

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 8th, 1866.

JOHN XVI. 22-33: Prayer is to be in the name of Christ. I KINGS XVI. 23-34: Fulfillment of Joshua's prophecy. Recite—JOHN XVI. 7-11.

Sunday, July 15th, 1866.

JOHN XVII.: Christ's prayer. I KINGS XVII. 1-16: Miracles wrought in behalf of Elijah. Recite—ROMANS VIII. 26.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

THE initial letters of the words here described, if rightly arranged, will shew a source of much valuable information to your readers.

- 1. The man Paul left sick at Miletum. 2. He to whom God gave fourteen sons and three daughters. 3. The son of Helos. 4. One of the instruments played at the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar set up. 5. A man brought from Tyre by King Solomon. 6. The place where Rachel wept. 7. The sixth captain of the sixth month. 8. One of the sons of Adam. 9. The place where Paul left his cloak. 10. One of the men that Moses sent to search the land of Canaan. 11. The woman whom the Bible says had "a good understanding." 12. The prophet who waited on Artaxerxes. 13. He who disputed with Satan about the body of Moses. 14. The mother of John the Baptist. 15. He who was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. 16. The man sent by Kish to seek the asses that were lost. 17. He who prophesied the coming of the Lord with ten thousand of his saints. 18. The Land where one of the sons of Adam dwelt. 19. The mountain from whence the blessings were pronounced. 20. The priest who was a son of Buzi. 21. The person who knew Peter by his voice.

E. W. B.

New Ross, May 24th, 1866.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO CAME TO JESUS.

How touchingly beautiful are the teachings of Sacred Writ, when they fall from the lips of babes, and its faith when exemplified by childhood's tender ears.

Our little Ella, a girl of scarce eleven summers, was early bereft of parents; she was, however, the solace of an aged grandsire, the pride of the Sabbath school, the ministering angel of the home circle. There, with sweet words of affection, she ever soothed the ruffled mind, and shed around an atmosphere of harmony. The church in our little village had been laboring under a protracted drought, the dews of God's grace had not for months past watered the words of everlasting life as dispensed from the sacred desk. Our Zion lay in the dust of humility and bemoaned her great spiritual declension. A brighter day at length dawned on us, and, in answer to many earnest petitions, God poured out his Holy Spirit in our midst. Many of the children of our Sabbath school were brought from "Nature's darkness into His most wondrous light." Ella was among the first who came forward for prayer. With interest I watched her earnest face, and made her a subject of special prayer. Passing before the group of mourners one night, after service, comforting and counselling as their separate cases demanded, I approached little Ella. Her head was bent in prayer, but the sighs I was wont to hear from her were audible no longer. I was afraid she had become discouraged, and stooping over her drooping form remarked, "Ella, you must seek him earnestly." As it touched by electricity, she turned quickly, and with a countenance beaming with joy answered, "I have sought him and found Him." Yes, the gentle dews of Divine grace had been shed on that orphan's head, and the heart once desolate was glowing with love to God and man. How serenely bright was that little face, bespeaking sweet pardon sought and found through the mediation of a crucified Saviour?

The deceased parents of our little Ella were Methodists. She had, prior to her spiritual birth, avowed her determination to adhere to that church, and told her grand-parent he could never make a Baptist of her—never persuade her to go down into the water. The doors of the church being opened for the reception of members, the first to present herself, without solicitation, was this dear child of grace. The sinful heart made pure by Jesus' blood, saw now no barrier, nor acknowledged any obstacle to following the Saviour into Jordan, but with longing desire sought the privilege of joining God's people. She heard the gentle voice of the Lamb of God, as in touching accents, he exclaimed to John, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," and following the dictates of that love, earnest-

ly requested baptism at our hands. Never can I forget that little form, as it stood around the font waiting its turn to descend into the liquid grave. With a face radiant with joy she moved to the waters. Before the assembled crowd I stayed her steps for a moment, and interrogating her as to her motive in desiring baptism, received the calm and audible response, "I wish to be baptized because I read my Saviour went down into the Jordan and was baptized of John."

