

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

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

JULY 21. Sunday. My grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

If then our path be one of severe trial, we may rejoice in it, because we shall better show forth all-sufficient grace.

22. Monday. In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved, Psa. xxx. 6.

We had need to beware of the smooth places of the way; if we had not some bitter drops in the wine of life, we should become intoxicated with pleasure. Worldly prosperity is a fiery trial.

23. Tuesday. They shall sing in the ways of the Lord, Psa. cxxxviii. 5.

Sweet as the songs of angels is the first song of rapture which gushes from the inmost soul of the forgiven child of God, but believers have reason for song as long as they live.

24. Wednesday. Without shedding of blood, is no remission, Heb. ix. 22.

The only restorative for a guilty conscience is a sight of Jesus suffering on the cross, and let us rest assured it is the life of our faith and every other holy grace.

25. Thursday. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, Rom. viii. 12.

Christian, ponder for a moment what a debtor thou art to divine sovereignty. To God thou owest thyself and all thou hast.

26. Friday. I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications, Psa. cxvi. 1.

Bear witness, children of God, you have never been able to get anything for your souls elsewhere. Your wants were innumerable, but your supplies have been infinitely greater.

27. Saturday. The election of grace, xi. 5.

Not those who choose grace, but those whom grace chooses, and whom God freely chooses for the glory of his own sovereignty, shall be saved.

Scientific.

House Cellars.

In the Spring of the year many a farmer's cellar becomes foul from decaying vegetation, and often to such an extent as to be quite perceptible to the senses upon entering it. The season has so far advanced that it is safe to throw open the windows and to obtain a complete change of air, while the first rainy day should be taken to secure a perfect overhauling and cleaning out. If roots have been stored there it will be strange if decay has not already begun, and gone so far as to create a very perceptible effluvia. The increasing exhalations from this source may endanger the health of the family. They may not have progressed so far as to be beyond easy endurance, but still they constitute a malaria which, to some extent, and in some instances, may amount to a deadly poison. We are fully satisfied that many a case of disease may be traced to the malaria arising from a foul and ill-ventilated cellar as a predisposing cause.

Bad drainage about the house, and close and badly drained and ill-ventilated cellars, are things to which we become so accustomed from habit and endurance, that we do not realize the danger to which we subject ourselves and those of the family who may be more or less dependent upon our providence and oversight. If we are willing and disposed, from negligence or indifference, to run the risk to ourselves of the disastrous consequences which may arise from these sources, we have no right to subject others to that risk, and we assure our readers that a little attention to these details is far better than to be called upon to settle sundry items of the doctor's bill which we shall be liable to pay.

There is a great deal of sound sense in the extract which we made from Dr. Pennington's article on the subject, and we allude to it again in this connection to impress upon all the importance, the imperative necessity even, of an early and careful attention to the condition of the cellar and the house. The malaria from impurities in the cellar, from decaying vegetables or from filth of any kind there, is so subtle that we may deceive ourselves in the belief that it is of little consequence, when it may be imperceptibly laying the foundation of diseases of the most serious and perhaps fatal character among some of the members of the family. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Ploughman.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Those of our readers who have felt the excruciating pangs of this disease, and who, like ourselves, have experienced but little human sympathy on such occasions, will no doubt be gratified to be in possession of a remedy which will, in all probability, forever quiet the unmerciful offender.

On one occasion, while laboring under the torture of this distressing disease, a friend entered the room, and after learning the cause of our suffering, joyously exclaimed:

"Why, my dear friend, I can cure you in five minutes."

"How? how?" enquired we.

"Have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced. Our friend pulverized them, and mixed them in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed

powder to adhere, and placed it in the hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "If that does not cure you, I will forfeit my head."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, a sensation of coldness was experienced, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.—Philadelphia Forum.

DRESSING SHEEP SKINS FOR MATS, ROBES, MITTENS, &c.—Make strong suds, using hot water; when it is cold wash the skins in it to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean cold water. For two skins dissolve alum and salt, of each half a pound, with a little hot water, which put into a tub of cold water sufficient to cover the skins, soaking twelve hours; then hang over a pole to drain; when well drained, spread or stretch carefully on a board to dry, tacking them down if necessary. When yet a little damp, have one ounce each of saltpetre and alum, pulverized, and sprinkle over the flesh-side of the skin, rubbing in well; then lay the flesh-side together and hang in the shade for two or three days, turning the under skin uppermost every day, until perfectly dry; then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife, to remove any remaining scraps of flesh, trim off projecting points, and rub with pumice and rotten stone, and with the hand. Lamb-skins, thus prepared, will make beautiful and warm mittens for ladies and gentlemen.—Journal of Board of Arts and Manufactures.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Sabbath among the Acadian French.

DEAR EDITOR,—

While a number of the ministers of Christ, at the Western Association, were scattered abroad on the Lord's day to proclaim the ever blessed gospel of the Son of God, to the various surrounding Churches, I was with brother Normondy, at a French community, some fifteen miles or more from the place where the Association was being held.

