

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 7th, 1867.

ACTS xviii. 1-17: Paul at Corinth. 2 Kings xix. 20-37: Sennacherib slain.
Recite—JAMES I. 22-25.

Sunday, July 14th, 1867.

ACTS xviii. 18-28: Paul's Journeying. 2 Kings xx. 1-11: Hezekiah's life lengthened.
Recite—REVELATION v. 11-12.

Rain-drops.

Pat-pat, patter came the rain
Down upon the window-pane,
Shall I tell you what it said,
As I listened on my bed?

Very little things are we,
Formed in clouds where none can see;
Yet we little drops of rain
Never fall to earth in vain.
Sometimes as silent dew we fall,
Noiseless, yet refreshing all;
And then again, in gentle showers,
Moistening the grain, cooling the flowers;
And oft, as to-night, we all unite
Our drops, and fall on one and all,
Lowly cottage and lordly hall;
And washing the leaves on all the trees,
Over the hills, in sparkling rills,
On, on we go to the river below;
And mounting its dancing waves, we ride
Far out to the ocean deep and wide:
But stay not here—our work is not done;
So up on the shining rays of the sun
Away we hie to our home in the sky,
To wait till we little drops of rain
Are needed to water the earth again.

Pat-pat, patter came the rain
Down upon the window-pane;
And I asked myself if there might not be
In the rain-drops' voice a lesson for me.

Then I thought if a single drop of rain
Never falls to the earth in vain—
If even the kiss of the morning dew
Can make all Nature smile anew,
May there not be a work for me?
Though but a child, I will watch and see,
Hoping each day to find, as they say,
"Where there's a will, there's not wanting a way."

A Casket and its Jewels.

One day, as I was standing by my window
looking through the upper branches of an old
elm-tree, I saw a little bird's nest filled up
to the brim with the most beautiful snow; for
we had been having a grand storm, good for rubber
boots and the merry sleigh-bells. I will call
this nest a casket, and the snow my jewels; for
you know how frozen snow sparkles in the sun-
shine, looking brighter and more dazzling than
a collection of pretty rings or breastpins.

By-and-by it was spring, and I discovered
this nest among the green leaves, with a brown
bird comfortably seated in it. Then there
came two dear little heads peeping out so cunningly,
that I never tired watching the wee
bills opening wide to receive the food the moth-
er-bird brought them.

I suppose these little birdies were all the
jewels their mother cared about; and very
pretty did they look in the little casket. When-
ever the large bird flew away to search for
worms in the bark of the trees, another would
come and watch this nest as closely as if it con-
tained the rarest diamonds.

Do n't you think it was funny for a grown-up
Auntie to spend her time watching the actions of
this little family? Well, I am so fond of the
trees, birds, and flowers, that I love to be among
them, and make them my companions; and then
I have never lived in the country, as some of
you do, and so could not find ever so many nests
filled with eggs in the apple trees. Yes, I have
enjoyed this picture among the branches of the
old elm more than any painting in my home.

And now, dear children, your home is a cas-
ket, and you are the most precious jewels your
parents possess; and the more you love Jesus,
who gave you to them, the brighter you will
shine. Will you not try?

AUNT GERTRUDE in *Child's paper*.

The school of Satan.

The police in New York arrested in one
night two companies of boys, one hundred and
five in all. Sixty-three were found in one room
filled with the fumes of bad liquor and cigars.
About the tables were young gamblers in all
stages of drunkenness. They were gamblers,
thieves, and pickpockets, as filthy, ragged, and
tough-mouthed as you could well imagine. How
old? Between the ages of nine and thirteen.

Is it not enough to make a mother shudder,
to think of her son in such a gang? Think of
them as boys; think of them grown up to be
men, ending their days in state-prisons and
penitentiaries, or dying by violent deaths!
These poor children were most of them born
in wretched homes, if they had any spot worthy
the name of home at all. Their A B Cs were
A B Cs in crime. Though born within the
sound of church-bells, nobody led them to their
Saviour or taught their little bare feet to walk
in his ways. They are the neglected children
of the city—lost lambs.

Children in happy Christian homes, thank
God for what he has done for you. Pray for
these poor lost ones; yes, and if you find any
such, stir up your father and mother and Chris-
tian people to run to their rescue, and put them
in a safe place.—*Id.*

Seventy-six—A Contrast.

