

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 10th, 1866.

JOHN xiv. 15-31: Farewell discourse of Christ. 1 KINGS xiv. 21-31: Abijah's prophecy. Recite—1 John iv. 20, 21.

Sunday, June 17th, 1866.

JOHN xv. 1-15: The Vine and the branches. 1 KINGS xiv. 21-31: Reign of Rehoboam. Recite—ROMANS xii. 10, 11, 12.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

THE initials of the following names will show the name of a distinguished translator into the Burmese Language.

- 1. The king, who, though performing his duty outwardly, had not a perfect heart. 2. The city to which Abaz was carried prisoner. 3. The son of Jehiel. 4. A ruler of Bath zur. 5. The grandson of Eli. 6. One of the sons of Leah. 7. The month which the Israelites were commanded to observe. 8. The man, by whose prayer, fire was quenched. 9. A prophet who was cast into a dungeon. 10. The priest who built an altar similar to the one in Damascus. 11. The king who wept on ascending mount. 12. He who slew Zachariah. 13. Caleb's younger brother. 14. The fourth of the New Testament deacons.

Barronsville, Cumberland Co., April 16th, 1866.

For the Christian Messenger.

Spring is coming.

Spring is coming! clap your hands, All ye happy children bands. Render songs of jubilee To the Triune Majesty.

All nature wakes throughout the land, And listens to her God's command. Obeying quickly buds are seen, They changing soon to living green. She joyfully fulfils her part, Nor stops to ask, with doubting heart, Will winter frosts return again, And all my efforts be in vain? But does at once what she is bid, With faith believing what is hid. And so, ye happy children bands, Obey your parents' fond commands; O, question not their wiser reason, Obedience learn from spring-time season. For just as Spring in path of duty, Dissolves in Summer's glowing beauty, So children who their parents love, Obedient too will ever prove, And in the path of duty gain What otherwise were sought in vain. Blithe youthful days will soon be past, Life's Summer e'er approaches fast; But if the Spring be idly spent, Expect in Summer to repent. For surely as the bright Spring A Summer sorrowful will bring: So youthful days employ'd amiss, Will fringe with cloud life's Summer bliss.

Windsor, May, 1866.

For the Christian Messenger.

Last Hours of Timothy Holmes.

Who died at Mira Bay, Sabbath morning, April 15th, at three o'clock, aged nine years and nine months.

"How terrible art thou O, death!"

So thought we as a few hours before his death we gazed upon this dear boy. He had been poorly for a fortnight, but no danger was apprehended until Thursday, when Diphtheria made its appearance.

That night a friend asked him if he was prepared to die, and he said, No; but appeared moved, was observed soon after to be praying. On Friday the disease seemed conquered and he was able to play with the children in the room; but about five o'clock he took a relapse, medical aid was called and the disease checked. Early Saturday morning his father heard him praying "O God forgive a little boy his sins on his dying bed"—she went to him and he asked her to pray for him, and said he would like to have Mr. Kempton come and talk to him and pray for him, but added, he is busy this morning and said he would be up to day so you had better not trouble him. They sent about eleven o'clock and he went immediately. He could see then that his hours were numbered, but his distress of body was nothing, compared with that of his mind. His earnest "O pray for me" expressed this lost condition. Mr. Kempton read Isa. lv

1-7, told him of Jesus' willingness to save, and then led in prayer while the dear boy by his parents, aunts and grandfather joined inaudibly. It was a solemn moment, there was joy in heaven, and while we waited God who has said "While you are yet speaking I will hear," did hear, and in a short time the Saviour manifested himself and Timmy said he believed if he did die Jesus would pardon his sins. Yet he was not real happy. The sky had been so black, the frown of an offended God so fearful that he could scarcely realize that the Son of Righteousness could dispense all the darkness—but He did; and as those beams lit up that pallid face, it shone with a strange brightness. He had found Jesus, and following the example of one of old, he first called his elder brother—taking him by the hand said "Good bye—Charlie I am going to be with Jesus. He has pardoned my sins, will you seek the Saviour now, and meet me in heaven?" The parents next drew near, he embraced them, kissed them many times, and said it was hard to part but he would rather be with Jesus.

