

## Months' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 23rd, 1866.

JOHN XX. 19-30: Christ appears to His disciples.  
1 KINGS XX. 13-21: The Syrians are slain.  
Recite—Job 19. 25-27.

Sunday, September 30th, 1866.

JOHN XXI. 1-14: The miraculous draught of fishes.  
1 KINGS XX. 31-43: Benhadads, covenant.  
Recite—ROMANS VIII. 32.

For the Christian Messenger.

## Scripture Puzzle.

PLACE the following names in order and they will shew a striking incident in the life of Christ:

1. The King who when young, sought the Lord.
2. The son of Aaron.
3. A place where the tribes of Israel were gathered.
4. The King who built towers at Jerusalem.
5. A city of Samaria.
6. The place where Christ was tempted forty days.
7. The name of the man who was over Reuben's host.
8. The first river that came out of Eden.
9. The place to which Solomon sent for a workman.

M. A. B.

## The Home of a Millionaire.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Star*, having recently visited the princely chateau of Baron James de Rothschild at Ferriers, thus describes what he saw there:

You enter by a flight of marble steps a vestibule, which opens on one of the most spacious halls in Europe, furnished, however, as a reception room, and lighted from the roof, which is of muffled glass, from behind which at night a system of gas illuminates the vast space, somewhat as has been so successfully carried out at the Chatelet. A gallery runs round the upper part of the hall, on which suites of party rooms open, while on the ground floor the reception and family apartments open on the hall. Purple velvet portiers have an admirable effect at each end of this splendid *salle*, which has been constructed on the most perfect acoustic principles, the result of which is that the effect of music executed here is marvellous. Ordinary paperhangings are banished, and each room is hung with tapestry velvet, or silk. Every single visitor finds at his disposal a suite consisting of a splendid drawing-room, boudoir, b. d. room, and dressing-room. On every dressing-room table are the ordinary contents of a gorgeous dressing-case: ivory brushes, surmounted by the Baron's coronet; silver boxes, containing every species of *cosmetique*; exquisite hand-mirrors, mounted in sculptured ivory, sandalwood, or silver. Curiosity tempts even old bachelors. A scent bottle of rare workmanship attracted my attention. As the spring flew back, lo! a jeweled watch, by Breguet, was revealed encased in the top; so, while a fair lady inhales the perfumed contents, she is informed of the time of day. To mention that hot and cold water pipes are laid on so as to supply each dressing-room is superfluous, and a mere "detail" in an abode where the most thoughtful care has presided over the minutest arrangement. To describe the thrones taken from the Summer Palace at Pekin, the jeweled cups from Cellini's chisel, the ceramic from Faenza or Lucca, the crystal breakers from Venice, the hangings of brodered satin—green, by-the-by, in the Baron's own bed room—is verily beyond my intellect; and I hesitate not to assert that *Mémoires* herself would be puzzled to tell the half of all the treasures of art congregated in each single room. It is a positive relief to get out into the grounds, where one's power of attention has fewer calls on it. These said grounds are reached through a series of conservatories and hot-houses, *topisées* with the loveliest moss, and filled by Flora's choicest gifts, as well as by the rarest specimens of the sculptor's art, and enlivened by the bright-winged birds of the tropics. These conservatories may, indeed, be said to rival in beauty, if not in extent, those of far famed Chatsworth. The grounds are diversified by sheets of water, on which fairy boats continually ply, and rendered interesting by the number of yaks, gazelles, antelopes, elands, and foreign animals of all harmless species, which roam at their own sweet will, evidently enjoying this Eden as thoroughly as their own native places.

## Amen Blunders.

A writer for the *Christian Advocate* says:—  
"A response is a good thing, if not discharged prematurely or sideways. Contrariwise, otherwise."

In illustration of this statement, he cites, among others, the following incidents:—  
"Sister B. is always at her post." Lately her husband's increase of spirituality has greatly cheered her. For this, as for all else, she has been saying, "Lord grant it." He stood in class, weeping: "It is time," said he, "for me to be a better man. I feel that my time is short—" "Lord grant it," responded the happy wife.

God is the shining sun of earth's heart system of goodness, purity and truth.

