

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xi. 38-57: The Raising of LAZARUS DEUT. xix.: The Cities of Refuge. Recite—xi. 21-27.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xii. 1-19: The Anointing. DEUT. 20 The People encouraged to batt.e. Recite—JOHN xi. 55-57.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

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

181. What was the first act of Satan in this world? 182. What are still Satan's most successful stratagems.

Answers to questions given last week:—

179. Acts vii, 53. Galatians iii, 19, and Hebrews ii, 2. 180. To have our names written in heaven, Luke, x, 20.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE NO. 11.

Your use is equal to your fame, And yet you have a common name. Though boasting that you have a head And that you rested in a bed, Yet you're nothing but A NAIL, But, guided by the hand of Jael, You may one deed of valor boast. You thus saved Israel's mighty host, You "broke the wheel" and "spoiled the cistern," By taking the life of Jabin's captain. See Judges iv. 18-22. X. Y. Z.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE NO. 12.

Once I had life, I breathed, I ate, Contented with my low estate; And just as many people do, Cared little who were false or true. Had little love and little hate, Did oft oppose, but ne'er debate. If noise be fame, fame I may claim Although of very humble name. Patience and firmness too were mine, And when these qualities combine, They sure must make a noble creature, However ugly be each feature. I scarce could be compelled to stray From what I deemed the proper way, But to persuasive arts I'd bend, Willing to be a stable friend. From slander when will men refrain! They said, I had but little brain. Unlike our neighbours o'er the water I never did delight in slaughter. I never wept but sometimes cried, Peaceful I lived, and peaceful died. But when my voice was lost in death, When I had yielded up my breath, (Or rather was deprived of life And gashed by the dissecting knife Or it may be that birds of prey By peacemal tore my flesh away), Forth as a warrior bold I stood And bathed myself in human blood, Ham well might rise and curse my day, For I by hundreds swept away, His warlike sons. They groan, they die, And lift to Ashtoreth their cry, And though they were for vengeance slain, It gave me neither joy nor pain. Then silently I sunk from sight To dwell in dark oblivion's night. Now children read your bible o'er And tell me what's the name I bore.

Yarmouth.

SIOL.

Enjoying Religion.

"I don't see how you can enjoy religion in your business," said one to the cashier of a bank, whose business was very extensive. "I enjoy religion in counting and taking care of money," was the reply. The brother to whom the reply was addressed thought it was a profane one, but it was not. The cashier spoke the truth. He did enjoy religion in the bank, and while his thoughts were occupied with money. It was his duty to be a banker. It was his duty to be diligent in business. It was his duty to have his thoughts occupied for many hours in the day with money. He found enjoyment in the performance of duty, as is always the case.—S. S. Times.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

The cause at Rockford.—A Sketch.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. CHAPTER 3.

During the week which followed that never-to-be forgotten Sunday, previously described Mr. Whithers did not leave us, but stayed in our midst. We never tired of gathering around him, and hearing his words. God honoured him—that young servant of his—at one most of his brethren. The master spoke through him, and his messages were indeed welcome to the weary, sin-sick soul.

We had prayer-meetings every night in the week, and poured out our supplications before the throne of grace. Our aged deacons—some of them standing on the very verge of the grave—seemed to grow young again in their love and zeal. Their prayers were no mere repetition of solemn words—they were born of the great spiritual need which we all felt then. Young and strange voices joined in them.

John Goff was not absent from one of our meetings. He came regularly; and often he—who had never before even prayed in secret—besought the Lord for himself, and for us, in words that were not easily forgotten. Nor was his a solitary case. Many came among us who had never entered any place of worship, save the old parish church, to whom our spontaneous prayers were new things—who yet, in the new feelings awakened in their hearts, felt that they needed something more special than the Prayer-book, beautiful as most of the forms of prayer there are. So we had almost a sacred week. And when the next Sabbath came, and again the young minister stood up in the name of the Lord we had a foretaste of the employments and enjoyments of that bright and holy land—

"Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, And Sabbaths have no end."

After that day there was no need to stay for three months, to find the opinion of the members with reference to Mr. Whithers. It seemed that the Lord had chosen for us, so we gave him an invitation to become our pastor. Our prayer for direction had been answered; God heard us, and his smile was upon us all the time.

After his ordination, we held a tea-meeting to welcome him. Ministers came from many of the towns around, and entered very heartily into the spirit of the day, giving their younger brother the right hand of Christian sympathy and love. Each minister brought with him some of his own congregation; and so, with such an increase of Christian friends, it was a grand and high day for Rockford.

