

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 9th, 1866.

CONCERT: or Review of the past months subjects and lessons.

Sunday, September 16th, 1866.

JOHN XX. 1-18; Christ's resurrection. 1 KINGS XX. 1-12; Benhadad besieges Samaria. Sermon—ISAIAH LIII: 8, 9.

How strong a Temptation may be.

Mr. S. was a member of one of the first families in Scotland, and a young man of independent fortune. He had secretly acquired the vice of drinking, and it had taken firm hold upon his constitution before his family succeeded in detecting it.

Mr. S. it is a most painful thing to me not to a low you to have any money in your pocket when you leave home.

I give you my word of honor, doctor," replied Mr. S., "that I will not enter a public house, and I should feel obliged to you if you will allow me to have ten pounds."

The money was given to him. About mid-day he quitted the house, and it was expected he would return home to the family dinner at seven o'clock. He did not make his appearance however, and as he was generally very punctual his absence caused the doctor considerable uneasiness, and after waiting nearly an hour, the family dined without him.

Shortly after, the poor fellow became a confirmed drunkard, and had to be placed under confinement.—Good Words.

The infidel settlement.

Dr. Bushnell once secured a subscription for a house of worship from a wealthy unbeliever, by asking the novel question, "What would real estate be worth in Dodom?"

There was a community gathered on one of our Western prairies which was avowedly infidel in sentiment. The old proverb about "birds of a feather" proved true in their case.

As things they hoped now to be very happy in each other's society. There would be no narrow minded Gospel preacher to disturb peace by sounding alarm in their ears.

As the select society did not prosper well. Who ever knew of an infidel community that was a moral one? What people ever lived without a Sabbath, who did not sink down into heathenish degradation?

The sad condition of the children, who were growing up in vice, next called loudly for some steps that should elevate and improve their con-

dition. So it was decided that they, too, should be gathered, to be instructed in morals, and taught to sing, perhaps. The observance of the Sabbath even in this poor way was found to be a great advantage to the place; and so well convinced did some of the leading men become of the impossibility of an enlightened settlement without some form of religion, that they at last wrote on to the East to have a minister sent them.

The Monkey and the Child.

In the year 1818 a vessel set sail from Jamaica for England, and among the passengers was a lady, the mother of an infant only a few weeks old. The voyage was very pleasant, the weather remarkably fine, and the passengers did their best to make the time pass agreeably.

An apt reply.

Those who would win souls must have their wits about them. Tact is indispensable. The following incident of a city missionary who one Sabbath sought to do good to a party of men in a beer shop, shows how much may be done by a Christian who unites with his piety, keen, practical common sense:

He entered with a few little books in his pocket; and taking out one, which was a dialogue, offered to read it in parts with a man who stood near.

"O yer one of the soul mongers! Always at it talkin' of what yer don't understand. I'd like to know, what is a soul? Come, old fellow, can yer tell us hat?"

Attention was aroused, and the answer to "Bill's" question was waited for with some curiosity.

"My friend," said the missionary, "a man generally asks a question for one of three reasons: either he cares to get an answer, or he asks from curiosity, or he wants to puzzle the man he questions."

A knowing wink from Bill to his mates showed that the last suggestion had hit the mark.

"Yes, I see," said the missionary, "you want to puzzle me, to show me up; now, you know, two can play at that game; and before I answer you, will you be so good as to tell me what are the component parts of oxygenated muriatic acid of lime?"

Silence for a moment, then a nudge and a chuckle on the part of a mate. "E, Bill, he's got you there!"

"You can't tell me? Well, at least, repeat my question—what was it I asked you?"

But hardly liked to give in, and turned his head from side to side in a vain effort to recall the words.

"Can't you say?" inquired the missionary.

"I'm a thinkin'."

"Thinking, are you? What with? Your finger-ends? The hair on your head? What is it in you that thinks?"

"Caught you, Bill! the old fellow's caught you, he has!" chimed in another neighbor.

"I have answered you, my friend; what thinks, is your soul."

The missionary then took occasion to speak of its immortality and its redemption, to listeners who were now all eager attention.

Drunkenness among Women.

We had seen statements similar to the following extract from correspondence of the Philadelphia Episcopalian, and the Boston Round Table, but were doubtful whether they were not greatly exaggerated. A short time since on meeting a lady from New York, who had been actively engaged in mission work in that city, we made particular enquiry, and were assured that it is not only true, but that the half has not been told.

The following is the statement referred to:

"There is one matter to which you referred in your last week's issue, which, from its fearful increase, seems to demand special notice,—the sin and evil of social drinking. A well known New York paper says in a late issue, 'We have the best authority for stating, that some of the elegant ladies of our leading cities will pass the summer, not at Saratoga and Newport as usual, but at an asylum for inebriates!'

Now, is not this a fearful picture? And it is not alone in New York that such things are to be seen. Any one who will take the pains to go to certain ladies' restaurants in our own city, can see ladies sipping their fancy drinks here also. 'We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen,' when we say, that here, too, ladies drink their wines, and seem to think it something to laugh at; something smart,—and they joke one another, about 'feeling tight'—'feeling it in their heads'—'being weak in the knees,' &c.; as if 'glorying in their shame.' Oh, do these remember the words of that book which they profess to take as their guide—'fools make a mock at sin.' Do they not know that where we have gone so far that we can laugh at evil, we need go but little further to be overcome of it?

On, sirs, sound the note of warning,—it is needed! Stand between the living and the dead, and cry day and night unto the children of your people; then, if they perish, they perish,—but their blood cannot be required at the watchman's hand."

\$100,000 gone for Rum!

