

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

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.

Sunday, June 24th, 1866.

JOHN xv. 16-27: Christ's discourse continued. 1 KINGS xv. 1-15: Reign of Abijam and Asa. Recite—MATTHEW v. 1-12.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

THE work of "Adoniram Judson" will last as long as the Burmese language is spoken.

- 1. Amaziab. 2 Kings xiv. 3. 2. Damascus. 2 Chronicles xxviii. 5. 3. Obadiab. Ezra viii. 9. 4. Nehemiah. Nehemiah iii. 16. 5. Ichabod. 1 Samuel iv. 19. 6. Reuben. Genesis xxxv. 23. 7. Abib. Deuteronomy xvi. 1. 8. Moses. Numbers xi. 2. 9. Jeremiah. Jeremiah xxxviii. 6. 10. Urijah. 2 Kings xvi. 11. 11. David. 2 Samuel xv. 30. 12. Shalum. 2 Kings xv. 10. 13. Othniel. Judges iii. 9. 14. Nicmor. Acts vi. 5.

L. A. S.

Silence.

If the tongue does the talking, it has also been abundantly talked about. It has been denounced from the earliest times, and by the best and wisest of men. Inspired sages have compared it to "a sharp razor working deceitfully;" to "sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper." And by later inspiration it has been described as "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," more unmanageable than the fiercest beast, or the deadliest reptile. So has the Bible magnified the power of the tongue for evil, that an apostle declares that the religion of a man who does not bridle his tongue is vain; and so decisive is its influence upon character that the same sacred teacher affirms the man to be perfect who offends not in word.

The mere possession, therefore, of the faculty of speech, involves a terrible power and a corresponding responsibility. The man who can talk, though he may be able to do nothing else, may divulge a secret on which may hang the fate of empires. A tongue that moves without grace or reason may overthrow the plans of the highest reason. The "little member" not only "boasts," but does "great things"—great evil and great good. The good, however, can only grow from diligent culture. The loving and well-desiring heart must lay its influence on the tongue, and the intellect must drill its natural and easy recklessness into order and care; must show it that even greater care is needful in spending our words than our money; that we are as much God's stewards and almoners in the use of our tongues, as in the use of hand or mind.

To understand this strange and wilful little member, to bring it under discipline and enable it to serve its purpose, its motions must some times be checked, rest must be prescribed, and careful, deliberative dissection resorted to. Only thus can be learned and acquired the grace of silence, and of tempered reticent speech.

The grace of silence challenges respect even in its lower forms. It is still a grace when it is not spiritual. Not all silence, indeed; for there is a silence which comes of cowardice, which is born of shame, and drags a man down below the level of a faithful watch dog. A craven will not speak when he sees the highest truths dragged in the mud, and will silently wreath his cowardly lips in a traitorous smile while his best friends are traduced. And even a fool may be taught the trick of silence, as a parrot the mimicry of speech. The silence of prudence and discretion is quite another thing. It is not simply an over-dignified and plainly self-conscious constraint, which always puts on a look of wisdom made ridiculous by a sprinkle of complacency and condescension. It is good, hearty, interested listening that has caught the glow of our neighbor's speech, or having sincere respect for his character, need not and would not stimulate an interest in his thoughts. It is a natural, unconscious listening which lends power when the time comes for speech.

Indeed, there is a sort of speech in conversation which wears an air of silence; which is exceedingly like a pure movement of the intellect; which is so quiet, so thoroughly natural, that one never thinks of it as brilliant, or the reverse, or even as talk at all. We have only received thoughts, or rather, perhaps, inspiration. Our friend has only opened his breast, and allowed us to read; or, to change the figure, we have quaffed, without hearing the ripple of the fountain. The silence which is followed by such speech as this is power. As the silence was speaking, so the speaking is silent; the weight of each is in each.