Then the whole household were exhorted to seek the Saviour—or if they knew him to be faithful; and then meet him in Heaven, Jesus was his theme, and the salvation of sinners his object. He called again his elder brother and as they were locked in each others arms the Dr. entered and gently separated them, fearing the disease. He fixed his large bright eyes on the Dr. and said: "Will you promise to meet me in Heaven, tears filled his eyes, as with a husky voice he said, "I will try my boy." God grant he may try.

A short time after he said to his father "I see Jesus." Jesus is mine and I am his—repeated the precious words several times until the sound died on his lips and he spoke not again for three hours, then he aroused and spoke at short intervals until he died ever expressing great happiness, because his sins were pardoned and he was going to be with Jesus. He said to Mr. Kempton once in the night "I am so happy. As happy as you would be if you were going, almost." Just as he died he rose up, shook the pillow, turned himself and then with upraised eyes exclaimed "Joy, joy, joy"—the lips moved but gave no utterance,—he laid his head on his pillow—put his hands together, breathed a few times and was gone,—the glad spirit left its impress on the clay,—the face in every feature expressed joy, and as we looked now we had to say "How beautiful art thou O death!" Would you dear girls and boys who read this die as Timmy Holmes died? Seek the same Saviour when reading about children dying so happy.—Perhaps you have often thought, as I myself have, that the scene was painted,—this is a true picture. I saw this dear boy myself and only the idea is conveyed here—the reality could not be pictured.

Sunday School Teachers here also have encouraged to sow the seed. Timmy called his father to him twice and said, O the Sunday School—the Sunday School!—but we could not bear what he wished to say.

The funeral was largely attended. The Band of Hope, of which he was a member, walked in procession, clothed in their badges. Mr. Kempton preached from "My beloved is mine and I am His" Solomon's Song ii. 16.—Incident in C. B. Mission Life. April 28th.

A Bible Story.

A MAN WHO LOVED MONEY.

I will tell you about a man who loved money. The Lord Jesus had twelve friends who went with him from town to town. Peter was one, and James and John. They love the Lord Jesus. All? No, not all. Judas did not love him; he loved money better. These men—you know they were called disciples—had a bag to put their money in. They were poor men; so I suppose the bag was never very full. Judas used to carry the bag, and often he took money out of it to keep. He was not found out, nor did the others ever think of his stealing. But the Lord Jesus knew, because he knows every thing. The more money Judas got, the more he wanted; and I suppose he kept thinking "How can I make more?" At last he thought,

He knew the rulers wanted to catch Jesus and kill him. They were afraid to take him by day, because the people would not let them; so Judas went to the rulers, and said, "I will show you where to find him some night. What will you give me for showing you?" They promised him thirty pieces of silver. Judas went back to Jesus but of course he did not tell the disciples what he had done.

That night, as Jesus and the twelve disciples were at supper, Jesus said, "One of you will betray me; that is, one of you will give me up to wicked men to be killed." The disciples were surprised, and very sorry. "Whom?" asked Peter. "Is it I?" asked John. And so they all asked, "Is it I?" but Jesus did not tell which. Pretty soon John, who was nearest to Jesus,

whispered and asked, "Which is it?" Jesus said, "The one that dips his hand in the dish with me." There was a dish of sauce on the table, and when Jesus dipped his bread in, one of them put his hand in the dish at the same time. Who was it? You know. It was Judas. John knew also. Judas presently got up and went out. "The rest, I suppose, thought he was going to buy something or give some money to the poor.

After supper Jesus and his disciples went out, and they came to a garden on the side of a hill where they often went together. While there, a good many people were seen coming up the hill with swords and sticks and lanterns in their hands. Judas was with them. They were seeking Jesus; and Judas came slyly up and gave his Master a kiss, as if he loved him. Jesus did not run away, though he knew they came to take him, but he asked whom they were looking for; and they said, "For Jesus." "I am he," he said.

When the disciples saw the wicked men, they ran away; and Jesus was seized and tied and led off to Jerusalem. He went like a lamb. The rulers gave Judas the money they promised him. Did it make him happy? No, no. Judas could never be happy—never, never. "Oh," he thought, "I have killed my dear, good Master. What a wicked man I am." And he could not bear to keep the money; he hated the very sight of it; so he went back to the rulers, and threw the money down on the floor; and then he went into a field and hanged himself on a tree. Was not that a bad end?

Money is useful; but the Bible says, the love of money is the root of evil; and when you think how it tempts people to steal and rob and kill and tell lies, you see that the Bible is right about it. No money can prove a blessing which is not honestly come by.—Child's Paper.

