

## Months' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 7th, 1864.

Read—LUKE VI. 1-19: Christ healing on the Sabbath. 1 SAMUEL XVII. 20-37: David accepts Goliath's challenge.

Recite—HEBREW I. 10-12.

Sunday, August 14th, 1864.

Read—LUKE VI. 20-36: The Beatitudes. 1 SAMUEL XVII. 38-58: David's victory over Goliath.

Recite—JEREMIAH XVII. 7, 8.

## The best Doctor.

If I had a little girl very sick, and growing worse every hour, should I sit by her bed and say, "I wonder if the doctor will not stop at the door and see my little daughter? Oh, I wish the doctor would come and cure poor Mary." Should I sit and wish, and do nothing more? Is that what a mother would do? No, I should send a messenger to the doctor, and beg him come quick to help my darling.

The Lord Jesus, you know, was the best Physician that ever lived. He could cure every thing. Blind men came to him and saw; deaf people went to him and heard; lame folks hobbled to him and walked straight. One man, who had been sick in bed thirty-eight years, was cured. Of course a great many poor sick people were brought to him; so many that often he had no time even to eat, for he never put any body off who came. Jesus is not on the earth now; he is in heaven. He cures the soul of sin, and saves it from eternal death; and he is just as kind as when he was on the earth, ready at all times and seasons and at all hours to hear your prayer and attend to your cry.

Your parents cannot make you good; your teachers or your minister cannot give you a heavenly temper. No one can take your sins away, and give you a new heart and a right spirit, but the Lord Jesus Christ. No one but he can cure you. But is wishing him to save you enough? No. Is it enough to join the crowd who go where he is? Is it enough to attend church and Sabbath-school, and enter the prayer-meeting? Is it enough to be where he is found? No, no. You must go to him; you must seek him; you must ask him. It is a personal application which gains his attention. That he never refuses. And you never need be afraid, for he has given his word for it. "Ask, and ye shall receive," he says; and that is plain enough for even a little child to understand.

Do you remember the blind beggar who was sitting by the side of the road when the Lord Jesus went into Jericho? Hearing that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, he instantly improved his opportunity, and cried out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." The people tried to hush him; but he only cried the louder. Jesus heard his cry. "Receive thy sight," he said to the poor beggar; "thy faith hath saved thee." Would he have been cured if he had not asked, and kept asking?—*Child's Paper.*

## Hearing the Sermon.

"Mother," said a little boy one Sabbath, "may n't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" asked mother. "No, not one word," he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his lips and pouted his lips, and said "he did n't want to go." I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the sow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot, at least, understand one word the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could.

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home; so he and his two older sisters went with a man occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the hymn in the hymn-book, and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I did get one word out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky; God made the trees; God made the rain; God made the little ants; he made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God did n't make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did he? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth he created the substance of brass for the button-makers to

use." "Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a big, good God he is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know him more and to please him constantly in every thing we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It was bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind kept on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet if we encourage them to try to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed-thought, even no bigger than one word, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.—*Id.*

## What the Flower-pot covered.

"WHAT a beautiful place!" said I to myself, as I walked out into the grounds of my friend. It was early in the morning, when the dews were on the flowers, and the rays of the new sun were just glistening through the trees, and the birds were fluttering and singing in their gladness. The walks were smooth and perfect, and if there were fairies in these days, I felt sure they would love to dwell here. In the laying out of the grounds and in the choice and cultivation of the flowers, nothing was to be desired more perfect. In one of the walks among the flowers I noticed a large flower-pot, turned bottom upward. It seemed in the way, and out of place, and I wondered at the carelessness of the gardener who had left it there. But perhaps there was a reason for it. So I stooped down and carefully lifted it up, and there, in the soil, plain to be seen, was the foot-print of a little child. Then I understood it all! The little one, more precious than all these flowers and grounds, the only child, had lately been carried away by unseen hands. It was among the dead; and the mother in her walks, had found the print of its little foot, and had carefully (oh, how carefully!) covered it with this flower-pot. How often she had lifted it up with tears can never be known. But I felt that I had almost done a wrong to lift it up. It was not for my eye.

Oh, mother, who but he who created the heart can know anything of the agony which thou hast felt! They call thee childless, but it is not so. When in thy dreams thou stretchest out thy arms for the little one, the heart feels it. When thou sittest down, its beautiful face smiles in thy memory; and when thou walkest forth, its little footsteps patter by thy side. It lives fresh and green in thy memory, and will never cease to live there. Other mothers will have all their children grow up and pass out of childhood, but thou wilt never be without a little child! Thou mayest live and grow old, it may be, but the child will live a child still, just as it drooped and withered in thine arms—a child still till thou meetest it in heaven! These bright and early dead, how we love them! The golden tresses of childhood seem to wave before our eyes, and the tunes and echoes of their voices seem to ring in our ears, as long as we live! Why are they taken away so early?

