

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 19th, 1869.

JOHN x. 1-21; Our Lord's discourses.
Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 45, 46.

Sunday, September 26th, 1869.

JOHN x. 22-42; Jesus at the Festival of Dedication. He retires beyond Jordan.
Recite.—S. C., 47, 48.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter F.

1. FOUNDATION, Isa. xxviii. 16; 1 Cor. iii. 11. FOUNTAIN, Zech. xiii. 1. FORERUNNER, Heb. vi. 20. FIRSTFRUITS, 1 Cor. xv. 20.
2. FLOWER, Job xiv. 2.
3. FOWLER, Prov. vi. 5.
4. FIRE, Used of God, Deut. iv. 24; of angels, Ps. civ. 4; of God's word, Jer. xxiii. 20; of evil speaking, Prov. xvi. 27, James iii. 6.
5. FEAR, Used in connection with Divine anger, Ps. xxxiv. 16; love, Dan. ix. 17; presence, Exod. xxxiii. 11; omniscience, 1 Sam. xxvi. 20, and Jer. xvi. 17.
6. FAT, Used for hardness of heart in Isa. vi. 10, and Ps. cxix. 70; and for spiritual blessings in Jer. xxxi. 14, and Ps. lxxiii. 5.
7. FRUIT, Used for children, Deut. xxviii. 4; for punishment, Prov. i. 31; for thanksgiving, Heb. xiii. 15; for conversation, Prov. xii. 14; and for alms, Rom. xv. 18.
8. FAN, Jer. xv. 7, and Matt. iii. 12.
9. FINGER, Used of Divine power, Exod. viii. 19; of the Holy Spirit, in Luke xi. 20, when compared with Matt. xii. 28; and of insult, Isa. lviii. 9.
10. FOX, Used of false prophets, Ezek. xiii. 4; and of a wicked ruler, Luke xiii. 32.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. XIX.

1. A man of wealth, a kinsman true
And father of a royal race.
2. A seer who wrote and witnessed too
Against a guilty prince's face.
3. Trimmed and led with pious care,
Radiance of the darkened shrine.
4. Stranger woman, false and fair,
Bitter foe to Israel's line.
5. A king who, when war's tempest raged,
Trusting in God, maintained the strife.
6. A king 'gainst Israel's host engaged,
Who, vanquished, humbled, lost his life.

Initials here and finals show

Two miserable comforters:
They came to soothe a sufferer's woe,
But added bitter words of theirs.

LITTLE SERMONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

No. I.

HAPPINESS OF OBEYING GOD.

DEAR CHILDREN,—One who is your true friend, one who is very anxious about your real good, intends to address a few short and simple sermons to you, of which this is the first.

Doubtless you all desire to be happy. I therefore shall in this sermon try to show how you may obtain so great a blessing.

If you will open your Bible at the 119th Psalm, and read the first two verses, you will see who David thought were the happiest people. He was one who had seen many ups and downs in life; he had once been a poor shepherd boy, was envied by his brothers, and hated by Saul, who sent men after him to kill him if they could. He had been obliged to fly for his life, and hide himself in dark caves and wild woods, where he had nothing to eat, and was often very hungry; but during all his trials he was happy in loving and obeying God; and the beautiful Psalms he wrote, so full of joy and gratitude, prove this; and also his history, as we read it in the first and second books of Samuel. He was beloved of God, and was called the man after God's own heart. Now just contrast him with Saul, a man who never was happy, and why? because he was a bad man, and did not love or obey God. Just think of his miserable death, which you may read in 1 Sam. xxxi., and it will make you tremble ever to break God's Word.

Think again of Adam and Eve—how happy were they in the garden of Eden while they loved and obeyed God; everything smiling around them—fields, flowers, beautiful birds, and gentle animals, all for their enjoyment; sweet sounds and rich fruits, all to make them happy! But, as soon as they broke God's Word, and did what God commanded them not to do, how wretched they at once became! They were immediately afraid of everything; the very animals began to growl at them, the winds to howl, the thunders to roll, and the lightning to play around them. Wretched and miserable, they were driven from the lovely garden, and sent to wander over the wide desert earth, friendless and alone, and all because they disobeyed God.

