

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 29th, 1867.

ACTS XXIII. 19-35: Paul is sent to Felix. Esther. 1. 1-12: The feasts of king Ahasuerus. Recite—DANIEL V. 25-29.

Sunday, October 6th, 1867.

ACTS XXIV. 1-13: Paul's defence. Esther 1. 13-22. The King's decree against Vashti. Recite—MALACHI III. 16-17-18.

Gracie; or the bright side.

Gracie always looks on the bright side. One day when she was just old enough to run about alone, and to prattle very pretty baby-talk, Bridget happened to break the handle off the covered China pitcher which was used for syrup at almost every meal.

"Mamma dit a new one," suggested little Gracie consolingly to poor Bridget, as she stood bemoaning her misfortune in true Irish fashion.

Mamma, however, did not get the new one before the next meal; so the pitcher without a handle made its appearance at the breakfast-table. It was rather awkward work handling it; so papa found, and even Gracie noticed, as he poured the syrup on her griddle-cakes; but never at a loss for the bright side, she looked smilingly into her father's face, jipping,

"We're glad it's dot a nose, aren't we, pa?" "So, thanks to Gracie, a ray of sunshine reflected even from a broken pitcher made light and warmth at the breakfast-table.

The little cousins, too, who were present, repeated the story at their home, where others were led, by Gracie's example, to look on the bright side, saying with her, as they tried to make the best of the unwieldy circumstances of life, "We are glad the pitcher has a nose."

Gracie has long ago laid aside her baby-talk, but never her happy faculty of looking on the bright side. At home, the very sound of her footsteps is a token of joy. At school, the teacher smiles approvingly at the very thought of Gracie, and her schoolmates all love the one who has so much of that "charity" which "thinketh no evil," that she never looks on any but the bright side of their characters.

Did I say Gracie always looked on the bright side? Ah! there was a dark, dark day, when even Gracie saw no light; when she looked downward into the blackness of her own heart, beholding only sin, and upward to an angry God, beholding only condemnation. But soon the Holy Comforter whispered the sweet name of Jesus in Gracie's sorrowing heart, and she fled quickly from the darkness of self and sin to the cross, crowned with its halo of eternal glory. So Gracie is a joyful little Christian now, ever looking on the bright, bright side, where Jesus sheds unfading light.

Happy Gracie! happy now, and happy forevermore.—Mother's Magazine.

A MISTAKE.—A good lady who had two children sick with measles, wrote to the friend for a best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to pickle cucumbers. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children, with horror read the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a very few days they will be cured."

Two Camp Meetings.

Several years ago, as I was travelling across Western Iowa and Nebraska, then an almost unpeopled wilderness, after riding several days in succession without seeing more than a dozen houses, I came suddenly upon a grove, from which arose an inspiring volume of religious melody. I reined my horse, and went to see the singers. On a rough platform under a spreading chestnut tree sat half a dozen grave and earnest men, unshaven, with long and untrimmed beards, and clad in the coarse every day garments of pioneer life. They were seated in the cheapest kind of kitchen chairs—a couple of empty barrels with a board laid across them formed their pulpit—and seated on the ground, or on boxes, or in wagons, were three or four hundred persons of both sexes, all dressed in the plainest style, all of them settlers of the frontier, as their sunburnt faces and primitive ideas of social etiquette, plainly manifested in their manners, showed. There were men of fierce passions and indomitable will among them—men who would not have hesitated to repay insult with murder—men accustomed to assert their rights, and even whims, in defiance of every corner, whether civilized or savage, whether against their fellows or the wild beasts of the far West. And the women were their counterparts; lank, sallow, hard, uncomely, indifferent to education, or any of the advantages of a high civilization, whom one rude room, without floor or ceiling, amply sufficed as a home for their large families and for the exercise of a liberal hospitality.

Yet they were quiet, and orderly, and reverential now. They joined in hymns of religious ecstasy with a fervor that showed that however coarse, however untamed and cruel they were, they recognized, dimly, it may be, and with many errors,—a Power to which they ought to submit; a Father above, a Mediator near, a still, small Voice within them. It might be that when the gathering broke up they would soon return to their old ways and their old thoughts;

but here, at least, the voice of the Lord, as spoken by the unkempt missionaries on the stand, caused a regenerated life to stir within their souls, and gave equal hope and assurance that their errors of conduct and of creed would one day be dispelled, and the true church adopt them as disciples beloved.