## Notes of a Traveller in Europe.

## SABBATHS ABROAD.

After months in Catholic countries, when, perhaps, an occasional service of the English church was the nearest approach to home-worship that could be found, it was indeed genuine refreshment to open our eyes on a Sabbath morning, in a place wholly and steadfastly Protestant. Nuremberg, in this particular, stands quite alone, as the surrounding country is entirely Catholic; but in the early days of the Reformation, Nuremberg more quietly than many places, and far more thoroughly, than most, threw off the fetters of Catholicism, and has gone on in the new faith to this day.

While she remained mistress of her own affairs, none of her religious opponents were allowed to hold property in the town,—but at present there exist within her limits, two feeble Catholic churches. After the storms and wars that have shaken her; after her hundreds of years, now of tumult, now of stillness, anon of dire and dark trouble; she stands to-day in the pure morning light, as calm and undisturbed, while the bells call up her worshippers to the house of God, as any New England village hidden among the hills, whose Sabbath-bells ring out to-day; yet is the outward aspect very different from anything we find at home. This is a city of narrow-paved streets, of heavy-eaved roofs, of old palaces and castles and towers, of walls and moats, and over its little river running on to the Danube, no larger than the one at home over which the elms are bending, uncouth and heavy bridges stretch. It is all of the middle ages. We go up to the place of prayer; it is one of those old stone cathedrals, so large that your footfall and the echo of your voice are lost in it. The great bronze doors, of elaborate workmanship, are never opened, and the people go in and out at little doors on either side. Great stone columns support the gothic roof; stained glass windows, with pictures from the lives of the Catholic saints, exclude the light; old paintings of miracles and Scripture scenes, many high upon the walls, festooned with cobwebs and covered with dust, statues in all the niches, of apostles and martyrs and saints, blackened with age, look down grim and dark upon the crowd below; the chapels all remain, and festooned high upon the columns, hangs the body of the dead Christ, here in bronze and there in wood. Again and again, interwoven in their architectural design, we trace the bars of the gridiron, for this is the church of St. Lawrence, and the whole structure remains as it did in the days when masses were said; even to the high altar, on which, during the Protestant service, the candles burn just as they did three hundred years ago. In almost all churches built before the Reformation, and used since for the Protestant worship, great changes have been made, crosses and painted emblems, usually appropriated to Popery, removed; indeed the fanatical iconoclasm of many of the reformers spared nothing,—even the works of art, most highly valued and worthiest of preservation, were ruthlessly destroyed. Here stands a marvel of workmanship, something that at first sight, seems but a miniature spire of elaborate and delicate carving; but approaching, you find that there are three or four compartments, the one above the other, in which you are told is kept the bread and wine; for this strange and beautiful affair, reaching its slender shafts to the very top of the columns and drooping like a plant that has no more room to climb, was made originally for the keeping of the host, by Adam Crafts,—as a temple within the temple, in those sacred precincts, designed for the Holy of Holies. In this church, full of the reminders of popery, with its old oaken confessionals, that have heard for series of years no penitent's wail, and its old pulpit, around which stood in little niches, marble effigies of saints and martyrs,—the apostle John with his eagle,—Paul, stately as the old artists make him, leaning on his sword,—Luke poring over his book,—and Mark with the lion by his side; it was hardly the place to look for a service that should bring home very near, but here we found, and were blessed in finding, a sweet reminder of the far away beautiful Sabbaths in the land from which we came, but sweeter of the land where, sooner or later, all that trust in Christ shall rest.

The liturgy of the German Lutheran Church is simple and sweet. The prayers were full of tenderness and feeling, and the hymns were the voices of hundreds supported, led up, by the swelling organ tones, doubled in power, because there were two instruments, reaching every nook of the great cathedral, ringing through the arches and out upon the pure air,—a great wave of praise, that was like a baptism for all listening hearts.

