

Booths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 15th, 1868.

MATTHEW IV. 1-11: MARK I. 12-13: LUKE IV. 1-13: The Temptation.

Recite—DEUTERONOMY VIII. 2, &c.

Sunday, March 22nd, 1868.

MATTHEW I. 1-18: Preface to John's gospel. Recite—EXODUS XX. 1-17.

A Wise Answer.

A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy who was lying on a lounge said to her,—

"Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered,—

"Yes, sir, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked; and she answered, promptly,—

"Yes, I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayer as He does those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work without speaking; then, stopping in front of the lounge, she slowly said:

"Mr. George, I pray into God's ears, and not His eyes; I reckon my voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to, God doesn't stop to think any thing about my skin."

George did not question her any further. The answer he felt to be a wiser one than he could have given.

Poor Mary's Influence.

At a fall term of a village academy one hundred and fifty pupils had met to spend three months together. On a back seat, apart from the others, sat a plain-featured, poorly-attired, shrinking girl of fourteen. She was a stranger, and no one seemed to notice her except to make some disparaging remark. Her classmates seldom spoke to her, and never offered to assist her in her lessons. She was studious; but it was evident that her educational advantages had been very limited. A shade of sadness rested on her countenance, and sometimes her eyes would fill with tears as she witnessed the warm greetings of the school-girls. She worked for her board, and consequently, had no time for rest or recreation.

After the school had progressed a few weeks, a female prayer-meeting of the pupils was appointed. A very few met, but there was backwardness in commencing the exercises. Softly the door of the apartment opened, and poor neglected Mary entered and seated herself in a corner. The meeting was opened by a dull, formal prayer, and then all were invited to occupy the time. There was silence for several minutes; then with an almost noiseless movement, Mary knelt. At first her voice was tremulous; then she seemed to enter the presence-chamber of her Saviour, and with humility and childlike faith she pleaded for daily grace, and for a preparation for future usefulness, and with almost agonizing earnestness she prayed for the conversion of those with whom she daily assembled. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, and many penitential prayers followed hers. A fresh interest in the subject of religion was awakened, and a revival followed, and many of the students were converted, several of whom afterwards became ministers of the gospel. Mary, by working later at night, secured the privilege of constantly meeting at the praying circle; and that circle felt that in piety she was far in advance of those who were mentally her superiors.

She was a poor homeless orphan, and a desire to do something for her Saviour induced her to make every possible effort to obtain an education. By untiring industry and rigid economy she was enabled to fit herself for a teacher, and became an earnest and acceptable instructor in common schools. She never became a missionary herself; but some of those who were converted in the revival that followed that prayer have long been efficient laborers on missionary soil. What a sparkling crown will be hers when the Saviour shall make up his jewels!—Christian Banner.

Paying tribute.

A short time ago, Uncle Henry told me a little story which you would, perhaps, like to hear.

"In a certain part of Scotland," he said, "the poor people who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man, used to come yearly to pay their rents. What do you think this was? Why, simply a pepper-corn! It had been the custom for a long series of years for each one to bring this pepper-corn on a certain day. It did not cost the poor man any thing, nor did it make the land-holder any richer; but it was a sign of tribute which they paid to him as their master."

"Now," said my uncle, "it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn which they give to the devil. It does neither party any good; it just shows who is their master."—Child at Home.

The rejected Pills: or What do Universalists believe?

In a town in the U. States, the board of select men who governed its local affairs was composed of Universalists (or men who contended for the final happiness of all mankind, whether Christians or not), and a pious physician. They acted through the year in great harmony as to the business of the town, but at their last meeting it was determined to attack the religious doctor. After they had finished their transactions, one of them said:—

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the year past, and that the business of the town has been conducted in harmony, and to the satisfaction of our constituents. We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unbending integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us, that a man of your amiable character should believe in the doctrine of future punishment."

The doctor replied:—

"Gentlemen, I should regret very much the forfeiture of the good opinion which your partiality has led you to entertain of me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few questions? Do you believe in a future state?"

"They replied, 'We do.'"

"You believe that death will introduce all men to a state of perfect happiness?"

"Of this we have no doubt."

"Are you now happy?"

"We are not; we are far from it."

"How do men act when they are unhappy, and know that happiness is within their reach?"

"They endeavour to attain that happiness."

"Do you believe that I understand the nature and operation of medicine?"

