

Houl's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1863.

Read—ACTS xiii. 38-52: Paul's popularity and persecution. JUDGES vii.: Gideon's army and victory.

Recite—ACTS xiii. 26-30.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xiii. 38-52: The Jews reject Paul's preaching, but the Gentiles receive it. JUDGES vii.: Gideon diminishes his army, and by strategy overcomes the Midianites.

Recite—ACTS xiii. 26-30.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

33. What passage of Scripture shows the origin of the various nations of the earth?

Answer to question given last week:—

32. Abaziah, king of Judah; Athaliah, who succeeded Abaziah; Joash was killed by his own servants; and Amaziah by his own subjects, in a conspiracy.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 34.

You claim no parentage below!
Just so Melchizedec—you know,
But not like you his lineage run,
For he was certainly your son,
And we all claim you as our Mother,
And Cain or Abel, for our brother,
We help make up your family,
And of the "bad ones" we must be,
You say you were the most to blame,
But we plead guilty—just the same,
To Adam the command was given,
'Touch not the tree' was said from heaven,
Had he stood firm—who knows, that we
Had not the poison drawn from thee?
You say you did not dare deny,
Your crime. But still did you not try
To fix upon the serpent's head,
The guilt arising from your deed?
Yes—Eve—your children do the same,
On others' head we cast the blame.
Your body given to mother earth,
For base dissection, its latest work,
But notwithstanding this, your Seed,
Did bruise the wily serpent's head,
And thus the judgment was reversed,
Which had been passed on you at first,
Thus Love has outdone hellish hate,
And paved the way to heaven's gate,
For all who in your Seed believe,
And trust His wondrous power to save.
Yarmouth. DALETH.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 35.

The valiant conqueror of the Holy Land,
Who led an army numerous as the sand.
The Hittite great, whose death by treacherous
sword,
Justly aroused the anger of the Lord.
The place where Joseph's brethren fed their
sheep,
And where they put him in a pit so deep.
One of the judges who a saviour proved
To Israel, when a foe against them moved.
A son of Joseph, the father of a tribe,
Whose bounds the words of Joshua does de-
scribe.
The city where was kept the sacred bread,
On which, in his distress, King David fed.
A judge who governed Israel forty years;
Saved them from bondage and relieved their
fears.
The King of Assyria one renowned of old:
To whom the wicked Abaz Israel sold.
The initials of these names a caution give:
Wise and benignant, as the law of love.
By which the favors we to others shew,
Upon ourselves we bring down from above.
Halifax. I. W. V.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

(LETTER OF HENRY WARD BEECHER IN N. Y. INDEPENDENT.)

I have just returned from spending a day at Sydenham Crystal Palace, and that accounts for the foregoing strain. The day was glorious.—Every body had said, "You must go to Sydenham!" I had read descriptions of it. Yet, the meaning of it never dawned upon me till to-day—this most wonderful of all modern English achievements. Even after having been at Chatsworth, one of the Duke of Devonshire's seats, reputed, hitherto, to be the finest in the world for landscape-gardening—Sydenham is still more wonderful. This great Crystal Palace, vast but not massive, springs into such huge proportions with such a fine and almost ethereal structure, that you can scarcely believe it to be more than a picture; or if a veritable building, one which the wind would blow away. It is the very an-

tithe of castles and cathedrals. These impress you by their solidity. They are mountains of stone, and seem to be durable as the mountains from which the stone was hewn. Against their huge walls has dashed battle and siege, almost in vain. Time itself, that never raises its siege, seems in vain, with wind, and art, and frost, to have assailed many mighty medieval structures. And when you look upon them, you feel the solidity, the massiveness. But this film upon the sky—this gossamer spun last night by fairies, this glittering, luminous, transparent spectre of a palace! Can it be real, durable, tangible?