Perhaps to show us that men are not created for this world, and that for the great end of their creation it is of no consequence whether they stay here a few days or seventy years.

Perhaps God sees that if they lived here they have bodies so delicately formed that they would only pass life in pain and anguish, and they are taken away from the evils to come.

Perhaps he sees that the parents have not strength or principle enough to restrain them; and they would grow up—like the sons of Eli and Samuel—to be a curse to their generation.

Perhaps he sees that the child will never be able to resist the temptations of life, but will yield, and become a sorrow over the dead.

Perhaps he sees that he would not only become wicked himself, but would tempt the innocent and ruin many for ever.

And perhaps the blessed Redeemer says, "Now I will do a kinder thing for that beautiful child than to leave it in that sinful, sorrowful world. I will take it at once to my own bosom, and place it where it shall be educated by angels, and led by saints in glory. It shall share in my redemption without the struggles of earth, and shall never have a thing to remember and regret!" And so his own fingers lift the latch as death enters the chamber, and his own arms receive it. The little footprints are left on earth for a few days, but the little feet are walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem.—*Rev. J. Todd, D. D.*

THE *Christian Times* learns that a sermon on baptism, preached some ten years ago before the Illinois River Association, by Rev. G. S. Bailey, and published in the minutes of that body, falling into the hands of a German brother in Canada, was by him translated into the language of his people, widely circulated, and made the instrument of converting a considerable number to Baptist views. A Gaelic Baptist minister falling in with it, translated it also into his own language, and in that form it has performed a similar mission. Dr. Bailey, we are told, learned of these facts a few days since, very much to his surprise and gratification. "We know not which shall prosper, whether this or that."

As the sails of a ship carries it into harbor, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God.

## A Scene of Retribution.

A picture representing the sale of a quantity of old furniture, seized for rent, was exhibited some years back in the window of a dealer in the Place de la Madeleine, and attracted considerable attention. In the foreground was placed a poor woman holding in her arms a child, and watching with a sorrowful eye the progress of the sale. The sweet face of the child stood out in strong contrast to the distressed countenance of the poor mother. Further back were the personages connected with the sale, represented with great vigor. The following is stated by a Lyons journal to be the history of the scene depicted:—"A few years since, the painter in question, an eminent artist at Lyons, while passing through the Rue des Terreaux, approached a number of persons who were gathered together, witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman. A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she held in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation, but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent, which was due to him. The artist was much affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord. "There he is," replied the poor woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale; and he was recognized by the painter as a person who was suspected of having amassed a considerable fortune by usury, so that to make any appeal to his feelings on behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable daub, which in the summer the poor woman had used to hide the hole in the wall through which the pipe of the stove passed during the winter. It was put up at one franc. The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge of the landlord. He went over, examining the picture with great attention, and then called out with a loud voice, "One hundred francs!" The landlord was astounded at the bid, but, conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double, boldly offered 200f. "Five hundred!" said the painter, and the contest between the two bidders became so animated that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2,200f. The purchaser, then addressing the painter, said, "In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now, tell me, sir, at what do you estimate its value?" "About three francs and a half," replied the painter; "but I would not give that for it." "You are surely jesting," said the landlord, "for you bid as high as 2,100f. for it." "That is true," replied the artist, "and I will tell you why I did so. You, who are in possession of an income of 25,000f. a year, have seized on the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of 200f. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize on your furniture for her debt." The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and, having announced her good fortune to the poor woman, walked away.

## Seek first the Kingdom of God

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things (food, raiment, &c.) shall be added unto you." These are the words of One who cannot be mistaken—who is able to make good every promise he has uttered. They are too plain to need exposition. We are to use the proper means to obtain needed temporal blessings, but always in subordination to the pursuit of spiritual and eternal good.

But there are many professed Christians who seem to reverse the Saviour's rule. They must attend to worldly business first of all. Whatever time seems to be needed for that must be sacredly devoted to it. Whatever investment of money and labor seems required for it must be made. Then, if any time, or strength, or money is left, that shall be given to God's kingdom.

Why is that farmer, merchant, mechanic, so seldom at a prayer-meeting? He "has no time." Has he not the same time that other people have? Does his day have less than twenty-four hours in it, or his hour less than sixty minutes? Why, no, but his business requires it all. Ah, yes; he reads in his Bible, Seek first a prosperous business, and heaven shall be added thereto. Or, is it possible that business is all the heaven he wants?