Weeks have glided by since the dedication of this young disciple to her Saviour. Her ardor has not abated. Always at the prayer meeting, at the Sabbath school, visiting the poor and sick, delighting to talk of heaven and heavenly things, our little Ella may be held up to veterans of the Cross, as worthy of imitation. God grant that our Sabbath schools may turn out many such zealous young disciples, that will rejoice the hearts of faithful pastors, and be as jewels in the crowns of prayerful, loving teachers.—Religious Herald.

A LITTLE BOY WHO WAS BROUGHT TO THE SAVIOUR.

Sometime ago, a little boy, nine years of age, the child of a poor laboring man, sat at his mother's feet, plying his tiny fingers in a homely occupation. The mother sang one after another of the songs of Zion. The boy listened intently as she began,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and as she sang on, her fingers meanwhile busy with her work, the big tears rolled down his cheeks. Before she ceased, he bounded from his seat and threw his arms around her, exclaiming, "Mother, don't sing that; don't sing that. You'll kill me if you sing that again." The mother, surprised at the excited manner of the child, said: "Why, my son? Why, don't you like that pretty hymn?" He clung to her neck, and shudderingly sobbed out, "Because, mother, while you sing that, I know you are thinking of going to heaven, and you will leave me. I can't go. I never can go. I've been a bad boy, and God won't let me come with you, and I shall never see you again. O, mother, don't—don't sing that hymn again." And he fell at her feet, fainting. The mother, greatly alarmed, took him in her arms, called for help, and sent for a doctor. After using a few simple remedies, he revived; but still lay pale and trembling. His mother bending over him, asked tenderly, "My son, are you sick?" "No, mother," he replied; "I am not sick, but that hymn is ringing through my ears louder than a cannon." For several days, his childish face was the picture of despair. He was pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. With simple faith he laid his sins on Jesus, and found relief. Some days after this event, as his mother sat by the window in the summer twilight, he crept softly to her side, and whisperingly said: "Sing that hymn now, mother. I can sing it, too." He has recently enrolled himself under the banner of the Cross.—Ib.

The Drunkard conquered by the Prayer of a Child.

The following fact has been given by Dr. Selneby:

"A drunkard who had wasted his property by intemperance, returned one night to his home, made desolate and miserable by his vicious excesses. He felt as drunkards often feel, self-condemned, miserable, stung with remorse, unable to bear his own reflections. As he entered his wife's apartment, the anguish which was gnawing like a worm at his heart, was excited almost to phrenzy by the sight of the victim of his base appetite—his lovely wife and interesting child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little darling by her side, 'Come, my child, it is time to go to bed.' And that little child, as she was wont, instantly knelt by her mother's hip, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of beautiful statuary, repeated her nightly orison. When she had finished, the child, but four years of age, said to her mother, 'Dear ma, may I not pray one more prayer?' 'Yes, my dear pet, pray what is in your heart.' And she lifted her tiny hands, and closed her eyes and prayed, 'O God, spare,—oh, spare my dear papa! That prayed was wasted with electric speed to the throne of God. It was heard on high, 'twas heard on earth. The responsive 'Amen' burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and, in penitence, he said, 'My child, you have saved your father, from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!'"

"I SHALL NEVER FORGET ABOUT STEPHEN."—A teacher was very earnest one day over a lesson upon the martyr Stephen. After school one little fellow with glowing countenance said, "Teacher, wasn't it a nice lesson? I shall never forget about Stephen."

Some months afterward the teacher asked that boy, "Arthur, is there any lesson that we have had which you remember particularly?"

With radiant face he replied, "O yes, teacher, I haven't forgotten about Stephen yet."

Thus did the teacher's earnestness engrave the lesson on Arthur's memory and heart.—The S. S. Journal.

The terror of being thought poor has been the ruin of thousands.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective—some must be seen at a distance.

Scientific,

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

To sum up in a few words what we consider the surest way of escaping the cholera, we would say:

I. Eat just such food as you ordinarily would in warm weather.

II. Partake of vegetables and fruits without hesitation, only take care that they be ripe and fresh.

III. By no means allow your system to run down, for you will need all the vital energy you can command to withstand the depressing influence of the season, cholera or no cholera.

