

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 14th, 1866.

Acts 1. 1-14: Christ's ascension. 1 Kings xxi. 17-29: Evil in store for Ahab. Recite—PSALM xxiv. 7-10.

Sunday, October 21st, 1866.

Acts 1. 15-26: Matthias chosen Apostle. 1 Kings xx. 1-14: War between Syria and Israel. Recite—MATTHEW vii. 1-5.

The following, in reply to the puzzle which appeared in our issue of Sept. 19th, has been mislaid for a week or two.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

THE striking incident in the life of our Lord "JESUS WEPT," is stated by the initials of the following names.

- Josiah. 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 3. Eleazer. Numbers xx. 25. Shechen. Judges xxiv. 1. Uziah. 2 Chronicles xxvi. 9. Sychar. John iv. 5.

- Wilderness. Mark i. 13. Elizur. Numbers x. 18. Pison. Genesis ii. 11. Tyre. 2 Chronicles ii. 3-7.

M. A. B.

Cumberland, June 6, 1866.

A short Catechism for Non-Professors.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

- 1. Is it because I am ashamed of ridicule, and of what others will say to me? "Whoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed." 2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians? "Every man shall give an account of himself to God." 3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" 4. Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted? "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." 5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." 6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not "hold out"? "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Christ Jesus." 7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that? "Whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." 8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Courage in every-day life.

- Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired. Have the courage to make a will, and a just one. Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money. Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things. Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences. Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond. Have the courage to take a good paper, and pay for it annually in advance.

Never put off.

When'er a duty waits for thee, With sober judgment view it, And never idly wish it done, Begin at once, and do it.

A Welsh meeting.

We have heard often of Welsh fervor, and of the powerful effects produced on their audiences by Welsh preachers. A recent correspondent of the Congregationalist gives an interesting sketch of the proceedings at a religious anniversary:

At the evening meeting the house was packed more closely than a crowded house in America: first, the seats were all filled; then in many of the pews a row of persons sitting; then the aisles were occupied by as many as could stand together without moving; then the pulpit stairs, the windows and door-ways, and finally "all out doors." I cannot say that this audience maintained a breathless attention, for a genuine Cambrian assembly is almost as demonstrative as an African meeting in the United States; but it manifested a most appreciative, fixed, earnest, sympathetic attention for the space of three hours.

First came a sermon in Welsh, with appropriate services, occupying an hour; then an hour's talk on American affairs, with a response from the Moderator; then another sermon, accompanied with hymns and prayers. The melodious singing and resonant fervor of the prayers were a new revelation to me of the Welsh tongue. It seemed to lose its guttural harshness, and to become sonorous and musical, with a certain wild pathos that took hold of my inmost soul. The words of assent during sermon—wide-awake nods I mean—addressed now to the preacher and now to one's next pew neighbor, the frequent cries of "Hear!" "Yes!" "Amen" and other lively demonstrations, rendered the scene one of novel interest and sympathy.

I was struck with the hearty simplicity of the ministers in their intercourse with one another and with the people. They clearly fulfilled the injunction of love for Christ's sake. Most of the Congregational ministers in Wales live on salaries of £60 and under; for though the churches are self-supporting, they are commonly poor. But the country is more thoroughly evangelized, than any other portion of Christendom; the Bible is in every house and every family has within easy reach some place of worship. In travelling through the country I have been struck with the number of small chapels in out-of-way places. At least four-fifths of the people are non-conformists, and the State establishment makes a poor show in point of numbers.

Speaking about Jesus.

In the course of pastoral visiting, I came to the house of Mrs. C—. She was an aged, venerable, consistent disciple, who always loved to speak about Jesus; and I asked her, "What do you consider the most useful means of grace?" "I know it has 'pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe'; and without constantly reading the Bible and continual prayer, one cannot grow in grace," she said; "but I'll tell you what led to my conversion, and has ever since seemed to me a very important means of doing good."

"I was born in this very house, and spent my childish days here without many serious thoughts. We had no Sabbath-schools in those times; and unless children had pious parents, who were particular in praying with them and asking them questions about religion, there was but little chance for them to know much about their souls or God. My parents were not pious, and as we were far from church, it often happened that weeks passed without our going there."

"I remember, at the funeral of a child, our good minister spoke very solemnly of the necessity of children being prepared for death; and that when my little brother died, I took the Bible and found the text, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' I learned this text, and for several weeks used to pray that God would take me to heaven, if I should die."

