

Month's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, July 7th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XIV. 15-36: Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. GENESIS I.: The Creation of the World.

Recite—MATTHEW XIV. 1-2.

Sunday, July 14th, 1861.

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

Recite—MATTHEW XIV. 15-16.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

53. Give proofs that the art of manufacturing cloths by spinning and weaving is of great antiquity.

54. By what name are magistrates sometimes called in the Scriptures, and what is the ground of such an application?

Answers to questions given last week:—

51. Abram, Gen. xiv. 23. Gideon, Jud. viii. 23; 1 Sam. xii. 3, 4. Jonathan, 1 Sam. xx. 4, 8; xxiii. 16, 18. David, 1 Sam. xxiv. 7, 12.

52. "And he spake 3000 parables, and his songs were 1005, and he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

Just what he was when a Boy.

A few evenings since, while slowly making my exit from a crowded lecture-room, where an appreciative audience had been listening with absorbed interest to the glowing pictures of India, presented by a popular and gifted lecturer, an earnest voice by my side exclaimed:

"Just what he was when he was a boy. I heard him offer his first prayer in public, and I shall never forget my feelings. He was just as earnest then as now. You could scarcely breathe for listening."

"But," said a lady in reply, "can you believe all he has said?"

"Yes," was the instant reply. "That boy could never say what was not exactly true. I believe him just as much as I believe the Bible."

I mused upon the words, "Just what he was when he was a boy." The same quick thoughts, glowing with poetic imagery—the same fervid eloquence, seemed to lift the hearer to some lofty stand-point, whence the far-famed luxuriance of Eastern climes stretches out a sea of verdure before his admiring gaze, or amid this oriental grandeur of scenery sees the vast crowds held in thrall of debasing errors, till his heart glows to stretch forth his hand to those perishing millions, and pluck them as "brands from the burning."

Oh that these carelessly uttered words might have fallen upon the heart of every boy in our land, making each realize that even now he is weaving the mantle of his future manhood, tracing his character in dim outline, to which future years shall only add the shading? How wise, then, in youth, to follow noble ambitions, to do those things which are right!—*Mother's Journal.*

Life Everywhere.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety, the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms, from the animalcules, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the seas is alive with polypes, crabs, star-fishes, and with numerous shell-animalcules. The rugged face of rocks is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures and blackened with countless muscles, barnacles, limpets. Life everywhere! on the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, leaping, running.

If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its chequered shade, we are saluted by the murmurous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scurrying of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy at its appointed labor. We pick up a fallen leaf, and, if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of insect larvæ hidden in its tissue, awaiting their development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, visible under the microscope. This same microscope reveals that the bloodrain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious horror, is nothing but a collection of minute animals; and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant. The very mould which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel ploughs her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jewelled lights is produced by millions of millions of animals.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

We suppose that toleration is carried quite far enough when men tolerate intolerance.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

Beecher on England.

We extract the following from a sermon preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. H. W. Beecher:—

Which is the strongest throne on the globe today? Why, the English, unquestionably; partly because a noble, virtuous, and illustrious woman sits upon it. An everlasting answer to those who say that a woman ought not to speak and vote is the fact that the proudest sovereign in the world to-day is Queen Victoria. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood, and she is fit to sit in empire. That is one reason why the English throne is the strongest. But that is not the only reason. It is strongest also because it is so many-legged. It stands on thirty millions of people. It represents the interests of the masses of its subjects. Another reason why England is the strongest nation, is because it is the most Christian nation; because it has the most moral power. We like to talk about ourselves on the Fourth of July, we love to fan ourselves with eulogies; but we are not to be compared to-day with old England. I know her surly faults; I know her stubborn conceit; I know how many things are mischievous among her poor common people, among her operatives of the factory, and among her serfs of the mine; but, taking her up on one side and down the other, there is not a nation that represents so much Christianity as old England. If you do not like to hear it I like to say it! And the strongest power on the globe to-day is that kingdom. It is the strongest kingdom, and the one that is the least liable to be shaken down. England! she has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years from the time of the *Armada* to the present day, in the prophecies of men. Every few years she has been about to be overthrown by sea; she has been about to be plowed up by land; she has been about to be stripped of her resources in India and in other parts of the globe. Nations have formed alliances against her; the armies and fleets of the civilized world have gone about her; her interests, political and pecuniary, have been repeatedly and violently assailed; and yet she has stood, as she now stands, mistress of the seas, and the strongest power on earth, because she has represented the moral elements.

First Underground Railroad.

The following conversation is supposed to have taken place between a slave and his master:—

"Hallo, there, Sambo, where are you going this evening?"

"Why, why," says Sambo scratching his head "I's jes going down to de depot."

"What depot?"

"To the U. G. depot, massa."

"Where did you learn about U. G. R. R.'s depots, you black rascal?"

"In de Bible, massa; de blessed Bible tell me all about it, massa."

Feeling anxious to know what new theory Sambo had found in the Bible, he goes on to interrogate him.

"The Bible don't tell anything about R. R.'s neither above nor below ground, you poor nigger."

