

Youths' Department

THE DEW.

MAMMA, said little Isobel,
While I am fast asleep
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep;

For every morning, when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.

I wonder why the grass and flowers,
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad?

Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

Mamma, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God's watchful love and care
Through the dark midnight hours,

I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And then, perhaps, they'd bow their heads
And gently go to sleep.

What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down,
Each morn and evening new.

The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love hath made;
O'er all his watchfulness and care
Are night and day displayed.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.

The *Monthly Packet*, under the well known initials of "C. J. A.," gives us the following "true story of the years 1854-56," in New Zealand, which shows what power even a little child may have over a warlike people:—

"On the West coast of New Zealand there is a mountain rising like a pyramid of snow to the height of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is called Taranaki, and the legend says he was once a giant living inland, but having a quarrelsome neighbor Ruapahu, he took a leap one day of one hundred miles towards the sea side, and left his companion where we now see him, to sulk it out in lava and sulphur alone.

"But good old Taranaki found out, like the rest of the world, that you do not always better your position by change, for instead of one quarrelsome neighbor, he has got hundreds of pigmies at his feet, blowing his trees and one another's brains out with 'villanous saltpetre.' The soil is owned by a tribe called the Ngati-awa, or Children of the River; and the uncles and cousins of this tribe have been fighting with one another for two dreary years about a piece of this land, which one chief named Rawiri (*Anglicè* David) wanted to sell to the British Government.

"One day in November, 1854, Rawiri gave notice that he should go upon the land and mark it out with surveyor's pegs for sale. A cousin named Katatore claimed a share in the land, and warned Rawiri not to attempt a sale; but if he did persist to come armed. Next day Rawiri went unarmed, and began to mark out the land. Katatore, with his gun on his shoulder, met him, drew a line across the path, and forbade him to advance. Rawiri advanced a step; Katatore pointed his gun to heaven. Rawiri advanced another step; Katatore pointed his gun to the earth. These were Maori ways of showing his determination to resist Rawiri, and appealing to heaven and earth to witness the justice of his cause. Rawiri advanced a third step; Katatore levelled his gun and shot him. Rawiri lingered a day or two, and his last words were, 'Don't avenge my death.'

"His request was not attended to; for two years, war to the knife had been raging between the two parties, and there seemed no prospect of an end.

"On one of the last days of November, 1856, a council of war was being held in the camp of Rawiri's party, when a little child of nine years of age walked into the midst and said, 'Fathers, we have had enough of war; now let us taste peace and good will.' The men looked at the child, it was Rawiri's. The mother was living some miles off. The men asked the child who sent him; he said, 'No one.' A friendly Englishman was there, and heard what the child had said, and saw that the men were touched with surprise, if

not with deeper feelings, and thereupon he spoke out, 'Friends, who sent this child here? It was not a man who sent him, it was God.' Some one still said, 'Perhaps his mother sent him.' The Englishman rode off to the mother, and asked her where her son was. She said she did not know, he had been lost all day. He asked her if she had ever told him to go and bid her friends make peace? She said 'No.' He told her what the child had done. She sat down and buried her face in her hands for a while; then she rose up, and said, 'It is the word of God; let us go to the camp and make peace.' So peace was made.

Selections.

IS THE MOON INHABITED?—RECENT DISCOVERY BY THE ASTRONOMER HANSELL.

It has long been known that the moon revolves on its axis in the same time in which it revolves round the earth, and that it consequently always presents nearly the same side towards the earth, while the opposite side is never seen from our globe. No bodies of water nor clouds can be seen on the moon by the aid of the most powerful telescope, nor is the apparent direction of stars close to its edge changed by refraction, as would be the case if an atmosphere enveloped the moon. Hence it has been inferred by Whewell, the reputed author of a late work entitled "Of Plurality of Worlds," that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and, consequently, no inhabitants.

This inference is shown to be inconclusive by a recent discovery of the astronomer Hansell, whose study of the moon's motion, continued for many years, has established the fact that the centre of gravity of the moon, instead of being like that of the earth, at the centre of the figure, is beyond that centre, and farther from the side next to the earth than it is from the other side, by seventy four miles. The nearer side of the moon, therefore, is a vast, expanded protuberance or mountain, seventy four miles high; and any fluid, whether air or water, would flow downwards from the nearer to the farther side of the moon, where for ought we know, intelligent living beings may exist. The nearer side of the moon cannot be inhabited, at least by beings to whose existence air and water are essential, as is the case with all terrestrial animals.

The late celebrated mathematician, Gauss, proposed, as a means of settling the question whether the moon is inhabited, that a huge monument should be erected on the steppes at Siberia, as a signal to the inhabitants of the moon, in the hope that they might be induced to erect a similar signal, to apprise us of their existence.

