

## Month's Department.

### Bible Lessons.

Sunday, August 4th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xvi. 18-28: Christ's conversation with Peter. GENESIS vii.: The Deluge.

Recite—MATTHEW xvi. 13-17.

Sunday, August 11th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xvii. 1-13: The Transfiguration. GENESIS viii.: Noah's sacrifice.

Recite—MATTHEW xvi. 24-27.

### "Search the Scriptures."

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

61. Which of the patriarchs lived to see two worlds and entered a third?

62. The remains of a distinguished personage were kept unburied almost two hundred years; can you give his name, and the reason of so singular a circumstance?

Answers to questions given last week:—

59. Queen Esther thus sanctified the fast in her department of the palace.

60. Noah was thus surprised into sin, when the hour of temptation was over.

### A Touching Scene.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! may good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. O, Sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James."

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate, "the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will be an artist, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself: boy, things cannot last so, you must find something better."

"I soon found a place, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said: "I may kiss her, may I not, Sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

### WHAT NORTHERN ASTRONOMY TREATS OF.—Stars and Stripes.

Dr. Richards of Washington, the family physician to the President, has been taken prisoner by the rebels, and conveyed to jail in Richmond.

It is an evil thing needlessly to cause a human being pain; but it is a fearful thing to inflict it on a creature that cannot speak, for it must be that there is always somewhere a tongue to tell, a mysterious witness to bear testimony.

A writer in the Richmond *Despatch*, speaking of the field after the fight at Great Bethel, says:

"I saw one boyish delicate-looking fellow lying in the mud, with a bullet hole through his breast. His hand was pressed on the wound from which his life blood had poured and the other clenched the grass that grew near him. Lying on the ground was a testament which had fallen from his pocket dabbled with blood. On opening the cover I found the printed inscription,

"Presented to the defenders of their country by the New York Bible Society." A United States flag was stamped on the title page.

### Spurgeon's Conversion.

I will give you a little of my own experience, by way of showing you how I found peace with Christ. For five years I had a desponding heart, and had been in great trouble. I thought at that time that I was the most miserable creature that ever lived, and I hope and trust that none of you will suffer what I then endured. At night I dreaded to close my eyes in sleep, fearing that I might never wake again in this world. I thought that God was angry with me, and that he would send forth His judgments to consume me off the face of the earth. At times I would weep alone for several hours, and could not find any comfort; and I should have been in that unhappy state until the present day, had it not been for the sovereign grace of God. I well remember going out on one Sabbath day. I had listened to all sorts of sermons, some of them good sermons; but none of them for me. One man preached the gospel of Christ doctrinally, another man practical sermons, and another preached the law; but I think I might have gone that dreary round until now, but that on the Sunday in question I happened to turn up a lane in which was a little Primitive Methodist chapel. I stepped into the place, but the minister had not come that day, and so his place was taken by a local preacher, (as I took him to be,) a poor old man out of the congregation. This old man took as his text the words from Isaiah 45: 22:—"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Now this poor old preacher was not an educated man by any means. I can assure you he did not make any fine flourishes from the text he had chosen. He was so stupid that he kept on repeating the text in some such manner as this—"Look," says the text. It is not even lifting the hand, it is not running one hundred miles away; it is stopping where you are and looking. There is nothing so hard for you to do as this, owing to your pride. "Look unto me." Many of you are looking to yourselves; some of you are looking to God the Father—but you must look to Christ first. Some of you are looking to the Spirit, to see where it is at work; but you are not told to do that. "Look unto me," says the text; and you have only to look as it directs. I am saying; well, look to the Saviour—he is sitting at God the Father's right hand. "Look unto me." Thus this old Primitive Methodist preacher went on until at last he caught sight of me where I was sitting under the gallery. "Young man," he says, "you are miserable." And I was miserable as he might have learned from my looks. "You will always be miserable," he continued, "until you attend to the text, until you look unto Christ." Look! "he shouted, as only a Primitive Methodist can shout. And I did look, there and then; and I trust that I found peace with God. The burden with which I had been so long afflicted was gone. I went home happy, and so marked was the difference in my appearance that others could see the change. That one look to Christ had taken away all my burden.

"E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die."

### Grumbling Disciples.

The grumbling disciple is never satisfied with anything. He is always looking on the dark side. He always thinks everything is going backwards and tending to ruin.

