

Houty's Department.

Bible Lessons:

Sunday, July 14th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XV. 1-20: Vain traditions of the Elders. GENESIS II.: The Creation continued.

Recite—MATTHEW XIV. 15-16.

Sunday, July 21st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XV. 21-39: The woman of great faith. GENESIS I.: The fall of man and the promise of a Saviour.

Recite—MATTHEW XV. 4-6.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

55. Which was considered the most splendid eastern edifice, and what was its ancient name?
56. How old was Jacob, when for a wife he kept sheep?

Answers to questions given last week:—

53. Ex. xxxv. 25; Job vii. 6.
54. They are styled "gods," from the etymology of the word *Magistrate*, which means one to be venerated or feared.

For the Christian Messenger.

Little Edie.

DEAR little one, he has gone to rest,
Where never a sin will stain his breast.
No trouble disturb him, no fear annoy,
No cloud overshadow his innocent joy.
He has gone home to heaven, that land of love,
Of light and gladness, and blessings above;
His head is pillowed on Jesus' breast,
Dear little Edie is sweetly at rest.

He lived on earth but a little while,
But we shall always remember his smile.
We loved him then, and do so still,
"Sweet Edie" we called him, and always will.
We think we are glad he has gone away,
Where his life will be all one pleasant day;
Where an unkind word he will never receive,
Nor speak one himself our kind hearts to grieve.

If he were here he would often cry,
And then he'd be sick, and suffer and die;
But now death is over, and all the while
His cherub face will wear a smile;
For he never will know, nor do what is wrong,
And the loving angels will teach him their song.
Dear Edie we wish we could be there too,
Oh when shall we come and live with you.
A. S. REID.

A Fable.

EVERYBODY HAS TROUBLES.

A toad used to live under a stone beside the brook. He was a pretty fat toad, and got along in the world as well as toads generally do. One day he went out to find something to eat, and hopping out among the green leaves by the creek's side, he heard a rustle among the leaves. He said to himself, "There's a beetle! I like beetles. I'll be quiet and catch him." So he crept along till he got to it, and stuck out his tongue to get him; but it happened to be a *bumble-bee*! He dropped it like a hot coal, and had to cry out in the way toads cry, and hop back to his hole under the stone. He suffered with pain, and his tongue swelled up, and he was obliged to lie by for two or three days. Hopping back to his home, he plucked a leaf of a plantain, and took it home for his medicine, and put it in his mouth to cure the sting of the bee. He staid at home for two or three days, and began to get hungry, and poor, and lean. As he hopped along, he came under the leaf of a plantain, and being very tired and hungry, he stopped under the leaf, and looking up said, "Oh, what a nice time you plantains have! I should like to change places. Toads have a hard life."

The plantain said, "Friend toad, I should like to change too. I don't see what toads can complain of. I think they must have a fine time of it."

"Let me tell you," said the toad. "In the first place, we have to work for our living, and often, when we think we are going to get a beetle, we get frozen up, and when we come out, the boys come along and ston us, and the crows pick us up; isn't that trouble? While you plantains have just to sit by the river, and don't have to work. I should like to change places with you."

"Stop; let me tell you my side," cried the plantain. "We cannot hop about as you can, but have to stop where we are put. If we want a drink of water, we can't go to the creek and get it. We can't move an inch, to go and see the world and visit our next neighbor. Then the sun shines hot all day, and we have to bear it, and can't hop under a cool leaf as you do. Then, by-and-by, comes along a cow and nips off our head, or a little worm, and eats into our heart, and we have not power to shake him off. I should like to change places with you. You take mine and I will yours; for I am so anxious to hop down to the creek and get a drink."

"Stay, stay," cried the toad, "I hear a cricket. Let me get it;" and off he went after the cricket, and never came back.

So it appears everybody does have trials; and the only right way of getting along is not to wish ourselves somebody else, and fret ourselves because we are not, but contentedly bear our lot, and be satisfied with what God has given us, — *Child's Paper*.

A Child's Faith.

Visiting one of the mission schools of Brooklyn, I was introduced to a remarkable child. He was brought into the school from the highways and hedges, and we have reason to hope that, young as he is, he has been taught of God. One day he was playing with powder, and putting his mouth to the match to blow it, it exploded, and the whole charge went into his face and eyes. For some time he was totally blind, and the physician gave but little hope of recovery. But the little sufferer was patient and calm, and even hopeful; sitting through the dark days meditating on what he had learned at the mission Sabbath school, and repeating passages of Scripture and many a beautiful hymn.

One evening, after the physician had spoken discouragingly, and his parents, as he perceived, were in deep distress, he was absorbed on his knees in a corner of the room in earnest prayer. His parents inquired what he had been praying so earnestly for. "Why," said he, "that Jesus Christ would open my eyes. The doctor says he can't, and so I thought I would ask the Saviour to do it for me." Here was faith in its simplest form. It was the faith of a child; and his prayer was heard. He can now see. What Christian may not take a lesson from this child-like confidence?

