

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 2nd, 1866.

LUKE XX. 19-38: Of paying taxes to sustain governments. 2 SAMUEL XIV. 21-33: Absalom. Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 42-44.

Sunday, July 9th, 1866.

CONCERT: or Review of the past month's subjects and lessons.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the quiet nursery chambers, Snowy pillows yet unpressed, See the forms of little children, Kneeling, white-robed for their rest. All in quiet nursery chambers, While the dusky shadows creep, Hear the voices of the children,— "Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain Calmly shine the winter stars, But across the glistening low lands Slant the moonlight's silver bars. In the silence and the darkness, Darkness growing still more deep, Listen to the little children, Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children, And the mother's head drops low; (One, from out her fold, is sleeping Deep beneath the winter's snow.) "Take our souls:" and past the casement Flits the gleam of crystal light, Like the trailing of his garments Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant Listening at the gates of life, Hearing, far away, the murmur Of the tumult and the strife; We who fight beneath those banners, Meeting ranks of foemen there, Find a deeper, broader meaning In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp the standard Which to-day you watch from far, When your deeds shall shape the conflict In this universal war, Pray to him, the God of battles, Whose strong eye can never sleep, In the warring of temptation, Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly Clears the smoke from out the skies, When, far down the purple distance, All the noise of battle dies, When the last night's solemn shadows Settle dark on you and me, May the love that never faileth, Take our souls eternally.

—Springfield Republican.

"By thy Words thou shalt be justified, and by the Words thou shalt be condemned."

Words are the representatives of thought, and thought is the result of mental motion. Mental emotion is the source of human action and the evidence of life. It is impossible to calculate the full effects of the Words we use. They may contain the seeds of life or death to those who hear them. How important that we be ready to give the "word in season" at every opportunity. Such words are commonly the result of a heart abounding with Christian love. The following is an instance from the experience of Dr. Wisner of the good which may be effect by

A WORD OUT OF SEASON.

While on a journey for health, in 1812, on a hot, sultry day, I called at a farm-house in one of the beautiful towns in Berkshire county to procure a drink of water. There happened to be no one in the house but a young lady, apparently about sixteen years of age, to whom I was introduced by my travelling companion, and from whom I received a glass of that refreshing and healthy beverage which flows in such rich abundance from the hills of New England.

As I rose to depart, I took her hand and said, "Permit me, my dear girl, before I leave you, to inquire whether you have yet given your heart to your Saviour?"

She replied in the negative, while the tear that stole down her cheek showed that she was not without feeling.

I then said to her, "My child, I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and as such, it is not only my duty, but my privilege to offer you eternal life, upon the condition of your repenting of your sins; and putting your trust in Him; will you accept this offer?"

She answered, with deep emotion, "I cannot decide that question now."

I said, "You will have to decide it now. Jesus Christ is beseeching you, by me, to be reconciled to God, and if you do not choose to tell me what your decision is, He will take the answer from your heart, and it will be recorded in heaven that you have either accepted the offer of eternal life, made to you by your Redeemer, to-day, or that you have rejected Him again."

She seemed to take a new view of her fear-

ful responsibility, and wept convulsively, but could not be prevailed on to tell me what her decision was. After repeating some appropriate passages of Scripture, to show her her duty and her danger, I left her, expecting to see and hear of her no more, until we should meet at the judgment seat of Christ.

Years afterward, on stepping upon a steamboat in New York to go to Philadelphia, my name being called by some of my friends on board, a gentleman came up to me, and asked if my name was Wisner. On being answered in the affirmative, he inquired if I had ever been in the town of _____, Berkshire county. I told him I had passed through it in 1812. He then informed me that when he was coming from home, a lady requested him to say, if he should meet me on his journey, that she was the individual who gave me the glass of water; and what I had said on that occasion sunk so deeply into her heart that she could find no rest until she hoped she had closed in with the offer of her blessed Lord; and that she wished me to accept her thanks for what was to her, truly, "a word spoken in season."

There is often an opportunity for a word of usefulness which if allowed to pass will never again return. An instance is here given of the value of

THE RIGHT WORD AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

"You are looking for some one," I said. "Indeed I am, then, it's for Ellen—Ellen Moore, my own child—and a better no mother need have, only she's took to gay company, poor girl. You see her father, it's no patience at all he had with her, along of his fear of her going bad, and he said the hard word, God forgive him. She didn't come home for three days. I'm just roamin' the streets from mornin' till night, and that faint am I that I'd lay down and die, I think, did I find her."

My heart ached for the woman. I took her home with me. She was coarse; I am afraid not over clean, but in her pitiful face, out of her swollen eyes looked that haggard mother-love, crossed by a thousand frightful fears.

"Ah! she was a jewel indeed," she cried, after she had satisfied her hunger. Her wages were two dollars and she kept but the fifty cents. Neat and pretty, too; O! Ellen, Ellen, come back to me, my heart is broken."