"If I live ten days longer, I shall be seventy-
six," said one in my hearing a few days ago,
"and I do not see why any one should desire
to live to be old; there is very little comfort
in old age. I have outlived all my friends."
To the remark, "You have not found it easy
then to make new friends to supply the place
of old ones?" he replied with emphasis, "That
is impossible; in advanced life a man may
make acquaintances—he cannot make friends;
there is not a man upon earth whom I can take
by the hand and call friend. There are those
who care enough for me to see me decently
buried; but probably they will be glad when I
am out of the way, as they may hope to get
something."

Such was the voluntary murmuring testimony
of one whose frequent use of profane language
showed him to be "without God and without
hope in the world;" a testimony, forced from
him by his own misery, as to the dreariness of
an ungodly old age, even when surrounded by
every worldly comfort.

From this lament I turned my thoughts to
the life of a Christian of about the same age.
He was a man not remarkable for talents or
wealth or accomplishments. He had led the
very retired life of a working mechanic and
farmer; but he never felt his age a grief or a
burden. A few months ago he said, "I enjoy
life as much as ever I did;" and his cheerful,
happy countenance and kind words and acts
proved the truth of testimony. He complained
of no want of friends; he was always uncon-
sciously making new friends. Probably the
friendships of his later years were not like those
of his youth for romantic and passionate in-
terest; for even when early friends dwell to-
gether till old age they are not the same to each
other at the eve as at the morn of life; yet they
are not lacking in any of the essentials of true
friendship. When he died, the church, of which
he had been a member for fifty-seven years, and
an officer for forty-three, and the whole
community mourned an irreparable loss. The
large gathering at his funeral was made up of
those who came to testify their regard for his
character and their assurance of his being pres-
ent with the Lord.

Why was the experience of these two old
men so different? The one was an ungodly
man, living for self and this world; having no
consciousness of noble aims in life, he had no
true self-respect and no true capacity for hap-
piness; at enmity with God, neither the prom-
ises nor the providence of God could give him
comfort or hope; destitute of those noble ex-
cellencies which attract and retain the esteem of
others, he had no friendships worth the name,
and felt life to be an empty, burdensome thing,
only endurable because of a secret dread of
what is to come after death.

The other was a consistent, humble Christian,
whose virtues shone in all his conduct. Love
to God and love to man appeared without osten-
tation in his daily walk. He felt and expressed
by words and deeds a sincere interest in the
well-being of his fellow-men; new acquaint-
ances soon became loving friends, and the esteem
of old friends was ever deepening. To him in-
creasing years brought no despairing sorrow, no
weariness of life. In his youth he committed
himself to a faithful Redeemer, and the faith and
hope which gladdened him then had grown
through long experience.—*Am. Messenger.*

A borrowed Sermon.

A clergyman, in passing to his parish, which
was at some distance, had to pass by the house
of another clergyman. On one occasion, when
on his way to hold the service for the day, to his
great discomfort he found he had forgotten his
sermon. He was at a loss for a moment to know
what to do. The time would not admit of return-
ing home; and to attempt to preach without a
book was out of the question. There was only
one help for him in his difficulty, and that was to
call at the clergyman's whose house he had to
pass, and ask him to lend him a sermon. This he
was most loth to do, "because," said he to him-
self, "he is a Methodist; however, it cannot,
under the circumstances, be helped." He called
at the parsonage, saw the clergyman in question,
told him of his dilemma, and asked him for the
loan of one of his sermons. The clergyman con-
sented, and, withdrawing to his study, resolved
to make the most of the opportunity. He sought
out a sermon upon the text: "Ye must be born
again." The clergyman received it with thanks,
proceeded to his church, conducted the service as
usual, and concluded by reading the borrowed
sermon. At the close of the service, one of his
congregation came to him in great distress of
mind. "Sir," said he, "What must I do to be
saved?" "Oh! repeat the Lord's Prayer, and
say the Creed and the Ten Commandments."
"Ah! sir, I have done that, but I find that won't
save me. I want to know how I am to be born
again, as you have been telling us this morning."
"Well," said the clergyman, "the fact is, it was
a borrowed sermon, and you had better go to Rev.
M——, who lent it to me, and he will tell you
what to do."

Some churches are no more in need of a
"great revival," by which many should be add-
ed to them, than of a great deprival, by which
many should be got rid of.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

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

JULY 7. Sunday. Babes in Christ, 1 Cor.
iii. 1.

