

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 24th, 1865.

JOHN I. 19-34: The testimony of John. 2 SAMUEL XXII. 1-25: David's song of thanksgiving. Recite—PSALM XXXIV. 1-5.

Sunday, October 1st, 1865.

JOHN I. 35-51: The calling of Andrew and Peter. 2 SAMUEL XXII. 26-51: David's song concluded. Recite—PSALM CL.

What James found.

What did a little boy find one day in the garden? He found his own name growing. Some seeds had sprung up, not in rows, like beets and carrots; not in hills, like corn and potatoes; not all over, like wheat and rye; but they sprang up so as to spell JAMES, and that was the little boy's own name. Of course he was very much surprised and puzzled. "Who did plant this so?" he cried.

"What makes you think anybody did?" asked his uncle. "It might have come by chance," James shook his head. "I know some person had a hand in this," he said. "Perhaps it came up itself," said his uncle. "No, uncle," cried the little boy, "it never came up itself so. Somebody meant it, you see." "The work certainly shows marks of a plan," said his uncle; "and a plan must have had a planner." "Yes, uncle," said he, "somebody that knew did it."

The little fellow was right in his conclusions. If we find a piece of work put together for some purpose, we know that an intelligent mind did it. And it was indeed James's uncle who planted his name there; and he did it, I suppose, to show that every piece of work is proof that it had a maker; and there can be no such thing as chance about it, and so to lead the little boy to find God everywhere.

If we see in the garden leaves growing, buds opening with beautiful flowers, curious little vessels forming to hold the seeds, and fruits ripening, who is in the garden making these leaves and flowers and fruits grow so curiously? Somebody.

If we go into the fields, we see hundreds of singing-birds and humming-bees and butterflies on the wing, and worms creeping. They have wings and curious feet; some to walk, some to climb, some to creep. Did the birds and butterflies come by chance? Could a little bird's wings grow so themselves? Did the squirrel make its own sharp teeth to gnaw its nuts with, or its cunning little paws to hold them? No, indeed. God made them. He planned all their parts, and put them together with so much wisdom and skill and goodness.

"Is God like a man?" No; a man can be in only one place at a time; but God is everywhere. We know about him by what he does; and we know he is everywhere, because we find everywhere something he is doing. He is in the skies overhead; and if we dive into the depths of the sea, we find millions of fish and beautiful shells and corals. God is there also, forming things and keeping them alive.

"Perhaps God is like the sun." No; the sun shines everywhere, but it stays a large round globe in the sky; while God is everywhere himself, in us and around us, noticing everything we do or say. God is in your heart, my child making you happy when you do right. It is God also in your heart which makes you feel dissatisfied and unhappy when you do wrong.

The Funeral of a Bee.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald transmits the following:—On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing an interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers; and if Dr. Cumming, the Times' bee master, happens to be one of them, I would recommend it to his notice. Whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing betwixt them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noticed the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, the head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for a minute, perhaps to drop over their friend a sympathizing tear, when they then flew off from our sight.

A Buddhist Temple.

At Dolanor, one of the chief cities in Mongolia, Mr. Williamson entered one of the Buddhist temples, and offered the Scriptures for sale. He thus describes the scene:—"On each side of the main door stood one great machine, like some huge barrel for crockeryware, and two lesser ones of the same description, six in all. Entering, we found the inside of the temple not unlike a Gothic building. One long wide aisle ran up the centre, and parallel with it, and on either side, were rows of pillars; these pillars were draped with silk, and hung with pictures of various devices. Right in front stood the chief idol, with lesser idols at the right and left. Before the idols was a long table, on which were spread a great variety of grass, cups

of cold water, and several kinds of food. By the time we reached the temple, the priests were all in their places, in parallel rows. The elderly priests sat facing each other on each side of the aisle; the junior priests in rows behind them; and rows of boy priests behind all. Those who sat in the aisle had instruments, and they played and chanted in a way that I never had even dreamed of. The instruments were of the most extraordinary kind. They had buffalo horns and bugles, drums of all sizes—some so big, that a man might live in one—cymbals, bells, flutes, whistles, and I know not how many other kinds. But the crowning wonder to me was two trumpets, each of them about twelve feet long, with a mouth of two feet in diameter. How could they play such gigantic instruments do you ask? They had them arranged on small carriages, like guns. The players reclined upon the ground, and when they had finished blowing, they pushed their roaring trumpets away from them, and rested till their turn came again. The wheels appeared to be well oiled, they went so easily. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous mixture of instruments, the music was capital, and sometimes almost overpowering. There were two chief priests, who alternately took the position of leader, and by the waving of their hands and gestures of their bodies led the ceremonies. They were dressed in beautiful yellow robes, with gorgeous helmets. While standing at the door, coolies, with large pails of weak tea, gradually assembled. At a signal, the performance ceased. The coolies rushed in with their pails, each to his appointed row, and the priests, taking a small cup from their bosom, drank their allowance. Refreshed, they recommenced, and I think the performance was grander than ever. At the close they all rose, and marched in procession before the chief idol, bowed themselves, and thus retired. (The instruments at the door were praying machines. All the people who gathered turned them round, and thus performed their devotions. They explained it thus to me: Prayers are pasted on the barrels, inside and out; the machines being turned, the prayers are thus presented, as they suppose, to their god, and the oftener they turn the more devout they esteem themselves.) About four hundred priests were thus engaged. There are 2,300 connected with the temple, but all were not priests." Not finding many purchasers amongst these priests, Mr. Williamson and his companions directed their attention to the trading Mongols. These bought freely; and thus the Bible was easily circulated along their route. Speaking in the Mandarin dialect, they were understood, and so enabled also to commend by word of mouth the truth of life.

