

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 1st, 1886.

John xi. 1-16: The death of Lazarus. 1 Kings x. 1-13: The Queen of Sheba's visit.

Recite—GALATIANS V. 19-23.

Sunday, April 8th, 1886.

John xi. 17-38: The raising of Lazarus. 1 Kings x. 11-29: Solomon's wealth, commerce and fame.

Recite—LUKE XV. 3-7.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

- PLACE the names indicated below in order, and the initial letters will form an admonition in the Book of Revelation, suited to Christians of all ages.
1.—The most southern town of Palestine.
2.—A prophet who never died.
3.—The place where John the Baptist preached.
4.—The name of Nabal's wife.
5.—The name of the two men crucified at the time as our Saviour.
6.—The first Gentile convert baptised into the Christian faith.
7.—One who spread a letter before the Lord.
8.—A governor of Caesarea.
9.—The name of the land where Job lived.
10.—Timothy's grand-mother.

The Lessons of the Leaves.

How do the leaves grow In Spring upon their stem? Oh, the sap swells up with a drop for all, And that is life to them.
What do the leaves do Through the long Summer hours? Oh, they make a home for the wandering birds, And shelter the wild flowers.
How do the leaves fade Beneath the Autumn blast? Oh, fairer they grow before they die; Their brightest is their last.
We are like leaves, too, O children, weak and small; God knows each leaf of the forest shade; He knows you each and all.
Never a leaf falls Until its part is done; God gives us grace like sap, and then Some work to every one.
You must grow old, too, Beneath the Autumn sky; But lovelier and brighter your lives may grow, Like leaves before they die.
Brighter with kind deeds, With love to others given; Till the leaf falls off from the Autumn tree, And the spirit is in heaven.

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Two brothers were, on one occasion, walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.
St. Augustine having to preach in a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward discovered that his enemy, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.
Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.
When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

John Wesley when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been, fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.
John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him, it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.
Many years have now elapsed since three substitutes might have been seen struggling in the water of St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late, the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he must have perished with the rest on board.—North Western Advocate.

Diamonds in the dirt.

Each block of marble in the mine Conceals the Paphian Queen, Apollo robed in light divine, Or Pallas, the serene. It only needs the lofty thought, To give the glorious birth, And, lo, by skilful fingers wrought, They captivate the earth.
This poetic gem reminds us of an incident in the life of Michael Angelo. While walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked in astonishment what he was doing, and what he wanted of that worthless piece of rock? "Oh, there's an angel in the stone," was the answer, "and I must get it out."
How often do Christians and philanthropists forget that diamonds are found in the dirt! Among certain articles dug up at Yorktown, Va. by Northern soldiers, was a small red stone, which, upon cleaning, proved to be a garnet; and a further inspection revealed the interesting fact, that it had once formed a part of the signet ring of the Marquis de Rochambeau, the liberty-loving commander of the French army in this country, who acted in concert with Washington, in plans which won for us the battle of Yorktown. It contains the noble Count's motto in Latin, and his family crest.

How many garnet minds are there all about us, lost in the filth of sin, but really belonging to the Great King, whose superscriptions, though besmeared and defaced, may, after all, upon careful inspection, be found upon them! All that is needful is, that those precious souls be unearthed and cleansed.
Yet how often are such unpromising subjects overlooked! We deem them, perhaps, "hopeless cases." But are there any hopeless cases? What rock has not some crevice, or flaw, or penetrable part.
So in the hardest human heart One tender spot appears, A fountain in some hidden part That brims with gentle tears.
It only needs the master-touch Of Love's or Pity's hand, And lo, the rock with water bursts, And gushes o'er the land.

Paper-makers do not mind how dirty the rags are. No matter if picked out of the gutter. Washed and milled, they come to our hand pure white, glossy sheets, inviting the choicest inscriptions. Such may once-polluted souls become, with the name of God and letters of love and grace, inscribed upon them.
Many a bird shut up in a filthy cage, does not look lovely, and does not sing. Judge it not harshly. Let it loose, and then see! So many a soul is unattractive and unlovely, merely from its surroundings. Take it out of those unfavorable circumstances; give it a chance to improve, and what a difference it makes! And just this sort of work should be coveted rather than shunned.