After tea, as the custom is, there was much speechifying. First the ministers spoke, and very good advice they gave us of the way in which we should treat our dear young pastor, how we should hold up his hands with our prayers, and help him with our love. They told us that it was no light work he had to do, that it required strength of all kinds to accomplish it—physical, mental, and above all, spiri ual—and that it behoved us to lighten every burden for him as much as possible. And we took their words into our heart, and that evening resolved to look after and help Mr. Whithers. One of our deacons said so. He told the friends that a long winter had passed over the cause at Rockford, but now the winter was over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds had come. He said, "In the name of the church I welcome you, dear sir, into our midst. God bless you, and make you a blessing, as he has already done, and many seals be given to your ministry. In many things we do all offend. We, as a church, have not been what we wish we had, have not done as we should have done. There have been many misdoings and short-comings, but now that such blessings have been granted us, we do pray that we may be faithful to the end."

And our hearts, if not our lips, added a hearty "Amen."

Mr. Whithers rose then, and tears were in his eyes as he addressed us. He said so much kindness quite overcame him. He could only say, "It is God's doings. Bless the Lord, O my soul." And he continued, "Dear friends, I do not doubt you, but I fear myself. I pray that in my weakness I may be helped, in my ignorance instructed, in my youth and inexperience guided aright. I pray that I may be kept humble, never for a moment forgetting that it is God that worketh in me, and that he will give from Sabbath to Sabbath a message from himself to you."

John Goff asked permission to say a few words, which was accorded with much pleasure and satisfaction. "My dear friends," he began, "I am as a new-born child amongst you. You know that when first Mr. Whithers preached here I was a stranger to God. His first sermon was blessed to my soul. It was the means of bringing me peace, and through all eternity I shall bless God that I entered your chapel. And now, dear friends, I give myself to you, to be taught, and helped, and guided. You know I am ignorant, but thank God that he is teaching me, and I should like to belong to you, and to give my whole future life to you and to our Saviour." Much more he said which cannot be re-orded here. He seemed full of joy, and his faith was young and strong. He knew that trials were before him, that the path would have many thorns but—

"Cheerily on passed the homeward-bound—"

His life had new vigour, his heart had received its very greatest good.

Altogether, our tea-meeting was a great success. Things seemed altogether bright, and joyous sunshine irradiated us all.

There is a proverb which says, "There is a skeleton in every family." What had become of the one which had been in the cause at Rockford? It was hidden now entirely out of sight. Buried? Yes, for the time; would it even be

dug up again? Alas! for Christian communitie—even among them "there is none righteous, no, not one."

Soon after the tea-meeting there was a baptismal service. John Goff and several others were immersed, on "a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus." Our little chapel was crowded to overflowing. Every available space was occupied, and with breathless attention the assembly listened to what the New Testament says about the oft-vexed question of baptism. There were many convictions then. Those who had complacently believed in infant sprinkling or any other form of the Church—who had been "christened" themselves, and, in return, had their children christened—were aroused from their passive acquiescence to think for themselves. It was again good seed falling in good ground, and would assuredly bring forth good fruit.

Blessings of disappointment.

A man hurries breathless to the wharf, in order to reach a departing steamer. He is a few minutes too late! The plank is drawn; and as he watches the stately vessel plough her way through the blue waters she seems to be ploughing through his very heart. "How provoking!" he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky, he retires in sulks to bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port, that steamer took fire, and when last seen, was floating on the water, a burning wreck!" He fancies himself clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time the man is thrown out by Providence in some favorite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and thank his Heavenly Father for a disappointment.

I do not pretend to be a very apt learner, but many of my best lessons through life have been taught me by the same stern old schoolmaster, Disappointment. And one lesson I learned was that this world was not made only for me. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when my bay needed it, and the rain would have fallen only when my garden needed to be watered. But God goes on, and orders things as it pleaseth him best, without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted, the stern schoolmaster said; "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss, perhaps, is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new mown hay, makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbor's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits, will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So don't be selfish."

Geological Wonder.

About thirty years ago, somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which perhaps may never be solved; their existence, however, was no chimera, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to a profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1835, Thompson, Bonner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice. Novel and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

WAY OF DRAFTING FOR THE U. S. ARMY.

In detailing the men, each name on the rolls is written upon a folded ballot and placed in a box, in the same manner as the names of jurymen. A Commissioner appointed for the purpose is first blindfolded, and then draws from the box till the requisite number is obtained. Each man whose name is thus drawn is immediately notified to appear at the rendezvous. Every man in the State who does not thus appear is subject to a fine of \$75, but this does not release him from his obligation to serve his country.—He must go himself, or furnish a satisfactory substitute. The draft, when resorted to, is conducted by the municipal officers.