The discovery of Hansell shows that such an experiment could be attended with no success, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the moon, if there are any, being on the further side, could never see a monument on the earth.—*Boston Courier*.

THE PHYSICAL POWER OF ENGLAND.—The physical power which England derives from the transformation of the latent power of its coal into active force is scarcely conceivable by unscientific minds. Professor Rogers of the United States, furnishes us with the following estimates:—Each acre of a coal seam, four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard net of pure fuel, is equivalent to about 5,000 tons; and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel equal to the life labour of more than 1,600 men. Each square mile of one such single coal bed contains 3,000,000 tons of fuel; equivalent to 1,000,000 of men labouring through 20 years of their ripe strength. Assuming, for calculation, that 10,000,000 of tons, out of the present annual products of the British coal mines, namely, 65,000,000, are applied to the production of mechanical power, then England annually summons to her aid an army of 3,800,000 fresh men, pledged to exert their fullest strength through 20 years. Her actual annual expenditure of power, then, is represented by 66,000,000 of able bodied labourers. The latent strength resident in the whole coal product of the kingdom may, by the same process, be calculated at more than 400,000,000 of strong men, or more than double the number of the adult males upon the globe.—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

The letter of Professor Morse gives a clear explanation of the cause of the breaking of the Atlantic telegraph Cable, and fixes the blame of the disaster where it properly belongs. Mr. Bright, the head engineer, who had the laying of the cable under his sole direction, appears to have been the culprit. He had put the blame upon "a mechanic," but Professor Morse says that he ordered one of his subordinates to apply the brakes; the "mechanic" hesitated, Mr.

Bright repeated the fatal order and the mischief was done. The professor sarcastically remarks that Mr. Bright "generously" gave a certificate exonerating all persons on board the ship from any blame for the disaster. An important fact stated by Professor Morse is that the cable was running out but very little faster than the rate at which the ship was going.

PURE MILK BY A NEW PROCESS.—The *Journal of Commerce* mentions a new discovery by Gail Borden—who has become somewhat distinguished for his various inventions for the preservation of human food—by which families in cities can be supplied with the pure article, without the adulteration of chalk or other admixtures. This fluid also suffers no deterioration from a long voyage. Mr. Borden's process is simple. It evaporates 750 of the 840 parts of water in all milk, as determined by chemistry, and leaves as a residuum a thick paste, which can at any time be reconverted into milk by restoring the water. One tea spoonful of the condensed substance to four of pure water will make rich country milk, precisely as it comes from the cow, while one to five will produce a richer compound than is often sold in cities. The addition of one or two parts of water makes a rich cream. Mr. Borden has established a condenser (capable of reducing 5,000 quarts per day) in Litchfield county, one of the richest grazing districts in Connecticut, where the unadulterated article can be bought for two cents a quart. The heat is applied under a covered kettle, from which the air is exhausted, and the water is thus evaporated. The remainder is brought to market. It will be sold in New York at about 32 cents a quart. This will bring the cost, when restored, by the addition of four times its bulk of water, to sixpence a quart. If any one wishes to use cheaper milk, he has only to add another quart of water. The milk trade of New York is stated by the *Journal* to amount to over \$4,000,000 per year. That of Boston must exceed \$1,000,000 per year; and if Mr. Borden's invention will really accomplish what is contended for it, it is of no slight importance to housekeepers in this city.

LITERARY KNOWLEDGE TO CANDIDATES FOR ORDERS.—We have frequently expressed our opinion on the importance of literary culture to Candidates for Orders. The following passages from Dr. Arnold's recently published letters, though in some respects very strongly expressed, at least may be treated as exhibiting the views of that eminent educationist on this interesting question.—*Epist. Rec.*

"All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence, is, that if he read at all,—in the sense of studying—he should not read exclusively or principally what is called divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort, when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name,—is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man's mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and while he is in reality grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine. Let a man read nothing, if he will, except his Bible and Prayer Book, and the chance reading of the day; but let him not, if he value the power of seeing truth and judging soundly, let him not read exclusively or predominantly the works of those who are called divines, whether they be those of the first four centuries, or those of the sixteenth, or those of the eighteenth or seventeenth. With regard to the Fathers, as they are called, I would advise those that have time to read them deeply, those that have less time, to read at least parts of them; but in all cases preserve the proportions of your reading. Read along with the fathers, the writings of men of other times, and of different powers of mind. Keep your views of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one; as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true,—but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views that are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proper amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man,—but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with improvement of the human mind it is this. I have now given you the principles, which I believe to be true, with respect to a clergyman's reading."

Letters from Syria report the total destruction in the desert of a caravan, which, consisting of about five hundred persons and one thousand camels, laden with merchandise, started from Damascus on the 29th June, and by some mismanagement lost its way. The entire caravan perished, with the exception of twenty persons.