I was standing by the open window. Had God chosen me to be an instrument of salvation that day? Two girls came slowly by, one shy, pale, and I fancied fearful; the other one tricked out gaudily. Just then a harsh voice smote my ear:

"Ellen Moore, you're a fool!" I turned to the mother, who still crouched and moaned, bidding her stay till I came back. Down the street I fled, breathless, trembling, till I came up with the ill-matched couple.

"Ellen Moore," I said. The girl turned round. White as death was the childish face, and her eyes had a glare in them.

"I have something to tell you. Your mother is breaking her heart over your loss."

Her lips quivered, she burst into tears, while the face of the other grew black.

"Let them alone," she said, angrily, "I'll give you better than they can. I'd not go to be bullied."

"Ellen Moore," I said, calmly, "you can come with me and be saved, or go with her and be lost. I think you are a virtuous girl."

She caught my hand in both of hers. Her grasp was like iron; her hands were cold and clammy; she shook from head to foot, and her pitiful, imploring gaze I shall never forget, as she said, in a hoarse, strained voice: "I'll go to my mother."

"Ah! God be praised that He gave that brand from the burning into my keeping. Ellen Moore told me, long years after, of her fearful temptations; her resistance. She told me in her own home, where her widowed mother sat like a lady, with hands folded, if she would. She told me, pressing the soft pink cheek of her little girl against hers, while on her knee slept a beautiful babe.

"I'd just come to that point," she said, and the tears were streaming, "when the one word, either way, would have saved or ruined me. O, how I have blessed you on my knees in prayer to God, that you came to me just then!"

Reader, go thou and do likewise!

The Universalist answered.

A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W., "If God was willing all men should be saved?"

Mr. W. replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?"

The man answered, "Yes."

Then said Mr. W., "Do all men live thus?"

After a little hesitancy he answered, "No."

Mr. W. then proceeded, "According to your own reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing all men should be saved, as that all men should live virtuously; but if you mean by will, a determination, then I would say God has not determined that all men should maintain good moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all, if he had, all would be saved?"

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: a slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it and it is punished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

DR. FRANKLIN says that every little fragment of the day should be saved. Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself to work to save the pieces.

Agriculture, etc.

Dr. Cumming on Bees.

This popular preacher and voluminous writer has employed much of his time for recreation in watching the habits of these industrious insects. The following extract, from a London paper on a lecture recently delivered by him on the subject, will interest many of our readers:—

The lecturer commenced by explaining why he had chosen this subject, and how he had acquired his information. He was in the habit, with his wife and children, of going down to a cottage, in Kent, in the summer months, and as it had been wisely said the bow must not always be bent, he had sought out amusement in hours that he could spare from those duties which devolved on him as a minister, and he had found that amusement in studying the hive; and the result of that study was the observations which he would lay before them. At his cottage he had nearly a dozen hives; some of them had glass windows, and some had not. Frequently during the day he sat by these hives, listened to the music of the inhabitants, and watched their habits, and jotted down such observations as occurred to him. The lecturer proceeded to describe the inhabitants of the hive: There were not three different kinds of bees, but three species of bees in the same hive—the queen bee, the working bee, and the drone bee. There was a division of labor among the working bees. There were the bees that collected the honey, bees that collected bee bread, for the nourishment of the young brood, bees appointed to shape the cells, others to guard the hive, and lastly, bees to ventilate the hive. It was a curious fact that the honey-bee did not go from flower to flower, but selected one flower upon which it settled, and labored at that single flower.

He could take any of his bees in his hand without any fear of their stinging him; but if a stranger went near, the guard at once suspected him, and immediately flew at him. The sentinels relieved each other at intervals, mounting guard three or four at a time. If a hive were watched, it would be found that those who were appointed as ventilators came to the mouth of the hive, four or five at a time, and using their wings as fans, kept up a current of air, so that the other workers labored in a moderate temperature. It was a curious fact, and well worthy of notice, that if a bee-master, in order to ventilate the hive, made a hole in the top, the bees immediately closed it up. From this it would seem that the bees knew that fresh air was essential to healthy life, but that draught was pernicious.

In describing the queen bee, and the great deference and attention paid it by the other bees, the reverend doctor said that he had observed that the bees were very fond of strong drink, and especially of rum sweetened with sugar. On one occasion he found the bees in one of his hives declining, and he gave them some rum to revive them. Instead, however, of using it as a medicine, they drank to excess; for, on looking into the hive subsequently, he found the ladies in waiting, instead of behaving themselves in their usual decorous manner, tumbling about, and the queen herself very tottering. In fact, they had got so drunk that, though it was in November, they thought it was swarming time, and rushed out of the hive, but the frosty air soon sent them back to their hive and to their sober senses.

Of drones, or male bees, there were from 1,500 to 2,000 in a hive. It might be asked what was the use of 2,000 drone bees in a hive, since the queen only selected one as her husband, and if the husband died never married another, but remained a widow. Well, this was a puzzling question. He had made a discovery which led him to adopt a theory which he must acknowledge had been opposed by certain able apiarists. During the breeding time, when the bees were developing in the cells appointed for that purpose, the temperature was never less than 80 or 90 degrees. During the cool of the morning, till twelve at noon, the drones remained in the hive. At twelve they went out for an hour or so, and then returned to the hive, remaining till the evening. He noticed that the time of their absence was just when the sun was hottest, and the drones being fat, he believed that they remained in the hive to keep up the heat. The drones were drunken, lazy fellows. As soon as the queen had selected her husband, the other males began to sip the honey, never doing any thing to keep up the stores of the hive. The other bees must have learned somewhere the maxim that if any man will not work neither shall he eat, for as soon as they began to fill the hive with honey, they garroted the drones and threw them out of the hive.