The grounds on which this ethereal pile is erected are worthy of the vast jewel which they hold upon their bosom. There is every variation of hue and slope. The grass is shaven close, and is as green and velvety as only English grass can be. Cut into its green are innumerable beds of gorgeous flowers of every hue. You are dazzled and dazzled at the wealth of flowers, the clumps of rhododendrons, the belts, beds and ribbons of color, the circles of roses. I have traveled in the prairies of the Great West, and seen the sheets and billows of flowers that stretch with endless profusion there. There is no such wild and extravagant abundance here. It was as if the flower angel had sounded the trumpet, and a prairie of flowers had rushed to camp to be brigaded and marshaled; and now, in ranks and squadrons, in files or companies, they carry their floral lances to this innocuous war of beauty! Lakes, fountains, and pools abound. The most gorgeous dream of the Arabian Nights would turn pale and fade out in the presence of this substantial glory of horticultural skill. If I had time, I should have been amazed at the literature of color spread out here.

These flowers I had seen, all of them growing loose and disconnected. Here they were gathered into artistic groups by similarities or contrasts. I had seen them a scattered alphabet of beauty, every letter by itself. Here they were composed into words and sentences. My eye drank and was drunk with color. I turned from the grounds to the building, and from it again to the grounds. Oh happy people, who can come hither so easily! For, the immortal glory of this enterprise is this, that this palace and grounds that have no parallel or equal in the world, are presented by the wealth of London to the common people! I do not believe that so extraordinary a combination of rational pleasures for every sense and sentiment of man was ever before combined. Not for the government, not for kings or nobles, nor for a rich and refined class, but for the great common people has this miracle of beauty and use been wrought!

Within is every variety of food for bodily hunger, capably served, simple for those who need or can afford little, and sumptuous for those who choose it. Every provision is made for the incidental wants of the throngs of men, women and children. But now come the marvels. You live in Egypt and walk in the temples. You stand in Greek halls. You see the altars and statues, the Parthenon, the friezes, the gods.—You enter a Roman dwelling. All is reproduced as in the days of Augustus.—You stand in gorgeous Alhambra, in a Pompeian house, in the Byzantine court, in the Norman, the early English, the full Gothic buildings or courts.—The illusion is complete. Time is dead. The old has come back, and is new. Nay, distance has ended. You seem to be in different ages and widely different countries all at the very same time. You lose your identity, whether you are ancient or modern—whether you are at Athens, or Rome, or Byzantium, you cannot tell. Or is it a gorgeous dream? Is this some sorceress kaleidoscope, whose every turn rattles the elements of various ages and countries into strange conjunctions?

The illusion is increased by the unity of all climates in the vegetable kingdom. Under this glass hemisphere the temperate and torrid zones dwell together in peace. There is room for every thing. As you stand at one end, you look down through a crystal aisle more than sixteen hundred feet, and over this long, luminous path there is no roof until you rise a hundred and seventy-four feet in the centre, and a hundred and ten on either side of it. Along this vast track are gathered the rarest vegetable productions of the globe, growing in soil, or air, or water. Vines cover the iron columns, and spread out their filmy branches along the connecting rods. Huge pendent baskets filled with trailing plants, swing in the air at heights that hide their support and cause them to seem self-supported. Marble-lined reservoirs of water, artificially heated, are covered with aquatic lilies. From step to step, all the way down, you come upon the most magnificently grown shrubs and plants and trees. They line the whole long interior, so that you imagine yourself looking down an avenue of some extraordinary forest, filled with undergrowth shrubs, vines, and mosses. Out of these green mosses, at every step, peep the most exquisite creations of art. These are casts of almost every renowned or beautiful statue in Europe arranged in long sequence. All the sculpture that you have ever seen in engravings, read of in books, heard of in conversation, meets you in this palace of miracles. The treasures are endless. You cannot in a day even glance at them. You leave more things unseen than you look upon. Every step opens recesses full of wonders. Picture-galleries flow along the sides as if they would never end. The portrait gallery presents you with almost every historic face. Do you need to read of these things?—Turn aside into the library with thousands of volumes. Sit down in the Reading Room, which, though several thousand people are threading the building, is as quiet as if it were a lonesome bower in the woods! Or are you tired in eye and foot? Sit down and listen to a very noble band that you are rendering classic music skill-

fully. This marvellous variety gives you rest by change. If sculpture fails, there is architecture; and of that, variety running through all the schools of time. Are you wearying of this? Will you take a walk around marble-boned lakes or among palms and gigantic ferns, or among clove and cinnamon, pepper and ginger, tea and coffee plants? Or would you rid yourselves of company? Go out into the grounds. By some one of the walks you can in a moment be hidden in secluded, leafy covers, or you may seek the lake and artificial island, and see the geologic periods represented in strata, and the ante-diluvian animals reproduced in form, if not in life. From some such stroll I returned and dined. I could not make up my mind whether I was an Egyptian dining at Cairo with the old Copts, or a Greek, or a Roman, or a Goth. I never once suspected that I was a Yankee, eating stout English beef and pastry.

