

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 20th, 1866.

JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ teaches humility. 1 KINGS xii. 25-33: Jeroboam's idolatry. Recite—1 CORINTHIANS ii. 9-11.

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.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

CAN two lines teach a lesson from above? Yes one shall speak a volume,—"God is Love."

- 1. Gideon.—Judges vi. 11. 2. Obadiah.—1 Chronicles viii. 38. 3. Deborah.—Judges iv. 5. 4. Isaiah.—Isaiah xx. 2, 3. 5. Sisera.—Judges iv. 21. 6. Lamech.—Genesis iv. 19. 7. Ornan.—1 Chronicles i. 20. 8. Vashti.—Esther i. 19. 9. Eli.—1 Samuel iv. 11.

STELLA.

[We like to please the young folks, especially those of them who are fond of thinking, and therefore insert the following at the risk of having the older ones imagine that it occupies too much of our space.—ED]

For the Christian Messenger.

"The day of your birth."

Mr. Editor,—

In "Youths Department" Christian Messenger April 25th, I notice under the above caption some amusement for your youthful readers.

It Mr. Mayflower's method is amusing, perhaps mine will be no less so, since it is quite a different one. For example, I was born Oct. 1st 1817. Then by the following Arithmetical calculation to find the Dominical letter for that year, (1817).

- 4) 1817 454—rem. 1. { This one denotes one year after leap year. 7) 2271

324—rem. 3.

Dominical letters,—G F E D C B A 1 2 3 4 5 6 0

Now the remainder 3 after dividing by 7, stands under 3 which was the dominical letter for 1817.

Then a letter for every month, viz.: A D D G B E G C F A D F. The position of the above letters I find by the following rhyme. At Dover dwelt George Brown Esq., good Christopher Finch and David Frier. Now in counting to Oct. on my fingers I find it the 10th month. Then I again count. At, Dover, dwelt, George, Brown, Esq., &c., to 10th word, which is And (A) Monday (G), Tuesday (F), Wednesday (E), Thursday (D), Friday (C), Saturday (B), Sunday (A). Now commencing at A, I count Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday: which answers to the Dominical letter for 1817 Hence Oct. in that year came in on Wednesday which was the day of my birth. Mr. "Mayflower" is right and deserves credit: he was born on Thursday which is self evident from the very fact that in 1810, G. was the dominical letter as it is also for the present year and the months throughout that year came in on the same day of the week as they do the present year.

But just now my birth could not be found so easily by Mr. Mayflower's method, but in 1873 when E the Dominical letter will be again used it will require no calculation, but simply a reference to an Almanac for that year. By the same method I find what day of the week any month comes in on either past, present, or future. For instance I want to know the day of the week the first of June comes on. I make the calculation on my fingers thus counting January Feb. March April May June the 6th month. Again I say, At Dover dwelt George Brown Esq., therefore E is the letter corresponding to June, then I commence at the letter E as it stands in the foregoing table and count to the right (Sunday E) (Monday D) (Tuesday C) (Wednesday B) (Thursday A) (Friday G.) Now since G is the Dominical letter, June comes in on Friday in the present year. This conclusion I reach not by consulting an Almanac, but I suppose it is correct. Your readers will also notice that on a common year, Jan. and Oct. comes in on the same day. Also in a common year, Feb. March and Nov. come in on

the same day of the week. March and Nov. always come in on the same day of the week, as also April and July; and so do Sep. and Dec., but June and Aug. never come in on the same day with any other of the months, so E. and C. only occur once in the rhyme. In dividing the date by 4, if no remainder, it is a leap year, and then you pass over one of the Dominical letters, thus in 1867 F is the Dominical letter, in 1866, D is the letter leaping over E, therefore in that year E is used for Jan. and Feb., and D for the remainder of the year, A. D. 1868. And so every leap year the letter passed over is used for the two first months.

CHRONOLOGY.

More Alphabetical Rhymes.