Silence, however, is not only a noble art which nature accepts at the hands of culture; it is also a Christian grace. Whoever has schooled his tongue into perfect order, and finds it as easy to be spoken to as to speak; whoever feels, in a promiscuous conversation, when controversy runs high, no heat of the brain stir-

ring up the prudence of speech, no hurry to squeeze into the gaps of the talk, no strong impulse to trip up and prostrate some incautious interlocutor, but is willing and able coolly to await his turn, and when it comes even to throw it away if some one else has made his contribution needless, is an extraordinary person, and if he feels no envy of his competitors, or chagrin for himself, he is a Christian. His silence is power over himself, and he is "able to bridle the whole body."

But Christian silence has even a higher sphere than this. It is one of the forms of devotion. We supplicate, we speak in many forms, in prayer. But is there not a time to wait for God to speak? Having invited the Lord into his tabernacle, and thrown open the doors and windows, are we not to listen for his footsteps? And if we feel his kindly tread upon our lowly floor, are we not to allow him to be quietly seated that we may hear the music of his voice speaking to the ear within?

Yes, there is a silence which is devotion. It is not thinking; it is not even the form of thought which we call meditation. It is only a quiet, calm, collected listening, to know what God, the Lord, will say to us. It is analogous to what we note in the minds of great discoverers in the field of science. The great key ideas of the world have not been thought out, but they have been suggested to patient, quiet souls, and thought out afterwards. They have heard the voice of nature, because they were patient and persistent listeners. God's works are an image of himself. Having spoken to God, we should often silently listen for his answer.—N. Y. Methodist.

Behavior on leaving Church.

Ministers have often occasion to regret the change which takes place among their hearers when they are dismissed from the house of prayer; many who appear deeply impressed with the word of God, and the solemnities of his worship, become, as soon as these are ended, frivolous and careless; their conversation is unprofitable, their manner light, and their general deportment so inconsistent as to excite an apprehension in the mind of their pastor, that so far as they are concerned, "he has labored in vain, and spent his strength for naught." It is required to observe decency and order while we are in the sanctuary, engaged in its important work, surely it is needful that somewhat like these should be discernible in the manner of our retiring from that holy place and employment: this should not resemble that of a gay, tumultuous throng, who have just quitted scenes of fashionable dissipation or public entertainment. Whoever desires to obtain permanent advantage by the public celebration of religious ordinances, must retire from it with a serious mind to the performance of private duties, and above all things endeavor to preserve a lasting remembrance of that which hath been spoken unto him by the word of the Lord. Is this our practice? Do we retire from the temple to secret meditation and prayer in the closet? The Lord enable us to do this!—Rev. Henry Draper.

An old-fashioned Choir.

The congregation of which Mrs. Sigourney was a member in her young days, liked plain, slow music, but the leader of the choir liked the brisk tunes, where one part leads off, and the rest follow like a flock of sheep. She thus describes an amusing performance which shows that the love for artistic effect is not a modern passion:

We one Sabbath morning gave out a tune of the most decidedly lively and stirring character, which we had taken great pains in practising. Its allegro altissimo opening,

"Raise your triumphant songs To an immortal tune,"

startled the tranquility of the congregation, as though a clarion had sounded in their midst. The music being partially antiphonal, comprehended several stanzas. On we went complacently, until the last two lines:

"No bolts to drive their guilty souls To fiercer flames below."

There was the forte of the composer. Of course it was our duty to give it full expression. Off led the treble, having the air, and expending *con spirito* upon the adjective "fiercer," especially its first syllable, about fourteen quavers, not counting semies and demies. After us came the tenor, in a more dignified manner, bestowing their principal emphasis on "flames." "No bolts, no bolts," shrieked a sharp counter of boys, whose voices were in the transition state. But when a heavy bass, like claps of thunder, kept repeating the closing word "below," and finally all parts took up the burden, till, in full diapason, "guilty souls" and "fiercer flames below" reverberated from wall to arch, it was altogether too much for Puritanic patience. Such skirmishing had never before been enacted in that meeting-house. The people were utterly agitated. The most stoical manifested emotion. Our mothers hid their faces with their fans. Up jumped the tithing-man, whose office it was to hunt out and shake refractory boys. The ancient deacons slowly moved in their seats at the foot of the pulpit, as if to say, "Is not there something for us to do in the way of church government?"