Think again of Daniel, happy even in a den of lions, because he obeyed God and served Him amidst heathens who served idols. He would not bow down to a king even to save his life;

and mark, how God blessed him, and sent angels to shut the lions' mouths, as you may read in the sixth chapter of Daniel. Notice how miserable the king was even in his palace, while Daniel was happy even in the den of lions, and ask yourself how was this?

Think again of Jonah, fleeing from God instead of obeying Him, and the misery he got by his foolish conduct. But for God's mercy he would have perished, and perished in his sins. Compare him and St. Paul, who, amid perils by sea and perils by land, was always rejoicing. Why? Because he delighted to do God's will. I could give you many more examples from Scripture, but these, perhaps, are enough for one sermon.

If you will look them carefully over, read the parts of the Bible I have told you of, I think you will see how you may get true happiness; not happiness some are contented with—that of mere eating and drinking, idle play or sinful pleasure—but that heartfelt happiness that consists in obeying and loving the God who made both you and me, and in mercy preserves us from day to day, and in great loving-kindness has sent His blessed Son into this our world, that "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

May you believe in Him, my dear young friends, and find peace and joy in so doing, amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life!

Your affectionate Friend,
Wm. Locke.

Canadian Baptist.

THE DENISONS.

There are "ups" as well as "downs" among the many changes which years are silently working into the families of England. The grandfather of the present owner of Leigh Court in Somersetshire, Sir William Miles, came to Bristol from Herefordshire, a poor-boy with but a few shillings in his pocket; within the last few years a barber in Canterbury and a barber at the West end of London have seen their sons raised respectively to the dignities of Lord Chief Justice and Lord High Chancellor of England; and many other instances of the same kind might be adduced. But perhaps the good fortune which has attended on the Denisons, in their "rise and progress" to opulence and title, has seldom or never been surpassed. The father of the late Mr. William Joseph Denison, of Denbies, the wealthy banker, whose daughter married the late Marquis of Conyngham, the special favourite of George IV., and whose grandson wore the coronet of Lord Londesborough, was the son of very poor parents in Leeds. He travelled up to town as a youth with one of the ten horse carrier's waggons then in fashion, sometimes riding, and at other times trudging along by the side of the horses, and buoyed up by the hope (in which he was scarcely disappointed) that he would find the streets of London paved with gold. His son died something more than a mere millionaire. Another Denison, who prospered in his day, was the father of the first speaker of her Majesty's faithful Commons, now and by virtue of his office "the first Commoner" in the land. His father, John Wilkinson, was a dyer, at Leeds, who changed his name—whether with or without leave and licence from Royalty, we do not know—to Denison, on the death of his maternal uncle, a cloth merchant of Leeds, who had risen from the ranks and carried on a most successful trade with Portugal. He increased his prosperity by two fortunate marriages, by the former of which he became father-in-law of one speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, and by the second, the father of another speaker, Mr. John E. Denison. He became Lord of the Manor of Ossington, and sat in Parliament for many years; and had he lived a few years longer, he would have seen one of his sons married to the daughter of a ducal house, and chosen speaker of the house of Commons; another, Bishop of Salisbury; a third, Governor-General of Australia; and three others first-class men at Oxford, Fellows of their Colleges, and high up in the learned professions. Another member of the same family, somewhat older than any of the above-mentioned gentlemen, also the son of very poor parents at Leeds, accumulated a fortune in the law, and rose to be Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He married an heiress, and his widow left her own and her husband's property to a great niece, who married a member of the wealthy family of Beckett, on condition of his assuming the name of Denison, and became the mother of Mr. Edmund Beckett Denison, whose name is so familiar to our readers as the inventor of the clock and bell at Westminster. It should be added that even to the present day the name of Denison is nearly as common about Leeds as Smith in London, or Jones in Wales, or Campbell in Scotland, though it is rarely met with in other parts of her Majesty's dominions.—*Once a Week.*

We have some few of that name in Nova Scotia, who may be interested in the above respecting their namesakes.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Wherever I have seen or heard the vow of Jephtha alluded to, it has always seemed to be a settled conviction in the writer or speaker's mind, that the fulfillment of that vow involved the real sacrifice of his daughter, as a burnt offering; and I had long since learned to accept this as a fixed fact in Scripture history.