"But these reflections wore off; and as I grew older, what with our hurry of work in the summer and our parties, quilting frolics, and balls in the winter, to all of which I often went, I began to dislike religion, which I had accustomed myself to associate only with death."

"Our nearest neighbor, Col. F—, an old soldier of the Revolutionary war, was a praying, godly man. I used often to go over on errands for my mother, and frequently found him in his sitting-room, or under a tree in his orchard, reading his Bible. He always would say a few words about Jesus; and I remember once he asked me if I did not wish to be a true Christian."

"As Col. F— was an old man, I thought it well enough that he should be religious, and read his Bible; but I was too fond of my gay companions and of having my own way to be interested in what seemed to me a subject fit only for the old and dying."

"One winter was a very gay one with us all, and nearly every week we had a ball or some frolic in one house and another, at which I was was sure to be present. About this time Col. F— and another pious man went through our whole neighborhood, from dwelling to dwelling, reading the Bible, talking about religion, and praying with every family. They came in turn to our house, and as usual, before parting, Col. F— said a few words to me of Jesus. I have not forgotten these words: 'My dear child, Jesus loves you. He does not wish to see you less happy, but more happy. You will never be truly so, and will never be living as you ought, till you give your heart to him.'"

"I felt somewhat serious as the good man left us, and began to think, Are these words true? Is it necessary that youth should love Jesus? Is religion for the young as well as the old? Is it for me? Will it make me happy as well as

more useful in my life? Upon this last question I thought much; for with all my gaiety, I was by no means really happy.

"With my mind full of these meditations, I went to my little room, and after reading my Bible, I tried to pray; but Oh how I did feel my need of some one to tell me how to begin to be a Christian. I determined to go at once to Col. F—, and ask him. Putting on my bonnet, I crossed the fields to his house. He had not yet returned home. What should I do, for I felt as if I must talk with him on the subject of my soul's salvation? I went out of the house, and walked up and down the lane for some time, suffering much mental agony, until I saw Col. F— in the distance returning home. I ran to meet him; and as soon as his eyes lighted on me he said, 'My child, I see you are in anxiety and trouble; what do you wish?'"

"Oh," said I, 'talk to me about Jesus, as you have often done. Oh how sorry I am that I have so often neglected your advice. I will listen now; do talk to me.' He did so, and never shall I forget how he quoted to me passages from God's word to show how willing Jesus is to save the sinner who comes to him penitent and willing to be obedient. Oh how much good it did me then to hear Col. F— talk about Jesus. I wondered at my former folly; and it seemed to me very strange how I could ever have refused to hear him or reject his kind advice. From that day I improved every opportunity to hear him talk about Jesus; and whenever I was troubled about my duty, would go to him for counsel, for he seemed to me the best friend I had in the world."

"Soon after this interview, I found peace in believing in Jesus, and became a member of the church. And although a long, long time has since passed, and Col. F— has been dead for many years, I shall never forget how he talked to me about Jesus; and I believe now, that if there were more Christians who live and talk as he did, there would be more young people converted."

"But how," said I, "shall Christians get this good habit?"

Said the old lady, "By thinking much about Jesus, because then we shall talk of him; and by thinking how dreadful it will be to have our friends go to hell. And then we must not get discouraged if they do not listen at first, for God in his own time will bless the word."

After a season of prayer, I left my Christian friend; but as I returned home, and reflected upon her plain story, I felt she is right in ranking high among the successful means of grace, SPEAKING ABOUT JESUS. And I am satisfied too, that her plan for bringing 'this about' is a good one.

1. Think much of Christ. He is the chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. He is the sinner's Friend. He died not only for impenitent, but for thoughtless, careless sinners, who have no love for him, and who do not wish to hear about him; and, Christians, "such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." 1 Cor. 6: 11

2. Think much of the worth of the soul. Your unconverted friends are in peril. You know this; but do you feel it? Do you realize that if they die in their present condition, they must for ever suffer the torments of lost souls? Oh, think of their imminent danger till you cannot bear to be longer silent on the important subject of religion—till you must speak about Jesus.