"We have no doubt, doctor, of your skill in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"In this box," said the doctor, taking a tin box in his hand, "are pills, which, if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, within one hour, out of this world of trouble; and, if your doctrine be true, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Will you accept one of them?"

"No, sir."

"Will you?"

"No, sir."

When they all refused, the doctor said:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from embracing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it yourselves." This closed the debate.

Repentance.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one, with a smiling countenance, wrote "Joy." It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down "Hope." A third, with a beaming countenance, wrote "Gratitude." A fourth wrote "Love," and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "Repentance is the most delightful emotion." He returned it to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gesture which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God!"—Sunday School Times.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money; but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money, and get a pair of shoes for nothing.

"His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would allow him no rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me.'"

A WORD ON FAMILY PRAYER.—Perhaps some of you say, "I am so ignorant that it is no good trying to have prayer in our family." You make a mistake there. It is not grand words that God wants, but honest hearts. God offers you his Holy Spirit to help you in your prayers and to teach you to pray. Jesus says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Ask God for the help of His Holy Spirit, and you will find that is far better than all the help that any man can give you.

A BOGUS CLERGYMAN.—A clergyman of the Church of England was left by the death of his relatives the last of his family; and, resolving to emigrate to America, took ship with his worldly effects to end his days with preaching the gospel here. A convict, leaving his country for his country's good in the same ship, concealing his true character, became intimate with the clergyman. On the passage, however, the latter took sick, was nursed assiduously by the other, and, dying, left all his effects, including his sermons, letters, and testimonials, to the unknown nurse. Upon arriving safe in this country, the convict assumed the name of the deceased, and presenting the letters and cre-

dentials of the departed to the Bishop, was invited to preach; which he did, using one of the sermons he had inherited, and was called to a church, where he officiated acceptably for several years. The truth would not have been discovered, had not the wretched impostor divulged it on his death-bed.

WHINING.—A curate who adopted a monotonous whine in his prayer, on being remonstrated with by his diocesan, pleaded that such a tone was very proper in acts of supplication, because beggars always assumed a whine when they asked for alms. The bishop replied: "Yes; but when they do I always know that they are impostors, and give them nothing."

A clergyman asked some children why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, "Who art in Heaven," since God is everywhere? He saw a little drummer who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it: "Well, little soldier, what say you?" "Because it's headquarters."

To the would-be author:

"If thou wouldst fain be thought a sage, Think a volume, write a page; Then from every page of thine, Publish but a single line."

Tobacco should not be chewed, but eschewed. Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.

A frog does not remember when he was a tadpole, but others do.

Many a fool who has sense enough to get a good wife, lacks the wit to know it.

It was a saying of the late Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, that a house without family worship had neither a foundation nor a covering.

Scientific.

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The Sentinel, published at Jacksonville, Oregon, says: "Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the great sunken lake situated in Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles north-east of Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all around. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down to the water and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unrippled, as it lies so far beneath the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. No living man ever has, probably never will, be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still and mysterious, in the bosom of the 'everlasting hills,' like a huge well, scooped out by the hands of the great genii of the mountains in unknown ages gone by; and around it, the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some of our reliable citizens. This lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity."

AN EXCELLENT SOAP for those who have hard, rough, and dirty hands: Take 4 pounds castile soap, 4 pounds best yellow soap, cut in thin slices and put it into a kettle with a little soft water, over a moderate fire. When it is melted, put in the oil of three bevels' galls, and one pint of glycerine oil; stir well together, then pour it into pans about an inch deep. Then stir in pumice stone, pounded fine, until it is as thick as dough. When nearly cool cut it into squares. For more delicate hands the pumice stones may be sifted. Age improves it.

MUSICAL.—A musical dog in New Albany, Indiana, plays on the piano, and howls.

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

The author of "I would not live always," is alive and well, at the age of seventy-one. The author is the Rev. D. Muhlenberg.

A New York firm have just completed a fine organ for the Stone Church, Honolulu. This is the first one ever sent to the Sandwich Islands. The native congregation have sent \$1,500, in gold, as part payment.

One evening at a social gathering a young lady played a piece of music consisting of twenty-four pages. A gentleman, in referring to it next day, said they were favored with music by the quire.

When Lord Sidmouth one day said, "My brains are gone to the dogs this morning," his friend at once ejaculated: "Poor dogs!"