But recently, by the simple and faithful reading of this interesting story, in the English version of the Polyglott Bible, with marginal readings and references, these conclusions have been somewhat disturbed. Jephtha said, (Judges 11: 31) "Whosoever cometh forth

of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." In the margin I find the word or substituted for *and*; from which may be inferred that one of two sacrifices should be made.Again, in the 40th verse we read, "That the daughters of Israel went yearly 'to lament' the daughter of Jephtha, the Gileadite, for four days." In the marginal reading I find the words, "to talk with her," substituted for "to lament." Now, how could they talk with her, if at the end of two months her father had offered her as a burnt offering?—*New York Observer.*

TUNNELS FOR RAILWAYS.

A correspondent of a late Boston paper gives the following graphic account of a visit to the Hoosac Tunnel:

The road bears away to the left, hard by to Greenfield, and the valley of the Connecticut River opens beautifully and you cross a high bridge over the Deerfield River, and if you have a steady eye and nerve, you can look down ninety-five feet to the river bed, and recall that the former bridge over this same valley broke down, under the weight of the first engine and train that went over it, (or through it,) with sad loss of life.

From this point the scenery becomes continually more beautiful; the hills are bolder, the valleys wider, the curves in the river sharper and more frequent, and the difficulties of engineering more apparent. But the train seems to pay little attention to obstacles, and doubles corners, and grazes the edges of the mountains, and peers down into the depths below as if careless of danger. Farther on the hills become mountains, the falls in the river more rapid, the valley narrower, the scenery wilder, and amid the labyrinthine windings it seems as if the train must come to a dead halt, or plunge into the stream, or, like the backwoodsman's "trail," end by running up a tree! And now it is easy to see that the Green Mountain range, which over the line in Vermont keeps a dignity of regularity, is broken up into disconnected masses, between which the little river staggers along like a drunken man, discouraged at the curious windings of the way. Few among us are aware of the beauty and magnificence of the scenery on this ride to the east end of the Tunnel, or the ease with which it can be seen. On, on we go, right into the fastnesses of the mountains, until we wonder how the river ever found its way out, or man found his way in. The mountains tower high on either hand, the valley has become strangely narrow, there is scarcely room for a track to be laid on the edge of the noisy waters, and as the train turns its quick curves the world behind is shut from view, and ahead you see no opening, and wonder whether the engine will stick its iron nose into the shaggy woods, or against the bold ledges that are directly in front. But just when you settle back in your seat in the full belief that something must give way, either the mountain or the engine, the train stops and you are at the end of the route by rail. Once out of the car you think so. How did I ever get in here? how am I to get out? are the first questions that crawl up the throat. Mountains, and high ones, are on every side, and directly in front is the Hoosac Mountain, solid, high, and as if a wall to prevent intercourse between the two States.

We care not how skeptical a person has been, let him once examine the Tunnel as it now is and his faith in its completion and in its importance to the State will be made strong, and his disgust will also be raised at those by whose persistent efforts this great undertaking has been so long and expensively delayed. As you approach the mouth of the Tunnel, mountains of blasted rock taken from the "bore" amaze you, and give the first impression of the magnitude and reality of the work. A hundred rods, more or less, from the mouth, is the building containing the machinery which works the drills at a distance of a mile and a half! away in at the "head" of the Tunnel! These little drills are driven by compressed air, carried to them by pipes laid from this building. A track is constructed in the centre of the Tunnel on which run little cars drawn by mules, with lighted candles fastened to their heads. On these cars the blasted rock is removed as fast as it accumulates. As you stand at the open, yawning mouth it is not possible to look in more than a few rods, at furthest; but provided with candles, you enter, and if you ever read Virgil, the first thing that comes to mind is "Faciis descensus," &c. Go on a few steps and all is utter darkness save just around the flickering candle you hold in a trembling hand. The air is damp, smoky and smells of sulphur; way off you hear strange noises,—the rattle of iron, the rumble of the stone-cars, the cries of the men, the clanking of chains, and in the dim distances, the points of lights denoting where a miner's candle is stuck upon the rock or in his hat. The strange noises are fearful, and they echo along the Tunnel and mingle in wild confusion. On you go, wondering whether the stones will fall in behind you and bury you alive in the mountain. Sometimes stumbling, hitting against projecting stones wet with dripping water, frightened, and yet ashamed to confess it, you at last come to where the roof is lower, the sides nearer, and then to the "heading" where the men are at work with their drills driven by the machinery a mile and a half away! How rapidly the little fellows dig their way into the rock, and how the nitro-glycerine shatters and powders the rock with its terrific explosions! Stop a moment and try to realize that you are more than a mile into the mountain, that it is a thousand feet over your head before you can reach daylight, and then think how soon it will be when