This was the first time I ever saw a camp meeting, and the memory of the thoughts that it bore has ever since caused me to regard the institution with kindly feelings. And yet, mainly because I did not wish to dispel this disposition, I never attended another camp meeting until the present week.

I paid a visit to Martha's Vineyard, last Sunday, and saw the camp meeting there. But how different was the scene that now opened to my view! Everything was changed. It was like the dream of Maud Muller, in her cabin, realized. Here, instead of boxes and wagons, were long streets of cottages of fairy-like beauty, tents for whole congregations, a stand of ample size, of stately proportions, of admirable workmanship; here, instead of gaunt women in homespun garments, were hundreds of the loveliest maids and matrons of the East, clad in the finest fabrics and in the latest styles; here, instead of a handful of rude squatters, were hosts of gentlemen of wealth, culture, and eminent respectability; while the ten thousand persons who thronged around the preachers, or walked along the sylvan streets, or strolled along the beach, or lounged at the landings, were all dressed in their best attire, and gave every evidence of belonging to an old and prosperous community.

Wesleyan Grove is one of the wonders of America. It will amply repay a visit. Thirty or more years ago an association leased it for camp meeting purposes, and it has been used every year since then, annually increasing the number of its visitors, and annually extending its popularity both as a place of religious resort and of summer residence. It has now, a religious and secular department; although, indeed, it is hard to distinguish, during the camp meeting season, where one ends and the other begins. It has been aptly named the Methodist Saratoga, for it is a fashionable place of summer-resort under religious auspices, and thereby combines every thing that makes Saratoga popular, without its huge hotels with their poisonous influences, and without its gambling bells and houses that lead down to death. Lots are leased to any respectable parties from year to year; and on these lots elegant and picturesque little cottages have been built—now some five hundred in number—which are furnished with exquisite taste, and present a wonderfully beautiful appearance, especially when, under the bright moonlight sky, they are lighted up at night. They are always open, and the freest social intercourse prevails. Life in these cottages appears to be a perpetual social love feast, and I do not doubt that their influence is wholly beneficial. For whatever brings men together, and especially by families, in a pure and pleasant relation, necessarily makes us better citizens, and thereby better Christians.

These cottages are inhabited by families for about three months in the year, and afterwards are guarded by the agents of the association. During the camp meeting weeks there are sometimes from ten to fifteen thousand persons on the ground; but during the ordinary season the population of the grove is about one thousand.

SUNDAY! Is this Sunday? Is this truly a religious gathering? Or is this a scene in a forest near Paris? Certainly, away from the speakers' stand, which is in the centre of the grove, no stranger would suspect that this is Sunday; or if he knew that it was, that this is an assemblage under evangelical control, in one of the New England States. Every body is enjoying social chats in the cottages; every body is "having a good time generally," as the phrase is in the densely shaded streets; the ocean is gay with the bunting of yachts and steamers that are crowded with laughing and singing excursionists; along the shores and on the meadows lovers and friends are strolling in merry groups; the refreshment booths are thronged, the wharf is alive with jovial people on the watch for friends who have just been landed by the boats, and nowhere, look where you will, is there the slightest indication of religious observances. Of the ten thousand persons on the ground not more than a thousand, or at the most two thousand, are congregated around the preacher's stand. Every where else it is a holiday—a picnic—a happy and orderly assemblage of pleasure seekers.

I make no comment—I state only what I saw; and these are the impressions which any visitor would receive, if, as I did, he landed without any previous conception of the place, and walked through its streets for a few hours.

But his visit would give him an incomplete idea of the place if he failed not to see only, but to enter into the spirit of the love feasts, the preachings, and the services in the congregational tents.

I was at the love feast in the morning. It was the first that I had attended. I was both deeply interested and made sad by the speeches that I listened to. More than a hundred and thirty persons spoke—most of them for a couple of minutes only, but all the remarks, as far as I heard, were of a similar character; either a sincere jubilation utterance of faith in Christ as Redeemer, or a dry, and sometimes a harsh statement of a doctrine of faith. What delighted me was the free, the open, the unabashed spirit of the speakers, especially of the fair confessors—who were not ashamed to acknowledge before all men their trust in Him from whom they look for salvation from all sin. I recognized in those public avowals a genuine conservative power—an influence to maintain and confirm truth once embraced; a substitute, in harmony with Protestant, and in entire ac-