IV. Do not worry yourself about your health any more than usual, nor watch the workings of your system, as if it contained nitro-glycerine and were liable to explode every moment; rather let it take care of itself, and nine times out of ten any little irregularities which you might mistake for symptoms of cholera will be rectified by nature without your help.

V. In two words—BE SENSIBLE.—Round Table.

NEW FUEL.

A newspaper of Tepic, Mexico, speaks in high terms of a late discovery that has been made to apply to purposes of fuel the stone of the guacoyal, the fruit of a species of palm that grows on the Pacific side of Mexico. From experiments made on board of English war steamers, it has been discovered that, used as a fuel, the stone of the guacoyal is equal to the best coal, both for the length of time it burns and the intensity of heat produced. It has likewise the advantage over coal, that there is no disagreeable smell from the exhalation of gas, nor does it dirty the holds, nor the persons who have to take it out; its shape is also in its favor for employing directly, and it is not subject to spontaneous combustion, or damage by leakage of the ship. The guacoyal, as already stated, is the fruit of the palm which nature has covered the Mexican coast of San Blas and the valley of Banderas. The quantity of this fruit which can be collected annually, is incalculable. Thousands of tons, says the Tepic newspaper, can be gathered at a very slight expense, and easily supply all the steamers of the Pacific coast, the difference of price between it and coal at San Francisco being about one half. The objection is, that the supply can only be temporary, as the daily consumption of one vessel would take the produce of thousands of trees to supply it.

ALLOPATHIC AND HOMOEOPATHIC.

The recent discussion between Allopathic and Homoeopathic physicians in regard to the treatment of the cholera brought to mind a recipe we saw long ago, which may be useful to our readers. We give it from memory:

HOMOEOPATHIC BROTH.—Take a spring chicken; let it be rather skinny. Dress it nicely, and hang it in the sun. Let the shadow fall on a kettle of water, and boil four hours. When it is done, take one table spoonful and mix in a quart of pure spring water. (Filtered Croton will answer very well.) Ten drops of this mixture, taken in half a wine glass of warm water, at intervals of three hours, will be found very nourishing. If the patient strictly adheres to this diet the services of a nurse can soon be dispensed with.

By way of contrast, we are reminded of a good lady of the Allopathic persuasion, whose minister came to condole with her after the death of her child.

"My friend," he began, "I am sorry to hear that you have lost your baby."

"Yes, Sir," replied the mother. "we did every thing to save it, but in vain. We had five doctors, and they gave it castor oil, and rubarb, and senna; and when that didn't do any good, they gave it ipecacuanha and calomel; and then they put a mustard paste on the stomach and chest, and a blister on the back and side, and applied leeches to the head. But it was of no use: the poor thing died after all!" —Exchange.

A CHEAP SMOKE HOUSE.

No farmer should be without a good smoke-house, and such a one as will be fire proof and tolerably secure from thieves. Fifty hams can be smoked at one time in a smoke-house seven by eight feet square. Mine is six by seven, and is large enough for most farmers. I first dug all the ground out below where the frost would reach, and filled it up to the surface with small stones. On this I laid my brick floor, in lime mortar. The walls are brick, eight inches thick, and seven feet high, with a door on one side two feet wide. The door should be made of wood and lined with sheet iron. For the top I put on joists, two by four set up edgewise, and eight and a half from centre to centre, covered with brick, and put on a heavy coat of mortar. I built a small chimney on the top in the centre, arching it over, and covering it with a shingle roof in the usual way. An arch should be built on the outside, with a small iron door to shut it up, similar to a stove door, with a hole from the arch through the wall of the smoke house, and an iron grate over it. This arch is much more convenient and better to put the fire in, than to build a fire inside the smoke-house, and the chimney causes a draft through into the smoke-house. Good corn cobs or hickory wood are the best materials to make a smoke for hams. The cost of such a smoke-house as I have described is about \$20.—Ez.

No man's religion ever survives his morals. There is no better way to learn than to teach.

Agriculture, &c.

SOME SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TURNIP "FLY."

