

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN viii. 21-32: Christ continues his discourse. DEUT. xii. 17-32: The place of God's worship. Recite—JOHN viii. 12-14.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN viii. 39-59: Christ's Discourse continued. DEUT. xii. 17-32: Blood forbidden. Recite—JOHN viii. 15-18:

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 165. Give an instance of father and son prophesying to the same person at the same time? 166. What city was the first in which the gospel was preached to the heathen? and what was the occasion that took the preachers there?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 163. In Bethany. John xii. 1.; Mark xvi. 1-9; Matt. xxvi. 6. 164. She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Mark xiv. 8.

Benefit of early rising.

Paris has been considerably amused at a little occurrence, which is another evidence of virtue being rewarded, as well as a further proof of the proverb about "early birds" and "worms." An eccentric gentleman, who spent a good deal of money during his life in entertaining his friends, died recently in the Faubourg St. Germain. Wishing to put the friendship of those who had "eaten of his meat and drank of his cup" to the test, he devised in his will that in case his death should occur between October and March, his funeral should take place at eight in the morning, and at six, should he die during the other months of the year. Letters of invitation to the funeral were to be sent to all his friends, and those who attended were to receive each one for the males five thousand francs, and for the females eight thousand francs. The result was that more than four hundred letters inviting attendance at the funeral at six o'clock in the morning were sent out, and of these, how many do you suppose had the effect to rouse from their beds these willing sharers in the former bounties of him whom they were requested to follow to his final home? Twenty-nine faithful ones only answered the roll-call, and these were exceedingly surprised, a few days afterward, to be informed that five thousand francs each were awaiting their disposal at their dead friend's notary's. Among the fortunate faithful ones were Henri d'Arcos, consul-general of Spain; Edouard Heussaye, director of the Gazette des Beaux Arts, and the librarian of the Empress. The recipients immediately decided to appropriate each a thousand francs of the legacy towards the erection of a monument over the grave of the giver.

Lesson from a Dove.

"To-day," said a brother in a prayer meeting, "I was downcast, feeling that I was far from 'Sun of Righteousness,' when a dove lighted on my woodpile, and I almost envied its innocence, safety and beauty." But soon the dove gave a cry of alarm; and looking upward I saw a hawk darkening the air and hastening to make the dove its prey. Just as the hawk was ready to pounce upon the bird, it gave an upward spring, and soared above its enemy. I gazed on the dove, expecting every moment to see it seized; but ever as the hawk came near, the dove would circle around and soar higher and higher, till at last it was lost from my view, apparently among the sunlit clouds, far out of the reach of the bird of prey.

Then I took comfort, and I thought while my heart could soar upward to Jesus, Satan could never seize my soul. So long as the dove kept its eye glancing upward, so long it was safe. So long as I can keep the eye of faith fixed on the 'bright and Morning Star,' so long I shall be safe. And so it must be with all of us, brethren. 'Looking upward to Jesus' must be our watchword through life, if we would reach heaven at last. Though the enemy darkens our spiritual atmosphere with his presence, we can rise on the wings of prayer and faith far, far out of his reach. It is all light to me now, brethren. God sent me a teacher in the dove, and I will try by his blessing never to forget the lesson.

That was a blessed prayer meeting.

PRESENT DUTY.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Savior had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou staid, I must have died."

In the morning of life do well that honor may follow in the train of years. It is a pity to be filled with regrets when we should be reaping the fruits of early toil.

It is the Bible rule that obedience and blessing follow each other.

The Lord's Table.—a Sketch

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

HENRY HARDY and his sister had been brought to the feet of Jesus together. It is not often that the call comes to two in a family at once, but it is very blessed when it is the case. They had both in one gracious visitation been awakened to a sense of their need of the Crucified. They had groped in the darkness, holding each other's hands, while they sought him, and the cry had arisen with their blended voices, "Lord, save, or we perish."

Afterwards, when "the peace that passeth understanding" had filled their hearts, they were companions in the ordinance of Believers' Baptism. And a very happy day it was when, for the first time, they sat down together at the Lord's table.