The preacher was an aged man, with simple, reverent ways. Some little knowledge of him, gained from the institution of learning where all through the week he is employed as a teacher, had prepared us for those gentle, tender words about the new and better life; words to which the throng listened with reverent and even tearful attention. He calls them his dear children, and sent them away with what seemed the benediction of an earthly as well as a heavenly Father. And it had all been so simple, in itself so little; not a thing to be told, not a word to be repeated; yet to me, weary and discouraged, perhaps, while lingering in the way, it proved a service that strengthened, while it made the end seem nearer and more desirable. The people went away as would a New England congregation, quiet and orderly, single and in companies, in widely different directions, diverging all as they move on below; but, I thought, we are going to the same city, however many the ways, the end is surely one. A Sabbath-school is a thing unknown just in this

region, so the children went with their parents. It was pleasant then, seeing the little ones, to think of the Good Shepherd as having during the week all the lambs in his keeping: the pastures are truly large.

Religious matters make a part of the common school instruction, and when confirmation takes place, as is the custom (when they have attained fourteen years,) I question it as many are not truly ready as at that age in our own country with all the help of Sunday-schools.

Lingering a moment to hear the music, there came forth from a little chapel, a young man and woman, who had waited to be united in marriage. A few friends were about them, and just behind the happy pair stood two officials, whose business it is to take charge of all weddings and funerals. They were clad in black, stood stiffly, sullenly it almost seemed, something like a cloud, at least to have heard them *croak* would have been in consonance with their appearance,—weddings and funerals the same category, requiring the same services, coming under one head, these ominous individuals have a profession that qualifies them for presiding at both; I wonder if they care which;—either, I suppose, as either brings in the fee. But I am indulging imagination; if they are *not* moved particularly, why should they be criticised? They simply walk through their round of duties; feeling has nothing to do with it, the less called into exercise the better, for as automatons they doubtless fulfil with greater exactness and punctiliousness the expectation of their patrons,—fulfil for the living as for the dead the duties of the profession, mindful all the same of their own portion.

We noticed during the ceremony, the moment when one of these sombre individuals whispered to the groom to put on the ring; at that very time the other was shaking his finger at a ragged urchin or two, who had stolen in, and were greatly enjoying the scene, and had ventured nearer and nearer, until they even thrust their heads through the railing, and were laughing in the face of the bride. The brief service closed with the Lord's prayer, and after the usual embracing, the newly married were shown comely by the ravens, as we christened the two in waiting, to their carriage, and with business like speed another couple were brought before the priest. One peculiar feature, or rather to us a striking one, is the black dress of the bride, worn invariably by the middle and lower classes. Such robes on such occasions, seem as inappropriate, as they are, with us, unusual; but custom makes that color to them what white is to us. In the latter case, the bride wore a short, black woolen dress, with apron of the same hue and texture; black gloves *stitched*, and wreath of shining artificial flowers, (orange blossoms we charitably concluded,) completed the quaint toilet. Not a friend was with them, and they two deciding to go on their simple way together, had sought first the blessing of God and man; patient, honest way, rugged and self-denying perhaps, but who can tell if not a hundred fold happier than many of higher estate. It was all in keeping with the old place; the strange Sabbath passed almost like some dream of life long since gone by.

An evening walk over the Sorrowful Way made a close for this Sabbath, not inappropriate, but as the last chord in some melodious song, rich, full, and sad, yet a promise of *harmony*. Long, long before the discovery of America, a pious man travelled from Nuremberg to the Holy Land, and found the distance from Pilate's house to Calvary. The journey, in those days both long and wearisome, proved unfruitful; for on his way home his measurements were lost; and he made again that terrible and dangerous journey, animated by his determination to ascertain once more, what he durst not trust to memory for. With unflinching purpose was his plan carried out, which was to mark a route, commencing from his own house, including the mentioned distance, and erect at regular intervals the seven stations of the cross. These stations are simply stone pillars, on each of which is a bas-relief by Adam Craft, representing some of the scenes in the passion of our Saviour. Defaced by time, injured by attempts at restoration, they are now hardly distinguishable from the poor caricatures that stand by so many roadsides; but to make sure by one's own steps, and the beating of our own hearts, just the length of that walk to the cross! and know what a weary way that cross was borne, and then hear in thought the jeering of the crowd, and feel a little as it is given us to feel, of what that journey to Calvary must have been, whether we believe the old story of the exactness of distance or not, it has done the heart no harm. I remembered the thousands who day by day pass over this road, and that many a simple one went on more lightly for these reminders of the *loco-moto death*,—remembered that they knelt before these shrines, breaking life's dull noontime with prayer or praise, and felt my prejudices against such representations a little removed, and quite gone by the time I reached the Great Crucifix just outside the gates of the cemetery. I, too, had my lesson, the walk had taught me something of the love "that thinketh no evil," and I stood silently in the city of the dead, to watch the sun set on my Sabbath in Nuremberg.—*National Baptist*.