This duty done, we go now to the Renaissance Court to see the statues by Michael Angelo! Here are Day and Night, with Julius de Medici sitting nobly above and between them. Opposite is Dawn and Twilight, with Lorenzo de Medici sublimely thoughtful between them. There is the slave, opposite to it the Madonna and child, a Pietà, a Christ, but most grand of all, the Moses! These are of the full size of the originals, and fill you with more pleasure and wonder since they are gathered into one grand company and fill the whole air with the spirit of their artis-creator. While thus walking and musing, the grand organ in the nave is filling the air with its solemn harmonies! Where else did any one gaze upon Michael Angelo's collected sculptures to the sound of grand organ music? We never know to what proportions our joys may rise till we have experienced them in the midst of solemn music. At such a distance that all sense of the material music is lost, solemn music seems to be a voice out of the spirit-world. It brings to us a call from the Infinite, and connects us with it. Our joys seem no more mortal. They are related to the eternal and spiritual, and partake of their nature.—They are preludes and presences of immortality. The soul takes assurance that its most precious experiences are not transient and perishing. However silenced for a time, joy shall come again, and in the harmony of a better sphere, and roll for ever in undisturbed and inseparable harmonies!

It is true that all these treasures of art are but casts, imitations, plaster statues, plaster architecture, and, if one tries, he can quite destroy the illusion and prevent his own enjoyment. But, since they are exact patterns of the renowned works of the world—better than engravings or copies in painting—so like, that only by a resolute effort could one break the illusion, why should one decline them or abate his satisfaction?

The best of all, to me was the sight of such throngs of people—pale, kind-looking common people—in thousands, roaming through the grounds, gazing upon the marvels, watching the fish, peering into the green recesses, and as happy as anybody could be except the children.—Of these there were hundreds—schools, classes, families, in groups of four or five, ten or twenty, and of hundreds, streaming through the aisles wild with delight, yet orderly and unmischievous. This whole enterprise, in all its treasures and beauty, is an offering to the common people!

A Mean Man.

It takes a New York merchant to cipher out the actual cash value of an upright, downright, genuine nobleman. There are so many mean men nowadays that an extra crop of any other sort is not looked for during the present generation. Now and then a man of the right stamp is discovered, but they are like angels' visits.—Reader, of course we don't mean you, but we wish to tell you about a certain neighbor of yours—even if he should happen to be a relation—and if you should see your face in the glass, don't be frightened. The one we particularly refer to is a merchant, and he regularly comes to the New York market.

He always expects the house he deals with to furnish him with all the new packing-boxes he needs, free of charge.

He always expects, as he is a "liberal buyer," that either a coat or a dress pattern, a pair of boots, a hat, or a pen-knife will be presented to him at least once a year.

He always expects to be behind time in the payment of his bills at least twenty or thirty days, and then be "offended" if interest is charged.

He always expects to get his goods a "little cheaper" than any other man, as he has always been a "great friend to the house."

He always thinks that the goods he wants are very undesirable, are going out of fashion, or are a little damaged, and therefore should be sold to him at "something off."

He always has faith in his own statements, but don't believe anything that is said to him by anybody else, unless it is demonstrated.

He always finds his "goods short" on his arrival home, and makes claim on at least every other bill purchased. Whether or not he "measures loose," counts carelessly, has a long yard stick, or a big thumb, we cannot say.

He always forgets the injunction, "Mind your own business," and is forever meddling with the affairs of his neighbors.

He always is troubled at the prosperity of those around him, and unless he can be "a little ahead" of everybody, he pines and frets continually.

He always will take advantage of "peculiar circumstances" to promote his own interest, however damaging his course may be to others.