This community, called the Waggoner settlement, is chiefly settled by the French, some of whom, I have reason to believe, are converted to God, and are desiring and praying for the salvation of their own people, who are bound by the bands of the Roman religion. Those of them, who have put on Christ, are "living stones" in the great building which the heavenly Master is rearing. They appear to be "steadfast and unmovable in the work of the Lord. Though of late they have been somewhat annoyed by certain persons coming amongst them, who profess to have no souls,—Adventists; but through the wise procedure of Mr. Normondy and the caution of his people they were soon forced to retire from the ground, without winning any over to the charms of their pernicious dogmas. One word from Mr. Normondy will go further among these simple-minded French converts, than from any other minister possibly in the denomination.

They have a nice little building in which religious worship is held on Sabbath days, and during the week a school, which has a Protestant for its preceptor, I observed that notwithstanding the rain the place was becoming too strait for the congregation that assembled. They will soon have to erect a new one in consequence of their growing numbers.

About two thirds of the congregation that came together were French. Some of them were enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God having been justified freely by his grace, I endeavoured to preach to them twice, from John iii. 16, and x. 14, in such a way that they might understand, and thus have their souls comforted and nourished in the faith of Christ. They gave good attention to the word spoken, more even than many of our more enlightened congregations. Albeit a great number of them are Romanists yet they manifest that decorum, which is becoming to every person in the house of God. After the sermon was concluded, both in the fore and after part of the day liberty was given to any of them who felt desirous to speak. They very readily improved the opportunity afforded. And, sir, if you could have heard them speak, you would have been astonished as well as interested. With what earnestness and tenderness, they spoke of the goodness and love of God in opening their eyes, to behold their lost condition and their need of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. I thought that in them might be observed the good old-fashioned religion. Their exercises were characterized by a child-like disposition and dependence. I was somewhat affected by the speech of one woman, who had been forsaken by her husband, and thrown upon the cold charities of the world with eight children without any means of sustenance, for having

embraced the Christian religion. But she seemed to have the love of God in her heart which strengthened her, and to possess that strong faith in God believing that all things would work together for her good according to her Lord's promise.

Again I was credibly informed that there were those worshipping the Lord in secret places, who have not sufficient strength and fortitude to come out and own Christ before the world, owing to that persecution which they apprehend would follow. But no doubt they will through the grace of God eventually follow Christ in the ordinances of the gospel. That the Lord is at work in this place, is evident from the fact, that there are those raised up to call the Saviour blessed from among this superstitious people. I thought that while beholding some of their exercises, and hearing them thank God for the gospel, if there were no more good done than has been already, it would infinitely more than repay for all the labor and money that have been expended. In reference to the mission, I am persuaded that further good will be done, for God has said that "My word shall not return to me void."

As a Christian denomination we should be very thankful to almighty God for his blessing on our efforts put forth in the salvation of some of these precious souls, who are led into error by the priest and fettered by the superstitious observances of the Romish Church. We should be encouraged, also to pray, that great good may further be done. Let us unanimously ask God to bless the mission and the missionary, and convert the Acadian French, who know nothing of the plan of salvation, but over whom sacraments and ceremonies exert an undefined mysterious influence. The priest exerts a ghostly, fearful power, before which the ignorant slavishly crouch and of whom they stand far more in awe than they do of the God who made them.

T. M. MUNRO.

Shelburne, July 4, 1867.

For the Christian Messenger.

Visit to a Church Conference.

MR. EDITOR,—

I shall not soon forget that precious Conference Meeting of the Granville Street Baptist Church which I was providentially permitted to enjoy last Friday evening. The brethren and sisters spoke intelligently, and at the same time humbly and spiritually, of their faith in Christ. Their love and zeal for His cause most favorably impressed me. The statement of sister Humphrey, widow of your formerly beloved Pastor, deeply interested me. It was indeed a most touching testimony for Christ and indicated the suitability of the Gospel to sustain and comfort amid life's most intense sorrows. The remarks of our venerable sister Whidden, widow of the late Rev. John Whidden, of Antigonish, greatly interested me, both of these sisters being on a short visit to Halifax. How convincing of the excellency of religion to bear such a testimony from one who had spent nearly half a century in the service of her Saviour. Her description of the struggles of the honoured little church of which her late husband was for many years Pastor, and her appeal for missionary aid was truly affecting. But what most deeply impressed me was the reading of a communication from Mrs. VanMeter of the Bassein Mission in Burmah in reference to the proposition of a young sister to devote herself to Foreign Missions as a Bible Reader to beathen women. And the letter of this young sister addressed to the Granville Street Church, giving the history of her mental exercises in reference to the heathen, and her final resolution to consecrate herself to the work of making known the precious word of God to those perishing for lack of knowledge was to me of thrilling interest. I sincerely hope that her love for the poor benighted heathen and her willingness to forego the pleasures of home, kindred and friends for their welfare may have a salutary effect upon the Granville Street Church, of which I learn she is a very highly esteemed member, and also upon our churches generally throughout our Provinces.

Yours truly,

ONE PRESENT.