- A was a monarch, who reigned in the East.—Esther 1: 1. B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.—Dan. 5: 1-4. C was veracious, when others told lies.—Num. 13: 30-33. D was a woman, heroic and wise.—Judges 4: 4, 14. E was a refuge where David spared Saul.—1 Sam. 24: 1-7. F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.—Acts 26: 24. G was a garden, a frequent resort.—John 18: 1, 2. H was a village, where David held court.—2 Sam.—2: 11. I was a mocker, a very bad boy.—Gen. 16: 16; 21: 9. J was a city, preferred as a joy.—Ps. 137: 6. K was a father whose son was quite tall.—1 Sam. 9: 1, 2. L was a proud one, who had a great fall.—Isa. 14: 12. M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.—Col. 4: 10; Acts 11: 24. N was a city, long hid where it stood.—Zeph. 2: 13. O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.—Philemon 16. P was a Christian greeting another.—2 Tim. 4: 21. R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.—Acts 12: 13, 14. S was a sovereign, who made a bad choice.—1 Kings 3: 1; 11: 1-4. T was a seaport where preaching was long.—Acts 20: 7-9. U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.—2 Sam. 6, 7. V was a cast-off, and never restored.—Esther 1: 19. Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.—Ps. 137: 1. —PASTOR, in W. & R.

Queen Victoria's letter to Mr. Peabody.

Mr. Peabody is a citizen of the United States, who having accumulated great wealth in England has appropriated a large portion thereof in buildings for the poorer and laboring classes. The following is a letter from Her Majesty to this philanthropic gentleman:—

Windsor Castle, March, 28,—The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer class of her subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves. The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions. It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America, or given to him on the return which, she rejoices to hear, he meditates, to the country that owes him so much."

Mr. Peabody's Reply:—

"Madame,—I feel sensibly my inability to express in adequate terms the gratification with which I have read the letter which your Majesty has done me the high honour of transmitting by the hands of Earl Russell. On the occasion which has attracted your Majesty's attention of setting apart a portion of my property to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor of London; I have been actuated by a deep sense of gratitude to God, who has blessed me with prosperity, and of attachment to this great country, where, under your Majesty's benign rule, I have received so much personal kindness, and enjoyed so many years of happiness. Next to the approval of my own conscience, I shall always prize the assurance which your Majesty's letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects. The portrait which your Majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me I shall value as the most precious heirloom that I can leave in the

land of my birth, where, together with the letter which your Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as an evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom towards a citizen of the United States. I have the honour to be your Majesty's most obedient servant.—GEORGE PEABODY.

The value of Premonitions.

No one who has a large experience of life fails to know of incidents which bring the supernatural world very near, and draw from it apparently impressions and influences of extraordinary power. One cannot account for them by any known law. The Home Monthly gives a striking case of this kind:

One of our railroad engineers, some years since, was running an express train of ten well-filled cars. It was in the night, and a very dark night too. His train was behind time, and he was putting the engine to the utmost speed of which it was capable, in order to reach a certain point at the proper hour. He was running on a straight and level track, and at this unusual velocity, when a conviction struck him that he must stop. "A something seemed to tell me," he said, "that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there in the daytime I could have seen five miles. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to stop. I shut off, blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off and went ahead a little without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nervous grasp, and sat down on the track utterly unable to stand." "He goes on to tell us that there he found that some one had drawn a spike which had long fastened a switch rail, and opened a switch which had always been kept locked, which led on to a track—only about one hundred and fifty feet long—which terminated in a stone quarry!" "Here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonitory warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high! The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described, but they could by no possibility have been otherwise than fatally horrible." No one can here doubt the fact of a special interposition of God by which from a calamity most terrific, hundreds of lives were wonderfully spared.

No Perseverance of Sinners.

Mr. Nettleton once silenced a talkative man, who, though giving no evidence of a Christian character or life, was disposed to pervert the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, and believe that he was safe, because of an experience enjoyed many years before. "My dear sir," said the evangelist, "you must renounce your hope. The Bible teaches that Christians persevere in a holy life. Had you been a Christian you would have persevered. As you have not persevered you can never have been a Christian." Dr. Plumer, in his "Vital Godliness," puts this matter in a similar light:

A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly orthodox, went to him and said:

"Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints."

"Not I, indeed," answered he; "it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose."

The other replied, "But this is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored?"

The minister answered, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment."

Whether the minister was orthodox or not, it is certain that his sentiments, so far as expressed, were quite consistent with the Bible. He who is determined to see how far he may decline in religion, and yet be restored, will lose his soul. "The soul that doeth aught presumptuously shall surely be cut off." He that regards sin with so little abhorrence as willingly to commit it, cannot be walking in the way of life. He who avowedly and habitually departs from God proves that sin reigns in his mortal body, and that he is the slave of corruption.

Fred. Douglass, after an interview with President Lincoln, remarked that "Mr. Lincoln was the first white man he ever passed an hour with who failed to remind him, in some way, before the interview terminated, that he was a negro!"