To loose the prisoned flutterer's wing, Touch the degraded spirit's spring, To give a songster to the sky, A voice to swell the choir on high,— Oh! if there be for man a bliss, Above what angels feel, 'tis this.
Speaking of the future of neglected children, some one says, "I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffats, and Robert Wellises. There they are, on the back seat in the mission school. There they are, playing marbles in the lower alley, their hats rimmed, and their souls Christless; and in double columns, there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain. But the hour of their migration will come, and how hell will be balked, and how

heaven will sing, when this great multitude of renovated children shall come up from their equator and their privations to preach in our pulpits, and trade in our bazaars, and teach in our schools, and speak in our senates. They are coming up, (God help them,) and rather than laugh at their poverty, take off your hat in reverence, as they pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years, though now their knees are out, and their elbows out, and their toes out, and in double columns there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain! Stand back, and let them pass on,—the long procession of Christians, and philanthropists, and heroes, and reforms, and statesmen,—and let our prayers go with them, long after we have unbuckled the sword of conflict.

And then cast the eye forward into eternity. The poorest, humblest, and meanest child in all the thousands which may be reached and influenced, carries beneath its ragged and uninviting exterior, an indestructible soul! In its creation, the Almighty evoked an intelligent spirit, to run with himself the career of ages without end! Heaven grant that we may call to mind, every time we see the face of such a child, that those little feet that brought it up into our presence, are to stand on Mount Zion above, or to tread the billows of the burning lake—that those eyes, looking so confidently into ours, are to drink in the radiance of heaven, or to weep the bitter tears of regret, where weeping will be of no avail—that its tongue is to join in the "new song" around the throne, or to take up the lamentations of the lost—that its little fluttering heart is to go on palpitating with joy or woe while immortality endures!

What a field among the thousands of outcasts and neglected ones, is there for you, indolent disciples! Go, like Christ, and recover such! Go, and realize for yourself Tuppe's description:
If in some fair and jewelled crown That to the blessed redeemed is given, Are stars that cast their brightness down, Loveliest among the gems of heaven, It is the diadem he wears, Who woke and watched for souls below, Striving to save by tears and prayers, Immortals from immortal woe. —National Baptist.

Scientific.

AROMA OF COFFEE.—The berries of coffee, once roasted, lose every hour some of their aroma in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate. This pernicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berries, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which it has been done is still hot, some powdered white or brown sugar (half-an-ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient). The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere. They have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their small entirely, which, however, returns in a high degree as soon as they are ground. After this operation, they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soon as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together, they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large the heating process, by the influence of air, increases to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously. The roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture.—BARON LIEBIG in Popular Science Review.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Chapped hands are always annoying. They may, in a great measure, be prevented by using very little soap, if any, keeping it on as briefly as possible, washing it off clean, and then finishing the washing with water to which a little vinegar is added—a teaspoonful to a pint of clear water will answer. This neutralizes any alkali of the soap left on the skin, and gives it a soft feeling, while it stops the destruction of the cuticle, and saves chapping. Diluted vinegar is also good as a final washing after shaving the face, as it also saves the skin and prevents the alkali from bleaching the whiskers. A little tallow, or even lard, thinly applied at night, or when going out into the cold air, to the hands and face, and well rubbed in, goes far toward preventing further chapping, and promotes the healing of the cracks already formed.

LUBRICATOR.—Having considerable machinery to run the past winter by horse power, and knowing of no accessible lubricator that would not grow hard in cold weather, I have been experimenting, for the purpose of getting a lubricator that would stand the cold, not good, be cheap, and accessible to all, and have found the following to answer the purpose very satisfactorily.
Lard oil, three parts, and kerosene one part. The oil should be warm, i. e., about 75° Fahrenheit, when the kerosene is put with it, and then shaken occasionally through the day, when it will be cut and mixed. This compound remains liquid about 50 or 60 degrees colder than the best lard oil. I have used it four or five months on most kinds of wood and iron working shop machinery, with better satisfaction than with any other oil I have ever found. A larger proportion of kerosene stands out still better, and a smaller proportion gives more body. The

same also works well for the axles of carriages, putting in more or less kerosene, according to the time of year and degree of cold.—Iowa Homestead.
A grain of gold,—one two hundred and fortieth part of an ounce,—a piece not so large as the head of a common pin,—may be beaten out so as to cover seventy-five square inches. It would take more than a million sheets of such leaf to make a pile three inches in thickness. A pound of gold may be drawn into a wire which would reach round the world.