"Yes, massa, de Bible tells where de first track of de U. G. R. R. was laid."

"Where was it?"

"In de Red Sea, massa."

"Who laid it?"

"De Lord Almighty Heself."

"Well, Sambo," mellowing down a little, "who were the conductors of that road?"

"Moses and Aaron."

"Who were the fugitives that run away?"

"De children of Israel, massa."

"Who were the slaveholders?"

"De Egyptians."

"Were they white or black?"

"Black, man? dat time de slave he white man, de slaveholder de black man. Ha! ha! ha! massa."

"Did they pursue the slaves?"

"Yes, massa."

"Did they take them back to slavery?"

"No, massa; dey couldn't catch 'em."

"Why not?"

"Because dey took de track up. Ha ha! good massa, wasn't it?"

"Sambo, you may go down to your quarters."

Cheering words for the Sick Chamber.

"The inhabitants shall no more say I am sick." Happy, happy prospect. Ye who are now laid on beds of languishing and pain, listen to this.—Now, as the shadows of each returning evening begin to fall, you may have nothing but gloomy anticipations. The morrow's light, which brings health and joy to a busy world, may bring nothing to you but fresh prostration and anguish. Sabbath comes round, but its once joyous bells ring only in your ears the memory of forfeited joys;—the lonely bird still pining in its earthly cage walling in muffled notes, "Oh, that I could flee away from this weary prison-house of sorrow and pain, and be at rest!"

Yes! but that rest is at hand. Soon will you mount on eagle's wings to these golden gates.—Pilgrims, now oft pacing along the wilderness-path with bleeding feet and fevered brow, the thorny path will soon be over. No more pain to harass you. No more "archers" to wound you. No more languor to depress you. "The former things shall have passed away." How will one moment in that sorrowless heaven lead you to forget your present long experience of prostration and suffering! It will appear in the retrospect only as the shadow of a passing cloud.—a dream of a night which the morning cloud has dispelled;

—voices on all sides sounding in your ears, "There shall be no more curse," (Rev. xxii. 3).

Meanwhile, as you lie tossing on your sick bed, seek to ask not, "Am I getting the better of my pain?" but, "Am I made the better for it? Is it executing the great mission for which it has been sent of God? Is it sanctifying me, purging away the dross, and fitting me for glory?" He has some wise end in view in laying you on the bed of languishing. Sickness is one of his own chosen messengers—one of the arrows of His quiver. As the mother lavishes her tenderest affection on her invalid child, so may it be truthfully said regarding the suffering believer, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." (John xi. 3). He takes you apart,—excludes you from the world, that through the rents of your shattered earthly tabernacle He may give you glimpses of coming glory. When your tongue is "falling you for thirst," He brings grapes, plucked by His own hand, from Canaan. Your soul, like that of aged Jacob, revives!

How often has the couch of suffering thus been made the very gate of heaven! Be assured you will yet come to acknowledge infinite mercy in this very discipline. In preparing to transplant His own tree in paradise,—instead of cutting you down, or wrenching you up by the roots,—hurrying you away without a note of warning into an unprovided-for eternity,—He is "purging you, that you may bring forth more fruit." (John xv. 2). Seek to exhibit the grace of patience under your trial. This is one of the few Christian virtues which can only be manifested on earth. In heaven there is no suffering to call forth its exercise. "Let patience" now therefore "have its perfect work." Seek to feel that the end your God has in these "light afflictions" is to work out for you a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. iv. 17). Tossed on this troubled sea, let the eye and the longings of faith frequently rest on the quiet heaven. "Oh, the blessed tranquillity of that region," says Richard Baxter—himself no stranger to a couch of prolonged distress—"where there is nothing but sweet, continued peace!—O healthful place, where none are sick! O happy land, where all are kings! O holy assembly, where all are priests! How free a state, none are servants but to their supreme Monarch! . . . O my soul, bear with the infirmities of thine earthly tabernacle! It will be thus but a little while. The sound of my Redeemer's feet is even at the door."

"And heaven hath rest—the Sabbath of the sky! No weary feet shall walk the world on high; No tear of trouble falls Within those jasper walls— To gain this rest for me did Jesus die."

Extracted from "*Grapes of Eshcol.*"

Agriculture, &c.

ROSES FOR THE MILLION.—I think I have hit on a way to strike roses so as to place them within the reach of every one. Those who can obtain cuttings now can have a blaze of bloom next summer, and none can fail, provided they observe the following instructions: As soon as the cuttings are prepared, place them in layers in boxes or pans, and bury them with moist sand; place them so as to get a bottom heat of about seventy degrees, no matter whether on pipes, flues, or dung. The only thing to guard against on a flue is getting the sand too dry, so as to shrivel them, for the secret of striking cuttings in this way is to prevent loss of sap by evaporation. Mine are placed on top of an underground flue in a bin, with seakle, and covered with a leaf soil to prevent the sand drying.—After being so placed for a week I examined them, and to my surprise and delight found them all callused. I believe that many hard-wooded things, that are now considered difficult to propagate, may be struck in the same way. I am now trying experiments with other things, on which I hope to report hereafter.—*J. Sheppard, in The London Gardener's Chronicle.*