cordance with Democratic institutions, of the most potent influence of the Catholic church over the minds of its adherents. Here the confessions were made to all the brethren—not of special acts, not of secret errors—which few human ears are pure enough to hear either to the profit of the transgressor or themselves—but only of their continued faith in that Saviour to whom the hidden workings and hidden weaknesses of the heart are known, and who alone, therefore, as the great High Priest, is competent to judge justly of offences and to give remission of sins. It sent a glow through my heart to see bashful and trembling girls arise before a thousand lookers on, and say, in quivering accents, that their trust was in the Lord. But it shocked me to hear other persons speak "from the teeth outward" for mere effect—unadulterated religious buncombe—more to be heard of men than to profit them, or to bear testimony to "the truth as it is in Jesus." Do you say I may have judged them harshly? Ah, no! for when the religious spirit is moved it touches every earnest soul within its circle; but as for the Pharisee, blow he his trumpet never so loudly, the moment that he speaks his speech betrays him. This is the worst profanity—this is the kiss of Judas—this is treading on holy ground with the sandalled feet of sin. One fluttering word from the struggling believer is more potent than a whole system of theology uttered by an undevout mind; and while the love feast continues to bring out a sincere utterance from a single heart, it will not cease to be a power in the church which fosters it. But let its ministers beware how they encourage any man or any woman to speak merely for the purpose of being heard. "One sickly sheep infects the flocks and poisons all the rest." If there is any one place that should be kept free from any other from insincere speech, it is where genuine believers are assembled to give their testimony to a faith in Christ. The preaching was earnest, and full of the zeal for which the Methodists, as a body, are every where noted.

But the most impressive scenes were the services in the tents. I have already, elsewhere, endeavored, with what little skill I can command, to picture this scene, and I trust that you will pardon me in closing my letter with a single extract from it:

"See, in this tent, an old man on his knees, with clasped and uplifted hands, in tremulous tones beseeching the Lord to pour out His Spirit upon the people who have gathered here in His name; to reclaim the backslider, to touch the heart of the unconverted, and to hasten the coming of His kingdom upon the earth. And all around him, in every part of the great tent, men and women are bowed down,—kneeling and with their faces on the straw. Fifty, at least, are uniting with him in prayer. Ever and anon a rapturous 'Amen,' a hearty 'Hallelujah,' a joyful 'Glory to God,' show that these recumbent figures are engaged in no mere ceremonial observance, but are absorbed, silently but intently, in addressing the Throne of Power and of Grace."—W. & R.

A Welsh Patriarch.

The Edinburgh Daily Review has a notice of a Welsh Independent minister, the Rev. David Williams, of the county of Brecon:—"He has been, come next summer, sixty-four years minister of the same congregation.—His predecessor was their pastor for fifty years, and his predecessor was their minister for sixty years, so that the churches still under his care have had only three ministers during the long space of 174 years; and what is still as remarkable, the peace of these congregations has never been once disturbed by a single jar or discord during all these long years. Peace has always prevailed among the various members. It was only at the beginning of last January (1867) that he lost his wife, after a happy union of sixty-one years, and that was the first time that a coffin crossed his threshold during his unusually long married life, all his children, seven in number, being still alive. He preaches now generally three times every Sunday, and several times during the week; and although in his eighty-ninth year, he is up early on Monday morning, and does not know, except by report, what some persons mean by the word 'Mondayish.' For upwards of fifty-five years he has been one of the most popular preachers in Wales, and the great attraction on 'field days' in North and South Wales, when many thousands are present to attend open-air services; and so great a traveller has he been on horseback that he must at least have spent ten years of his life in the saddle. Talk of the youthful buoyancy of the late Lord Palmerston! Why, our patriarch parson of eighty-eight would have walked and run him off his legs, and wearied him or any other rider. He is completely weather-proof. Rain, snow, tempest, and storms he makes no account, and even now he would think nothing of riding forty miles over a rough country and conducting a public service in the evening. He has been for many years a staunch teetotaler. He has an iron constitution. He is a perfect specimen of the Welsh build—short legs, broad shoulders, and a deep chest. He has enjoyed extraordinarily good health, for during the lengthened period of his ministry he has never once been disabled from preaching on a Sunday. Nature has endowed him with all the natural elements of an orator. His temperament is highly mercurial, and his affections intensely ardent. He speaks even now with unflinching fluency and remarkable force. He is distinguished for his catholicity of spirit, and is equally beloved by good men of every religious persuasion. His character is spotless, his theology orthodox, and his preaching highly evangelical."