To give strength and tone to the digestive organs, take Parsons' Purgative Pills occasionally. They do not make the weak weaker, but give strength and elasticity to the system.

We particularly desire that all who are interested in their own welfare, should give Blood's Rheumatic Compound one fair trial and be convinced of its superiority.

## Agriculture, &amp;c.

For the Christian Messenger.

## Wheat, Barley, and Oats:—whence came they?

MR. EDITOR,—

In an extract in the C. M., a few weeks ago, it was considered that the natural originals of these grains, is not known. I am not quite certain that we have not these grains growing wild. There is a grass that bears the botanical generic name of wheat: *Triticum Repens*. This is the very next thing to wheat: *Triticum Latium*; and botanically, there is scarcely any difference, except the extravagant root or rather subterranean stem of the former; and all that is necessary is to cultivate this root into kernal and ooch would be *eradicat*ed into wheat.

We have also a wild barley—*Hordeum Jubatum*—resembles barley, but does not grow so tall.

As to oats there is a grass popularly called wild-oats, and resembles it in appearance; but really it is not a very close relation; it is a kind of a Fescue grass, has quite a kernal, and is liked by horses. If could not be cultivated into oats, it might be into a useful grain. Of course the step from the ridiculous to the sublime in this case, is the actual cultivation of the aforesaid grasses into the proper grains. This business I will freely hand over to the agricultural societies to whom it more properly belongs; and if you decide to give publicity to this communication Mr. Editor, you may get a slice off the first loaf made from Couch flour. The wild plant is commonly called the natural plant, and I have so done in this communication; but I do not believe that the degenerate thing came from the hand of the Maker, and was given to man for food—wheat was not cultivated from some vile thing, but degenerated into some vile thing; and is it wonderful that the kernal should descend so far as the long couch root, since Adam cultivated it?

JOE PUMPKIN.

## HARVESTING WHEAT.

The advent of harvest induces us to offer a few observations on the best methods of conducting its operations; and first, with regard to the degree of maturity in which wheat ought to be cut in order to produce the best sample, and to avoid the most loss. It may be laid down as a rule, that as soon as the grain has passed from the milky state, which may be ascertained by squeezing it between the finger and thumb, it may safely be cut, and any further maturity it requires will be accomplished quite as effectually on the shock. The rationale of this is, that wheat *dies upwards*, that is, it begins to die first at the root, and from that time it receives no nourishment from the soil; but what sap it still contains continues to rise to the ear; and this process is not stopped by cutting. If wheat stands until it is dead-ripe it gets thicker in the bran and rougher outside, and will acquire a great weight as well as measure if it could be all assured; but wheat when dead-ripe will shell both in cutting and removing, and the loss is probably as great in that way as the gain would be otherwise. On the other hand, the early-cut grain has a fine, thin, glossy skin, weighs heavy in the bushel, and ought to fetch several shillings per quarter more than the dead-ripe corn, because it produces more flour in proportion to its weight by 7 or 8 per cent., and the quality of the flour is very superior.

The proper time to cart wheat so as to avoid its heating is when the knots or joints of the straw yield no moisture when pressed with the thumb nail. If they do, it is a proof there is sufficient moisture in the straw still to cause it to heat on the stack, which will seriously injure the sale of the grain.—*Mark Lane Express*.

THE FORESHADOWING OF RAIN.—Just before rain, flowers smell stronger and sweeter, because the vapours of the air prevent the scented particles of their perfume from ascending, as they would in a drier atmosphere. Instead of rising above the earth, the odour is disseminated by the moisture. Because the plants are stronger in fragrance just before a fall of rain, we see horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air in a peculiar manner. They are thus able to prognosticate the coming storm with unerring signs, while man stands bewildered and lost in doubt.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army. Those exposed to sudden changes should always be supplied with *The Troches*, as they give prompt relief.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers. Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If "kind words have kind echoes," then unpleasant echoes must proceed from words which lack kindness.