

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 14th, 1867.

ACTS XVII. 18-28. Paul's Journeying. 2 Kings xx. 1-11: Hezekiah's life lengthened.

Recite—REVELATION V. 11-12.

Sunday, July 21st, 1867.

ACTS XIX. 1-20. Miracles. 2 Kings xx. 12-21: Balaam's Captivity retold.

Recite—1 PETER V. 6-7.

My little sister.

I have a little sister here, a very little one, I nurse her every day, because she cannot go alone; I think she has the sweetest voice that I have ever heard, So I try to understand her, though she cannot speak a word.

Oh, you should only look at her, my playthings when I bring, Her little eyes say, "Give them me," as plain as anything; And when I call out, "Ellen, dear, I want a pretty kiss," She smiles, and stretches out her arms, and so she answers, "Yes."

She cannot go alone just yet, but when she runs about, It will be such a pleasant thing, for me to take her out; In the garden, or the orchard, we can pass the summer hours; How soon she'll learn to know the names of all the fruits and flowers!

We have a shady arbor too, and there, in sunny weather, On birthdays and on holidays, we all take tea together; We'll place her in the midst of us, to join us in our plays, I'm sure my friends will be so pleased to see her funny ways.

I'll teach her all the lessons that mother taught me once; I know my little Ellen will never be a dunce; But if she should be rather slow in learning A B C, I must have patience with her, as mother had with me.

I'll say a morning prayer with her, when first she sees the light, And sing the evening hymn to her, before she sleeps at night; I'll talk to her of God above, who gave us all we have, And tell her, too, of Jesus Christ, who died our souls to save.

They laugh, and say I'm but a girl, yet I shall older grow, And still be learning something while I teach her what I know; So they may laugh, my Ellen dear, for as I look at you, I seem almost a woman, when I think of what I'll do.

Seed by the Wayside.

Many Christians,—and we rejoice that the number is increasing,—are ever watching for opportunities to do good. They are not content with enjoyment in religion, they long to labor and gather in fruit. In the family, among business acquaintances, with strangers into whose company they fall in travel, they drop words which are germs of good, and lead often to awakening and to conversion.

We heard lately of an interesting incident, which might be often repeated if Christians thought more of winning followers for their Master. Two gentlemen were sitting together in a car, meeting there for the first time, and engaged in spirited conversation. They were both intelligent and cultivated, but the one was an unbeliever and the other a Christian. The latter suddenly turned the conversation into a religious channel, and in a simple and earnest manner, told his own experience in the Christian life; how he had been led into it, what comfort it had yielded in affliction, and what strength it had supplied in temptation.

The skeptic listened courteously, and the simple and earnest story found its way to his heart. His unbelief was owing more to circumstances than to conviction, to his want of acquaintance with the Bible and with religious people than to personal investigation or thought. He felt instinctively that there must be some reality in a religion which an earnest man like his companion had found of such service. On stopping for the night the travellers had communicating rooms, and the Christian, finding his friend well disposed, proposed that they should unite in prayer before retiring.

That prayer, simple and direct, like a child coming to a parent, completed the work of conviction. The unbeliever could not sleep. His conscience was reached, his heart was stirred. He felt for the first time in his life that he had been living without God, grieving a heavenly Father, and rejecting a loving Saviour. A sense of guilt was on him, an agony of remorse, from which he sought relief in vain in sleep. He saw clearly that unbelief had made him a great sinner against God and

against his own soul. The next morning the travellers parted, but the results of the day's interview will never end. It led to the conversion of the skeptic, to the moulding of his character, and his entrance on an earnest and useful Christian life.

How many Christians never think in their travels of speaking with strangers on religious topics. How many even never say any direct or affectionate words to their most intimate friends, or the members of the own households. There is a sad neglect on the part of God's people. Opportunities of usefulness are thrown away daily; but "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—N. Bap.

Can't think about it now.

Why not? You have just acknowledged that religion was of more importance than anything else. Why not then think of it now? When will you have a better or more convenient time to think of it? Will you think of it when disease has paled your cheek and dimmed your eye? When racked in agony on the bed. "You turn, and 'tis a poor relief you gain, To change the place and keep the pain." Will you think of religion?

When death damps are gathering upon your brow and the grim king is beckoning, will that be a good time to think? You must think sooner or later, and you may defer till thought will be dreadful and full of remorse.

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new house.

"Not at all," was the reply.

"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yes, better."

"Is your labor harder?"

"No, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Then, why not like it?"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think I think!! think!!! and I cannot endure it."

Ah! he should have thought before an iron necessity compelled him to do so; and so should you think seasonably and act too—Don't say of religion as above "Can't think of it now"—lest you trifle with your soul. Be wise while it is called to-day.—It will be sad thinking in the prison of despair.

"Death at the farthest, can't be far; Ah! think before you die." —Evangl.

How the Pyramids were built.