Agriculture, &c.

Beet-root Sugar.

Some light has, it appears, been thrown on the much discussed question, whether beet-root sugar can be profitably manufactured in this part of the world. Experiments have been made at Chattsworth, near the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central Railroad, which have resulted in a highly satisfactory manner. The Messrs. Gennert have erected extensive works at the point above named, but have not succeeded in getting the manufacture going on the large scale they intended, owing to disappointment in the preparation of the requisite machinery. A large proportion of last year's crop was fed to cattle on this account. A series of experiments has, however, been successfully initiated, and we extract from the Prairie Farmer, whose editor was present, the following particulars, which we doubt not our readers will peruse with much interest:—"The beets are washed, topped, decayed parts cut away, or the whole discarded, if imperfect. A toothed cylinder, two feet in diameter, driven at a high rate of speed, is used as a grater. The beets are fed up to it by a pair of plungers. The pulp and juice fall below in an iron tank, fine, and white as snow. Two hundred pounds of the pulp are put in a centrifugal machine at once, and the juice separated from it by centrifugal force in a few moments. The juice goes thence into clarifying tanks, where it is clarified preparatory to evaporation. In these recent experiments, no bone filters were ready, and hence other methods were resorted to to de-secate the juice. The evaporation was done both in a kettle with steam coil, and on sorgho evaporators. The editor says of the first experiment:—"When it had reached a consistency supposed to be right for granulating, it was taken off and set in a warm room for the night. With many anxious feelings we approached the vessel holding it the next morning, when, to our great delight, we found the whole mass had crystallized from top to bottom, showing large and splendid crystals of sugar, which, after standing twenty-four hours longer, was allowed to drain. Not more than twenty per cent. of it drained out, much of which was sugar. This would have been less had it been allowed to stand longer." Repeated experiments produced similar results, although the arrangements were imperfect as to involve much delay in the process, and repeated banding of the juice. The quicker the process the more perfect the granulation.

Our contemporary above mentioned, and other well-informed United States journals, are confirmed by these experiments in the conviction that beet sugar is to become a staple product of American industry, and that it is especially to flourish on the Western prairies, where the deep, rich soil is so favourable to root culture. Our readers know that, for various reasons, we have doubted whether this branch of European rural industry would flourish on this continent. We shall be glad to have our doubts removed by the unanswerable logic of facts. It is certainly encouraging to read the foregoing narration, and we hope our American friends, who are putting this thing to the test, will succeed to the full extent of their wishes. Their success will be ours also; for Canada, though it lacks the prairie soil, is just as good a region for beet culture as Illinois, and in some respects our manufacturing facilities are greater than those in the far west can possibly be.—Canada Farmer.

BITTING AND CHECKING COLTS.—Geo. M. Jackson, Livonia, N. Y., sends to the Rural New Yorker some sensible hints on this subject. He endorses the thorough biting and the reasonable use of the checkrein on colts. He says:—"The only way the horse can be made available and safe as a roadster is to subject him in some way to the practice of biting, and to the check-rein, not only when breaking him, but when driving him on the road. If unchecked by the bearing rein, a colt is sure to kick, and can easily do so, on the slightest inclination. If the head is checked up they cannot bring themselves in position to kick so easily as otherwise. A young horse should also be accustomed to severe pressure of the bit, so that if he becomes frightened he will obey the driver's force on the rein. If not trained to observe this pressure he is apt to spring ahead on feeling the bit severely."

HOUSE FLIES IN WARM WEATHER.—Flies, during this hot summer weather, are a great annoyance to housekeepers and others in every vicinity. For their benefit we print the following, going the rounds of the papers. It is a simple and cheap remedy, and contains nothing poisonous, as many of the articles recommended for the destruction of the troublesome insects do. House-flies may be effectually destroyed by taking half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, on a tablespoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.—Exchange.

ECONOMY IN LIGHT.—We have seen the following receipt in several of our exchanges, some of them vouching for its accuracy from experience:—"Fill a kerosene lamp about one-third full of common table salt, and then fill the lamp with kerosene oil, and you have at once an oil that will burn nearly twice as long as it would without the salt, and give a light even better than it would without it. This addition of salt keeps the blaze of the oil from smoking, and altogether the discovery of this simple fact will produce a great saving of expense to any and all who try it."