtered liquor. He did not claim to have originated this discovery of the use of a chromic salt and an acid liquor; but the point to which he called attention was the essential difference in the mode of application, and he maintained that it was as much out of the power of any human being to define the limit of sensibility which he had attained, as it would be to count the sands or to measure the drops of the ocean. Taking thirty drops of a solution of strychnia containing half a grain he dissolved it with four drachms of water. He then dropped in six drops of a solution of bichromate of potash, which crystals immediately formed, and the decomposition was complete. Splitting up the half grain of strychnia into millions of atoms of minute crystals, he found that each of these atoms, if they could be separated, would as effectually demonstrate the chemical characteristics of strychnia as though he had operated with a pound weight of the same. He then showed the chemical reaction with these crystals. Dropping a drop of liquor containing the chromate of strychnia into an evaporating dish and shaking it together, he added a drop or two of strong sulphuric acid and showed the effect as previously noted. He next showed the discolouration produced in chromate of strychnia and carbonate of brucia, by sulphuric acid former being changed to a deep purple, and then to a violet, and red. It had been asserted since the trial of Palmer that the non-detection of strychnia in the body of John Parsons Cook was owing to the antimony taken by the deceased having somewhat interfered with the test. Such a supposition was, in his (Mr. Horsley's) opinion, absurd. Nothing, he considered, could more incontrovertibly disprove the fallacy than either of two new tests which he then performed. These he considered double tests, because they had first the characteristic of a peculiar crystalline compound of strychnia, which was afterwards made to develop the characteristic effects by which strychnia is recognised. Mr. Horsley next related a series of experiments which