

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 27th, 1866.

JOHN xiii. 18-38: The traitor revealed. 1 KINGS xiii. 1-22: Jeroboam's hand withered and restored. Recite—ISAIAH lviii. 13, 14.

Sunday, June 3rd, 1866.

JOHN xiv. 1-14: Christ comforts his disciples. 1 KINGS xiii. 23-34: Jeroboam's disobedience. Recite—EZEKIEL xxxvi. 26, 27.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

ARRANGE in order the following names and the initial letters will constitute a valuable admonition from the lips of our Saviour.

1. The city built by Omri, in which he was afterwards buried.
2. King David's eldest brother.
3. He who was almost persuaded to be a Christian.
4. The place where the Israelites murmured for water.
5. The noblest of trees.
6. The brother-in-law of Moses.
7. The father of Abraham.
8. The prophetess who foretold the destruction of Jerusalem.
9. He who was smitten blind for opposing the truth.
10. The place where the bones of Joseph were buried.
11. Where the first miracle was performed.
12. Solomon's son who succeeded him.
13. A name of Jacob.
14. A city of Macedonia.
15. She who was raised to life by Peter.
16. He against whom the anger of the Lord was kindled.
17. The woman who with her kindred was saved when the city was destroyed.
18. The king of Moab killed by Ebad.
19. The Church that had a name to live, and yet was dead.

C. E. L.

Amherst, April 7th, 1866.

["Libbie Ann and Agnes" have also sent us from Truro quite another version of the above puzzle.—Ed. C. M.]

Aunt Fanny's evening talk.

I had often looked into aunt Fanny's quiet gentle face and wondered at her meek spirit, which no circumstances, however trying, ever seemed to disturb; but I never understood it all so well until after one of her evening talks with us. We were a band of youthful converts and seekers. While some, with clear bright testimony, stood forth joyous and happy, others of us still walked under a cloud longing for brighter evidence. Every Saturday evening we gathered around aunt Fanny to talk over the joys and conflicts of the week; in all our difficulties we went to her, and many a soul went forth refreshed by her gentle counsel and words of wisdom. This evening we had proposed to devote to the evidences of our conversion. As she closed the old worn Bible she said: "I think, girls, I can best explain the subject for this evening by a short account from my own early experience. While God brings some out of the darkness in a much more striking way than others, his Holy Spirit doth equally dwell in the hearts of those who have been led along almost imperceptibly into his presence, who, while they have no brilliant testimony to point back to, yet in the simple trusting life and every day struggle after the patient spirit of the Master, give us an every day testimony that they are his children. But I must give you the account which more than any thing else, served to dispel the mist from my own mind. I was a gay and careless girl until the death of my mother, whose quiet life was one of those of which the world never hears, but whose every yearning tends heavenward. It was not until after I had been deprived of her gentle teachings that I longed to find her Saviour. I wondered in doubt and darkness for many weary months; I felt that Jesus was very precious to me, and yet I hardly dared hope,—I thought of the bright and shining light that Saul saw, and I longed for some brighter evidence. There was no earthly friend to whom I could turn now, I had an indulgent but worldly father and he scorned what he termed my 'Methodist notions.' There was no one but my old nurse Hetty; she was growing aged and feeble, but she was fresh and strong in the love of Christ. I spent almost every twilight in her little cabin; she was growing weaker and weaker every day, and I shall never forget how, as she neared her heavenly home, she grew more earnest to see me rejoicing in the Saviour's love. 'You's a'waitin' to wait fur, its jis only believe,' she would say. One afternoon I was drawn earlier than usual to her cabin. As I entered a smile lighted up her countenance, and stretching out her thin hands she said, 'I se so glad you cum's; I se almost home, and I was jis thinkin' of I could on'y take a message over de ribber to missus to tell her, dat her dear child was all clear on de side ob Jesus; and while I was prayin' de memory of a blessed sermon came right into my mind, an' I jis think ef I could an'y tell missus dat. I was jis like you,

gropin' right in de darkness when I hear it an' it sent such peace right into dis heart dat I nebber knowed. Nathan would cum a talkin' 'bout de bless'd light he saw in de hour of his 'version, an' Betty tell 'bout de glory, but I see no light, no glory; I couldn't tell de hour when I begin, but I sure I lubbed de Lord. So I went meetin' all east down; I hear no text; I see nothin', till on a sudden I hear de blessed man of God sayin' how Lijah stood lookin' at de storm, de mighty wind, and de blazin' fire, and de Lord on'y cum in de still small voice. An' den he goes on, (I member all as if it was yesterday,) an' he say, now de Lord hab cum to some ob you in jis dat quiet way. Here you hab stood, waitin' for de great lights and sounds, and when he cum all in de quiet, you want sometin' more. Jes cause he didn't strike you down like Saul amid de shinin' light, you tink he hab not cum. You can't all jis believe like him. Its on'y believe, you no wait for nothin'; jis trust him, an' den if he choose, he'll cum in de shinin' light, an' ef he see you couldn't bear de brightness, he'll bring you on right under de shade ob de palm trees." Dear old Hetty's voice grew husky, she paused a moment, while I moistened her parched lips, and choked down de big tears. Through this humble earnest instrument, the veil was being lifted from my eyes. "Now don't you see missus I'd been waitin' losin' all dat precious time waitin' fur de evidence, when de berry fact dat we lub Him is all we need? Its jis on'y believe, an' den keep on workin' day be day fur de growth ob grace in dese poor hearts." She paused again in weariness, then pressing my hand more closely she whispered, 'I se knee deep in de tide now, a' most ober de ribber, shall I take de message ober?"