Your right to covenant mercies, O weak be-
liever, lies not in your growth. In the family
register of glory the small and the great are
written with the same pen.

8. Monday. And He marvelled because of
their unbelief, Mark vi. 6.

Unbelief is so natural to us as fallen creatures,
so common among us, that we seldom realize its
full-orbed wickedness; but what must be the
mystery of iniquity which it embodies, when it
is written that even Christ Himself marvelled
at its manifestation.

9. Tuesday. I will restore health unto thee,
Jer. xxx. 17.

Health of body may be lost and never restored,
but what a mercy there is One who can and
will ever restore health of soul if we seek Him
in penitence and faith.

10. Wednesday. Return, ye backsliding chil-
dren, Jer. iii. 22.

What love breathes in these words! "Return!"
what, after all our sins, wanderings, and ingrati-
tude? Yes; return, says the God from whom
we have wandered, and return to me!

11. Thursday. The Spirit helpeth our in-
firmities, Rom. viii. 26.

Do we believe this? But seldom; we for the
most part view our infirmities as evils only, for
which there is no help; but it is written, He
helpeth our infirmities.

12. Friday. We should bring forth fruit
unto God, Rom. vii. 4.

"Unto God;" do not forget this; not to the
world, or the church exclusively or especially,
but to God.

13. Saturday. I have gone astray like a lost
sheep, Psa. cxiv. 176.

Foolishly, thoughtlessly, in the pursuit of self-
gratification; oh, with what humility and self-
abasement ought we to return at once to the
Great Shepherd of our souls?

A case of Conscience.

One of our subscribers in Quebec gives the
following:

"My neighbor, upon arriving at his store,
found a very old man awaiting his arrival. 'He
asked me in French: 'Are you the son of Mr.
B——?' Answering him in the affirmative,
the old man said: 'I owe you \$28, or, rather,
I owed it to your father.' As my father de-
ceased twenty-five or thirty years ago, I replied:
'You must mean my uncle.' 'No,' was the
old man's rejoinder; and nothing must prevent
him paying to me what he had so long owed my
father. I had no account, no memoranda con-
firmative of what he said. Whether it had
been stolen or found, he knowing at the time it
was my father's, or how this obligation was cre-
ated, I know not; but it seems the 'passage of
thirty years had not washed out the sense of it,
or stilled the chidings of a conscience that
pointed in a just direction. But the most no-
ticeable feature of the case was, that, after the
payment, the poor old man seemed to be in an
ecstasy and overcome with joy. He had come
two hundred and fifty miles, two hundred be-
yond the termination of our railroad, in this
mid-winter, in obedience to this disturbing con-
science, and then departed in peace, to die ere
long in his distant forest home, for he came all
the way by stages in the midst of this Cana-
dian winter.—*Exchange.*

Scientific.

Telegraph Fac-similes.

Mr. Field has brought out to this country a
number of very interesting specimens of the
system of telegraphing now in operation be-
tween Paris and Lyons, and Paris and Bordeaux,
by which exact copies of the message are pro-
duced at either extremity of the lines, solely by
mechanical means. The message is written on
prepared paper, covered with a lead-colored sur-
face, which is a non-conductor of the electric-
fluid. The writing, or drawing, in the ink
furnished for the purpose, changes the points
touched by it to the opposite electrical charac-
ter. The pendulum is swinging at each end of
the circuit in unison. Its upper end is divided
into points—say, like a fine-toothed comb.
The message being passed over these at one end,
sends a current to correspond with the writing
or lines, and produces an exact copy of the
original upon the prepared paper held to the
vibrating pendulum in the distant city. Thus
a fac simile of writing and signature is furnished
without any skill of the operator. A drawing
of the likeness of a thief or ascending clerk
is reproduced with minute faithfulness. Patterns
of machinery, patterns for bonnets, hieroglyph-
ics, messages in Chinese, or in an unknown
tongue, are copied with as little trouble as the
simplest letters of a familiar alphabet. Some
notices of this have been given in foreign jour-
nals, but no mere verbal description can convey
a full idea of the wonderful process. The Hib-
ernian who insisted, some years ago, that the
telegraph-operator should forward his photo-
graph over the wires to his sweetheart, was only
a little ahead of his age, since this can now be
done without the slightest trouble, provided the
likeness be taken on the paper material.—*Journal
of Commerce.*

Agriculture, &c.

