

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 14th, 1867.

Acts xviii. 18-28: Paul's Journeying. 2 Kings xx. 1-11: Hezekiah's life lengthened.

Recite—REVELATION vi. 11-12.

Sunday, July 21st, 1867.

Acts xix. 1-20: Miracles. 2 Kings xx. 12-21: Babylonian Captivity foretold.

Recite—1 PETER v. 6-7.

My little sister.

I have a little sister here, a very little one,
I nurse her every day, because she cannot go
alone;
I think she has the sweetest voice that I have
ever heard,
So I try to understand her, though she cannot
speak a word.

Oh, you should only look at her, my playthings
when I bring,
Her little eyes say, "Give them me," as plain
as anything;
And when I call out, "Ellen, dear, I want a
pretty kiss,"
She smiles, and stretches out her arms, and so
she answers, "Yes."

She cannot go alone just yet, but when she runs
about,
It will be such a pleasant thing, for me to take
her out;
In the garden, or the orchard, we can pass the
summer hours;
How soon she'll learn to know the names of all
the fruits and flowers!

We have a shady arbor too, and there, in sunny
weather,
On birthdays and on holidays, we all take tea
together;
We'll place her in the midst of us, to join us in
our plays,
I'm sure my friends will be so pleased to see her
funny ways.

I'll teach her all the lessons that mother taught
me once;
I know my little Ellen will never be a dunce;
But if she should be rather slow in learning A
B C,
I must have patience with her, as mother had
with me.

I'll say a morning prayer with her, when first
she sees the light,
And sing the evening hymn to her, before she
sleeps at night;
I'll talk to her of God above, who gave us all
we have,
And tell her, too, of Jesus Christ, who died our
souls to save.

They laugh, and say I'm but a girl, yet I shall
older grow,
And still be learning something while I teach
her what I know;
So they may laugh, my Ellen dear, for as I look
at you,
I seem almost a woman, when I think of what
I'll do.

Seed by the Wayside.

Many Christians,—and we rejoice that the
number is increasing,—are ever watching for
opportunities to do good. They are not content
with enjoyment in religion, they long to labor
and gather in fruit. In the family, among busi-
ness acquaintances, with strangers into whose
company they fall in travel, they drop words
which are germs of good, and lead often to
awakening and to conversion.

We heard lately of an interesting incident,
which might be often repeated if Christians
thought more of winning followers for their
Master. Two gentlemen were sitting together in
a car, meeting there for the first time, and
engaged in spirited conversation. They were
both intelligent and cultivated, but the one was
an unbeliever and the other a Christian. The
latter suddenly turned the conversation into a
religious channel, and in a simple and earnest
manner, told his own experience in the Chris-
tian life; how he had been led into it, what
comfort it had yielded to affliction, and what
strength it had supplied in temptation.

The skeptic listened courteously, and the
simple and earnest story found its way to his
heart. His unbelief was owing more to cir-
cumstances than to conviction, to his want of
acquaintance with the Bible and with religious
people than to personal investigation or thought.
He felt instinctively that there must be some
reality in a religion which an earnest man like
his companion had found of such service. On
stopping for the night the travellers had com-
municating rooms, and the Christian, finding
his friend well disposed, proposed that they
should unite in prayer before retiring.

That prayer, simple and direct, like a child
coming to a parent, completed the work of
conviction. The unbeliever could not sleep.
His conscience was reached, his heart was
stirred. He felt for the first time in his life
that he had been living without God, grieving
a heavenly Father, and rejecting a loving Sa-
viour. A sense of guilt was on him, an agony
of remorse, from which he sought relief in vain
in sleep. He saw clearly that unbelief had
made him a great sinner against God and

against his own soul. The next morning the
travellers parted, but the results of the day's
interview will never end. It led to the con-
version of the skeptic, to the moulding of his
character, and his entrance on an earnest and
useful Christian life.

How many Christians never think in their
travels of speaking with strangers on religious
topics. How many even never say any direct
or affectionate words to their most intimate
friends, or the members of the own households.
There is a sad neglect on the part of God's
people. Opportunities of usefulness are thrown
away daily; but "to him that knoweth to do
good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—N.
Bap.

Can't think about it now.