When he gets up to speak in meeting there is a general shiver all over the house. He always has the same confession of coldness to make in his prayers. It makes me think—how can I help it?—"brother you ought to have repented of that long ago." Why don't you go to the fire and warm yourself, and not come here with the frost on your beard to freeze us to death? Have you no warm corner in your closet where you can go and thaw out before you come to the prayer-meeting? And don't think everybody is cold because you are. And if they are cold and you are really warm, give them some pungent, warm-hearted exhortation, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," that they may be kindled into a flame."

The grumbling disciple is never satisfied with anything. The preaching is bad. It does not warm up his feelings. The prayers are cold; he can't join in them. His brethren are cold; he can't fellowship with them. He thinks the Lord cannot bless such a church. He is always afraid to belong to it, lest he should be responsible for its sins, and be dragged down to perdition along it. He sees so much inconsistency all around him that he is discouraged. "Brother A. drives a hard bargain; Brother B. is crooked in his dealings; Sister C. is not careful how she handles the 'unruly member';" and so on to X. Y. Z. Poor man! how I pity thee! But, "I have been young, and now am old, yet I never have seen" any good come of grumbling, fretting or scolding.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### Goodness and Greatness.

There is nothing but man, says an old writer that respecteth greatness: not God, not nature, no disease, not death, not judgement. Not God: he is no acceptor of persons. Not nature; we see the sons of princes born as naked as the poorest: and the poor child as fair, well-favored, strong, witty as the heir of nobles. Not disease, death, judgment; they sicken alike, die alike, fare alike after death. There is nothing, besides natural men, of whom goodness is not respected. I will honor greatness in others: but, for myself, I will esteem a drachm of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.

### Moral Results of the Revolution in Italy.

But enough about the mere military phases of the Italian Revolution. It has moral aspects outweighing all other considerations, kindling hopes and inspiring gratitude in the great heart of Christendom. First among the mortal achievements is the fatal blow given to Popery in Southern Italy. The order of the Jesuits is completely broken up, and their magnificent monastery is now a hospital for the wounded patriots. The public denunciation of the errors of the Church and the sins of the priesthood is not only allowed, but applauded. In the presence of 50,000 people on the Largo del Palazzo Realé, Garibaldi delivered a speech, in which he called the Pope "the enemy of Italy, the devil and the anti-Christ." It required the courage of an angel to say it; but he said it, and the people cheered him with unbounded enthusiasm. There were many priests in the assemblage, and being convinced of their error or fearing the people, they also joined in the applause. No one anticipated such a speech, and those not present refused to credit the papers the next morning. No man since the days of Luther has had the moral courage to utter truth so bold and destructive in a Catholic country, and that, too, under the shadow of the Vatican. The Dictator of the Two Sicilies is no orator, but speaks straight on. Just previous to his leaving, he gave a magnificent site for the erection of a protestant English church, which is to be erected the coming spring. It is another hopeful fact that Diodati's New Testament is publicly sold in the book stores and is also peddled about the streets. This is a most propitious time for the establishment of Protestant missions in Italy. The idea of sending missionaries into this country may strike you as a little singular, but rely upon it, the superstition and idolatry is not exceeded by that of the Chinese. Hoist the banner of Italian Protestant Missions on the columns of your young and vigorous paper, and call the attention of Zion to the reclamation of the land to which the great Apostle to the Gentiles was the first missionary, and in which he suffered imprisonment and death for the truth.—*Cor. of the Methodist.*

### A Good Prescription.

The Nashville *Advocate* has this seasonable and valuable prescription: "Read the Bible before you look into the morning papers. The soul can't live on sensation despatches; the bread of heaven is better for its health than telegrams. Of political talk, and of crises, you will have enough, anywhere, and to surfeit. Seek the company of those who fear the Lord, and think upon His name. Make the most of every religious conversation. Lose no opportunity of assembling with those whose conversation is of heaven. You need it just now. Use the means of grace diligently, or you will be swept away by the current that is bearing all things upon its bosom. Keep yourself in the love of God. Commune with your own heart in these noisy times. A great saint has said that he found the second Psalm an excellent meditation for a crisis."

### Various Things.

In old days, says George Eliot, there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

Marshal Saxe, a high authority in such things, was in the habit of saying that to kill a man in battle, the man's weight in lead must be expended. A French medical and surgical gazette, published at Lyons, says this fact was verified at Solferino, even in the recent great improvement in fire-arms. The Austrians fired 8,400,000 rounds. The loss of the French and Italians was 2000 killed and 10,000 wounded. Each man hit cost 700 rounds and every man killed cost 4200 rounds. The mean weight of a ball is one ounce; thus we find that it required, on an average, 272 pounds of lead to kill a man. If any one of our friends should get into a military fight they should feel great comfort in the fact that 750 shots may be fired at him before they hit, and 4200 before they "shuffle off the mortal coil."