End of the Christian Journey.

Bunyan, with deep insight into Christian experience, represents his pilgrims as catching a distant view of the Celestial City from the summits of the Delectable Mountains, and this view supported and cheered them in their toilsome journey. It always refreshes the Christian heart to have such anticipations and foretastes of coming glory, and God often grants them to His people just before they encounter some fiery temptation or crushing affliction. These views are generally brighter and more rapturous in a dying hour, when one feels that all the toils and sufferings of one's pilgrimage are of no account, in prospect of the exceeding weight of glory. The *Congregationalist* says:

We have read of caravans of pilgrims, who after months of weary travel, approach the Holy City. They have been drenched by storms, burned by blazing suns, pinched with hunger, and choked with the dust of the desert. Their shoes are worn out, their garments soiled and tattered; their feet blistered; and their tottering limbs can hardly sustain their steps. Through days of suffering, and nights of sleeplessness, and constantly assailed by merciless foes, they have toiled along, until now they approach the end of their pilgrimage.

The sun, breaking through the clouds of a lurid day, is just sinking behind the hills of Lebanon. The pilgrims ascend an eminence, and lo, Jerusalem is before them!—its turrets, towers, pinnacles and domes all ablaze in golden splendor, reflecting the rays of the setting sun. A scene of almost supernatural enthusiasm ensues.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" is shouted from hot and blistered lips. "Jerusalem!" is re-echoed through the long lines of the rear. The lame, the fainting, the dying are animated with new life, as they rush forward to catch a glimpse of that sacred city where their Saviour bled and died.

Tears gush from all eyes. Some throw their arms into the air, and shout wildly, in the outburst of their rapture, "Hallelujah." All past fatigues, perils, sufferings, are forgotten. Their pilgrimage is ended, their goal is gained.

But O, when the pilgrim of earth, weary of the long, painful, perilous journey, arrives within sight of the celestial city,—a sight so brilliant that no mortal eye can look upon it,—as he gazes upon the splendor of the metropolis of God's empire, and listens to its choirs, and knows that in that city the Saviour has a mansion prepared for him, with robe, and harp, and crown, and that he there shall repose in peace forever, can language tell his joy? The imagination sinks exhausted in the vain attempt to compass such blessedness.—*W & R*.

Nothing to Spare.

"I have nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all the pagan nations shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do, in sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth that Omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly own that, were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains, for all the people of America to embark together to carry the gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posing on to the judgment of the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan

idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the church, how hard would it seem for your neighbours to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn.—*Griffin*.

Growing Old.

Did you ever consult the mirror to ascertain whether you were growing old—to detect if you could, a pair of feet, and a *crow's* at that, at the corners of your eyes—to see if that gray hair somebody charged you with having yesterday, was nothing but a peculiar reflection of the light, and not much whiter than the ace of spades after all? But the mirror is nothing to go to for information; it reflects to very little purpose. If you would know what age was doing for you, look upon the face of a friend you have not seen in ten years, and the story is as plain as a pikestaff! There is something or other about him you cannot quite understand; his features are a little sharper, the expression of his eyes a little colder, of his brow a little harder, of his mouth a little firmer. To be sure his laugh hasn't gone but then a *tooth* or two has.—He is the same, yet *not* the same, but somewhat harder and rougher, and not so much of him, as of old.

But the strangest of all is his hand. That has grown old faster than his face. How soft and smooth it used to be, you remember, and plump as a partridge. There was a tracery of blue veins upon the back of it, and you and he used to read each other's fortunes, and life-journeys in the meandering currents that flowed on so quietly just under the surface. But it is more like a *claw* now, as if he used it in digging; then it is brown as *October*; the full rounded muscle has shrunk away from the veins, and they stand out like ridges in a fallow. Veins indeed! look like a handful of whipcord. There is a knotty look and knotty feel about the joints, as if you were grasping a handful of walnuts. Then, again, his hair has grown wiry or bristly gray, or thin, or something that it was not, for the truth is, it is growing upon an old head.

You think, as you look at him, "is it possible?" and he keeps you company with his wonder "how can it be?" and in that look, you have seen yourself—as he sees you—as they all see—as you are.—*B. F. Taylor*.

The voices of Heaven.

The land of silence surely extends no further than to the gates of the heavenly city. All its life and activity within; but from that world, so populous with thoughts, and words, and songs no revelation penetrates, through the dark, silent land which lies between us and them. Our friends are there. Stars so distant from us that their light, which began its travel ages since, has not reached us, are none the less worlds, performing their revolutions, and occupied by their busy population of intelligent spirits, whose history is full of wonders. Yet the first ray denoting the existence of those worlds has never met the eye of the astronomer in his incessant vigils.

