Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 24th, 1866.

John xv. 16-27: Christ's discourse continued. 1 Kings xv. 1-15: Reign of Abijam and Asa.
Recite—Matthew v. 1-12.

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Sunday, July 1st, 1866.

John xvi. 1-20: Christ promises to send the Comforter. 1 Kings xv. 16-34: Nadab's wicked reign.
Recite—1 John xv. 11-14.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

ARRANGE the names which the following lines describe; and the initial letters will shew a positive and important command of the Saviour, not generally obeyed.

1. The place where Jacob was when he dreamed he saw a ladder reach from earth to heaven.
2. A person Paul called "faithful and beloved."
3. A great personage famed for beauty.
4. The first word of the shortest verse in the Old Testament.
5. A class of persons John said had "overcome the wicked one."
6. The name Joshua was called before he was sent to spy out the land of Canaan.
7. A King of Judah, the father of Jotham.
8. The name of one, whose nurse was buried under an oak.
9. A book in the Bible which does not contain the name of "God."
10. The father of Jehu.
11. He who was commanded by the King to take Jeremiah out of the dungeon.
12. The land over against Jericho.
13. The place to which Paul and Barnabas went from Antioch.
14. A field for which silver was paid in currency.
15. A woman who gave of her temporal substance to the Saviour.

Albert.

West Cornwallis.

Pharaoh's Serpents.

From the little cone of silver foil
That fizzes and fumes with a fretful fire,
There oozes a serpent all yellow and ribbed,
That rolls and thickens, and curls still higher.

The magic thing, as if by a spell,
Suddenly ceases its sluggish crawl;
Its fiery breath has quite burnt out,
And leaves a coil of dust—that's all.

The wise man's toy is a type of life;
And all our struggles for paltry things;
Our diplomatic treaties and talk,
Tangled and bound with red-tape strings;

Our spiders' webs, and our subtle plans;
Our love and joy, and our brittle dreams
Our poor ambitions, that fleet away
Fast as the winter-torrent's streams;

Alexander's conquests, Cæsar's spoils;
All that we hate, and all that we trust;
The beggar's fears, and the rich man's hopes—
All end at last in the pinch of dust.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Beetle moving a Bottle.

This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it really moved a weight one hundred and twelve times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to remove it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—*Professor Goss.*

A queer old Lady.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

How different people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since, I met an old lady, who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season? Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, doubled-soled boots. I must have over-shoes. How can they wear such thin, cold catching shoes?"

"O, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half-dresses, hanging on your arms?"

"They are to put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoarhound candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What have you in that bundle, madam?"

"This? Why a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath schools; in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church, to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and the dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that great bag thrown over your shoulder."

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to talk with you a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me, and when I move, you will see how they all run and rush and crowd after me. O, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see!"

"Truly, madam, truly. And now *may* I ask your name?"

"Name! Fashion, sir; my name is Mrs. Prevailing Fashion! I thought everybody knew me!"—

The best word in all the Bible.

The growing darkness of a December afternoon was warning me that it was high time to leave the hospital, when I remembered that I had a message for the nurse of a ward which I had not yet visited. As I opened the door the ruddy firelight was filling the spacious room with a cheerful glow, and lighting up the figures which were thickly clustering round the hearth. A sorrowful company in truth they were, of old and young, on whose countenances were more or less strongly marked the traces of suffering and decay. But one wasted figure in the chimney corner fixed my attention. He was crouched on a low stool with his head buried in his hands, and leaning on the great wooden coal box which serves as a sofa for the feeble patients. His life was drawing evidently near to the grave, and he seemed scarcely able to support himself on his seat. But he suffered more in bed he said, and so he sat up as much as possible. I took my seat beside him, and with the consent of all the others began to read. I think it was the chapter with the parable of the lost sheep and prodigal son I read that day, at all events it was a passage setting forth the fullness and freeness of God's grace to the lost and perishing, and as I read and spoke I felt as if I had but one auditor, and that one was the poor dying creature at my side, whose earnest eyes, listening as for his life, I found again and again rivetted upon my face. I spoke a little to him individually before I rose from my seat. He had been long ill and long anxious, he said, for he knew his illness could have but one termination; and he took from me thankfully, with eager trembling fingers a large printed Scripture text-book, easily held and read, and a copy of that hymn which has cleared away the stumbling stones out of the path of so many anxious souls, groping after Jesus, and doubting their right to come to him,—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God I come!"