"Ah yes, dear old Hetty, God has answered your prayer."
"Thank de Lord! De waters am cold. Dey's cummin' higher and higher, but Jesus am near. Its jis on'y believe!"
"I pressed de calm dark brow,—it was cold in death. But long after de spirit had reached de farther shore, angel voices were waitin' back her words 'Only believe!' 'I left de cabin, but a heavenly peace went with me. It was upon no past testimony I was to live, but in de patient, daily, earnest striving that I should reach de 'perfect day' and revel in de effulgence of its mid-day glory."
VIRGINIA B. in *National Baptist*.

THE DEVIL RIGHT.—Dr. H—, who is pastor of the orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay-brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that an "opportunity would be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member.

On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary: "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes. He told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would. He said some of de rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent. He even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wan'd to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way—and now I have gained de victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid.

As they were coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered, "Brother, I think de devil, was right!"

The following is said to be on the tomb of a lady who is buried in Baltimore. She was born in 1613; and died in 1738:

Stop passenger until my life you read,
The living may get knowledge by de dead:
Five times five years I lived a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife,
Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste,
Now wearied of this mortal life, I rest.
Between my cradle and my grave have been
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen.
Four times five years the Commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rose against de law.
Twice did I see old prelacy pulled down,
And twice de cloak was humbled by de gown.
An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more,
My native country sold for English ore.
Such desolations in my life have been
I have an end of all perfection seen.

When nobility stoops to the office of teaching nothing of less dignity than the heir of a kingdom must be the scholar. How then shall we fully conceive the excellency of the soul which has the spirit of God for its appointed teacher and continual guide.—*Venn*.

Bulwer, the novelist, in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, says:—"I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

THE REMARKABLE PROPERTIES of Brown's Bronchial Troches have been thoroughly tested since first introduced. The demand for them has steadily increased, and purely upon their own merits, they have found favor with those who, from Pulmonary, Bronchial, or Asthmatic complaints require them. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Influenza, they are entirely efficacious, removing all obstructions, and increasing at once the power and flexibility of the voice.

Scientific.

SHORING HORSES THAT OVERREACH.—It is very annoying to ride or drive a horse that is constantly pounding his fore shoes with his hind ones. It is click, click all the time. We have had a number of horses with this fault, but latterly have been able to cure or greatly benefit them by a peculiarity of shoeing. Make high heel-caulks and very low toe-caulks on the fore feet, standing a little under, and the shoe setting well backward. The fore foot thus managed will roll over and be sooner out of the way of the hind foot. For the hind feet make the heel-caulk low, and the toe caulk high, projecting forward. If these directions are followed, the horse will travel clean, and the habit will soon be broken up.—*Rural World*.

CHOLERA REMEDY.—A correspondent of the *New-York Times* states, that on several occasions the ravages of cholera were, checked on board of crowded emigrant ships by the use of the following simple remedy: A teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper and a tablespoonful of salt, mixed with a pint of hot water. A small quantity to be taken by the patient in the early stages of the disease. In each instance, not a single death took place after this simple remedy was used.

PNEUMATO-ELECTRIC ORGAN.—Electricity has been very ingeniously and effectively applied to form a connection between the keys of an organ and the valves which permit air to pass to the pipes. Complicated mechanism is thus got rid of, an extremely simple arrangement, whatever the distance between the keys and the pipes, being substituted. Its mode of action is easily understood. When any key is depressed by the finger, a small commutator under it completes communication with a galvanic battery by dipping its lower ends into minute cups of mercury. Electricity then passes along a wire to a small electro-magnet, that immediately becomes excited, and, attracting a keeper, opens a valve, allowing air to pass into the organ pipe, which sounds at once, and continues to do so as long as the finger presses down the key. However powerful the organ or distant the pipes, the fingers are not in the slightest degree distressed in playing.

SELF-ACTING CLOCKS.—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—A novel application of electro-magnetism, as a motive-power for clockwork, has just been perfected by a working jeweler at Leamington. By the new electro magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feeble current of electricity, this beating true seconds, with a train of three wheels only. One of the advantages of this system is that a number of clocks, in different parts, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used.

Some one has invented PAPER SOCKS. They are to be made of clear paper or paper and muslin combined. The inventor designs them to be worn over or under ordinary socks in cold weather, and thus keep in or cause the feet to retain their natural heat. It is claimed they can be furnished cheaper than washing can be done. If this improvement proves a success paper will be substituted for a great variety of articles where now cotton and linen are used.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE it is said, is being manufacture at the rate of 100 miles a week. The structure is identical with the last, only the rope will bear a strain of from 15 cwt to a ton more than that of last year, so that it must be heavier, although there is no dark composition soaked into the Manila hemp which forms the covering of the outer wires. The outward appearance is far different, being of light colour instead of dark. The Great Eastern will endeavour first to lay this new cable, in July next, and afterwards to raise the old and complete it also.