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child and proposed to hunt up its parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an orphan child, madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

A country editor, describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her face."

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

It is an excellent time to read the book of Nature when Autumn turns the leaves.

Agriculture, &c.,

An old Farmer's Slate.

How many farm matters are forgotten, that should be attended to in the proper time. The memory is called upon to retain every little item of labor, and with the multiplicity of odds and ends, about the farm, it is not singular that some should be forgotten, and the work left undone. How much time would be economized, and how great, too, would be the saving of money, were farmers to imitate the example of the old farmer, who kept a slate for jotting down every thing which required attention. From the Rural New-Yorker we have an account of the good use to which a systematic old gentleman put his slate. Let every farmer be assured it will be well for him to do the same:

"Writing about improvements reminds me that a farmer does not always think of what is needful, and may be done when leisure times occur, and it recalls to my mind the practice of a large and successful farmer, who at his death left his affairs in a prosperous condition, and his premises in complete order. His neighbors often wondered at the ease with which he conducted his operations; he never hurried, but the right thing was always done at the right time, and his work never lagged. Much of the improvement he made was in odd spells when the routine of regular farm work was broken by rainy weather, or after finishing the work on a crop, and while waiting for another to get to the proper stage. He kept a large slate hanging in the kitchen, where all his workmen could see it, and whenever a job occurred to him it was noted on the slate. For instance, some of his entries ran thus: 'Make a gate for the brook lot'; 'Clean out the open ditch in the wheat field'; 'Lay a new floor on the scaffold over the barn floor'; 'Bury the large stone in the middle lot'; 'Get some whitewood trees to mill for making garden fence pickets'; 'Plant shade trees along the roadside'; 'Dig the alders out of the fence corners, and look after the wild mustard that came up where the threshing-machine stood in the field last year.' In this way his slate was filled, and if a leisure half-day occurred, his men had plenty of work; and if the master happened to be absent, the slate told the workmen what to do. After a time it was his custom to lay out the day's work on the slate each evening previous, and when the job was finished the record was erased. To get the slate clean was the ambition of the workmen."

CORN FOR STOCK.—Corn, for fattening animals and maintaining animal heat, during cold weather, excels all other grain. It requires strong digestive powers when fed in quantities; and for feed to all kinds of stock, at every age, is ill adapted. As food for young and growing animals, requiring a diet rich in forming bone and muscle, it is bad economy, unless for market. Oats, peas and beans, promote growth and strength; and for this reason should form the grain feed for growing animals. Oxen and horses can be made to perform much more labor, and cows will yield more and richer milk, on a generous diet of corn-meal; but in the long run, it affects their health. The horse needs richer food than the ox, and will bear it; yet corn, under all circumstances, is not the grain. Some of the ill effects of a course of high feeding the horse upon corn, are seen in a dull eye, dry skin and rough coat. To roadsters, particularly in warm weather, when liable to be overheated by exertion, it gives a tendency to greater heat, and to laying on fat; when a diet is needed simply to repair waste muscle, oats, dry hay and carrots are the most appropriate feed for fast driving horses. For draught horses, whose motions are slow, the bad effects of meal are not so apparent; still a mixture of other grain, ground with corn, is much better.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—There is much sense in the following nonsense: Josh Billings, in describing the Horse Fair of the Billingsville Agricultural Society, says, "There are tew yoke ov oxen on the ground, several yoke ov sheep, and a pile ov carrots, and some worsted work; but they didn't seem to attract enny sympathy. The people seem to banker for pure agricultural hos trots."

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is truly a balsam. It contains the balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, colds, and consumption disappear rapidly under its balsamic influence.

FOR HEAVES. Give a dose of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders morning and evening, in cut feed; avoid musty hay. These Powders with proper exercise and attention to diet, rarely fail of relieving the most obstinate case.

THREE MEDICINES IN ONE.—The old practice in Bowel Complaints was to give—first, a cathartic, then an alterative, and then a tonic. In Radway's Regulating Pills these three medicinal principles are combined. They purge without prostration; change the condition of the system without violence, and tone the stomach, bowels and liver. These three processes go on simultaneously under their operation.

I. S. Johnson & Co., of Bangor, are the manufacturers and proprietors of four standard patent medicines, to wit: Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, Parsons' Purgative Pills, Blood's Rheumatic Compound, and the popular Cavalry Condition Powders.