Two or more weeks passed, and still poor Richard occupied his seat in the corner, and drank in eagerly the word of life, as it was presented, but in the presence of so many others, I could obtain little access to his mind, and I began to think, I would never know more than was discovered by the obvious interest and anxiety of his countenance. At last, however, the end drew near, and he could no longer leave his bed. This gave me the private opportunity of conversation I had desired, but he seemed so low and weak, I feared he was incapable of speaking to me. Nor did it really matter whether I knew or not, how his soul stood with God; and I contented myself with repeating to him the gracious offers and invitations of "him with whom we have to do," ending with these words, "And him that cometh unto me I will *in no wise cast out.*" In feeble, faltering accents he repeated them after me, adding, "I think that is the best word in all the Bible."

I remember how John Bunyan speaks of that word as "a text for a man to hang his soul upon," and also how many in the hour of their last extremity, have found *that* the word of all others to which they could cling. I thought, too, how almost all to whom God's word has ever come with saving power, have some "best word in the Bible"—the word by which the Lord laid hold on them, or in which they have been enabled to lay hold on him. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy words were unto me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart."

"Well," I replied, "so it is—and here is one like it 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that *whosoever* believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Ay, that's good too; but I like the other the best."

"Well," said I, "hold fast by that word, or rather *through* that word on him that said it."

"Ah!" said the dying man, "it's the thought of him that spoke the word, that makes it feel so sure."

"The effort of even saying this, so exhausted him that I soon took leave, not expecting to see his flesh again, but rejoicing over him as a lost sheep found, and safe on the shepherd's shoulder, although as yet he scarcely knew it himself. For why was that word above all others so precious to him? if it were not because he felt, on the one hand, his own utter unworthiness,—that there was in him every reason for being cast out; and on the other, the all-sufficiency of the Saviour to whom he came, and in whose true and faithful word he trusted. "I saw," says Bunyan, "from that word, 'He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst;' that coming and believing were all one, and that he that '*cometh*;' that is, that runneth out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he indeed '*believes*, in Christ." No man can come unto me," says Jesus, "except my Father which hath sent me, draw him;" so that a soul seeking Jesus is drawn by the Father after him,—taught of God, his own utter poverty and need, and the fullness and preciousness of the Saviour. "Every one, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me." "All that the Father hath given me *shall come* unto me, and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." The coming soul, itself unconscious of this blessed chain knowing only its own need, and the one source whence help can come, crying,—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good;"

whilst there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over the returning sinner.

But Richard's bed was not empty, nor was his place occupied by another, when I returned to the ward a few days after. He was, however, very near eternity, and the rattling breath came and went painfully in his throat. He opened his eyes as I stood beside him, and, when he recognized me, made a great effort to speak.

"You won't see me again," he gasped.

"Not here, Richard, but I trust we will meet amongst the great multitude that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"I hope so."

I kneeled down at his request for a parting word of prayer.

"What's your desire?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment, and then clasping together his skeleton hands, and raising his dying eyes to heaven, these words seemed to burst from the very bottom of his heart, "I'm just a *poor* sinner—a *poor* sinner—*nothing* but a sinner—but Lord, save *me!* Lord, have mercy upon *me!* for thy dear Son's sake!"

A few short hours after, that poor, contrite, humble soul passed, I doubt not, into the blessed presence of that gracious One, who left the bosom of his Father, and came to be guest with a world of sinners, that he might seek and save the lost, "Who delivereth the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He spares the poor and needy, and saves the souls of the needy."

"For thus saith the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—*Family Treasury.*

Agriculture, &c.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.