The lecturer then pointed out the folly and wickedness of those who, using the common straw hives, burned the bees to get the honey. There were three different kinds of hives by which this might be avoided—the storying, the collateral, and the nadir hives. By these methods the bee-master saved his bees, and obtained honey greater in quantity and purer in quality. He thought that any one living in the country might make £8 or £10 a year by keeping bees, so that a cottager might thus pay his rent. He enumerated the enemies of the bees—the wasp, the spider, the tomtit, the snail, and the moth. The greatest enemy of all, however, was man, when he obtained the honey by using sulphur. In speaking of the excellent memory of the bee and its affectionate nature, the lecturer said that he might, in the summer time, be frequently found covered with his bees, who all knew him, and therefore would not sting him.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Sabbath School and the Church again.

DEAR BROTHER,

Rev. W. G. Goucher either grossly misunderstands, or wilfully mistifies and misrepresents the intention and tendency of my communication of May 10th. His personal allusions and insinuations I can afford to pass over in silence, since they have no bearing upon the case in hand, and are alike inconsistent with justice and generosity. As respects my ability to form or express an opinion upon this subject, and his vaunted superiority, your readers are entitled to the privilege of judging for themselves. And as for "ammunition," he must not forget that powder can never supply the place of solid shot; and that "it is the lightning [of argument,] and not the thunder [of abuse and bullying,] that kill." If it be a fact that he occupies a position so far removed from my low level, I think he might afford to be more magnanimous. At any rate, it does not become him to criticize my style until he has fairly answered my interrogations. Perhaps, however, he entertains the idea that prejudicing his readers against the questioner, will supply the place of the desired information. But is there no fear that in his zeal against my supposed Popish tendencies, he has been betrayed into forgetfulness of our Saviour's solemn injunction, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones?"

And now, I beg to assure my Brother that I have only employed, and now resume my pen in what I conceive to be the interests of truth. In point of ability he may be greatly my superior, but talent is not always on the side of truth neither can it ever be a match for that essential element. And though I might be flattered with the hope he holds out that I may sometime write well, I have no ambition further than to make myself understood. Beyond this, it matters little to me whether my critics approve or condemn. I leave writing for literary fame to those who have nothing better to do. It is my views and not myself that I would make prominent; and these I wish received solely upon their own merits, and not those of their author. And thus I defend myself from the charge of cowardice for having written over an assumed name,—a charge which, by the way, never should have been urged unless it was first made to appear that no better motive could have influenced me.

But now, what are the facts of this case? Simply, that there was a point or two in his Essay which I did not fully comprehend, and modestly, I thought, I ventured a few inquiries. The design of those queries was self-evident. They were not intended as a reflection upon our brother, or his production, but simply to elicit truth respecting the authority and rights of the Church. It is true, I referred to her privileges and duty, and also to the prerogatives of individuals, but both these allusions were merely incidental. But how does he treat this communication? Why—after severely castigating the author for his presumption, he launches into a tirade of side issues, leaving the main point almost wholly untouched. Now, I hold that this was less generous treatment than was due either to him or me; and I have yet to learn that such a course ever accomplishes much for the cause of truth, or, I may add, for the reputation of the writer who adopts it.

But to illustrate;—he assures his readers that I have "pronounced his sentiments respecting Sabbath Schools heterodox,"—which statement he cannot defend,—and then, in return, attempts to fasten upon me the odium of "Popish absurdities." Indeed, this latter, he declares, is the only thing in my communication which saved it from being entirely beneath his notice. To all this I might simply reply, does the Romanist hold no truth? And is it well to be guided ourselves, or seek to influence others in such matters, by mere prejudice against a name? What if my tendencies are papistical, so long as they are in the direction of truth?

But the real question is, How far have I advocated the views of the Papacy as respects Church supremacy? Have I said or intimated that "a Baptist Church should be a State Church," or "that all law and authority should proceed from it, and that no society has a right to exist in the same locality it does without obtaining permission from it"? Bro. Goucher says that I have, but I am sure no candid reader of my article will admit that it justifies the assertion. And moreover, I say ever having entertained such sentiments. They are as hateful to me as they can be to him. The inquiry of mine which he quotes,—by entirely omitting the emphatic word—does not refer to the Church's right to control other societies, but to the Rev. W. G. Goucher's right to control the church. And it is a question that others can answer as well as himself. Which is worse or savors most of Popery, a Church controlling her own Sabbath Schools, or an individual claiming the right to grant or withhold this "golden prerogative."

And the next quotation, which he makes the starting point for the remainder of his article, he has also been pleased to garble. The sentence as I left it was simply an inquiry as to