A \$30,000 Job.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck, to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow, half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine, light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him. "What," said he, "Mr. Wilder, turned truckman?"

"Yes," answered the clerk, "the goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but, you see, I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on. Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen. "And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high price set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how important it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a business man can have. To be worth much to anybody, a boy must form a character for reliability. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know perhaps that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society, which issues this paper to the dear children of the land.—Ib.

The Tower of Repentance.

Sir Richard Steele, in one of his journeys to Scotland, soon after he had crossed the border near Annan, observed a shepherd on a hill side, and reading a book. He and his companions rode up, and one of them asked the man what he was reading. It proved to be the Bible.

"And what do you learn from this book?" asked Sir Richard.

"I learn from it the way to heaven."

"Very well," replied the knight, "we are desirous of going to the same place, and wish you would show us the way."

Then the shepherd, turning about, pointed to a tall and conspicuous object on an eminence, at some miles distance, and said:

"Well, gentlemen, ye maun just gang by that tower."

The party, surprised and amused, demanded to know how the tower was called.

The shepherd answered, "It is the Tower of Repentance."

It was so in verity. Some centuries ago, a border cavalier, in a fit of remorse, had built a tower, to which he gave the name of Repentance. It lies near Hodjam House, in the Parish of Cummertrees, rendered by its eminent situation a conspicuous object to all the country round.

"THEY that preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

Agriculture, &c.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.—We must not look for too great results from the application of chemistry to agriculture. Its suggestions may often serve as guides to experiment, but they can not be confided in without experiment. There are properties of soil too subtle for the chemist's retort. Only in nature's great laboratory can they be detected.

For example, it is found that a certain rock will be covered with the lowest lichens and mosses. Nothing else will grow upon it. In due time the action of the frost and rain, will crumble off the surface of the rock. This produces a coarse soil on which ferns and other plants a little higher than lichens will grow. Not till these have pulverized the soil still further, will it produce wheat and corn. Yet the chemist finds the same elements whether he analyze the rock, the gravelly sand, or the fine earth. And the difference is not merely one of fineness. Mechanical grinding will not convert the rock into fruitful land. The particles which the moss assimilates, acquire a new power from having once been parts of a living organism. When they have been assimilated by a higher plant, this power is increased. This influence of the living plant over dead matter, chemistry thus far has been unable to test satisfactorily. To find whether a particular soil will grow barley, sow a patch of it to barley. To tell whether a particular manure is valuable, try it. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Chemical science has done much for the practical arts. The processes of Photography, Telegraphy, and Electro plating, are purely the result of chemist's experiments, while the arts of printing and bleaching cloths, they have given a powerful impetus. Every year chemistry makes great advances, and we may yet hope that it is destined to render agriculture great and positive assistance.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet not so simple that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.—Scientific American.

BAROMETERS.—Sea captains find barometers of great service in forecasting storms of wind.

But it is very doubtful if they are of any practical value to farmers. The subject was freely discussed at a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, and, though some favorable reports were given of their use, the weight of testimony was very decidedly that they will not predict rain so as to be of any practical service. Think twice before buying one this summer.

SOWING GRAIN.—Farmers may learn from Russian serfs how to store their corn in safety.

In Russia a pit is dug in the ground in a well-drained place and the sides hardened by long exposure to fire. Before the grain is introduced, straw is ignited in the pit to purify and dry the air. It is said to have been preserved in this way 40 years without deterioration.

A new invention, paper socks, is announced.

The socks are made of paper and muslin combined. The inventors say that they will last as long as an ordinary pair would keep clean, and they can be made so cheaply that their cost will not equal the price of washing.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.—This class of flowers are becoming every season more popular.

For winter bouquets and floral ornaments, and for decorating during the holidays, and other festive occasions in the winter, nothing can equal them. They are easily grown and dried.

HOUSE FLIES may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison.

Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

KEEPING MILK.—Milk may be kept sweet by having it constantly in the presence of fresh water.

In a milk room provided with tubs, in which the water is changed twice a day, milk will not be soured, even by lightning.

COOKING BEEF.—The Scientific American informs the ladies that if they would have corn beef juicy after it is cold, and not as dry as a chip, they should put it into boiling water when they put it on to cook, and they should not take it out of the pot when done until it has become cold.

A VERY SMALL ENIGMA.

My first is a circle, My second a cross, If you meet with my whole Look out for a toss. Ox.