The silence of the departed will, for each of us, soon, very soon, be interrupted. Entering among breaking shadows and softly unfolding light, the border land, we shall gradually awake to the opening vision of things unseen and eternal, all so kindly revealing themselves to our unaccustomed senses as to make us say: "How beautiful!" and, instead of exciting fear, leading us almost to hasten the hand which is removing the veil. Some well known voice, so long silent may be the first to utter our name; we are recognized, we are safe. A face—a dear, dear face—breaks forth amidst the crowded lines of the dissolving sight; a form—an embrace—assures us that faith has not deceived us, but has delivered us up to the objects hoped for, the things not seen. Oh, beatific moment! awaiting every follower of them who by faith and patience, inherit the promises, dwellers there "whither the Forerunner is for us entered."—*Family Treasury*.

Please make me a Christian.

I well recollect, in the course of my labors, a poor Hindoo youth, who followed me about the garden of the school, asking me to make him a Christian. I said, "It is impossible, my dear boy; if it is possible to do so at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to Him." How well I recollect the sweet voice and sweet face of that boy, when he came to me and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken His place in my heart." I asked, "How is that?" He replied, I prayed and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" and He was so kind that He came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that you made a similar appeal in such a spirit as this poor Hindoo boy? And can you say, my young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?—*Rev. Dr. Boaz, of Calcutta*.

Agriculture, &c.

The Exhibition Palace of 1862.

This structure is to exceed its illustrious predecessor in grandeur, in beauty of design, and elegance of finish. The main hall is to be 550 feet long, 250 feet high! The picture galleries, built of brick, will be 2300 feet in length, 60 to 70 feet high, and from 25 to 55 feet wide. The nave and transepts are to be 2300 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The sheds and other necessary buildings are planned on a corresponding scale. The whole work must be finished in less than one year from the present time, or by the 12th of February next. The Guaranty Fund, which amounts in all to £350,000, is headed by that truly royal patron of the Arts and Sciences, the Prince Consort, for £10,000. It is stated by competent authorities, that the entire structure will cost £250,000. It is to be located at South Kensington. The building will be made suitable for permanently remaining on the site, and will in every way outshine the Crystal Palace of 1851, or any other structure of modern times. A writer states that the great hall will contain a cubical area more than ten times as large as that of the great transept of the Hyde Park building, and that it would contain five of the centre transepts of the present Crystal Palace; its height will be unparalleled. There is a vast space to be occupied by the world's products, its inventions, manufactures and works of art.—*London American*.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Dr. Bonnet of Gravel, in France, states, in a letter to the *Abeille Medicale*, that he has long been in the habit of prescribing the essential oil of turpentine for friction against rheumatism, and that he has used it himself with perfect success, having almost instantaneously got rid of rheumatic pains in both knees and in the left shoulder. He adds, that having several times soiled his hands with coal tar and other sticky substances of the same nature, and used the essence of turpentine, freely like water, to wash his hands in, and then washed them again in soap and water, he, after drying them well, always experienced a prickly sensation similar to that which is felt on receiving electrical sparks on one's knuckles. This sensation would last about two hours; and it is to this exciting action of oil of turpentine that he attributes its efficacy in rheumatism.

COLIC IN HORSES.—The *Farmers' Advocate* prescribes for colic in horses, a blanket wrapped around the body and drenched with cold water. It steams like a boiling pot, and cures in fifteen minutes.

Iron pipes, when laid in the ground and packed all around with dry clay, do not rust. The clay protects the metal from the action of oxygen in moisture and air.

A BAD CUSTOM.—In no pursuit or profession, is there required so great an exercise of judgment, experience, observation, and of science also, as in the proper treatment of the great variety of soils with which the cultivator has to deal. The rule is; make professional men of your smart boys—leave the dolts to till the soil. It should be; devote the best talent to the cultivation of the soil where the highest degree of judgment and skill is required; and let the lower grades of intellect be sent into the routine of professional life.—*American Agriculturist*.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Professor Silliman, of New Haven, recently closed a Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:—"If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks above water and mild infusions of that fluid, shun tobacco, opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food, and mild, diluted drinks, of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest, and due moral regulations of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."

Some time ago we heard of a gentleman in Kirkcaldy, Scotland, who trained a couple of mice to spin cotton. The work is so constructed that the common mouse is enabled to make a tonement to society for past offences, by twisting twine, and reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal, at 1s. 3d. per peck, serves one of these treadwheel culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate, a mouse earns 7s. 6d. per annum. Take off 5d. for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear for every mouse, per annum.

The French Government has adopted a new bayonet. It is like a straight, triangular sword, deeply hollowed in the middle, with two grooves and a back underneath. The handle is horn, ornamented with steel. The musket to which it is fitted is rifled, and the barrel is not so long as those of the rifles now used by infantry soldiers. Compensation, however, is made for their difference by the bayonet, which is twenty-eight inches long, including the handle.

WHAT a glorious world this would be if all its inhabitants could say, with Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."