Her Majesty has instituted a new order of decoration, under the title of "The Albert Medal." It is to be awarded to persons distinguished themselves in saving or endeavouring to save life in shipwreck or other perils of the sea.

Agriculture, &c.

The Flower Garden.

Most people have yet to learn the true enjoyment of life; it is not fine dresses, or large houses, or elegant furniture, or gay parties, that makes homes happy. Really, wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the highest sort; these depend not on money or money's worth; it is the heart, and taste, and intelled, which determine the happiness of men; which give the seeing eye, and the sentient natus, and without which man is little better than a winking clothes-horse.

A snug and clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it is wholesome; windows into which the sun can shine cheerily; a few good books and papers; no duns at the door; a neat and cheerful flower garden without, with flowers in your room; and there is none so poor as not to have about them the elements of pleasure.

Nature tells us to be happy, to be glad, for she decks herself with flowers—and the fields, the skies, the thickets, the dells, the mountains and the prairies, the morning and evening sky, are robed in loveliness.

The "laughing flowers" exclaims the poet; but there is more than gaiety in the looming flower, though it takes a wise man to see its full significance. There is the beauty, the love, and the adaptation, of which it is full. Fed us, however, see any more deeply in this respect than did Peter Bell:

"A primrose by the river's brim, A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more."

What can be more innocent than flowers? Are they not like children undimmed by sin? They are emblems of purity and truth, ways a new source of delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, is one that we could not like to consort with.

Flowers have a voice to all—to old, to young, to rich and poor, if they would but listen and try to interpret their meaning. To Mr. Wordsworth, "the meaneast flower that blows can give thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears." Have a flower garden, then, it all means. Have flowers in your room; it will cost but a trifle, and the gratification it will give you, will be beyond all price. If you can have a flower for your window, so much the better.

What can be more delicious than the sun's light streaming through flowers—through the midst of crimson fuschias or scarlet geraniums? To look out into the light through flowers—is that poetry? And to break the force of the sunbeams by the tender resistance of green leaves? If you can train a nasturtium round the window, or some sweet peas, then you have the most beautiful frame you can invent for a picture without, whether it be the busy crowd or a distant landscape, or trees with their light and shades, or the changes of the passing clouds. And what a pure taste and refinement does not indicate on the part of the cultivator. There are, we doubt not, many who may read these pages, who can enter into and appreciate the spirit of all that we have said; and to those who still hesitate, we would say—begin and experiment forthwith, and do not let another season pass away without flowers and a flower garden.—Rural World.

DISEASE AMONG BEES.—The Scottish Farmer contains the following: A contagion has broken out in the beehives of certain districts in France. A distinct sort of infusoria fastens on the honey-worker, and multiplies on his body with such rapidity that death ensues in a few hours. It has been ascertained that the germs of these animalculæ are found on certain shrubs, particularly on the helianthus amarus, which it is of vital consequence to extirpate from the vicinity of bee-hives.

THE GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—The celebrated Swiss botanist, M. A. De Candolle, has published an account of numerous experiments upon the temperature at which seeds will germinate. We give a few of his results, with respect to well-known plants, reducing the temperature to the Fahrenheit scale. The seed of common White Mustard will germinate at or a little below the freezing point. While White Clover remained dormant at 41½ degrees, it germinated when the temperature was raised only one degree above that. Indian Corn would not start at 42 degrees, but germinated at a temperature very near 48 degrees. Melon seeds refused to germinate at 55 degrees, but did below 62½ degrees. While there is a limit of temperature below which each particular seed will not germinate, there is also a limit in the other direction, and seeds fail to start when the temperature is too high—the point, as in the other case, varying with species; the greater part of some seeds of White Clover did not germinate above 82½ degrees.

REMEDY FOR THE CURCULIO DEPREATIONS.—Take a piece of cotton or woolen cloth, six or eight inches wide, and sufficiently long to go round and lap the tree whose fruit you desire to protect; then with a string not very strong, tie the cloth on to the tree a little below the branches, at about one-third the distance from the upper edge of the cloth, and bring the other part above the string down over the string, let it hang. Then take paint mixed with one-third of animal lard or fish oil, and two-thirds linseed oil; put no dryer with it; the object is to have it sticky, not drying out; and as it is said the female curculio cannot fly, but crawls up the tree, when she attempts to pass over the paint she becomes impaled and perishes. It will cost but little to save the value.