One thing they had especially noted. From the first time they had spoken to the minister of their desire to be "on the Lord's side," until this Sabbath, when, in the sight of the church and congregation, he gave them the right hand of fellowship, there had been a marked kindness in the manner of all the members of the church towards them. Persons who had scarcely known of their existence before, who had certainly never noticed them particularly, now held out the kindly hand of friendship, and in some voices there was a tone of tenderness which went straight to the orphans' hearts.

"We have been through it all," they said; "we, too, have waited for acceptance as you have done, and we can encourage you. It is a good thing to follow the Saviour. We can tell you that in keeping his commandments there is great delight."

Full of joyful gratitude, therefore, their young hearts keenly alive to kindly impressions, with an eager desire to be bright and shining lights, they became members of the church. In great kindness had the minister, deacons, and others exerted themselves to speak gentle words to them; but they little knew what earnest responses were thus called forth in the sensitive young persons. They loved those who had thus seemed their friends with almost the love of children for their parents, and longed for the return of the Sabbath partly because it brought the returning opportunity of speaking to their dear friends.

One day—it was four months after their joining the church—Emma was in a little flutter of expectation. The first Sunday in the month had arrived, and she rejoiced at the thought of sitting at the Lord's table with so many who had consented to receive her into their happy family, and were therefore, as she believed, her affectionate brothers and sisters. Lovingly her bright eyes roved over the place, resting with fondness on some whom she had learnt to consider her real true friends. And all the sweeter was the Divine love which she commemorated because of the human which was so very precious to her. She longed to drink of the Fountain of Living Water, to feast on the rich fruits of the Gospel; but she was also thirsting for the milk of human kindness. The bustle and work of the past month had wrought their influence upon her, and now she was come to be cheered and refreshed by the way.

And the other members of the church? Well, they had brought with their own personal peculiarities, their own little petty annoyances and vexations of spirit; their own crushing griefs. Few comparatively came with self-forgetfulness, and

"A heart at leisure from itself."

There were some, with sadness be it recorded, who brought with them, even to the Lord's table, their little envies and evil-thinking—some harshness of judgment, some coldness of spirit. For Christians are not always alike meek and lowly, and because of the difficulties of the way, and sometimes, too, because of their hardness of heart, they fall into divers temptations. And although there was not one but felt kindly disposed to the young members—wished them well, and would gladly have done anything to have helped them—yet they had their own interests to look after, and were somewhat self-enwrapped.

And it happened on this Sunday that Henry Hardy took his sister to chapel, that they sat and listened to the message of the Saviour's love, and at its close went home again, without a kindly word from any one.

Their tea that evening was very silent, and afterwards Henry saw in his sister's pale face and glistening eyes that she had been greatly pained. The young tendrils that were stretched out in their gladness to cling to any strong and fostering protection, were nipped by the sharp frost of thoughtless neglect, and now lay withering and crushed by the road side.

"No one meant to be unkind to us," said Henry. "We must not forget how much affection they have shown in the past."

"Yes, but if they had not, I should not miss it now. It is hard to have been won, only to be cast off again."

"My dear sister, you have not been cast off. Our friends are still our friends. But there are not the same reasons for their being particularly attentive to us now."

"Not the same reasons, Henry?"

"Well, you know, we are now members of the church. We have taken our places, have received a welcome, and are now expected to stand alone. Instead of being spoken to, and encouraged, we have to speak encouragingly to others. Perhaps if we had done so this afternoon we should feel more happy to-night."

"But, brother, it cannot surely be our place to speak first to persons so much better and older than ourselves! To-day I was longing to speak to Mrs. Fitzhugh; but she passed by and did not see me. Would it have been decorous

to put myself forward, and so obtained her attention?"