M. Victor Hugo being lately asked if he could speak English, answered, "Oh, yes, and I can write English verses," and as a specimen of his talent in that line he improvised the following distich:

Four chasser le spleen
J'entr'ai dans une inn
Ou je bus du gin.
God save the Queen.

A GIGANTIC AQUARIUM. It is said, is to be among the wonders of the Universal Exhibition in Paris. The front alone is to measure 100ft.; every sort of fish is to be collected therein for the amusement of the public, and even sharks, cod, and porpoises are to exhibit their peculiar habits and customs in grottoes and caves, which are to be excavated in the floor of the building and filled with sea water.

AN ENIGMA.

There is a noun of plural number
A foe to rest and peaceful slumber;
Almost any noun you take
By adding S you plural make;
But if an S you add to this,
Singular metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.
The answer is "cares" which becomes "caress" when an S is added to it.

A ferryman, while plying over a river which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat, whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "we always finds 'em agin de next day."

Agriculture, &c.

Phenomena of Plants.

PLANTS exhibit some phenomena supposed to arise from the state of the air, which accurate observers regard as prognosticating changes of weather.

When the flower of the chickweed expands boldly and fully, no rain will fall for at least four hours after. When the chickweed half conceals its miniature flowers, the day is generally showery. If the chickweed entirely shuts up its white flower let the traveler put on his great coat, and the plowman give up his day's work.

If the flowers of the Siberian sow-thistle keep open all night, there will certainly be rain the next day.

The different species of clover always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm. If the African marigold does not open its flowers about seven o'clock in the morning, you may be sure it will rain that day, unless it thunders.

The unusual fruitfulness of white thorns and dog-rose bushes is the forerunner of a severe winter.

There are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which, during the whole day, turn their flowers to the sun, looking toward the east, in the morning, the south at noon, and the west at night; a fact particularly observable in the sow-thistle.

The flowers of the chick winter-green droop in the night, to keep the dew or rain from injuring the tender pollen.

One species of wood sorrel shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms and tempests; a rule which the sensitive plants and cassia also observe.

The flowers of both species of tragopogan open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and without regard to the state of the weather, regularly shut up about noon, from which fact the plant has obtained the name of Go-to-bed-at-noon.

The four-o'clock (mirabilis) is well known from its remarkable property of opening its flowers at four in the afternoon, and not closing them till the same hour in the morning.

The flower of the dandelion possesses very peculiar means of sheltering itself from the heat of the sun, as it closes entirely whenever the heat becomes excessive.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.—Three experiments shewing the value of weeding; as reported in the *Journal of the Bath and West of England Society*.

1. Seven acres of light gravelly soil were fallowed and sown broadcast; one acre was measured, and not a weed was pulled out of it: the other six were carefully weeded. The unweeded acre produced 18 bushels; the six weeded acres averaged 22½ bushels per acre, a clear gain of 25 per cent.

2. A six acre field was sown with barley in fine tilth, and well manured. The weeding, owing to a great abundance of charlock, cost 12s. per acre. The produce of an unweeded acre was 13 bushels, of the weeded 28 bushels, thus showing a difference of 15 bushels per acre, besides the enormous advantage of having the ground cleaned for the succeeding crop.

3. Of six acres sown with oats, one acre ploughed out well and unmanured and unweeded, yielded only 17 bushels; the rest ploughed three times, manured and weeded, produced 37 bushels per acre.

ONION STEW.—To two quarts of bran stock, add eight onions cut small, three ounces of lard, fat, or butter, salt and pepper. Nothing else is necessary; but if you have any bits of potato, cabbage, or other vegetable, a pinch or two of thyme, mint, or other sweet herb, some waste pieces of bread, so much the better; your stew will be richer, and more delicious for the addition. This really excellent stew would be further improved if, when the onions, potatoes and bread were soft, they were brayed fine or mashed into a pulp.

DON'T SHOOT THE OWLS.—In our days it was the custom to hunt through the forests for all sorts of game, whether on the wing or the leg. Many an innocent bird fell a victim to its almost utter ignorance of its habits and its haunts. Owls were always popped off without the slightest remorse. The fact that at rare intervals they would swoop down upon a plump chicken was enough. We hadn't read the Etwick Shepherd's remonstrance—"Shooting a hoolet! I'd as soon shoot my barn cat." The fact is that as a general rule, the owl is not only one of the most useful, but one of the most harmless birds in creation. He destroys moles and squirrels and field mice and weasels, all of which do a vast deal of harm on every landed estate and about our homesteads. Now boys, when your gun is raised, think twice and don't you do it. Just bear in mind that "Margery" does a thousand times more good than harm. It is only the great horned owl that robs hen roosts, and eats up little turkeys and chickens anyhow, and he also eats rats and mice and insects.—*Mass. Ploughman*.

At a shop window in Drury Lane, London, there appears the following notice: "Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."—May their apprentices be small.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made answer: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"