The Nature and Effects of Alcohol.

Alcohol, the intoxicating ingredient in spirituous liquors, is not the product of creation, or of any living process in nature. It is the fruit of vinous fermentation; and is generated by a process which takes place in certain vegetable substances after they are dead. It is not, as a beverage, needful or useful to men, in order to the enjoyment of the highest health, the greatest ability for bodily or mental effort, and the longest life. It is in the human constitution a poison; the use of which as a beverage is always hurtful. It produces many and aggravates most of the diseases to which the human frame is liable. It tends to render diseases hereditary, and thus to deteriorate the human race. It weakens the understanding, stupefies the conscience, and hardens the heart. It often causes insanity, and produces a predisposition to that disease in the offspring of those who use it. It occasions the loss of a great amount of property. It lessens and often destroys social enjoyment, and causes a great increase of domestic wretchedness. It weakens the power of motives to do right, and increases the power of motives to do wrong. It causes most of the pauperism and crimes in the community. It powerfully counteracts the efficacy of the gospel, and of all means for the intellectual elevation, the moral purity, the personal benefit, and the public usefulness of men. It corrupts the public morals, and debases the public mind. It endangers the purity and permanency of free institutions. It shortens human life. It tends powerfully to lead men to dishonor God, and forever to destroy their own souls. Abstinence from the use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquor, is safe and salutary. This is proved by the experience of hundreds of thousands, of various ages, conditions and employments. Should all adopt and perseveringly pursue a similar course, drunkenness and its evils would universally cease. The gospel, and all the means for the promotion of the temporal and eternal good of men, there is reason to believe would be crowned with greatly augmented success. For men to continue to use it as a beverage, to make it or furnish it to be so used by others, is morally wrong, and ought universally to be discontinued.—Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D.

Our brightest moments are frequently those which arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety, the gems that sparkle upon the dark ground.

God takes notice of every particular child of his, as if they were none else; and yet takes notice of all, as if they were but one man.

An unfortunate Dilemma.

Some eminent Methodist divines are in trouble. They find it difficult to lay a solid foundation for infant baptism. As it cannot be found in the Bible, their efforts to supply the Scriptural deficiency occasion sore perplexity. Dr. Hibbard claims for it a Divine authority on the ground of infant regeneration. As all infants are born again, through the merit of Christ's atoning work, they are entitled to baptism, like adults, after their renewal by the Spirit. Dr. Nadal thinks this a dangerous doctrine. He can find no proof of it in the Bible, and little evidence of it in life. The baptized infants seem to need regeneration in later life quite as much as those unbaptized. He rejects, therefore, Dr. Hibbard's theory as multiplying difficulties instead of removing them. But his own is quite as unsatisfactory. He maintains that regeneration is not required, either for baptism or church membership. As believing and unbelieving Jews were mingled in the Jewish church, so may the renewed and unrenewed be brought together in the Christian church. Baptism and church membership are to be regarded as means of grace, instead of signs of discipleship. One error begets many. Simple obedience to Christ leads to all truth. If our troubled brethren will only lay aside infant baptism, as a corruption of the Gospel order, their perplexity will vanish. They can then see that regeneration must precede baptism, as Philip said, "if thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest," and that only those are regenerated who exhibit the change in a new life. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." A weak position is generally defended by bad logic.—W. & R.

Anecdote of a Dog.

A gentleman residing in Seville had a dog named Carlo, and a fine knowing dog he was. His master, who had much confidence in his prudence and discretion, not only employed him to bring provisions from market, but also intrusted him with money to pay for the various articles commissioned. For a long time Carlo conducted himself in the most irreproachable manner, carrying the billet and money to the butchers, and conveying home a piece of beef or a fine fat pullet, as the case might be. Carlo continued to fill his situation in the commissariat to the entire satisfaction of the parties concerned; no fraud, no peulation, was ever laid to his charge; in short, Carlo showed by his daily conduct that he not only knew the duties of a commissary, but what is still more remarkable, he actually practiced them. But, alas, how many men in the midst of an honorable career may be tempted to make a false step. So it was with Carlo. Some shabby dog, it was supposed, had affronted him—he set down the basket, and, while engaged in chastising his foe, an urehin peeped into the basket, seized the piece of money, and directly made off, without waiting to congratulate the victor. Carlo, having sufficiently punished his adversary, shook his ears, and, quite unconscious of the loss he had sustained, seized the basket with his teeth, trotted off to the market in quick time, and presented himself before the butcher. "How is this? There is no money here, Carlo," said the butcher, after taking out the billet, and turning the basket upside down. For a few moments Carlo hung his head in evident confusion; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he rushed out of the market. Away he went, helter skelter through the crowded street, upsetting a Gallega with his water-jar, bounding against a seller of watermelons, and running full tilt against an Italian peddler, creating dire confusion among his saints and madonnas—on he went, till he reached the square where a number of boys were collected playing at pitch and toss. Here Carlo made a halt for a few minutes, until seeing a piece of money similar to the one that had been stolen from him, he pounced upon it and disappeared, to the great astonishment of its owner. Carlo went directly to the butcher, gave him the money, took up the wellfilled basket, and what is not the least remarkable part of the story, he returned home by a circuitous route, by which means he avoided passing through the square, having doubtless reasons of his own for declining a meeting with the young gambler.—The Sportsman.

