

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 22nd, 1866.

John xvii: Christ's prayer. 1 Kings xvi. 15-24. Ahab's wicked reign.

Recite—PSALM cxxxiii.

Sunday, July 29th, 1866.

John xviii. 1-14: Judas betrays Christ. 1 Kings xvii. 1-16: Elijah fed by the ravens.

Recite—ACTS II. 22, 23, 24.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

Arranging the names of the persons here given, you show a great King highly honored of heaven.

- 1. A man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.
2. The king who was the last remnant of giants.
3. The woman who constrained Paul and Silas to partake of her hospitality.
4. One of the door keepers for the ark.
5. She who despised her husband for being joyful in the Lord.
6. The judge who delivered Israel from the hand of a king of Mesopotamia.
7. The first of monarchs, the beginning of whose kingdom was Babel.

ALEXANDER.

New Ross, May 27th, 1866.

The lost boy.

Henry May was a farmer's son, strong and active as a boy should be who is used to all weathers, and has learned to thrive in all. His home was in one of the northern towns of New Hampshire, a wild, rough spot, even in summer. The primitive forest bordered one side of the farm, and stretched almost continuously to the foot of the White Mountains, except a small clearing here and there, or a road winding through some valley. Henry did not dislike the solitude of his home, but was happy in being obedient and useful. One of his duties was to drive the cows to and from pasture. The path led through a corner of the dense old forest; but Henry was brave as well as active, and cheerfully went alone.

One day, upon his way home, he stopped to pick berries, and unconsciously strayed out of the path while thus engaged. He was so intent that he did not observe this, but went on farther and farther. Having eaten enough, he started to go home; but every thing about him seemed strange.

He ran this way and that, but no trace could he discover of the little path that led out of the wood. He was now very much alarmed. He had heard tales of hunters who had been lost in this forest, and who had wandered a day or two before they found their way out. He knew bears were not very uncommon; perhaps there might be other wild animals. He thought, "The sun will soon go out of sight; it will be terrible to stay here all night. I did wrong to stop at all."

He sat down discouraged and sad. What could he do? He did what every one should do who is in trouble—he knelt down, and told his heavenly Father that he was lost, and could not find the path, and begged for forgiveness and help.

How glad he was that God is in every place! He knew that he was heard, and felt that our heavenly Father would lead him out: he was safe in his care.

When he arose from his knees, all his anxiety was gone. He looked around, and observed a tall tree, which he climbed to see if he could discover the path from it. Yes, he could see the path: it was not far off. With an exclamation of joy, he hastened down, and ran towards home. The clearing was soon reached, and he felt safe.

Are you a lost child? Have you wandered away from the path of truth and obedience, or of right-doing? Then you are in far greater danger than the little boy who was lost in the wood. You may not see and feel your lost condition; but you cannot get out of danger alone; for we all, "like sheep, have gone astray." We have all broken the holy law of God, and sin is displeasing to him. Do not wait until you have grown old in sinful ways, before you seek the dear Saviour. Ask him now; tell him how hard it is for you to be truthful and obedient, and ask him to bless and help you. He has promised, "Those that seek me early shall find me," and he will help you. If you seek him earnestly, he will be found of you.—Child at Home.

The hardest Row first.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.

"Why don't you begin at the beginning?" said Mr. Owen to Mr. Kibben, who was vigorously engaged in hoeing corn.

"I always take the hardest row first; that makes all the rest seem easier," said Mr. Owen.

"There is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it. Besides, if you take the hardest row first, the rest is pretty soon to be done. Easy work always stands a better chance to get done than hard work."

"Do you observe the same rule in spiritual matters?"

"I try to. I don't always succeed as well as I do in temporal matters."

"It is not a ways easy to determine which is the hardest row spiritually."

"Take the one that you are least inclined to take."

"What do you regard as some of the hardest rows, that is, what are some of the most difficult religious duties?"

"In the first place, all duties are religious duties. What are called our duties to ourselves and to our fellow men are also duties to God, and hence are religious duties. In the next place, in a general way, those duties are the hardest which are most opposed to our natural inclinations. Then some things are harder for some men, and some are harder for other men. With some, it is a hard thing to give away money; with others it is a very easy thing. The hardest thing I ever did was to forgive an enemy, and pray for him."

"Are you sure you did it?" "Yes, I feel pretty sure about it. The man was my brother-in-law, that is, we married sisters. When my father-in-law died he left a little property, hardly enough to make his widow comfortable. He died without a will. I proposed to my brother-in-law that we should relinquish all the property to her. He took of fence and we had something of a quarrel. I felt, as it were, at liberty to be pretty sharp with him, since it was not my selfishness which brought it on. We did not speak for some time, and when we did, it was worse than if we had kept silence. He said what was not true about me, and made the people believe that it was all owing to my selfishness that the property was divided. The property was divided into three parts, but I never took my wife's part, but left it in the mother's hands. When I heard from time to time what he had said, I was very angry. I don't get angry very quick, but when I do get angry I am apt to keep so a long time; that's my natural disposition. Well, I found things didn't go well with me spiritually. I began to lose my interest in church matters. The preaching didn't suit me as well as it used to, though good judges said our minister was improving as a preacher very fast. I lost my interest in praying; I could not find time for it as easily as I once could. My prayers became very formal. My praying was like the turning of a screw when it don't take hold. One day as I was reading, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses,' I stopped and thought of the passage. Then I thought of the clause in the Lord's prayer, 'forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' I concluded that my prayers had been for sometime worthless if not worse. I saw where the difficulty lay. I called on my brother-in-law, apologized for having spoken angrily to him, and proposed a reconciliation. He was as stubborn as a mule. He would not admit that he had been guilty of any wrong towards me. He said a number of unkind and insulting things. I left him without making any reply to his insults, and concluded I had done all that duty required. But I found I did not get on any better than I did before. I hadn't forgiven him. I had been willing to forgive, if he would consent. I didn't get right till I had forgiven him, without confession, for Christ's sake. It was hard work. It required a good deal of meditation and prayer."—Sunday-school Times.

ALEXANDER.

New Ross, May 27th, 1866.

The great Giant.

Of all the giants in this country, IMPERANCE is the largest, the most powerful, and in every way the most dangerous. He is stronger here than almost anywhere else. There was a time when he might easily have been driven out of the land. But now he has built so many castles and gloomy dungeons; he has so many thousands of men in his service, and so much money to use in his defence, that he bids defiance to his enemies. More sermons and speeches have been delivered against him; more books written; more societies formed, and more efforts made in every way against him, than all the rest put together.

And though he is thousands of years old, and has been through hundreds of battles, he does not seem to grow weak, or stiff with age; like giant Pagan, the Bunyan tells of in the Pilgrim's Progress. But every year he seems to get stronger and more active. And oh! what a sad sight it is to look into his dungeons! Hundreds and thousands of prisoners in our land, are bound fast in his chains. He has more of them than any other giant here. And they are not from any one class only. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, are among them. Laboring men, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, ministers; men and women, and even children too, are dragged into his dungeons. The most accomplished, the most talented, the most beautiful, the most amiable, fall under his power. Many thousands of captives are taken from his dungeons, in our own country, every year, and buried in the drunkard's grave. How dreadful is this!

This giant sets a great many man-traps, and snares, to catch people. Taverns, gin shops, beer houses, and drinking saloons, are traps he has set. There he sits, watching to catch any passer-by, just as you often see a spider quietly waiting in its web to entice some poor fly. Into these traps people are enticed. They are tempted to drink. They learn to love drinking. And when this habit is formed, they become the giant's prisoners. But these are not his only snares.

Sometimes he puts little traps inside of tempting-looking sugar-plums, to catch boys and girls. He drops a little wine, or brandy, into these sugar-plums, and then spreads them out in the shop windows. These are bought and eaten.

The taste for liquor is formed, and so by degrees the giant fastens his chain upon the buyers, till they too, become his prisoners. Sometimes he spreads a snare in the social evening party. A pleasant company is assembled. Refreshments are handed round. Wine is poured out. A young man is asked to take some, but declines. He is pressed to drink to the health of a friend. He hesitates, not wishing to hurt his friend's feelings, but thinks he can't refuse without doing so. The sparkling glass is taken. Then another, and another, till at last he is intoxicated. The giant has fastened the first link of his cruel chain upon him. The taste for drink is formed. By and by he can't do without it. The giant has bound him hand and foot, and he is dragged helplessly down to ruin.—Giant and How to fight them, By Rev. L. NEWTON, D. D.

Light Afflictions.

The pastor of a church near Boston, having made an exchange one Sabbath with a brother pastor in Plymouth, Mass., the next Sabbath related to his people the following incident. I was invited on Monday morning, by a physician, to visit with him; one of his patients. We went to the poor-house in one room of which lay the sufferer, a woman about fifty years old. She was afflicted with a disease of the spine, caused by an accident which happened to her when she was about sixteen years old. She had been helpless ever since, and the amount of property she had once possessed, having been exhausted by sickness, and all her friends and relatives having died, she had come, a lonely suffering woman, to end her days in the pauper's home. She was comparatively at rest when we entered, but the physician told me that her agony was often so great that her contracted limbs, drawn to her head and her distorted features rendered her hideous, shapeless mass of deformity. While he was speaking, the muscles of her arm began to contract, and it was gradually drawn up to her face. The physician told me to try with all my force to bend it, saying it would not hurt her at all, and it was so rigid that I would be unable to move it in the least. Thus she had lain three many weary years, thus she might lie many more, until God has no further use for her to teach his children patience and humility. At last, the suffering seemed to subside, and her face wore a calm, placid look, as though a peace within made the burden light. I bent down to her and asked if she had Jesus to help her bear the trial, and a sweet smile assured me of what her weak voice could hardly utter. As I turned to leave her, she drew my head down to her lips, and in feeble accents and with much difficulty, she whispered, "These light afflictions—which are—but for a moment"—and the rest of the words were too weak for me to hear.

Not a murmur, the physician said, had ever been known to escape her lips. I wished I might bring to that bedside every skeptic, every unbeliever in our holy religion, and there ask him to find comfort for such a sufferer, if he could, in any thing else but in the love of Christ.

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Years ago, a band of tempest-tossed pilgrims consecrated that little spot by setting foot upon it, and there lay in the corner-stone of a happy country, and to-day New England points with pride to Plymouth Rock as the foundation God laid of all the superstructure of learning, morals and religion which has been built up in the century past.

There is another pilgrim there now; there is another Rock upon which her foot is placed. We may not know why she is permitted thus to suffer, nor may she, neither may we, any more than they of olden time, see any great result from this sad present; but the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" reserved for her, when she shall have put on the incorruptible, the undefiled, the immortal, will not make her more than the peer of those whom a nation honors, and to whom a world does reverence.—National Baptist.

"ROW ON." For the first five years of my professional life, once said a gentleman, "I had to row against wind, and stream, and tide."

"And what did you do?" "Do," replied he, "do—why, I rowed on, to be sure."

And so he did row on, and to a good purpose, too, until he came to the open sea, took favorable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for work and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a monarch's expense in the respectful memory of thousands.

They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and the creases are crow's feet, on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. This is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The eyes are dim, but the eyes are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young; younger now than I ever was before.—Dr. Guthrie.

The San Francisco Evangelist gives the following as having occurred in that vicinity. A Presbyterian minister labored long with a lady to convince her that sprinkling would answer for baptism, but in vain; she was too strongly fixed in Bible truth. At length as his concluding argument he said: "Hav'n't you any pride?" About as conclusive, we confess, as anything we remember to have seen upon that side of the question.