Henry Ward Beecher has been pitching into the street railroad corporations pretty hard lately for running the cars and working the men and horses on Sunday. The other day he was inquiring of a Brooklyn conductor, in his own peculiar way, whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up. The conductor, it is said, did not know who was conversing with him, yet replied, "I think it might be, but for that confounded fellow, Beecher. So many of the fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road profitable. If he would shut up, the thing could be done."

It is possible that he did not know Mr. Beecher but we guess that in future Mr. Beecher will remember him very distinctly.—N. Y. Examiner.

Gospel ministers should not be too hasty and eager to wipe off any aspersion that is cast on them falsely for Christ's sake. Dirt on the character, if unjustly thrown, like dirt on the clothes, should be let alone for a while until it dries, and then it will rub off easily enough.

Agriculture, &c.

GATHERING SPONGES.

The sponge business is largely pursued at the Bahama Islands. The exports of this article now amount annually to about \$200,000. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years. During that period the article has nearly quadrupled in value, and has been applied to a great variety of new purposes, especially in France.

The sponge is compressed in powerful presses and sacked like cotton. It is assorted and graded, samples being fastened to each package to show the quality.

It is fished or raked or grappled up from the clean, sandy bottom at the depth of twenty, forty and even sixty feet, and often far out from the shore. The water is so transparent that the growing sponge is visible on the bottom.

The sponge, when first taken from the water, is black, and at once becomes offensive to the smell.

The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, when the gelatinous animal matter seems to be absorbed and destroyed, or eaten by the insects that swarm in the sand.

The boatmen who obtain it are paid in shares by the owners of the boats. This, therefore, becomes a precarious and semi-gambling pursuit, highly attractive to the colored population.

TUBULAR BRICKS.

The society for improving the condition of the laboring classes in London, highly commend the use of tubular bricks for purposes of construction. According to an official statement made by the society, a size has been chosen which, with the omission of the headers, reduces, by about one-third, the number of joints, and greatly improves the appearance of the work, giving it more boldness of effect and resemblance to stone than that of ordinary brickwork. This size is twelve inches long, and three courses rise one foot in height—a size equally convenient for the workmen in the manufacture and in the use of the bricks. Nine bricks of this kind and size will do as much walling as sixteen of the common sort, while the weight of the former but little exceeds that of the latter. When passing through the machine, or in the process of drying, any number may be readily played at the ends for gables, or marked for closures, and broken off as required in use, or they may be perforated for the purpose of ventilation.

A SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAY IN LONDON.

A subterranean railway is now in an advanced state of construction, running about four and a half miles under the city of London. It commences at Victoria Street in the midst of what was formerly a disreputable thoroughfare, but is now a common centre for the Great Northern, the London, Chatham and Dover, and the Metropolitan lines. From that point it passes eastwardly, having a large number of intermediate stations. On the occasion of a recent trip made through a portion of its length, the air was found to be perfectly sweet, and free from all unpleasantness or dampness. The locomotives used condense their own smoke, so that neither gas nor vapor is perceptible. The surface of the rails is made of steel. The line is made for two guages, and it is a double-track throughout. The carriages will be roomy, well ventilated, and lighted with portable gas. It is expected that the road will be opened about the middle of June.—Scientific American.

THE TOMATO AS FOOD.

Dr. Bennett, a professor of some celebrity, considers tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important properties:

"First, that the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is probably one of the most effective and least harmful remedial agents know to the profession. Second, that a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. Third, that he has successfully treated diarrhoea with this article alone. Fourth, that when used as an article of diet it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion. Fifth, that it should be constantly used for daily food; either cooked, raw, or in any form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use."

OX-BOT.

This is a cuticular insect, the egg being deposited externally in the skin of cattle, and the larvæ inhabiting a tumor or abscess formed around them. These tumors are usually found in the back or loins, and are often larger than a pigeon's egg. When the fly is depositing its egg the cattle are in the extreme agitation and dismay, and sometimes become quite furious, running off, bellowing, at full speed. The larvæ in its cyst gradually enlarges, while the pus that is secreted by the irritation serves for its nourishment. The tumors which are produced are called warbles, woomals or woomils. The skin and hide are permanently injured by being subjected to this process.—Ohio Valley Farmer.

AN OX OR COW that is accustomed to throwing fences, may be prevented doing so by taking a large wire and bending it in the shape of a bow; then bend the points in the shape of a fishhook; tie two strings to the wire, place the hooks in the nostrils lightly, and tie one string to the point of each horn. This will prevent the most unruly ox or cow from throwing fences.