3. Do not become discouraged. If there is no immediate fruit, remember ploughing time and sowing time must go before reaping time. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psa. 126: 6. Those who now seem to manifest no interest in what you say, or who even treat it with ridicule, and appear hardened, may yet welcome you and the subject of your conversation, and long years after you sleep in the dust, praise God, who aided you to commence and to persevere to speak about Jesus.—American Messenger.

SEED ON GOOD GROUND.—Twenty-seven years ago, in Nova Scotia a boy twelve years old was sitting listlessly on a log by the roadside, with a dog in his company. A Baptist minister, riding by, dropped a tract near the boy, who at first was disinclined to pick it up. But the dog, picking it up in his mouth, brought it to the boy's feet, and that led him to read the tract. As he read, he began to be impressed with the great and glorious truths which it contained. He saw himself in need of a Saviour. Just there by the log he kneeled down to pray for the pardon of his sins. The seriousness thus produced continued till he obtained the peace which Christ alone can give, and from that time till now, he has been grateful to God for pardon, and for the influence of that tract.—National Baptist.

A HOMEY DITTY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, I will a weekly paper take, Both for my own and family's sake? If such there be, let him repent, And have the paper to him sent, An if he'd pass a happy winter, He in advance should pay the printer.

Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.

Agriculture.

OLD FRUIT TREES RENOVATED.

There were old apple trees in profusion, with nearly a hundred pear trees of vigorous growth, but utterly neglected, and reported as yielding small crops of indifferent fruit. The outgoing seller of the farm had intended to cut them down. He knew the market value of pickles, but the pear culture was a sealed book. The buyer educated in a different school, believed that there was yet a high money value in those trees, and that they could be resuscitated. We stood among them and debated the question. He thought that there was a foundation to begin upon, and that an investment of money in reviving them would yield a far quicker return than in waiting for the product of a newly-planted orchard. Among other facts and experience, reference was made to the memorable account recorded in this journal, nearly twenty years ago, of the complete renovation of two outcast pear trees. Like all these, they had once borne excellent crops of fruit, but for several years had produced only worthless specimens. The owner was told that the trees—for there were several in like condition—had exhausted the proper element in the soil, and that it must be reintroduced by artificial means. That autumn he carried out the suggestion, and scraped off all the rough outer bark from the two trees, then coated them with soft soap, cut out about one-third of all the poorest branches, and shortened the heads of the trees one-third by cutting back the principal limbs, paring the wounds, and covering them with shellac solution.

The preparation being made, a trench was dug around each tree, three feet from the same, four feet wide and twenty inches deep, the soil being carted away. In making this trench, about a third of the roots were cut away. The trench was then filled with soil from a good pasture field, there being added at the time of filling two bushels of the refuse scoriae from a blacksmith's forge, two of well-broken charcoal, and two pounds of potash. All these were thoroughly intermingled after the trench had been filled, by frequent overturnings with the spade.

The result of this cheap and simple operation was manifest the next summer. The luxuriance and vigor of the foliage were surprising, for the newly-formed roots were wandering into fresh and wholesome pasture. The next year was a moderate bloom, but every blossom produced fruit. The third season there was a fine crop, the two trees producing six bushels of superb fruit. It was convincing evidence that the failure of old established pear trees to produce good crops is owing to a want of a proper nutriment in the soil, and that instead of being cut down when they cease to bear, they should be taken in hand and renovated.—Horticulturist.

GREAT SHOWER OF METEORS.

Next in grandeur and sublimity to a total solar eclipse, or a great comet stretched athwart the starry heavens, is the great meteoric shower, such as was witnessed here in November, 1833. On this occasion from two o'clock till broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were lighted with a magnificent and imposing display of celestial fire-works. Arago computes that not less than two hundred and forty thousand meteors were visible above the horizon of Boston on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. This display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen by Humboldt at Cumana, South America, in 1799. A comparison of the epochs of appearance of these great showers has led to the discovery that they are periodic, their returns being separated from each other by a third part of a century, or some multiple of this period, and are periodical appearances of one grand meteoric shower. Professor Newton, of Yale College, who has devoted much time to the investigation of the periodic character of these showers, finds that a prodigious flight of meteors, the most imposing of its kind, will make its appearance, probably for the last time in this century, on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next. Only thirteen of these great showers are recorded between the years 903 and 1833. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle for scientific purposes have already commenced in Europe. Let no one forget Tuesday and Wednesday nights, November 13th and 14th.—Boston Commercial.

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