EXPERIENCE WITH MUCK.—In the summer of 1855 I had an upland lot, preparing for wheat or rye, and having no funds to spare for the purchase of guano, bone dust, &c., I concluded to try what could be done at home. With a team and a man we commenced drawing muck from a pond, and in four days had two hundred loads on two acres of ground. The ground was again plowed, thus mixing the muck, and on the 15th of September was sown with wheat. It was harvested the following July, and when threshed and exhibited at the County Agricultural Fair, received the premium for being the best wheat exhibited. The next season the lot was sown with oats, and such a crop was never raised on the old homestead, and all without any other manure.

This season we have put eight hundred loads on five acres, sown to wheat and rye, and expect to be able to give you and the farming community as good a report, if not better, from the crops next summer. In addition to the above, on the first lot, we this summer cut, per acre, three tons of as good timothy hay as was ever housed, and up to this present writing the feed is good, and the cows easily fill themselves from it daily. Let every farmer, who can, try an acre with muck, and he certainly will be repaid four-fold.—*American Agriculturist.*

HAY REQUIRED TO KEEP A HORSE.—A Correspondent of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, who has given careful attention to the subject, says that five pounds of hay at a feed, or fifteen pounds per day, with twelve quarts of oatmeal, or its equivalent in shorts, will keep a good sized horse in fine condition for all road or farm work, and is amply sufficient. Some will keep on considerably less.

TO MAKE CORN GROW RAPIDLY.—To three gallons of corn take one quart of good soap, mix well with a sick prepared for the purpose. If the soap is strong and rosy, a little water may be added when mixing. Now add plaster, still working your corn, till every grain is by itself, then plant. This may be done in a two bushel tub. Good plowing is to the point. Harrow your corn land three, four or five times; it will pay when you come to work it. Try the above, and report.—*S. Wolf, in Genesee Farmer.*

CARE OF GRINDSTONES.—No grindstones should be exposed to the weather; it injures the wood-work, and the rays of the sun harden the stone, so that in time, it will become useless, neither should it be allowed to run in water, as the part remaining in it softens and wears away faster than on the other side. The water should be dropped or poured on. Greasy or rusty tools should be cleaned before grinding, or they will choke up the grit. Keep the stone under cover. These rules will save farmers much vexation and expense.

A YANKEE PRESCRIPTION FOR SPRING FEVER.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin
The brandy, and the whiskey

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or, at least, you ought er.

Inaugural Discourse.

BY JAMES DEMILL A. M.

Professor of Classical Literature in Acadia College.

It was a wise and a happy thought which adopted this place as the seat of Acadia College. The memorable beauty of the scene around us has been consecrated alike by History and Poetry. The pleasant thoughts of College days which come to us are rendered more impressive by the scenes with which they are forever connected. We need only to look around to see landmarks with which the world is familiar; and the name which has been given to our College draws its chief significance from the place where it stands. This is the classic spot of these lower Provinces, and I can well conceive, that if we ever have a literature, it will draw its largest inspiration from the very scene around us.

But not for this beautiful scene, and not for historic associations have we come here this day, we have assembled for a greater and a higher purpose. We have come to see our young men who have finished their training depart to their sphere of action. As the Isthmian games attracted multitudes of spectators from all Greece, so here, every succeeding Anniversary brings to this place deputations from all the Lower Provinces. We came to see Athletics of a nobler kind, to witness the result of a higher than physical training. Our young men have gone through a process by which every faculty of the mind has been separately developed; they now go forth to use those faculties in the world without.

In the hands of its young men lies the welfare of a country, and we feel that more than any others, that welfare depends upon those who have been trained in a place like this. We recognize the profound attraction that belongs to the occasion. We consider this among the highest of our purposes as a denomination. We make other duties centre around this place. This is our great festival day, and this our chief place of pilgrimage. For many years gone by our very life blood has been drawn from this source; and for many years to come we must look here for those who shall teach us, and judge us, and fight our battles. It is the heart of our Denomination, whose prosperity or adversity are inevitably ours; whose honor is our honor; whose acts are our acts. While Acadia College lives we shall live also, but should we be mad enough to let it die we may escape death ourselves but only to sink in torpor for a generation.

By this interest in Education we show that we are alive to the requirements of the age, and the best interests of our country. Above the level of mines and manufactures, higher than the plane of steam lines and railways, stands the great question of Education. For if we devote ourselves exclusively to the former it will avail us but little, but if we most zealously seek the latter all the former things shall be added unto us. The former concerns the outward and the material directly; the latter affects the spiritual and gives to it that power which shall subdue all nature to itself. By seeking this we go at once to the cause, and the source, which makes all other prosperity not only possible but sure.

It was because they felt this so strongly that the founders of Acadia College gave expression to their feelings in this Institution, and placed it forever out of the power of any one to say that in this country our Denomination has been indifferent to the claims of Education. The circumstances of the time give proof of their well