When Charles V. impiously required the Confession of Augsburg to be abandoned, and gave the Protestant leaders only six months more in which to make up their minds finally, the cause of the Reformation was thought hopeless. But Luther exclaimed: "I saw a sign in the heavens, out of my window at night; the stars, the hosts of heaven, held up in a vault above me: and yet I could see no pillars on which the Master had made it to rest. But I had no fear it would fall. Some men look about for the pillars, and would fain touch them with their hands, as if afraid the sky would fall. Poor souls! Is not God always there?"

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts well and honourably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits that form it.

Wisely to forget is often a more difficult thing than to remember. There are some things that most people fain would rub out.

The soul shall hear good news from heaven when it is waiting at wisdom's door.

## Agriculture, &c.

### Why do hens eat their eggs?

It has been stated that eggs are composed chiefly of albumen. Now, when fowls are compelled to eat, grind, and digest a large quantity of coarse food, which contains but little albumen, there is a longing and hankering after more nourishment or something that will supply the waste of their systems, which is daily passing off in the form of eggs. I suppose that this hankering is not unlike the sensation which a man feels who is making an effort to abandon the use of tobacco, although I am not able to speak from personal experience in such a matter, having never tasted nor smoked the "devil's weed." Consequently they are ready to devour anything that is eatable, and as soon as they get a taste of eggs, they find that they obtain a large quantity of just the nourishment which is demanded by their systems, and but little time and muscular energy is required to transform it into eggs again.

Another thing, also, which induces hens to eat their eggs, is, they have a hankering for something that will form a good shell; and nothing is better for that purpose than the very shells.—Consequently, when the shells of eggs are thrown to hens, when only broken in two, it will often learn them to try a whole shell when the egg is in it.

Fowls, when laying, must have lime. I keep a dish of clear lime always within their reach. This is far better than to compel them to pick and work over a lot of mortar, for the sake of obtaining only a small quantity of lime. Every egg shell should be broken into small fragments, and mingled with fresh meat chopped fine, or with scalded meal thickened with milk, or even made thick like mush. By allowing hens to have all the lime they need, the egg shells will be much thicker and more firm, than they will when hens are compelled to find materials for the egg shells only in their food, or in bits of old mortar, or by eating lumps of earth.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOUSE PLANTS OUT OF DOORS.—Those who keep plants in the house during the winter should within a few days, set them out in the flower borders for the summer. In the case of most kinds of plants, it will be better to turn them out of the pots and set the ball of earth in the ground. To keep the ball whole, place the hand over the earth and gently knock the edge of the pot against any hard substance, and the ball of earth will come out whole without any difficulty. Transplanted in this manner, the plant will receive no check, as the root will not be at all disturbed. There may be some plants, however, which it is desirable to keep in pots. Such should be plunged to the rim of the pots in the border, and occasionally lifted during the season to break off any roots which may stray through the hole in the bottom of the pot. Most house plants should have a sunny exposure during the summer, but there are some which like a partial shade. Fuchsias, for instance, should be planted on the north side of a fence or house, as they will not flourish in a sunny spot. No plant should ever be put under trees for the sake of shade, as very few will succeed in such a situation.—*Id.*

MUSCULAR POWERS OF SOME BEETLES.—Of the muscular power of insects, Mr. Gosse gives two remarkable instances. The first performer he mentions was the *Oryctes naimon*, a three-horned beetle, larger than any English species, though perhaps not so long as some specimens of the stag beetle. "This insect has just astonished me by a proof of its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand, knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful, but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I clapped the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey, will be obtained of this feat, by supposing a lad of 15 to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs 12,000 pounds; and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within."

SALT FOR CABBAGES.—Edward Carpenter, a correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Farmer and Gardener*, last year tested the value of salt on cabbages, and with satisfactory results. After planting out his cabbages, he watered them some two or three times a week with salt water, containing about 15 grains of salt to the pint. The cabbages grew beautifully, and headed up very finely; while those which had no salt water given them produced loose, open heads, which were unfit for any other purpose than boiling. Rain water was given at the same time, and in the same quantities, as the salt water. He does not know how strong a solution of salt the cabbages would bear without injury, but is fully satisfied that a solution no stronger than that he used is decidedly beneficial.