Why not? You have just acknowledged
that religion was of more importance than any-
thing else. Why not then think of it now?
When will you have a better or more convenient
time to think of it? Will you think of it
when disease has paled your cheek and dimmed
your eye? When racked in agony on the bed.

"You turn, and 'tis a poor relief you gain,
To change the place and keep the pain."
Will you think of religion?

When death damps are gathering upon your
brow and the grim king is beckoning, will that
be a good time to think? You must think
sooner or later, and you may defer till thought
will be dreadful and full of remorse.

A convict, on being removed from one prison
to another, was asked how he liked his new
house.

"Not at all," was the reply.
"Are you not clothed and fed as well
here?"

"Yes, better."
"Is your labor harder?"

"No, not so hard."
"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."
"Then, why not like it?"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one.
I go to the table and sit and think; I go about
my work all day to think; and at night the
iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think!

Think! think! and I cannot endure it."
Ah! he should have thought before an iron
necessity compelled him to do so; and so
should you think seasonably and act too—Don't
say of religion as above "Can't think of it
now"—lest you trifle with your soul. Be wise
while it is called to day.—It will be sad think-
ing in the prison of despair.

"Death at the farthest, can't be far;
Ah! think before you die." —Evangel.

How the Pyramids were built.

The stones were brought from the opposite
side of the valley of the Nile, twelve to fifteen
miles distant. The first work was to build a
great causeway or road, over which to transport
the stones. Herodotus says one hundred thou-
sand men were employed ten years on this part
of the work. After this preparatory work came
the leveling of the foundation, the cutting out
of the subterranean chambers, and the eleva-
tion of the huge masses of stone. This work,
the same writer says, occupied three hundred
and sixty thousand men twenty years. These men
were drafted by the authority of a tyrant
sovereign, as men are drafted in time of war,
each levy serving a certain number of months,
then others taking their places.

Such is the structure we have come to ex-
amine and which now stands before us in all its
huge proportions. What an immense labor!
What countless years of human toil! Could
these stones speak, what stories of crushing
despotism, of hard handed, slavish servitude
they would tell! But this hands that toiled and
the hearts that ached beneath this despotic
labor have long since crumbled to dust. Cen-
turies of oblivion have rolled over their silent
and now unknown resting places. But here
they have stood for thousands of years
defying the hand of the barbarian, the storms
of the desert, and the lightnings of heaven.
Their lofty heights have looked down with proud
contempt upon the changes of time, the rise and
fall of nations, and smiled upon the conflicts of
human passions, as conquering armies have come
to deluge with blood, and heap with carnage
the beautiful plains above which they lift their
lofty heads.—Rev. D. A. Randall.

SUNDAY UNDER THE SHAWL.—A woman
forgot to send home some work on Saturday.
Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived
with her to put on her things and take the
bundle under her shawl to the lady's house.
"Nobody will see it," she said.

"But is it not Sunday under my shawl,
sister?" asked the child.
"Yes, it is Sunday in the back yard as well
as the front yard; Sunday down stairs as well
as upstairs,—in the kitchen and baby-house
as well as in the parlour; and so the dear
children must try and let all their behaviour be
in tune, and not out of tune, with the sweet
quiet of the Lord's day."

BITS FROM PUNCH.—RITUALISTIC DOLOGUE.
Says Sarum to Oxon,
I shall put these togs on
Says Oxon to Sarum,
I should like to wear 'em.

THE USE OF SARUM.—The Bishop of Salis-
bury is of opinion that the unity of Christen-
dom can be brought about by the use of Roman
cement.

Scientific.

When and where the day begins.

As we travel eastward, the day begins earlier;
near the equator starlight appears an hour
earlier for each thousand miles going east.
When it is sunrise in New-York, the people of
Europe have had sunlight for many hours, and
the Californians are still in their beds dreaming.
Evidently the day has a first beginning, and at
the eastward. But how far and where? Who
are the people who first see the light of Monday
morning?