Making others happy.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired for the night, what they had done that day to make others happy, found her twin daughters silent. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. That is all, dear mother."

The other spake still more timidly. "A little girl who sat with me on the bench at school has lost a little brother. I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

"Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother; "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer!"

Agriculture, etc.

OLD FRUIT TREES RENOVATED.

There were old apple trees in profusion, with nearly a hundred pear trees of superior vigorous growth, but utterly neglected, and reported as yielding small crops or indifferent fruit. The outgoing seller of the farm had intended to cut them down. He knew the market value of pickles, but the pear culture was a sealed book. The buyer, educated in a different school, believed that they could be resuscitated. He stood among them and debated the question. He thought that there was a foundation to begin upon, and that an investment of money in reviving them would yield a far quicker return than in waiting for the product of a newly planted orchard. Among other facts and experience, reference was made to the memorable account recorded in this journal, nearly twenty years ago, of the complete renovation of two outcast pear trees. Like all these, they had once borne excellent crops of fruit but for several years had produced only worthless specimens. The owner was told that the trees—for there were several in like condition—had exhausted the proper element in the soil, and that it must be reintroduced by artificial means.—That autumn he carried out the suggestion, and scraped off all the rough outer bark from two trees, then coated them with soft soap, cut out about one third of all the poorest branches, and shortened the head of the tree one-third by cutting back the principal limbs, paring the wounds and covering them with the shellac solution.

The preparations being made, a trench was dug around each tree, three feet from the same, four feet wide and twenty inches deep, the soil being carted away. In making this trench about a third of the roots were cut away. The trench was then filled with soil from a good pasture field, there being added at the time of filling, two bushels of refuse scoria from a blacksmith's forge, two of well broken charcoal, and two pounds of pulverised potash. All these were thoroughly intermingled after the trench had been filled, by frequent overturnings with the spade.

The result of this cheap and simple operation was manifest the following summer. The luxuriance and vigor of the foliage were surprising for the newly formed roots were wandering into fresh and wholesome pasture. The next year there was a moderate bloom, but every blossom produced fruit. The third season there was a fine crop, the two trees producing six bushels of superb fruit. It was convincing evidence that the failure of old established pear trees to produce good crops is owing to a want of proper nutriment in the soil; and that instead of being cut down when they cease to bear, they should be taken in hand and renovated.—Horticulturist.

GATHERING SEEDS.—Good husbandmen are anxious to preserve the best seed they can for future use. This is the season for accomplishing that object. By a little careful observation the sorts best adapted for the soil may be ascertained and the finest specimens only should be saved for this purpose. The future years' crops depend on proper care taken now in gathering and storing such seed. A writer in the Maine Farmer makes some timely and sensible remarks on this subject:

"As to the method of preserving seeds, the dry kernels are best kept in their pods or outer coverings, but the seeds of some fruits, as cucumbers, melons, &c, must be cleansed from the pulp and mucilage which clings to them, otherwise the rotting of these parts will corrupt the seeds. When seeds are gathered it should always be done in dry weather, and then hung up in bags in a dry room, so as to preserve them from the air. The most healthy and vigorous stocks should be selected for bearing seeds; and such as attain maturity at the earliest period in the season ought to be preferred. The proper time for gathering seeds, is the period of perfect maturity, which can be judged by the dryness. If the stalk is dead, then no further nourishment can be conveyed to the ripe seeds. Various experiments have been devised for preservation of seeds, the most simple consists in sealing them from light and heat in the bowels of the earth, where they will retain their vegetative powers for years. We see instances of mustard seed producing a crop on drying up the soil that had remained in a state of rest for years. In the same manner the best cucumbers and melons are raised from seeds of three and four years old, though some gardeners do not employ them till they have been kept ten or twelve years. It appears to be an opinion which is settled among the best practical cultivators, that very little advantage in common cases is derived from changing from one country or climate to another, and it is therefore best as a general rule for farmers to raise their own seeds and they know what it is, and it is also less trouble, and less expense, most independent, and the farmer can then say, I raised the seed and know what it is."

GEOLOGY PUT TO TRIAL.—M. Siamond and other European geologists predicted that the Mt. Ceniz tunnel would meet with embarrassment from quartz, at the distance of 2,000 meters from the entrance. The engineer encountered it at the distance of 2,090 meters—a close calculation.

FLOWERS.—As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and finger, it is said, if thrown in a vase of water, will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight.