

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 30th, 1867.

ACTS xvii. 16-24 Paul on Mars Hill. 2 Kings xix. 1-19: Hezekiah and Isaiah.

Recite—ECCLIESIASTES xii. 12-14.

Sunday, July 7th, 1867.

ACTS xviii. 1-17: Paul at Corinth. 2 Kings xix. 20-37: Sennacherib slain.

Recite—JAMES I. 22-25.

Prayer a bridle.

Some bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant.

"No, no, I cannot," said he. "Why, not, why?" they asked. "Why?" answered the boy. "Because if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

"Oh! well," they said, "in that case, you had better not go." Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves, better things than they can practice. But you see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child.—Child's Delight.

The eldest Daughter at Home.

To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make a garment, to tend a baby would add much to the list of a young lady's accomplishments. Where can we behold a more lovely sight than the eldest daughter of the family standing in the sweet simplicity of her new womanhood, by the side of her toiling, careworn mother to relieve and aid her? Now she presides at the table, now directs in the kitchen, now amuses the fretting babe, now diverts half a score of little folks in the library. She can assist her younger brothers in their studies, read the newspaper to her weary father, smooth the aching brow of her revered mother. Always ready with a helping hand and cheerful smile, for every emergency she is an angel of love and a blessing to the home circle. Should she be called out of it to originate a home of her own would she be any less lovely or self-sacrificing?

The profligate Criminal softened.

A gentleman in Pittsburg, in sending for a supply of tracts for distribution in the jail, says, "The poor prisoners look for them as eagerly as the children of Israel did for manna. We found one day in jail a girl, young in years, but old in crime, who was so violent the keeper was afraid of her, and had her chained. We gave her a tract, which, with the kind word, at once melted her heart, and with tears streaming from her eyes she told us her sad story. She had been raised by Christian parents, United Presbyterians, who died while she was young, and getting into bad company, she soon plunged into vice. To test her story, I asked her if she knew any of 'David's Psalms.' She at once repeated the version of the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, 'The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.' It was an affecting sight to see that poor girl in rags on a straw pallet on the stone floor of the prison cell, with chains on her ankles, the tears of penitence flowing from her eye, repeating that beautiful psalm. Surely she had strayed far from the flock and the good Shepherd; but your tract awakened feelings that we trust may lead her to live a better life. I gave her two or three tracts, and the next day went again to see her. She had them concealed in her bed, and said she had read them over and over again. In a few days she was discharged from prison and sent to the country, where I hope the good Shepherd will keep her from the Devil's ravening wolves, who are so busy destroying souls."—Am. Messenger.

Father and Mother.

When our parents die, it is as if the roof over our head was suddenly uncovered, for the winds of heaven to blow down on us—as if the strong arm on which we have leaned was snapped asunder, and we were roughly told to walk alone. Then (if our parents loved us, as some parents can love), the mind that most thoroughly understood us, the heart that was most entirely wrapped up in us, the lips that most continually spoke of us, the soul that so often prayed for us, the face that we first learned to recognize, the voice we first grew to obey, the hand that we first tried to grasp, the knee that we first learned to climb, the cheek we first wished to kiss, are gone, and will never come back. We may be in our prime, and for years past may have been bearing the burden of our own life, and the burden of other lives; yet the thought that our father and mother are really gone, and that we can no longer consult them in our difficulties, nor confide in them our secrets, nor share with them our joys, nor lavish on them our love, makes the heart sad with a deep and abiding sadness, unless it has grown old in a premature decay.

LEARNING.—Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

I CAN conceive a living man without an arm or leg, but not without a head or a heart.—Newton.

"If I had thought it was Jesus."

A few days since, a sermon was preached in D., from the text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." The preacher set forth that Christ Jesus, the Lord, is represented in all his disciples. That if a man strike a disciple, the Lord feels the blow. That if injustice makes even the humblest Christian weep, tears of sorrow course down the Saviour's face. On the other hand, that whatever kindness is bestowed on a disciple, is all the same as if bestowed directly upon the Lord himself. Assuming this to be the doctrine of the text, the preacher exhorted his hearers to visit the poor in the spirit of liberality and kindness that would actuate them, as if it were the Saviour who received their benefactions in person.

After the service was closed, a gentleman, whose liberality is known in all the churches, remarked:

"A few days since, I carried to a poor Christian woman a comforter, warm, but well worn, and two loaves of bread—good bread, but a little stale. The weather was very cold, and the comforter was gratefully received. The poor woman was hungry, and the bread was better than she usually obtained. But while listening to the sermon to-day, I thought that, had I reflected that it was Jesus I was visiting, in the person of one of his disciples, I would have taken a new comforter and fresh loaves of bread."

The remark is worthy of remembrance by Christians, when about to go on an errand of mercy, or perform a deed of good-will to man.

When the wise men came from the East to visit the new-born Lord of the universe, they brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh—rich and costly gifts. Now, we cannot visit the holy manger; we cannot pour costly ointment upon the Saviour's head; but God has placed it in our power to perform services equally acceptable to him. He sits in many a lonely hut, with the children of misfortune and misery, and all our visits to him there, and all our benefactions, will be recorded upon his holy heart, and the record will be imperishable.

On the other hand, if any man hopes to secure the favor of God by professions of personal piety, while he is guilty of acts of cruelty, injustice, or neglect—even though the persons suffering thereby may be the least of all human creatures—let him read the concluding passages of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. He will find the grandest and the most forcible exposition of the nature, necessity, and importance of practical religion ever recorded in any book.—Religious Telescope.

DON'T STAND STILL.—If you do, you will be run over. Motion, action, progress—these are the words which now fill the vault of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart pulsate with a stronger bound. Advance, or stand aside; do not block up the way and hinder the career of others; there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude; closer in interest; more loving and eventful than of old. Not in deeds of daring, not in the ensanguined field, not in chains and terrors, not in blood and tears, and gloom, but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

JUNE 30. Sunday. Why are ye so fearful? Mark iv. 40.

Why indeed; because sense is so strong and faith so weak.

JULY 1. Monday. The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy, Psa. cxix. 64.

Amidst many sorrows and privations, the necessary fruits of sin, the Christian beholds both nature and providence shining forth in the rich expression of God's paternal benignity to the children of men.

2. Tuesday. Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, 2 Cor. vi. 17.

If we would follow the Lord wholly, we must go right away into the wilderness of separation, and leave the Egypt of the carnal world behind us.

3. Wednesday. In summer and in winter it shall be, Zech. xiv. 8.

Rejoice, O my soul, that thou art spared to testify of the faithfulness of the Lord. The seasons change, but his love abides evermore the same. The streams of it are as deep and broad as ever.

4. Thursday. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, Heb. xiii. 8.

The stability which the anchor gives this ship when it has at last obtained a holdfast, is like that which the Christian's hope affords when it fixes upon this glorious truth.

5. Friday. With his stripes we are healed Isa. liii. 5.

We would fain have the image of our bleeding Saviour printed upon the tablets of our hearts all the day, and at nightfall sorrow that our sins should have cost Him so dear.

6. Saturday. Thy paths drop fatness, Psa. lxxv. 11.

Many are the "paths of the Lord" which drop fatness, but the nearest place to the gate of heaven is the throne of the heavenly grace.

Scientific.

Better than gas.

"It is now ascertained," says a scientific journal, "that the ocean contains one hundred and sixty thousand cubic miles of magnesium—a quantity which would cover the entire surface of the globe, both sea and land, to a thickness of eight feet. Three years ago all the chemists who had obtained magnesium had probably not obtained an ounce among them. One year ago its price was more than five hundred dollars a pound. Now, owing to improvements recently introduced, magnesium wire is sold at six cents a foot." If these statements be accurate—and they are made on apparently satisfactory data—there is reason to believe that in another year or two the cost of the light produced from magnesium will be very far below that of gas. As to the superiority of the light itself, there can be no question. It is purer and more intense than that of the flame of any artificial light that has yet been discovered, does not alter the natural color of things, and can be regulated with the utmost ease. By the adaptation of proper mechanical contrivances, some progress towards which has already been made, it can be rendered available for domestic purposes without any risk of affecting the sight. Its adaptability for street illumination has been equally demonstrated. Once, therefore, the economical question is solved to the satisfaction of capitalists, we may look for some reduction in the rates of illumination.

CURE FOR CANCER.—We clip the following from the London Christian Times, whose editor recommends it.

FOR CANCER.—Boil three of the finest Turkey figs in a half-pint of new milk; when they are tender, split one and apply the inside of it, as warm as it can be borne, to the part affected; whether broken or not; wash it with the milk every time the poultice is changed, which must be at least night and morning, and once in the day. A quarter of a pint of the milk, in which the figs have been boiled, should also be drunk twice in the day, if the stomach will bear it. This course must be steadily observed for three or four months at least.

The first application will be attended with pain; but afterwards the patient will find ease and relief from every dressing.

A woman was cured by this remedy who had been afflicted with cancer ten years, and her breast bled excessively; twelve pounds of figs cured her.

The mite has eyes, and turns aside if it meet with such objects as may be hurtful to it; place it on anything that is black, for the help of your observation, and if, whilst it is walking, you lay but the least bit of straw in its way, you will see it alters its course immediately; and can you think that the crystalline humour, the retina, and the optic nerve, all which convey sight to this little animal, are the product of chance?

As our houses and gardens are always more or less infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that benzine, an article sufficiently well known as a detergent, is no less efficacious as an insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, spider, caterpillar, or other creeping thing. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with the potent benzine.

ABOUT TROUT.—The trout has a wonderful capability for adapting its color to that of the water in which it lives. A trout taken out of clear water, kept in a white vessel, and transferred to water in a vessel having dark sides, shines out at first quite white, but in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark as the sides of the jar, consequently difficult to be seen.