"Certainly not, Emma dear. But then all the members of the church are not Mrs. Fitzhugh. I fancy there are many old or poor persons who would be as pleased to receive a kind word from us, as we should be had Mrs. Fitzhugh spoken to us. And, dear sister, we know who has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' We have expected too much from the good people here. I feel sure it is not real, intentional neglect, which has pained us to-day. But they have naturally lost the interest which they felt for us as inquirers, and have others now to claim their attention. Besides, all have their own burdens to carry: we need not wonder if sometimes they are so weary as to forget to speak to their fellow-pilgrims."

"Well, Henry, if we could hope to make others as happy by our kindness as others have made us, we should have great pleasure in our work. Let us try. Whatever may be the case on other days, let us make the Lord's table a more blessed meeting place for some one Christian every first Sunday in the month."

So they resolved; and the resolve, not being made in their own strength, was faithfully carried out. They no longer expected others to speak to them—they sought out those in the church who were most likely to be overlooked, and said some cheering word, in a pleasant tone, as they were directed. Yet it was done so quietly and unostentatiously, that no one noticed—only "the Father which seeth in secret rewarded them openly."

There was an old man who, leaning on his stick, came regularly to the Lord's table. He was not far from the kingdom; but his eyes were dim, and sometimes he could not see the home which he was so rapidly approaching. His heart was dark that day, and the Saviour seemed to have withdrawn his face.

"Lord, help me to say something to this old man," was Emma's silent prayer.

She held the withered hand in her own, and looked into his face, smiling.

"Your strength is failing, friend; but you know the Lord is your strength, and your portion for ever."

"And you can say," added Henry, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"Ah! bless his name, I do know that; and the old man's face grew bright. "I feel myself to be dying, but he lives. I am sinful, but he is holy. Yes, he is my strength and portion 'for ever.'"

There was light at eventide in the old man's heart, and youthful hands had kindled it.

Another time, a woman, a charwoman—she was looking very worn and weary—passed by the seat. She had been to the Lord's table, but the roughness of her own way had somewhat ruffled her spirit; and her cry was somewhat Martha-like, "Lord dost thou not care that my sister had left me to serve alone?"

Emma took her hand. "How much Jesus loves us," she said; "for we have not only this earthly Sabbath, but there is the eternal rest above."

The woman's heart smote her for her ingratitude.

"Yes, Miss; and I'm glad to be reminded of it, for this is a weary world."

She went away, thinking less of her burden, more of her blessing.

An old woman was stepping feebly down the steps.

"Let me help you," said a pleasant voice. She looked up through her spectacles.

"Bless your sweet young face. It does me good to look at you."

And the old woman passed on her way with the pleasure in heart which a sight of the fresh spring brings to us. For the aged love the kind attentions of the young—they remind them of their happier days.

A great work did our young friends accomplish, for to make one heart happier is a great honour. And they were an hundredfold repaid in the blessings which came back to their own hearts.

Now, dear young reader, if you ever imagine yourself neglected, or in any way slighted, what say you to trying the plan of Henry and Emma Hardy?

A discord in music.

Says the N. Y. Methodist: One of our Western Methodist Chaplains entered, some time last month, the Methodist church at Norfolk, Va., which we need not say belongs to the Southern branch of Methodism.

"I saw," he said, "at least three persons make very wry faces when our Colonel and I entered the church, and the seat in which we sat was religiously avoided. Near me, in a pew at my left, sat a lady who responded—sincerely, I have no doubt—to the prayer of the pastor. She did not see me when I entered, and was unconscious of the proximity of a 'Hessian.' In a full, sweet voice, she sang—

"When I can read my title clear,"

and got along finely till she came to the second verse, which was interrupted by the discovery of the subscriber, causing the performance of the piece on her part to be something like this—

"Should earth against—MY SOUL! There's a Yankee!"

and with a jerk which made three or four persons turn, she presented her back to me, while I sang ahead, with an emphasis I could not avoid:—

"Then I can smile at Satan's rage,

And frown a frowning world."

The reasoning power is the corner-stone of the intellectual building, giving grace and strength to the whole structure.

Agriculture, &c.

RELATIVE VALUE OF SUBSTANCES FOR PRODUCING MILK.