The stones were brought from the opposite side of the valley of the Nile, twelve to fifteen miles distant. The first work was to build a giant causeway or road, over which to transport the stones. Herodotus says one hundred thousand men were employed ten years on this part of the work. After this preparatory work came the leveling of the foundation, the cutting out of the subterranean chambers, and the elevation of the huge masses of stone. This work, the same writer says, occupied three hundred and sixty thousand men twenty years. These men were drafted by the authority of a tyrant sovereign, as men are drafted in time of war, each levy serving a certain number of months, then others taking their places.

Such is the structure we have come to examine and which now stands before us in all its huge proportions. What an immense labor! what countless years of human toil! Could these stones speak, what stories of crushing despotism, of hard handed, slavish servitude they would tell! But the hands that toiled and the hearts that ached beneath this despotic labor have long since crumbled to dust. Centuries of oblivion have rolled over their silent and now unknown resting places. But here stand the astonishing monuments of their toil. Here they have stood for thousands of years defying the hand of the barbarian, the storms of the desert, and the lightnings of heaven. Their lofty heights have looked down with proud contempt upon the changes of time, the rise and fall of nations, and smiled upon the conflicts of human passions, as conquering armies have come to deluge with blood, and heap with carnage the beautiful plains above which they lift their lofty heads.—Rev. D. A. Randall.

SUNDAY UNDER THE SHAWL.—A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her strings and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said.

"But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

"Yes, it is Sunday in the back yard as well as the front yard; Sunday down stairs as well as up stairs,—in the kitchen and baby house, as well as in the parlour; and so the dear children must try and let all their behaviour be in tune, and not out of tune, with the sweet quiet of the Lord's day."

THE USE OF SARUM.—The Bishop of Salisbury is of opinion that the unity of Christendom can be brought about by the use of Roman cement.

Scientific.

When and where the day begins.

As we travel eastward, the day begins earlier; near the equator starlight appears an hour earlier for each thousand miles going east. When it is sunrise in New-York, the people of Europe have had sunlight for many hours, and the Californians are still in their beds dreaming. Evidently the day has a first beginning, and at the eastward. But how far and where? Who are the people who first see the light of Monday morning?

It is the sun which brings the day; where does he first bring Monday? If we could travel with him, we might find out. Let us suppose the case. We will take an early start. At sunrise, on Sabbath morning, with the sun just at the point of peeping over the horizon behind us. As we go, the people give us a Sabbath greeting; we bring Sabbath with us to Pittsburg; St. Louis; Salt Lake, San Francisco. At San Francisco, our faithful chronometer informs us that we have been on the tramp about five hours. But we started on Sabbath morning, and it is Sabbath morning still. We go on, still on Sabbath morning. Will this Sabbath morning never end? The quiet Pacific knows very little of Sabbath or any other day, and our question scarcely receives an echo for reply. When we get to Yokohama, in Japan, or Shanghai, in China, we search for some Yankee, wide away in early morning, and we are told for the first time that Monday has come. Everywhere now we bring Monday, and in twenty-four hours, by the chronometer, after starting, we are in New-York again, and find the merchants taking down their shutters, and the Monday newspapers telling us what has happened during our absence.—Scientific American.

LITTLE WATCHES.—Far more numerous, however, have been the tiny watches, marvellous on account of the quantity of mechanism compressed within small spaces. One of these is about the size and shape of an almond. At the first of our Great Exhibitions, the Swiss exhibited a watch only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case; it showed hours, minutes, seconds, and the day of the month. An English specimen, the size of a three-penny piece, was a giant to it. The Annual Register, about a century ago, told of a watch only the fifty-fourth part of an inch in diameter; but this, we suspect, must be a mistake for fifty-four hundredths of an inch—a very different affair. Arnold presented to George the Third an exquisite watch of the size of a silver penny, set in a ring; it consisted of a hundred and twenty separate parts, the whole of which weighed together less than six penny weights, and so intricate were the works that Arnold had to make tools himself before he could make the watch. The King was so delighted with the work that he sent Arnold five hundred guineas. When the Czar of Russia heard of this, he offered Arnold a thousand guineas to make a similar one for him; but this the artist refused, determined that his own sovereign's watch should be unique.—Dickens's All the Year Round.

HOW TO SAVE OIL.—We find the following in one of our exchanges. It will be very easy for any one to try it:

"A short time ago we published an article from an exchange, to the effect that salt in a kerosene lamp was a great saving of oil. We have since fully tested it and it is a greater saving than was stated in the article referred to. Fill the lamp half full of common salt, then fill up with oil. It burns with a clear flame, and is a saving of more than twenty-five per cent. in oil. Try it."

DISTANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE SUN.—To make the distance of the earth from the sun intelligible, M. Guillemin states that a railway train leaving the earth and going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would require more than 347 years to reach it; so that if such a train had started on January 1st, 1866, it would be A. D. 2213 before it arrived at its destination.