A mulatto slave in Brazil has carried off a national prize medal for the best work of sculpture, and also received a paper of manumission. His statue is a Cupid.

A road locomotive is at work near Zurich, easily guided, quickly stopped, and able to go up hill with carriages containing forty passengers.

On the 15th of January, Moscow was lighted with gas for the first time.

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morn-comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

Emulate the cucumber—be cool.

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a nightmare.

Philosophers have speculated whether men become beasts after death, but it is of more practical importance to prevent their becoming such during life.

Madder colors red. Is this the reason why the madder you get the redder you grow?

Love is the law of the universe—emanating from God, binding myriad worlds together in boundless space, and harmonizing all their motions without conflict.

An exchange says: "When you are angry don't write. Words when spoken are air, but when they are written they are things."

One who is half man, half dog, will bow to the rich, and bow-wow to the poor.

They say that coal oil cures fevers. We think that it has been creating fevers.

Agriculture, &c.

When a hen will lay—and when it will not.

When a hen is satisfied, it will lay. It is satisfied when it has enough to eat and drink, and that of a good quality.

It is satisfied when it has warm quarters (in winter.)

It is satisfied when it is unmolested.

It is satisfied when it has a safe, retired place to lay, for a hen does not want to be annoyed with doubt in regard to its future progeny.

It is satisfied when it has room enough.

It is satisfied when it has a place to wallow in.

It is satisfied when it finds gravel and bits of burnt bone strewn where it is.

It is satisfied with a variety of food, animal and vegetable—and vegetables from the garden, such as cabbages, onions, &c.

It is satisfied when it feels the warming influence of pepper mixed with its food.

It is particularly satisfied when it has somebody to give it these things daily, and be a daily friend to it—for the hen is social and companionable.

And, lastly, it is satisfied with a rooster.

But it is not satisfied when it suffers for the want of food.

It is not satisfied with dirty water.

It is not satisfied with shivering in the cold.

It is not satisfied with disturbances and danger.

It is not satisfied when thrust with a great number of hens and jostled about.

It is not satisfied when it has a hard, naked floor, where its bright eye cannot detect a grain of sand to form a shell for its egg.

It is not satisfied when it has no safe place to lay.

It is not satisfied when it is neglected.

And last of all, it is greatly dissatisfied when forsaken and left to shift for itself, as is usually done in barns, often trodden upon, at least its toes, it not frozen off.

Such a hen will not lay—not if an "ever-lasting layer."—Colman's Rural.

HEN MANURE.—The productive power of the droppings of the henery is very great as compared with ordinary barnyard manure; yet many farmers, with a score or two of fowls, take little or no pains to preserve and apply it to the purposes of vegetable production. It is an excellent dressing for gardens, and will repay, a hundred fold, the care and expense of preserving and applying it.

SEEDING TO GRASS ALONE.—I have found, from experience and observation, that when ground is laid down to grass, and the seed sown alone, the best and most surely successful time is early fall—say first of September. The ground is then in a much better condition, if it has been occupied with a tilled crop; if not, can be much better prepared, to give the seed an opportunity to catch and grow, than it can possibly be made, in season, for sowing in spring. When sown in September, a handsome mat or turf is formed before winter sets in and the young grass gets well established, and attains such a growth as to afford protection for the young roots. If the seeding is liberal, such is the effect; otherwise, less advantage is derived from fall seeding. Here soil and circumstances must govern: for on a soil that the frost loosens very much, the young roots do not get so firmly established that they are not apt to be thrown out, and many winter-killed. In such soils, spring seeding with some light grain crop is the safer course.—Country Gentleman.

CREAM CHEESE.—An inquirer in the London Field for a receipt for making cream cheese was replied to as follows by three correspondents:—"We put a quart of cream into a clean jug, with half a teaspoonful of salt stirred in, and let it stand a day or two, till thickish. Then we fold an ordinary grass cloth about six or eight times and sprinkle it with salt, then lay it in a sieve about eight inches in diameter. The sides of the cloth should come up well over the sides. Then pour in the cream and sprinkle a little salt on it. Change the cloth as often as it becomes moist, and as the cheese dries press it with the cloth and sieve. In about a week or nine days it will be prime and fit to eat. The air alone suffices to turn the cream into cheese."

"Take about half a pint of cream, stir it up in a piece of thin muslin and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin and put it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will be fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making."

"Take a quart of cream, either fresh or sour, mix about a saltspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of sugar. Put it in a cloth with a net outside, hang it up and change the cloth every other day; in ten days it will be fit for use."

It is stated that by transplanting flowering plants several times a year for two successive years, without allowing them to bloom, they can be made to produce double blossoms, while the plant only previously gave single ones.

CATARRH.—The origin of Catarrh is in most cases a neglected Cold, which can be relieved by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," by soothing the irritated and inflamed membrane extending from the nose to the throat. For Coughs and Throat Diseases the Troches are of great service.