A new material for paper making has just been discovered in France. With the root of lucerne, M. Caminade has succeeded in making a pulp which can be employed jointly with rags in the manufacture of paper, and even separately.
CLEVER ANAGRAM.—It is said that Napoleon, when he was asked by Dr. O'Meara if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do so, replied in the following anagram:—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." Whether this is true or not, we should like to see a more ingenious or extended anagram, which, the reader will observe, reads the same backward or forward.

Agriculture, &c.

Hints about Dairy Management.

BY A COUNTRY GERRYMAN'S WIFE.
Since trying a very simple plan for raising the cream in winter, I have found that I can produce fully double the quantity of butter from the same amount of milk. In our Scotch climate the weather for eight months of the year is so much below the temperature requisite for the proper separation of the cream from the milk that any plan to obviate this is of importance. My plan is simply this:—On receiving the milk I have ready dishes just dipped in boiling water. After straining the milk into these, I place them inside other basins containing a quantity of boiling water. I place them thus in the dairy, and at the end of 12 hours renew the boiling water in the outer dish. At the end of 36 hours the cream will astonish those who have been accustomed to the cold basin plan.

A friend to whom I lately showed a large basin of milk treated in the hot water way, placed a copper penny piece on the top of the cream, and there it remained comfortably until I removed it some time after. No winter cream, after being even forty-eight hours on the milk, could bear the weight of even a silver penny. The first week of my new plan gave me fully 4 1/2 lbs. of butter. I had scarcely 2 lbs. the previous week when the basin was cold, and no outer one with boiling water in which to place it. The renewing the hot water, after twelve hours, could be prevented by a close fitting box being used in which to place the milk dish. I am proposing to have round boxes made either of tin or wood, and after once having boiling water in these, the milk basin fitting exactly, will prevent the air getting in to cool the water before the cream has separated thoroughly from the milk. A small plug or "screw button," placed at the side of the box, would be a good plan for withdrawing the water when it cools quickly in extreme cold, and renewed boiling could easily be substituted without disturbing the milk.

Many "Mistress McClary" managers of a dairy will say, that the trouble of this hot-water plan is far too great to be thought of. But surely what is worth doing, is worth doing well; and now that cream and butter are so valuable, a little extra trouble should not be grudged to procure a double supply of both from the same quantity of milk.
By the hot-water plan, however intense the frost, the cream thus produced is churned as speedily as in summer, and the quality is finer than when long continued churning is necessary.—The Farmer (Scottish).

SELECTING A COW.—It is sometimes the case that the best judges will be deceived. A cow of very unpromising appearance, coarse in the neck, large boned, and second or third rate milk marks generally, will soon and then turn out to be first-rate, while another with these marks largely developed, fine in the head and neck, and promising every way, will prove unsatisfactory. But a failure in this case is rare. Let the head be light, the forehead broad, the horns rather thin and clear, the eye clear and prominent, the neck thin, and the fore quarters rather light; the back straight, the hind quarters well developed; wide over the loins, the carcass deep the udder coming forward and well-shaped; the skin soft to the touch, the teats well set, not too large or too small, the tail long and thin like a whip-lash. Such a cow ought to be a good one.—Rural N.Y.

AGE OF GOOD MUTTON.—Mutton must have age in order to be good. In this respect it is different from beef. Five years is the time held in Europe to be the best—an age which our wethers seldom attain. It is all lamb with us, and young mutton. We can taste of nothing better than well-matured sheep, in which case the muscle is tender and soft, the succulent juices all in perfection.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—The beneficial effects resulting from the use of this remedy and its extensive use for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Affections, has brought out many imitations, most of which contain injurious ingredients. The Troches have proved their efficacy.