Agriculture, &c.

AMELIORATING EFFECTS OF CULTIVATION.

There is scarcely a vegetable we at present employ that can be found growing naturally. Buffon asserts that our wheat is a tacititious production, raised to its present condition by the art of agriculture. Rice, rye, barley, or even oats, are not to be found wild—that is, to say, growing naturally in any part of the earth; but have been altered by the industry of mankind, from plants not now resembling them in such a degree as to enable us to recognize their relations. The acid and disagreeable Apium graveolus has been transformed into the delicious celery; and the Colewort, a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing altogether half an ounce, has been improved into a cabbage whose leaves alone bear many pounds—or into a cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds, which in their natural state would not have weighed as many grains. The potato, again, whose introduction has added millions to our population, derives its origin from a small and bitter root which grows wild in Chili and Montevideo. If any of our readers are skeptical on the subject of such metamorphoses, let them visit the fair bowers of horticulture, and they will perceive that the magic wand has not only converted the rough porraceous covering of the almond into the soft and melting flesh of the peach, but that by her spells the sour apple has ripened into the delicious plum, and the austere crab of our woods into the golden pippin. That this again has been made to sport in almost endless variety, emanating in beauty of form and color, in exuberance of fertility and richness of flavor, the productions of warmer regions and more propitious climates.—Dr. Parr on Diet.

This term is constantly used by farmers in speaking of manures. It is well to understand its derivation and precise meaning. It is of Arabic origin. Dr. Dana says that Kali is the Arabic word for bitter, and al is like our word super; we say fine and superfine; so kali is bitter; alkali, superlatively bitter, or, truly, alkali means the "dregs of bitterness."

Alkali is a general term which includes all those substances which have an action like the ley of wood ashes. If this ley is boiled down, it forms potash. What is chiefly understood by the term alkalies, means potash, soda and ammonia. Potash is the alkali of land plants; soda is the alkali of sea plants; and ammonia is the alkali of animal substances.

Potash and soda are fixed; that is, not easily raised in vapour by fire. Ammonia always exists as a vapor unless fixed by something else. Lime, fresh slacked, has the alkaline qualities of potash, but weaker, so has calcined magnesite, but in a less degree than lime. Here are two substances, earthy in their look, having alkaline properties. They are called, therefore, alkaline earths. When the tongue is touched with a bit of quick lime, it has a hot, burning, bitter taste. These are called alkaline properties. Besides these, they have the power of combining with and taking the sour out of all sour liquids and acids; that is, the acids and the alkali neutralize each other. Were it not for this, there would probably be no such thing as vegetable growth.—N. England Farmer.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—"Cosmo," in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, gives the following facts worth remembering:

It is worth while, for all farmers every where, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds, is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbours.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer, than purchased in the winter.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning, when any one approaches him, is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scripping the feed of fattening hogs, is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children is money lent at a hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study, is more profitable than ten lounging about country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good, reliable, entertaining paper, and pay for it promptly of course.

THE HEAD OF A HIGHLAND BULLOCK.—

The Earlston correspondent of the Kelso Chronicle has sent the following paragraph to that journal:—Mr. Mills, Hyndside Hill, lately slaughtered a very fine Highland bullock of a cream color, weighing 70 stones. The head of this animal, after having been subjected to the art of the taxidermist, we had an opportunity of seeing last week. The following are some of its dimensions, which are extraordinary enough to merit publication.—The horns at the root measured 11 1/2 inches; a line stretched between the tips of the horns measured 48 1/2 inches. When the line was laid along the horns resting on the top of the head, it measured 60 1/2 inches, and the girth of the head below the horns was 48 1/2 inches.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c. should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple remedy which has relieved thousands, and which is in almost every case effectual.