It is the sun which brings the day; where
does he first bring Monday? If we could
travel with him, we might find out. Let us
suppose the case. We will take an early start:
At sunrise, on Sabbath morning, with the sun
just at the point of peeping over the horizon
behind us. As we go, the people give us a Sab-
bath greeting; we bring Sabbath with us to
Pittsburg, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco.
At San Francisco, our faithful chronometer in-
forms us that we have been on the tramp about
five hours. But we started on Sabbath morn-
ing, and it is Sabbath morning still. We go
on, still on Sabbath morning. Will this Sab-
bath morning never end? The quiet Pacific
knows very little of Sabbath or any other day,
and our question scarcely receives an echo for
reply. When we get to Yokohama, in Japan,
or Shanghai, in China, we search for some
Yankee, wide away in early morning, and we
are told for the first time that Monday has
come. Everywhere now we bring Monday, and
in twenty-four hours, by the chronometer, after
starting, we are in New-York again, and find
the merchants taking down their shutters, and
the Monday newspapers telling us what has
happened during our absence.—Scientific Ameri-
can.

LITTLE WATCHES.—Far more numerous,
however, have been the tiny watches, marvellous
on account of the quantity of mechanism com-
pressed within small spaces. One of these is
about the size and shape of an almond. At the
first of our Great Exhibitions, the Swiss ex-
hibited a watch only three-sixteenths of an inch
in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case;
it showed hours, minutes, seconds, and the day
of the month. An English specimen, the size
of a three-penny piece, was a giant to it. The
Annual Register, about a century ago, told of a
watch only the fifty-fourth part of an inch in
diameter; but this, we suspect, must be a mis-
take for fifty-four hundredths of an inch—a very
different affair. Arnold presented to George
the Third an exquisite watch of the size of a
silver penny, set in a ring; it consisted of a
hundred and twenty separate parts, the whole
of which weighed together less than six penny
weights, and so intricate were the works that
Arnold had to make tools himself before he
could make the watch. The King was so de-
lighted with the work that he sent Arnold five
hundred guineas. When the Czar of Russia
heard of this, he offered Arnold a thousand
guineas to make a similar one for him; but this
the artist refused, determined that his own
sovereign's watch should be unique.—Dickens's
All the Year Round.

HOW TO SAVE OIL.—We find the following
in one of our exchanges. It will be very easy
for any one to try it:

"A short time ago we published an article
from an exchange, to the effect that salt in a
kerosene lamp was a great saving of oil. We
have since fully tested it and it is a greater
saving than was stated in the article referred
to. Fill the lamp half full of common salt, then
fill up with oil. It burns with a clear flame,
and is a saving of more than twenty-five per
cent. in oil. Try it.

DISTANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE SUN.
—To make the distance of the earth from the
sun intelligible, M. Guillemin states that a
railway train leaving the earth and going at the
rate of thirty miles an hour, would require more
than 347 years to reach it; so that if such a
train had started on January 1st, 1866, it would
be A. D. 2213 before it arrived at its destina-
tion.

USING UP STALE BREAD.—A lady has kin-
dly furnished the following hint for using up
scraps of stale bread, which in some houses are
set on the table in most uninviting manner, in
others are thrown into the swill tub for the
benefit of the pigs, and in others are altogether
wasted. The directions given are to steep the
dry morsels in cold water, and when ready to
use, them, slightly warm them on the stove,
then add them to the flour and work them up
with the dough for a fresh baking of bread.
The stale bread will thus be readily incorporated
with and detract nothing from the good quality
of the new loaves.

CEMENT FOR KNIFE HANDLES.—1. Lay a
piece of allum on the stove, and when melted
roll the knife shank in it, and immediately
thrust it firmly into the handle. It will soon
be ready for use.

2. Fine brick dust stirred into melted rosin,
and used hot will fix knife and fork handles
very firmly. 3. Mix equal parts of wood ashes and com-
mon salt with water enough to make a mortar.
Fill the handle with this, and then drive in the
shank and let it dry. I also fixed a stove
spud in this way, and it is very tight.—American
Agriculturist.

The road to ruin is always kept in good repair,
and the traveller pays the expenses of it.

Agriculture, &c.

Fence posts.