Upper Londonderry, 6th July, 1867.

Notes of a Traveller in Egypt.

CAIRO, January 30th, 1867.

One morning, while we were all at table refreshing ourselves with the fragrant Mocha, there appeared at the window the dark face and white teeth, the red hat and silken tassel of which he is particularly fond,—appertaining to our Dragoon Mohammed. Now Mohammed haunted us

constantly, praising what he had not seen, and promising so many wonders, that we always ended by yielding up the direction of our own movements to him; a few spasmodic efforts for freedom were occasionally made, but the result was invariable. He took us where he chose and when he chose.

One day under his guidance will epitomize the whole. His anxious watching on this occasion of the progress of the meal, indicated some announcement or proposal, and on going out, we discovered it was no part of his programme to permit us a lazy afternoon, for reading or dreaming or writing home letters under the shade of the acacia trees. Mohammed is no exception to the race of Dragomen, who get their name from the word Torgoman, which signifies an Interpreter, and who fasten upon the traveller, however reluctant he may be, immediately on his arrival in the Orient, and make for him nominally a servant but really a very exacting master. In obedience to his call today, we get our hats and follow meekly down the alley to the street, where are waiting three smart little donkeys with their drivers.

The only dress of the donkey boys is a long loose shirt. Their sun-burned ankles are naked, and their dirty feet covered with great wooden clogs that it would seem impossible to run in. They wear on the head the "fez," a sort of red woolen skull-cap, from which falls sometimes one little tuft of hair,—an object of special pride, if I am to judge by the way in which these lads twirl it about their fingers. The donkeys are for the gentlemen, and there is a carriage for the ladies. The coachman is dark and heavy-featured, a Syrian, as we know by the striped silk handkerchief bound about his head, with the long fringes gracefully about his shoulders. Then there is the runner, a slender Nubian boy, who is dressed in white robe and flowing sleeves, and bears in his hand a rod, which he waves before the carriage, running through the crowd, and calling out—"Clear the way! To the right! To the left!" When the person driven is of rank, these runners wear under their white robes, vests of silver, and bear a silver wand.

Few of the streets of Cairo are broad enough to admit carriages, and their use is so nearly confined to the stranger that they are not looked upon with special favor by the people,—who are greatly inconvenienced by vehicles of any sort. They are only too happy to stand aside when pass the great people of their own country, but the carriages containing ladies are invariably closed, and they see only veiled faces peering from behind curtains, and from these it is courtesy to turn away the eyes. So uncovered faces seem to them to invite notice, and though one would suppose them well accustomed to English ladies by this time, yet we got many a sneer and grimace and expression of disgust, and the little children seemed to take special delight in spitting at us.

A carriage quite monopolizes the street, and goes on at a furious pace regardless of camels, or laden mules, or laden women. If it chance to overturn a person or a donkey in its way, and any one ventures a remonstrance, the driver quiets the disturbance with sharp blows from his long whip. And in remarking the free use of the lash even in the streets, I have noticed that nobody seems to resent the blows. The poor creatures are noisy enough in demonstration, stormy enough in word, but a lash seems to be an unanswerable argument for them,—a judgment from which they make no appeal.

So we go on, passing through bazaars covered from the sun by boards laid across from one housetop to another. They consist of little stores about ten feet square, in each of which, on his carpet sits the owner, smoking his pipe, stroking his beard, and meditatively regarding the crowd. His servant will show you the goods which are ranged beside and behind the owner and the shelves. Meantime the master will sit quietly, invite you to a place beside him, call from the street a man who bears about a small tray and minute cups of black coffee, order one for you and one for himself, and offer you his pipe in greatest apparent indifference as to whether you purchase anything or not. We pass through streets devoted exclusively to shoe making; another, where nothing is done except the mounting of swords, where every laborer sits cross legged with a shining blade in his hand. In another you will find nothing but saddles. Then you issue between rows of dwellings, where one story projects over another, till the upper ones completely shut out the sun, and one could walk from roof to roof with greatest ease. The lattices and balconies are of curious workmanship; the jalousies, or screens of intricate bars, so arranged as to prevent all sight from the outside, though one could see from within. They were reminders of the Moorish remains of Spain, as also were the porches and entrances to the mosques, which showed us the same delicate and gorgeous styles of workmanship seen at the Alhambra and the Moorish palaces of Seville. But, turn which way we would, the buildings were in a state of dilapidation and decay, that made seem strangely true the assertion of Mohammed that "they built them nicely at first, and then let them alone until they fell down, when new ones were rebuilt."

Issuing from the narrow street we are within a large square, thronged with jugglers performing their tricks in admiring and noisy crowds. There are whirling fandangos filled with babies of every color, from blue-eyed, light-haired English children to the blackest little woolly-headed Nubians, all shouting, singing, laughing, showing their white teeth in highest glee. This square lies at the foot of a hill, on which stands the citadel, where walls enclose a space of one hundred and fifty acres, and contain the mosque of Mohammed Ali, the palace of the Pascha, the prisons for criminals, and other buildings belonging to the government.