As I came down from the gallery, a sharp, gaunt Welsh woman seized me by the arm, saying:

"What was the matter with you all up there? You began very well, only too much like a scrawl. Then you went galloping off like a parcel of wild colts, and did not sing the tune that you begun, not at all."

A talking Parrot.

The following account of a very remarkable parrot was written by the sister of the owner: "The laugh of the parrot is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible to help joining in it oneself, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so; I shall die, I shall die;' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious; and if you say, 'Poor Poll! what is the matter?' she says, 'So bad! got such a cold!' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now!' and begin to laugh.

"The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered a child call out, 'Payne (the maid's name), I am not well! I'm not well!' and on my saying, 'What is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It's only the parrot; she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way.

"If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold!' One day, when the children were playing with her, and on their repeating several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up, and said, quite plainly, 'No, I didn't!' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she says, 'No you won't!' She calls the cat, very plainly, 'Puss! Puss!' and then answers *meow*; but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say 'Puss! Puss!' myself, she always answers *meow*, till I begin mewling, and then she begins calling Puss as quick as possible. She imitates any kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the Parade at Hampton Court barking; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens by her crowing and clucking has been the most ludicrous thing possible.

"Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now, she would stare me in the face for some time, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and, to my astonishment and almost dismay, she said 'Down stairs.'"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Last Sunday all the Baptist Sunday schools of this city were large, though the day was somewhat stormy. Two of the schools, the First and the Leigh Street, numbered one thousand, one hundred and forty-six. The First was ten ahead, though the Leigh Street was ahead the previous Sunday. We like to see Christians "provoking" one another to good works.

Some years ago, we, the junior editor, preached at one of the African Churches of this city, and heard an excellent prayer from a colored brother, only one petition of which we now remember: "O, Lord," said he, "bless our pastor and his wife, and let them be like two little doves and not peck at each other."

Let each school in every city and county try to be the largest and best, and like "little doves," let there be no "pecking at each other." There is the best possible feeling in our Richmond Sunday schools. Are the churches in the country doing their whole duty in this direction?—Richmond, Va., Religious Herald, March 29th.

COUNTING CONVERTS.—"When you begin to count, then your revival begins to decline." This is regarded by many as an axiom; by a few, almost with superstition. We confess having but little respect for it. Did not the apostles count converts? Were there not "about three thousand souls" converted on the day of Pentecost? (Acts ii. 41) and, afterwards, was not the "number of the men about five thousand"? (iv. 4) Had not Paul counted the dear converts whom he greets in the last chapter of Romans? The fact that the apostles were inspired does not seem to us to weaken the force of the argument.

Yet trouble has arisen many times from this "numbering of Israel," as there did in the days of David. How shall it be avoided?

- 1. Do not stop to count. There was once a wonderful draught of fishes from the Lake of Gennesaret (John xxi. 6). They were counted, "just a hundred, fifty, and three,"—but it was not till the overburdened net had landed all its contents. Till then, the fishermen were too busy to count.
- 2. Do not count *decisively*. Elijah once counted *one* when the Lord counted seven thousand. Perhaps at other times the estimate was reversed.
- 3. Do not count *prematurely*. A sinner may be anchored on a false hope by finding that he is "reckoned in" among the new-born before he has thoroughly probed the evil of his own heart.
- 4. Do not count with *exaggeration*. Is there a "great work" in your place? Seek to make it greater in fact, but not in words.
- 5. Do not count those who do not count themselves. Let the solemn duty of confessing Christ remain in all its force upon those who have begun to hope in him.
- 6. Do not count for vain-glory, but only for the glory of God, for the encouragement of his people, and the admonition of his enemies.—Christian Banner.

He is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for one half of what he thinks.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

Domestic Economy.

A NEW PLAN OF MAKING SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.—Mr. Editor,—I have read many plans for making superphosphate at home and have tried several, but my own is so much superior to any other that I send the details for you to publish if you consider it worthy.