In opening one of the letters to the office the other day, we found a one dollar bill, on the back of which, in a neat business hand, was written the following inscription:

"This is the last dollar of a fortune of \$100,000—all of which has gone for rum! What a miserable fool I have been! JAMES F. COFF"

Fool, indeed, thought we. And such is the power of rum. And such are its sad effects, and the effects of all strong drink upon those who use it. It steals away the brain, and makes a man a fool, until, bewildered and seduced by its fascinations, he throws himself away, a willing victim, and becomes a sot and a brute, destroys his health and his peace, squanders his fortune, ruins his business and his good name, brings his family to poverty and misery, and dies, at last, a death of horrors, and is shut out from the kingdom of God for ever. Verily, "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Would you be always safe, young reader? Touch not! taste not! handle not!—Uncle P's Grim.

Total abstinence is the only path of safety for ladies as well as gentlemen. We commend the principle to our fair readers—old and young.

Scientific.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—The art of making stone in a plastic state has been known for a considerable time; but hitherto there has been little practical use of the discovery. There is now an artificial stone company at New Haven, which makes exclusively a very desirable quality of stone, the ingredients of which are sand, quartz and silicate of soda. In twenty-four hours this composition hardens from the consistency of putty to that of rock.

FISH AS FUEL.—A very novel use of fish is reported to be made on the Western lakes. The sturgeon which get too stale for market are sold on the wharves to the steamboat makers, who thrust the into their furnaces and greatly facilitate the combustion of the wood. Twenty of these big fish are equal, it is said, to a cord of wood in raising steam.

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman; "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

Agriculture, &c.

WATER FOR STOCK.

"A friend of ours who takes an interest in such matters has been lately measuring the water consumed daily by his cattle, and as every drop must be pumped for them, the quantity used has been easily ascertained. The result of his observation is, that the thirty-six he has grazing in two adjoining fields consume daily upwards of 300 gallons of water. Now, bearing this fact in mind, what can be the state of cattle or sheep carried by railway, and confined in trucks for twenty, forty, eighty, or it may be fifty six hours, and even more, without getting a drop of water all the time, besides the terrible shaking which cattle experience during the journey, and the fatigue caused by their being unable to lie down? Is it possible that animals treated in this way can be healthy, or their flesh, if fat, in a wholesome state to be used as human food? Rai way cattle traffic is a matter in which the public at large, not less than farmers and graziers, are deeply concerned. If it had been the case of a cab horse or a coster-monger's donkey at work with a palled scoulder, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be down upon the owner at once, and quite right; but railway folk, we suspect, are too high game to fly at, and in this way an amount of cruelty is perpetrated—unintentionally, we candidly believe, in most cases—of which few have any adequate idea."—Scottish Farmer.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

The Executive Committee of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its last winter meeting, offered the following premiums on farms:—

1. For the best improved and most profitable farm of not less than 160 acres in area, a premium of \$100.

2. For the best improved and most profitable farm of not less than 80 acres, and not over 160 acres, a premium of \$75.

These prizes are to be awarded at the Annual Meeting to be held in Adrian next month. The entries were required to be made with the Secretary at his office in Detroit on or before the 15th of July. The examination of the farms is to have reference to the following points, which are laid down for the guidance of the judges:—

1. The condition of the surface with regard to its economical division into fields, its improvement, the fences, and the system of cultivation practiced.

2. The farm house, and grounds, orchards, farm buildings, yards and arrangements for taking care of the stock and crops, incident to the particular system of culture practiced.

3. The amount of drainage, if such work was necessary, and the improvement caused by open or by under-drains.

4. The quantity and quality of the live stock maintained.

5. The amount and condition of the crops for the last, past, and present years.

6. The return obtained by the system pursued, with the aggregate amount of stock and crop kept and obtained per acre.

USEFUL INSECTS. The Entomologist says:—

"We blame the house flies for annoying, and fail to see that in the larva state they have cleared away impurities around our dwellings, which might otherwise have bred cholera and typhus fever. We execrate the blood thirsty mosquito, and forget that in the larva state she had purified the water, which would otherwise by its material filth, have generated agues and fevers. In all probability, when we rail at the Tabanus that torments our houses in the summer, we are railing at insects which in the larva state have added millions of dollars to the national wealth, by preying upon those most insidious and unmanageable of all the insect foes of the farmer—subterraneous, root-feeding larvae."

A NEW FARM YEARLY.—The Rural Advertiser, for June, in remarking on the various fertilizers used by farmers says there is one unfailing source of supply within reach of every farmer. This is found in deep ploughing and a proper pulverization of the soil. In other words, "depth of soil beneath their crops and fertilizing atmospheric gases above them." By ploughing an inch deeper every year, a new farm, so to speak, is obtained. Of course there is a limit to this, but the trouble generally is, that but few persevere till they reach it.

TO KEEP ICE.—Bell's Messenger says:—

"Make a double pocket of any kind of strong woollen cloth, no matter how coarse and faded it is. Have a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets, and pack this space as full as possible with feathers. You have no need to use goose feathers; hen's feathers are just as good. With a pocket thus constructed and kept closely tied at the mouth, a few pounds of ice may be kept a week."

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER AND DRESSING. Words can not describe the gloss, the silkiness, the luxuriance, the flowing, wavy beauty of the hair that is dressed with these preparations. Sold by all Druggists.

OF ALL STUDIES, STUDY YOUR OWN CONDITION.—REV. H. V. DEVEN, Boston, Mass., writes—"That Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair-Restorer and Z'lobalsamum promote the growth of the hair where baldness has commenced. I have the evidence of my own eyes." Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 193 Greenwich st., N. Y.