In the June number of the Valley Farmer,
for 1866, in an article on Setting Fence Posts,
the writer quotes from the Genesee Farmer the
experience of one of its correspondents:

About thirty years ago I, to test the thing,
split two bar posts, side by side, out of a chee-
nut log. They were eight feet long, eight
inches wide, and three inches thick. One I set
butt down, the other top down. At the end of
ten years the one set butt down was rotted off,
and I reset it in the same hole. At the end of
six years it was rotted off again, and I put in a
new one. The other lasted four years longer,
when it got split in two, and I took it out, and
it was about two-thirds rotted off. Sixteen
years ago I set six pairs of bar posts, all split
out of the butt cut of the same white oak log.
One pair I set butt down. Another pair, one
butt down, and the other top down; the others,
top down. Four years ago those set butt down
were all rotted off, and had to be replaced by
new ones. This summer I had occasion to reset
those that were top down. I found them all
sound enough to reset. My experiments have
convinced me that the best way is to set them
top down.

PACKING BUTTER IN SUMMER.—A Vermont
butter maker writes to the N. Y. Farmers' Club,
concerning packing butter to keep:

Pack it in well soaked tubs or firkins; put a
little damp salt in the bottom and place it in a
cool dry cellar, on a bench of wood, 18 inches
from the cellar bottom, and the same from the
wall. Stone or earthenware does not keep but-
ter well, as the moisture from the surrounding
atmosphere in warm weather, condenses on such
vessels and soon affects the butter. Put no salt
on or between the layers. Fill to within half an
inch of the top, place a clean wet cloth over the
butter, pack the edges down with a knife, and
then spread thin wet salt over the cloth. Hav-
ing made and dealt in butter for some time, I
can say the above mode of packing and keep-
ing butter will be useful to many, and cause a
smile of delight to the buyer.

HOW TO HAVE MEALY POTATOES.—At this
season of the year, particularly, and until the
new crop comes, almost all potatoes when boiled
are apt to be water soaked and soggy, and we
are sure the lovers of this excellent will thank
us, says an exchange, for giving them a receipt
for having mealy potatoes every day in the
year,—not a fancy one made to order for a cook-
book, but one that has stood and will stand the
test of constant practice. It is very simple, and
involves only a slight increase of trouble and
labor over the ordinary method of cooking.
Pare the raw potatoes and let them stand an
hour or so in a basin of water in which a pinch
of salt has been added. Boil quickly. When
done, drain off the water carefully, and replace
the potatoes upon the stove, in the same vessel
in which they were cooked, to dry for five or
ten minutes. When ready to serve, take each
potato and squeeze it gently, but not enough to
destroy the form, in a dry napkin, and place
immediately on the table. The squeezing in
the napkin takes out all the water, and leaves
the potatoes that were before wet and heavy,
dry, mealy and delicious.—Mirror and Far-
mer.

FLAVOURING FRUIT WHILE GROWING.—A
gardener of Gaud has, after many trials, suc-
ceeded in giving any kind of fruit the flavour
he pleases while it is still on the tree. Let us
take an apple, for instance: he pricks it rather
deeply in four or five places with a large needle,
and then lets it dip for a while in a bowl con-
taining a liquid possessing the taste he wishes
to communicate. After a few seconds this liquid
will have penetrated into the pulp; and, this
operation being repeated two or three times, at
intervals of eight or ten days, the apple is left
to ripen on the tree, and will subsequently be
found to have acquired the taste either of straw-
berry, raspberry, cloves, &c., according to the
liquid employed.

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE.—Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup is an excellent article for all
diseases of children. It relieves the child from
pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, and, by
giving health to the child, comforts and rests the
mother. During the process of teething, its
value is inestimable; cures wind colic, and grip-
ing in the bowels.

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.—My
communication with the world is very much en-
larged by the Lozenges which I now carry always
in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for
which the Troches are a specific) having made
me often a mere whisperer.

N. P. WILLIS.

For a Cough, Cold, an Irritation, or Soreness
of the Throat, "Brown's Bronchial Troches,"
will often give instant relief.

Quacks and Nostrums have so multiplied with-
in a few years, that we feel some delicacy in
giving our influence to, or in endorsing any of
them; but serving them another, we believe it
is Johnson's if there is one thing in the whole
catalogue more de Anodyne Liniment.

"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof,"
and no life or flesh can be healthy while its
blood is diseased. Parsons' Purgative Pills will
not only cleanse and purify the blood, but stimu-
late the functions of the system to healthy ac-
tion.