Firstly—pound the bones to a coarse powder with a hammer, then put them into a boiler with a little water and steam them for half an hour, remove the bones to a half barrel or other convenient vessel. If the sulphuric acid is of full strength take of it half the weight of the *dry* bones you are about to dissolve, and add to it one third of its bulk of water, pour this mixture on the bones, and in about a week, with daily stirring, they will be reduced to a paste. I then put all the hen manure I have on an earthen floor, and pour on it the dissolved bones reduced with its own bulk of water, and mix the whole thoroughly, then add a barrel of charcoal dust or dry peat to every twenty pounds of bones, again mix, make the lot into a snug heap; in a few days, work it over and again let it heat, repeating the working and heating till the whole becomes a dry powder that you can sow broadcast, or feed from a drill machine.

Last year with the bones from the house and the manure from twelve hens, I made eight barrels of superphosphate that proved itself superior to Coe's wherever tried, particularly in the garden and on corn.

The cost was almost nominal:— Sulphuric acid, 20 lbs. - - - - - \$1 00 Labour and horses, say - - - - - 1 00 Half barrel spoiled - - - - - 0 50

8 bbls. superphosphate, 150 lbs. each— 1200 lbs., at Coe's price, 2 cts. per lb. \$24 00 This plan is the result of several experiments, and I can confidently recommend it to your readers. I am, &c., G. T. B. Granville, April 14th, 1866.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.—Many of our readers are, or have been, engaged in the pleasant occupation of tapping the splendid and fruitful maple trees, and boiling down their life-blood to make sugar and syrup, the most delicious of their kind. Some of them many thank us for informing them of a few discoveries which have lately been made in the manufacture of cane sugar, and which will probably be as true for maple sap as for sugar-cane juice.

First and most important is the use of cold instead of heat for thickening the sap. Every one knows that water boils at 212 degrees of the thermometer. Now, as the sap will stand at 40 or 50 deg. (if there is snow on the ground), the whole mass of liquid must be raised through 160 or 170 deg., to make it boil. But, on the other hand, water freezes at 32 deg., and to freeze the sap, only 8 to 18 deg. of heat would have to be taken from it. Now, it has been found that freezing serves the sugar-maker just as well as boiling. Part of the water freezes into a solid lump, and leaves all the sugar concentrated in the remaining liquid. The difference in cost between raising the juice 170 deg. and reducing it -8 deg. in temperature is of course very great, and sugar ought to be cheaper in consequence of this discovery—especially so, as the yield of sugar is found to be much greater than by boiling. As snow is usually on the ground during maple-sugar making; or at least the nights are cold enough to freeze water left in small vessels out in the air, the use of cold instead of heat would be particularly advantageous to the maker of maple sugar. The experiment can easily be tried with a single pan of sap, which should be just as it comes from the tree. If one freezing does not make the syrup very strong, another may be tried. In any case, the concentrated sap will have to be boiled to make sugar.

Another point should be attended to. If sap is left long in contact with the air, it darkens; and though this cannot be very well prevented in sugar-making, another cause of dark sugar can. If boiled at too high a temperature, the sugar will be dark, and there will be more syrup and less sugar than if the sap just steams away.

The points noted above have been observed in making ordinary cane sugar, which is now done very scientifically. Probably they apply as well to maple sugar manufacture, and some of our readers may be enterprising enough to make the experiment on a pan or two of sap.

HOW TO MAKE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—A writer in the *American Agriculturist* recommends the following method for making buckwheat cakes:—"The finest, tenderest cakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat (or Graham) flour to the buckwheat. Less than a quarter will do. Mix with cold sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) butter-milk, which is best. The soda (emptyings are dispensed with) when put in cold water, will not act satisfactorily. Bake at once. The heat will start the effervescence, and as the paste rises it will bake, thus preventing it from falling. Hence the culminating point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancakes will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest that can be baked, with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added than usual, to counteract the too fresh taste, when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptyings is all dispensed with. Pancakes in this way can be baked at any time, and on the shortest notice. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use.

BEAN SOUP.—"A Bachelor of thirty years" wishes a receipt for bean soup. Get a wife that knows how to make it.—*Erskine, in Country Gent.*