the cars will be rushing through the Tunnel at twenty-five miles an hour! But will not the Tunnel cave in? We suppose it will about the time that an augur-hole in a stick of timber "caves in;" not before.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.—The Mont Cenis tunnel, when finished, will connect France by railroad with Italy, through the Alps. This great work was begun in 1857, and was first carried on by manual labor. It is now carried on by machinery driven by compressed air. The present rate is about one yard a day on the French side. The excavations proceed from both ends, and it is intended that the workmen shall meet and shake hands in the middle of the Alps some time in 1873.

Scientific.

SCALDS AND BURNS.—On the instant of the accident plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allow all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover it with dry flour an inch deep or more. In both cases the pain ceases because the air is excluded. In many instances nothing more will be needed after the flour, simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In severe cases, while the part is under water, simmer a leek or two in an earthen vessel, with half their bulk of hog's lard, until the leeks are soft; then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish-colored ointment, which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth, and apply it to the injured part. If there are blisters let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be the result, if the patient, meanwhile, lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread and other light, loosening food.—*Dr. Hall.*

SWIMMING IN OIL.—It has often been asked whether it would be possible for a man to swim in oil. The question was practically solved the other day, by a workman employed in an oil manufactory at Nice, who fell into a tank of olive oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but he went to the bottom like a plummet, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade. Oil is too light to swim in; it is not sufficiently buoyant, and does not offer the resistance necessary to keep a man afloat.

NEW APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Corrivi has ingeniously contrived apparatus by which a ship's course is accurately registered during the entire voyage. In place of the symbol on the card of the vessel's compass indicating north, a hole is punctured and a small lens inserted. Through this the light passes, and acts upon a roll of sensitized paper, made to move with a regulated speed by clock-work. The paper continually changes its position with the ship, but the lens is ever maintained in the magnetic meridian; hence the deviation of the vessel therefrom is recorded.

MEAL IS FLOUR.—The American Agriculturist says: Graham meal is made by grinding wheat without bolting. It contains all of the wheat, the same as corn meal contains all of the corn. If our people would eat more of it they would be healthier.

If a dog or other strictly carnivorous animal be fed exclusively upon fine-flour bread, with only water to drink, it will die of starvation in about three weeks; whereas, if fed upon bran or whole-meal bread, under precisely similar conditions, it will continue to flourish *ad infinitum*, without any apparent diminution of vitality or physical strength.

TO KEEP UP SASH WINDOWS.—This is performed by means of cork, in the simplest manner and with scarcely any expense. Bore three or four holes in the sides of the sash, into which insert common bottle cork, projecting about the sixteenth part of an inch. These will press against the window frames along the usual groove, and by their elasticity support the sash at any height required.

A LARGE BELT.—An India rubber belt four feet wide, three hundred and twenty-two feet long, and weighing three thousand pounds, has recently been manufactured for a grain elevator at Buffalo. It is said to be the largest belt in the United States.

TO WASH CALICO WITHOUT FADING, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in while hot, and leave it till cold, and, in this way, the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

SURGERY.—A Western surgeon has penetrated the abdomen, removing four or five feet of intestine, and, leaving the parts which had not mortified, sewed up the abdominal walls and left the patient to rapidly recover.

WHALE-CATCHING.—A new invention is the application of electricity to whale-catching. The whaleboat is provided with a galvanic battery; wires run from it to the points of harpoons; two of these being buried in the body of a whale, the current is complete, and the whale paralyzed by the shock.

To restore the color in goods where it has been taken out with acids, apply spirits of ammonia (hartshorn), which will at once restore it.

An English lady in Paris, impatient at hearing nothing but French spoken day after day, exclaimed one morning on hearing a cock crow: "At last there is somebody who speaks English."