Several French and German chemists estimate the relative value of several kinds of food for milk cows according to the following table: That 100 pounds of good hay are worth—

- 200 pounds of potatoes. 460 " beetroot, with the leaves. 350 " Siberian cabbage. 250 " beetroot, without the leaves. 250 " carrots. 80 " hay, clover, Spanish trefoil or vetches. 50 " oil-cake, or colza. 250 " pea straw and vetches. 300 " barley or oat straw. 400 " rye or wheat straw. 25 " peas, beans, or vetch-seed. 50 " oats.

MANAGEMENT OF MUCK IN YARDS.

From an article in the Homestead, "The New England Barn-yard," we copy the following:

The true manure-making period of the year, in the open yard, is indicated by, and perhaps begins and ends with the corn-growing season. That is, muck does not rot in the yard while the temperature is too low to favor vegetation, and is perhaps ameliorated more by exposure during June, July, and August than through all the balance of the year. The amount of droppings from cattle is usually the greatest during those warm months, while they are not tied in the stable at all. The farmer who wishes to manufacture his manure of an even quality will give as much of the month of May as possible to the absorbents already in the yard, and will also endeavor to clean and replenish the second time as near the first of September as practicable.—By this method he may get two crops of manure yearly.

DOG POWER.

Dog power is coming into use in New York to a large extent. Why it has not before been applied extensively all over the world, and those huge mastiffs allowed to lie about in the sunshine, and consume as much food as the children of a poor man, passes comprehension. The German ash-mongers and rag-pickers are teaching people wonderful lessons in the way of economizing power. Three stout dogs, harnessed to an ash cart, draw a load nearly equal to a horse. They work with a will, and guided by a man—and often a woman—in the shafts, draw a load which no individual, unaided, could master. It is wonderful to see their strength, and remarkable docility and teachableness. When the master stops, they instantly rest, and at the slightest signal they straighten out their traces.—Only a kind word, often a mere look, from the brute who so often kicks them, they gratefully receive. More than that, they recompense it with eager effect and wonderful toil at the drag rope.

QUANTITY OF FOOD FOR OXEN.

Frequent observations have shown that an ox will consume two per cent of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition. If put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent will enable him to perform his work, and still maintain his flesh. If he is to be fatted, he requires about four and a half per cent of his weight daily in nutritious food.—Michigan Farmer.

BARLEY FOR PORK MAKING.—At a farmer's Club in Illinois, reported in the Farmers Advocate, inquiry was made for experience in feeding barley to hogs. "One member had fed it, but without comparison with corn as to value: 'It makes the best, sweet meat, and free from the oiliness so common to corn-fed pork.' Another thought barley double the value of corn for fattening purposes. The inquirer said his attention was called to it by the great success of an eastern farmer in fattening pigs on ground barley and milk getting 300 pounds dressed weight at nine months old." Ground barley is excellent food for hogs, but no more fattening than Indian meal. It may make better pork, but we have had no experience on that point. Feed a few peas with the corn and the pork will be firmer.

DRYING UP.

A letter from a gentleman visiting the oil region in Pennsylvania, dated at Oil Creek, April 13, confirms the recent reports as to the great decrease in the produce of the oil wells. On his arrival there about two months since, one well flowed 1200 barrels in 24 hours. On the 12th inst., it yielded but 300 barrels in the same period. Six other wells, which on his arrival yielded 400 barrels each in 24 hours, now yield respectively 150, 100, 80, 40, 20 barrels, and the sixth none. Another well which then yielded 550 barrels, now produces not a drop. He says, however, that new wells are daily being sunk further up the creek, were it not for which, he thinks the supply would soon give out, and as it is, he is of the opinion that oil will soon be scarce in that region.—New Bedford Standard.

MADNESS CAUSED BY HONEY.

In Mesopotamia a peculiar kind of honey is found, which is said, if eaten in any considerable quantity, to make men mad, though only for a short time. The noxious quality of the honey is thought to be derived from the blossoms of the rhododendron, which is abundant there.

If the body is tired, rest; if the brain, sleep.