The *N. S. Agricultural Journal for June* in referring to the progress of the season and state of the crops, gives a few memoranda as follows, which will be interesting to our readers:

In Halifax County clover and timothy began to grow on the 5th of April this year (four days later than last year): red robins were *abundant* on the 6th of April; the camberwell beauty and flying beetles were abroad on the 7th, which was a warm sunny day; Mayflower in blossom on 11th April; frost out of ground on the 13th; fields and pastures green, in some places, on the 14th (they were green on the 8th last year); frogs were seen in the pools on the 14th, and a snake in the grass about the same time—but frogs had been heard before that date, probably not much later than the 7th, which was the day last year. There was a fall of snow on the 15th, and changeable weather thereafter, cold and raw, to the end of the month. May-day was fine but cold. On 2nd May a northeast snow storm, on a small scale, whitened the hills for a night. Since then up to the end of May, the weather has been, upon the whole, cold, dull and wet, with occasional fine days. The ground is, in fact, too wet for ploughing or sowing, and potato planting has been completely stopped. Those who have been setting out fruit trees and bushes, as ornamental trees, will find the season a very favorable one for such operations; but for general farming operations we want dry weather at this time of year.

In Halifax county, at the present time (end of May,) the apple and plum trees are coming into leaf. In the warm valley of King's county we are informed that the cherries and plums are already in blossom, and that the apple bloom is beginning to appear. We do not like to record such things on hearsay, for we were told in the newspapers that the apple trees in Kings' County were leafing out in the middle of April; and then we had from the same sources of information a snow storm whitening the hills of Kings' in the middle of May. A carefully kept record of natural phenomena in Kings' County, for a single season, would supply the means of estimating precisely the number of days in which crops, &c., are in advance there, as compared with Halifax.

In Canada the spring was dry, but no doubt there has been wet weather enough ere now. In England there has likewise been warm weather.

Iceland letters tell of unusually great quantities of ice in the northern regions, and weather prophets fortell a cold summer to all countries bordering on the North Atlantic.

Apply manure abundantly.—A full supply of manure is perhaps the most important requisite for comfort and satisfaction, at this season of the year. With plenty of manure, the farmer seems to have command of the situation so to speak. He can do what he wants. Manure will give him crops that will make the heart rejoice to look at. But don't try to make it go too far. Better manure one lot thoroughly than half manure the whole farm. Not that we would treat one lot to a bountiful supply to the neglect of the other part of the farm. Make your calculation to distribute it as judiciously as possible, allotting to each piece all that it needs, not only to carry the crop, but to manure the land and prepare it as soon as possible to lay down in a proper manner, and do not attempt to lay down a piece that is not in a suitable condition. It will only have to come up again all the sooner.—*Ploughman.*

Agriculture in Canada.—The quantity of grain produced by Canada last year: Of wheat, 25,000,000 bushels was grown; 12,000,000 bushels of peas; 40,000,000 bushels of oats; over 15,000,000 tons of hay; 13,000,000 bushels of buckwheat; 28,000,000 bushels of potatoes; and 10,000,000 bushels of turnips. Canada also produced 30,000,000 pounds of beef, sheared 5,500,000 pounds of wool. The number of milch cows, horses, sheep and pigs is considerably over two millions.

To cure caked udders in milch cows.—Put the animal over night in a horse stable, and the next morning will usually find her restored; if not, one more night will complete the cure. I have never known it to fail, in recent "cake" or inflammation of the udder.—*Cor. of Rural American.*

The quantity of water annually precipitated over the entire surface of the earth, in the form of rain, hail, snow, etc., is estimated at about seven hundred and sixty millions of tons.

One pound of green copperas, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a sink drain, will effectually destroy the foulest smell.

An Excellent Remedy.—Whoever is troubled with Hoarseness, Cough, or Soreness of the Throat, can apply an excellent and safe remedy by using Brown's Bronchial Troches. We have tried the article, and can safely recommend them in all cases of Throat Irritation. To Singers and Public Speakers they are of great value.—*Alton (Ill.) Courier.*