USING UP STALE BREAD.—A lady has kindly furnished the following hint for using up scraps of stale bread, which in some houses are set on the table in most uninviting manner, in others are thrown into the swill tub for the benefit of the pigs, and in others are altogether wasted. The directions given are to steep the dry morsels in cold water, and when ready to use, them, slightly warm them on the stove, then add them to the flour and work them up with the dough for a fresh baking of bread. The stale bread will thus be readily incorporated with and detract nothing from the good quality of the new loaves.

CEMENT FOR KNIFE HANDLES.—1. Lay a piece of alum on the stove, and when melted roll the knife shank in it, and immediately thrust it firmly into the handle. It will soon be ready for use.

2. Fine brick dust stirred into melted rosin, and used hot will fix knife and fork handles very firmly.

3. Mix equal parts of wood ashes and common salt with water enough to make a mortar. Fit the handle with this, and then drive in the shank and let it dry. I also fixed a stove spindle in this way and it is very tight.—American Agriculturist.

The road to ruin is always kept in good repair, and the traveller pays the expenses of it.

Agriculture, &c.

Fence posts.

In the June number of the Valley Farmer, for 1866, in an article on Setting Fence Posts, the writer quotes from the Genesee Farmer the experience of one of its correspondents:

About thirty years ago I, to test the thing, split two bar posts, side by side, out of a chestnut log. They were eight feet long, eight inches wide, and three inches thick. One I set butt down, the other top down. At the end of ten years the one set butt down was rotted off, and I reset it in the same hole. At the end of six years it was rotted off again, and I put in a new one. The other lasted four years longer, when it got split in two, and I took it out, and it was about two-thirds rotted off. Sixteen years ago I set six pairs of bar posts, all split out of the butt cut of the same white oak log. One pair I set butt down. Another pair, one butt down, and the other top down; the others, top down. Four years ago those set butt down were all rotted off, and had to be replaced by new ones. This summer I had occasion to reset those that were top down. I found them all sound enough to reset. My experiments have convinced me, that the best way is to set them top down.

PACKING BUTTER IN SUMMER.—A Vermont butter maker writes to the N. Y. Farmers' Club, concerning packing butter to keep:

Pack it in well soaked tubs or firkins; put a little damp salt in the bottom and place it in a cool dry cellar, on a bench of wood 18 inches from the cellar bottom, and the same from the wall. Stone or earthenware does not keep butter well, as the moisture from the surrounding atmosphere in warm weather, condenses on such vessels and soon affects the butter. Put no salt on or between the layers. Fill to within half an inch of the top, place a clean wet cloth over the butter, pack the edges down with a knife, and then spread thin wet salt over the cloth. Having made and dealt in butter for some time, I can say the above mode of packing and keeping butter will be useful to many, and cause a smile of delight to the buyer.

HOW TO HAVE MEALY POTATOES.—At this season of the year, particularly, and until the new crop comes, almost all potatoes when boiled are apt to be water soaked and soggy, and we are sure the lovers of this excellent will thank us, says an exchange, for giving them a receipt for having mealy potatoes every day in the year,—not a fancy one made to order for a cookbook, but one that has stood and will stand the test of constant practice. It is very simple, and involves only a slight increase of trouble and labor over the ordinary method of cooking. Pare the raw potatoes and let them stand an hour or so in a basin of water in which a pinch of salt has been added. Boil quickly. When done, drain off the water carefully, and replace the potatoes upon the stove, in the same vessel in which they were cooked, to dry for five or ten minutes. When ready to serve, take each potato and squeeze it gently, but not enough to destroy the form, in a dry napkin, and place immediately on the table. The squeezing in the napkin takes out all the water, and leaves the potatoes that were before wet and heavy, dry, mealy and delicious.—Mirror and Farm.

FLAVOURING FRUIT WHILE GROWING.—A gardener of Gaud has, after many trials, succeeded in giving any kind of fruit the flavour he pleases while it is still on the tree. Let us take an apple, for instance: he pricks it rather deeply in four or five places with a large needle, and then lets it dip for a while in a bowl containing a liquid possessing the taste he wishes to communicate. After a few seconds this liquid will have penetrated into the pulp; and, this operation being repeated two or three times, at intervals of eight or ten days, the apple is left to ripen on the tree, and will subsequently be found to have acquired the taste either of strawberry, raspberry, clove, &c., according to the liquid employed.

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is an excellent article for all diseases of children. It relieves the child from pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, and, by giving health to the child, comforts and rests the mother. During the process of teething, its value is inestimable; cures wind colic and griping in the bowels.

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.—My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the Lozenge which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for which the Troches are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer.

For a Cough, Cold, an Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will often give instant relief.

Quacks and Nostrums have so multiplied within a few years, that we feel some delicacy in giving our influence to, or in endorsing any of them; but serving them another, we believe it is Johnson's if there is one thing in the whole catalogue more de Anodyne Liniment.

"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof," and no life or flesh can be healthy while its blood is diseased. Parsons Purgative Pills will not only cleanse and purify the blood, but stimulate the functions of the system to healthy action.