GRASS FOR HORSES.

Many think that horses that are kept in the
stable all summer should not be allowed to eat
grass. They think it will make the horse soft,
wishy-washy, and that it will throw him out of
condition for hard work. This is particularly
the case with some of the trainers of trotting
and running horses. And horses that are kept
up for farm and other work are refused grass
because their drivers think they will not eat hay
so well. This was formerly the case, more than
it is now. But these are all erroneous opinions
and practices, and are giving way, gradually, to
a more reasonable and natural system of feed-
ing.

Grass is the natural food of the horse. It is
cooling and healthful food. It keeps the bowels
open and sharpens the appetite. It promotes
digestion and removes fever from the system.
Therefore, by all means, let the horses nip
grass fifteen or twenty minutes daily. Whether
training for trotting or running, it will be at-
tended with the highest benefit. The horse
will lose none of his speed by such a course of
treatment. Horses that are kept up the year
round for farm work should certainly be allowed
a nice nibble at grass every day. They work
hard, and all they get for it is something to eat.
Let them have, then, what they all like so well.
—*Colman's Rural World.*

SOWING FOREST SEEDS.

The time is at hand for sowing some kinds of
forest seeds, such as the elm, and red and silver
leafed maples. According to the *Forest Tree
Culturist* their seeds are ripe in the latitude of
New York city from the 1st to the 15th of June.

The elm casts many of its seeds before they
are ripe and fit to sow; when thus cast they are
of a green color, but when mature they are
brown. They are very thin and oval, and much
resemble the parsnip seed. The seeds of the
maple are well known. They grow in pairs—
all varieties—with one long wing projecting
from each seed. The seeds of both maple and
elm very soon lose their vitality, and should be
gathered as soon as ripe and sown immediately,
which it done, the little shoots will rise one or
two feet the first season, and elm will even ex-
ceed that, under favourable circumstances. They
will grow in almost any soil, especially the elm,
but the most rapidly in moist, rich ground.
The red or soft maple is highly esteemed for
cultivation. It is not as valuable as sugar
maple, but its rapid growth more than com-
pensates for lightness of quality.—*Wisconsin
Farmer.*

BUTTER FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—
The *Hamilton Spectator* says:—"We notice
that butter is now bringing 21 cents per lb. in
Halifax. A gentleman in the neighborhood,
who lately shipped a lot of butter to the mari-
time provinces, informs us that he realized a
very handsome profit by the transaction. It is
essential that the butter should be really a first
class article; bad butter is not suitable any-
where, and as a large quantity of Yankee but-
ter has lately been sent into Halifax under the
name of Canadian butter, buyers in that city
are now more cautious than ever as to the qual-
ity of the article offered. But if our farmers
will see to it that their butter is well made and
well packed, they may rely upon it that quick
sales and large profits may still be realized."

CATTLE PLAGUE IN ENGLAND.—Repeated
outbreaks of Rinderpest in various parts of
England, though consisting of comparatively
few and isolated cases, and not extending, or
rather not being suffered to extend, in the
several neighborhoods, still keep alive among
the British public an uneasy sense of the pre-
sence of this terrible scourge, and serve to show
the inveterate nature of the disease and the
necessity for vigilance and unrelaxed efforts to
guard against its introduction or spread. It
may be some time yet, we fear, before a clean
bill of health as regards this obstinate disorder,
can be reported.

Late reports from nearly all parts of Illinois
represent the prospect for fruits, including
peaches, as unusually fine.

Don't Fail to Procure Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup for children teething. It has been
used for 30 years with never-failing safety and
success by millions of mothers for their children.
It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind
colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health
and comfort to mother and child. Thirty-five
cents a bottle. Offices, No. 48 Dey street, New-
York, and No. 205 High Holborn, London, Eng-
land.

"EXCEEDINGLY EFFECTIVE."—Brown's
Bronchial Troches are excellent lozenges for
the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They
are certainly exceedingly effective. We have
known several instances in which troublesome
coughs have ceased very speedily after one or
two Troches were taken.

CHRISTIAN WORLD, London, England.

When the urine is thick, turbid, deficient in
quantity, or voided with difficulty—for all ob-
structions of the kidneys, bladder or urinary
organs, give Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Pow-
der.

A fair trial is all that is needed to convince
people that Blood's Rheumatic Compound, is
an invaluable remedy and should always be at
hand.