He always thinks he is the "best man in town," and therefore no other is entitled to "distinguished consideration."

He always finds so many other mean men in his vicinity, that he is forever discouraged in his noble efforts to "elevate the standard of mercantile character."

He always forgets to inclose a postage-stamp when writing a letter to a friend, asking information on a matter of "great importance" to himself.

He always "dodges" when you kindly aim at him a truth for his special welfare, knowing that said truth was intended specially for his neighbor.

He is the very man, Mr.— (but we won't mention his name), for whom we have prepared this medicine, and he won't take a bit of it, not he.

Now what is to be done with this man? At present he is a troublesome fellow. We would like to reform him if possible. What shall we do with him?—Independent.

For Sabbath-school Teachers.

LITTLE THINGS.

Just across the street from the Capital grounds at Washington, there stood a few years ago, a row of rough sheds, in which were being wrought the statues which were designed to adorn the Capitol. There were some casts which had not been put into stone, and some rough blocks of marble which had been chiseled so as to show merely the outline of what they were to be.

A party of visitors were one day led through the rooms, and, beginning with these rough figures, were shown others, in more and more advanced stages. At last they found the most skillful artists at work upon one designed for a fountain. It was a female figure hardly life-size. She was represented sitting upon a grassy bank, and holding in one hand a shell, from which the water was to gush. The attitude and expression were so lifelike, that it might have seemed complete in contrast with the rest, but this arm and hand with the shell were wrought to a polish which showed that the rest of the figure still needed the master's skill.

"Here is one almost done."
"Yes," said the sculptor, looking up with a smile; "almost done, but it will need three months of steady work to finish it."

He then pointed out over the remaining part of the statue a multitude of dots, saying,
"To see where these should be cost me several weeks' study, and every one shows where I must make a careful change. Then the whole must be polished."

"What a work!" exclaimed the visitors.
"Yes, but it will last."
Teachers, here is a lesson for you. You are at work upon a substance more enduring. The marble may keep its beauty thousands of years, but it must crumble at last. You are working upon that which is imperishable.

Children you may here also learn a lesson. All the care of the sculptor was less needed to mark the little blemishes and remove them, than all your care is needed to mark your little faults, and to correct them. For if the defects in the statue had been left, though they would not have marred its beauty, they would not have done so any more a hundred years hence than the day the statue was set up; but yours will be harder and harder to cure, and they will spread, and destroy what is now lovely.

Agriculture, &c.

The Toad.

The following from the *Agriculturist*, in reference to what has been commonly considered an unsightly inhabitant of our gardens, may perhaps secure for it a little more favor.

"Our ugly friend affects gardens as much as the lords of creation. You will find him in a hole in the wall, in the strawberry patch, under the squash vines or among the cucumbers. He is not handsome, but serene and dignified as a judge. He executes judgment upon all bugs, worms, snails, pests of the garden, in the most summary way. See what a capacious may he has, occupying the whole space from his fore-legs to his haunches. He is the very incarnation of stomach, and his gastronomic feats would do credit to an Alderman. He tucks away bugs and all kindred flesh as an epicure would turtle and pudding. He is never full. That man stretches like cat-o'-thou, and he is never having an endless gullet than a reptile. He is altogether too useful to be without enemies. All the serpent tribe hate and devour him when they can. Even man stands him. He misses a few strawberries from his patch and says it is a toad, who stands like a sentinel guarding his treasures. It was the snail who did the mischief before the toad took up his station; fortunately he is now where he will spoil no more ruddy fruit. Or it was the robin who slyly snapped up the berries and flew off into the neighboring tree, leaving the poor toad to hear his sins. But you see by the look of his honest face, that he is guiltless. Those lustrous eyes are above stealing. One fat bug would give him more pleasure than all the fruit in your garden.

Cultivate the friendship of toads, for they take the insects that the birds are apt to overlook. They inspect the ground closely, peer under the leaves of strawberries, under the growing vines, and nab every creeping thing in sight. They are as easily domesticated as birds, never sing when you do not want them to, are quiet and unobtrusive, and if not worth \$500 a piece, are still profitable pets and fellow-workers. Birch the boy that teases toads."