As a preventive, we have always placed great dependence on the use of hot lime, our practice having been to apply it a short time previous to sowing; and although we have suffered severely from "the fly" when we omitted, from any particular reason, to apply lime, we were always safe when we did use it. In other cases we have known hot lime applied a few days after the turnip seed had been sown, and with uniform success. The use of manures which stimulate a rapid growth in the young plants is of the greatest possible utility, because "the fly" ceases to injure them as soon as they get into the rough leaf. Keeping the land clear of charcoal, &c., is most useful in preventing attacks of "the fly," as the insect feeds upon and is nourished by such plants, even at other periods of the rotation than the turnip break. "As a remedial measure," says Stephens, "a long-haired hearth brush switched along the drills by field workers would cause the insects to fall from the plants better than any board or net; and if quick-lime were strewed immediately upon the plants, as recommended from the experience of 102 practical farmers of the Doncaster Agricultural Association, their destruction would likely be more certain." A "Turnip-fly Catcher" has been patented by a Mr. Morris. It consists of a light horizontal frame-work, carried by the wheels, and guided and propelled by a handle, just like a child's perambulator. A piece of light canvass is smeared with a adhesive compound, to which the insects adhere when brushed off the plants by the canvass curtain.—The Farmer.

POTATOES AS A FOOD FOR SHEEP.

On this subject a correspondent of The Farmer writes:—"Being somewhat short of turnips this season, as soon as my hogs were put out turnips at the beginning of January, I commenced to add a few potatoes, and gradually increased the quantity till the mixture was half potatoes and half turnips, with the addition of chaff or hayseeds, and a sprinkling of salt; they were also well supplied with hay, and about 1/2 lb. of linseed cake each. I am happy to inform your correspondent; that I never had a lot of sheep that made more satisfactory progress, or were healthier, than the potato-fed ones this season. I don't think it is safe to give sheep corn and potatoes. I have heard of many farmers in this county (Fife) who tried potatoes for their sheep this season. Several have stopped using them, owing to the loss they were meeting with; but I never heard of any bad effects from the use of potatoes where the sheep were getting a little cake at the same time. Care must be taken to bring them on gradually, and give plenty of hay."

TO EXPEL VERMIN FROM THE DAIRY.

A correspondent of the London Builder writes:

"Some years ago I read in a French scientific periodical, that chloride of lime would rid a house of all these nuisances. I treasured up the information until opportunity offered for testing its value, and this occurred some four years since. I took an old country house infested with rats, mice and flies; I stuffed every rat and mouse-hole with the chloride. I threw it on the floors of the dairy and cellars. I kept saucers of it under chests of drawers, or some other convenient piece of furniture, in every nursery, bed, or dressing-room. An ornamental glass vase held a quantity at the foot of each stair-case. Stables, cow-sheds, pig-sties, all had their dose, and the result was glorious.

I thoroughly routed my enemies, and if the rats, more impudent than all the rest, did make renewed attacks upon the dairy in about twelve months, when probably, from repeated cleansing and brushing, all traces of the chloride had vanished, a handful of fresh again routed them and left me master of my own premises.

Last year was a great one for wasps; they wouldn't face the chloride; though in the dining-room, in which we had none—as its smell, to me most refreshing and wholesome, is not approved by all persons—we had a perpetual warfare. And all this comfort for eightpence! Only let house-wives beware that they place not the chloride in their china pantries, or in close proximity to bright steel wares, or the result will be that their gilded china will be reduced to plain, and their bright steel tenders to rusty iron, in no time."

SMUT.

In answer to the question, What causes smut in wheat, and what will prevent it? the Canadian Farmer says:—"Smut is a fungus plant, propagated by seed as much as wheat, to which it adheres, and is sown with it, and thus the product continued. Wash your seed wheat thoroughly in various alkaline substances—in urine, in a solution of copperas, &c., and you will kill the smut seed, and in time get it out of your fields."

KILLING THE INSECTS.

An exchange says that a gentleman in New Jersey saved his plums by the erection near the trees of what he called "altars," whereon blazing fires were lighted in the evening and early morning during the flight season of the cutwallow moth, the result being the destruction of millions of moths by fire and a more plentiful crop of unpierced plums than had ever been produced in that neighborhood.