Why is that busy man at church only half a day on Sunday, or if present throughout, why does he so often fall asleep? Because he gets so weary with his week's work that he has no energy left for public worship. There it is, again. His worldly work first; religion afterwards. Worldly work at any rate; religion perhaps. All his strength laid out for money; none left to serve God with.

Why cannot that church support a minister? Because there are certain members every one of whom adds to his property every year more than the amount of the pastor's salary, but can't afford to give one per cent. for the support of the gospel. The world first, God and his cause last.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Whatever it be, except the soul, that you are careful about, it has the condition only of an annuity for life.

## SLAVE SALES IN AFRICA.—Dr. Livingstone

writes from Kota-Kota:—The Arabs had 1500 persons in the village, and were busily employed transporting slaves to the coast. One fathom of calico (value 1s.) is the price paid for a boy, and two for a good-looking girl. But, nevertheless, it is the joint ivory and slave trade that alone makes slave-trading a paying business; for the cost of feeding the negroes would be too great an expense were it not for the value of their services in carrying the ivory; a trader with 20 slaves must daily pay the price of one slave for their sustenance. All the difficulties which Dr. Livingstone had experienced in travelling in the interior were due to the obstacles thrown in his way by the Portuguese, who judged truly, that in buying up the ivory, he was undermining the slave trade. He only hoped that this same course would be pursued by other travellers who might succeed him, as this did more to destroy the slave trade than the English cruisers on the coast.

## Agriculture, etc.

## U. S. CROPS—OFFICIAL REPORTS.

The *National Intelligencer* gives the following summary of the forthcoming report of the Department of Agriculture on the condition of the crops in June:—

**Apples.**—A good crop in the Eastern and Middle States, but not good in the Western, much of the bloom having fallen & without setting the fruit.

**Peaches.**—In the Eastern States the crop promises well; in the Western it is almost totally destroyed, with many of the trees.

**Grapes.**—Many were killed to the now line on the first day of January, others had the fruit buds more or less injured in the West, but still a fair crop is anticipated.

**Wheat (Winter).**—The growing condition of this crop is most excellent, except in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where drought has prevailed, and in one or two other localities, but it was severely injured by the cold of last February, where there was but little snow on the ground. The general injury from this cause is estimated at no less than thirty per cent. As the time approaches for harvesting, this crop in the Eastern and Middle States, however, bids fair to be a superior one.

**Spring Wheat.**—In amount this crop is not quite an average, on account of the lateness of the spring and the scarcity of labor, but it is in a very favorable growing condition.

**Corn.**—The lateness of the spring kept back planting, but the wet warm weather has brought this crop forward very rapidly, and it promises well at this time. It is nearly an average crop in the number of acres planted, many injured wheat fields having been put in corn.

**Oats.**—Universally spoken of as the largest and most promising crop of the kind ever sown in our country.

**Clover and the Grasses.**—These are in excellent condition, and the expectation is that the hay crop will be unusually large.

**Maple Sugar and Molasses.**—Almost in every State where made there has been a large increase; the quantity is spoken of as excellent.

**Sheep.**—The condition of this important stock is very good, for it received the best of care. The increase per cent. is equal to that of last year.

**MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.**—The power of the stomach to endure long fasts and digest the food of several days in a few hours, are often developed to a wonderful degree. The camel-drivers between Cairo and Suez fast during the thirty hours of the journey; but an Arab, who dines often on a handful of dates, will sometimes be heard to boast that he can eat a sheep at a meal. The Bedouin, when travelling in the desert, takes as daily food two draughts of water and two morsels of baked flour and milk. But, when meat is before him, and he is not travelling, he can eat and digest as much as would satisfy six Europeans. A native Australian, attendant upon Eyre, could consume an average of nine pounds of boiled meat daily. A Guarini will eat up a small calf in a few hours. A strong young man in Greenland eats daily for several months ten or twelve pounds of meat, with much biscuit. On the other hand, an Arowake lives in the fields for three weeks, or a month, on ten pounds of Cassava bread. As a general rule, power of long fasting, and excessively spare living, is associated with a power of digesting, and a will to eat, enormous meals when they are to be had. Set a little Bushman who has sustained life for a fortnight upon salt and water, before a civilized Christmas dinner for twelve, and he will eat up the whole of it, turkey, sausages, beef, bread, vegetables, pudding, and mince-pies; eat it, digest it, and convert it into flesh. For a Bushman or a Kaffir, after a few days of such feeding, enlarges visibly in bulk; thus showing that the food of which the system had been starved has with extraordinary rapidity been digested, converted into blood, and used for the building up of the starved human frame.—*A Year Round.*

The apple worm, a species of caterpillar, has made great havoc among the fruit trees, particularly the apple, in this Province.

Our Judge, instead of condemning us, stepped from the bench and died for us.

Give a wise man health, and he will give himself everything else.