

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 18th, 1865.

LUKE XX. 1-18: The parable of the vineyard. 2 SAMUEL xiv. 1-21: Death of David's child. Birth of Solomon.

Recite—ISAIAH V. 1-7.

Sunday, June 25th, 1865.

LUKE XX. 19-47: Of giving tribute. 2 SAMUEL xiv. 1-21: Widow of Tekoah entreats the king to bring back Absalom.

Recite—1 CORINTHIANS XII. 1-3.

The Evening Lesson.

"Brush up the stove hearth, Jenny," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and wipe up the zinc nicely. Take all those clean clothes, wet and dry, and lay them in the basket, and make the room look as cheerful as you can, before father and the boys get home."

"Well, mother," said Jenny, a little discontentedly, "I don't know that it is any worse for them to have a little discomfort once in a while in doors, than it is for us to have so much trouble all the time. They have no idea how hard it is to get up clean clothes for them every week, nor how much discomfort we have to put up with."

"Neither do we know how hard it is to work all day in the fields to get food for us all at home. But you are tired to-night, my dear, and you never can feel very happy with your hair in such disorder. Run right away and bathe your face, and brush up a little, and you will find your spirits are wonderfully enlivened."

Jenny went away with a reluctant step, to do as she was bid; but after a while she came down again, looking fifty per cent, at least, better than she did before. Her hair was brushed back smoothly from her rosy sun-kissed cheeks, and her plain calico dress and gingham apron looked better than many an elegant ball-room costume. She did not need to be told now to make the room as tidy as possible; she stepped about lightly here and there, putting to rights one little nook and another—drew father's arm-chair up to the sun-set window where he loved best to sit; and saw that the lounge was cleared of all incumbrances, so that Ned might throw himself down and rest after his favorite fashion.

"I knew that it would rest you, if you put yourself in better trim," said mother, "even though you were tired. I need not ask you if you do not feel better; your looks tell very plainly. It always pays to be neat and orderly. It is worth more than a great sum of money to have home the pleasantest spot in the world to fathers and brothers. It never would be, if we adopted Mrs. Halsey's plan."

"No, indeed, mother, I cannot even bear to go there on an errand. I do not see how her family can endure to live in a house so constantly 'in the suds.' She never dresses up herself unless she goes to a funeral; and her children are little frights, with thin outgrown soiled dresses on, half the summer. I used to pity them when they went to school."

"Well, Jenny, every time we permit an untidy room that could be put to rights as well as left, or allow supper-time to find us with a soiled work-dress on, when we might put on a clean one, we take a step in that direction. Untidy people do not become so all at once; but bad habits grow faster than cucumbers. You cannot hold them in check, unless you fairly root them out. All the little delicacies and refinements of life that we cultivate are good for the heart as well as the body. They make us more gentle and thoughtful of the comfort of others, and help us form nobler and more beautiful characters, and that is our great life-work here, my daughter—the formation of right characters. Nothing is trifling which bears up on this great work."

OBEEDIENCE TO ORDERS.—Gen. Grant was walking on the dock at City Point in Virginia, in deep thought, with his cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard touched his arm, saying:

"No smoking on the dock, sir."

"Are these your orders?" asked the general, looking up.

"Yes, sir," answered the negro, respectfully, but decidedly.

"Very good orders," said the general, immediately throwing his cigar into the water.

"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me."—The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest."

"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue! Just look at it; look! now say, what does that need?"

"I think that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

IDLENESS necessarily shortens life, because it makes us weaker. Idleness is a rust which wears faster than labor. "The more a key is used the cleaner it becomes," says poor Jacob. If you love life, do not waste time, for it is the stuff of which life is made. How much do we lose by sleeping longer than we need, without remembering that the sleeping fox catches no hens! If time is the most precious of all things, then the wasting of it is the greatest waste of all.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name to distinguish himself from his lawless brother,—"von Beethoven, landowner." The immortal composer retorted by signing his, "Ludwig von Beethoven, brainowner."

Some of our readers may have read the following, but it is so striking a case and connected with some of our old associations that we cannot resist the opportunity of inserting it, with the hope that it may be made a stimulus to effort in behalf of the fallen, as well as a ground of hope to any who may have been ensnared and taken captive by the enemy.

A Miraculous Deliverance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

At a public meeting of the Norwich City Mission, one of the speakers gave the following deeply interesting narrative of the recovery of a wretched individual who appeared lost, almost beyond hope.

In the town (Maidstone) where I reside, (said the speaker, Mr. J. V. Hall) were twelve young men who were accustomed, early in life, to meet together for indulgence in drinking and all manner of excess. In the course of time, some of them engaged in business; but their habits of sin were so entwined with their very existence that they became bankrupts or insolvents. Eight of them died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave; three others were reduced to the most abject poverty. Two of these had formerly moved in very respectable circles, but they are now in the most miserable state of poverty, wretchedness and disgrace.

"One more, the last of the twelve, the worst of all, remains to be accounted for. He was a sort of ringleader, taking the head of the table at convivial parties, and sitting up whole nights drinking, and inducing others to do the same. He was an infidel, a blasphemer, a despiser of the word of God; yet a good-natured man, and would do anybody a kindness. At length he left the town, and went to reside at a distance, where, for a time, he refrained from dissipation, was married, and every thing seemed prosperous around him; but instead of being thankful to God for his mercy, and watching against his besetting sin, he gave way to his old propensity, and brought misery to his family and friends.

"One dark night, being in the neighborhood of Stourbridge, he had been drinking to excess, and in a state of intoxication he wandered out of the house, and staggered amongst the coal pits, which are in many places left open and exposed. These he passed in safety; but the road he took went over a canal; he missed the bridge, and rolled over the bank to the edge of the water. And here he seemed to have arrived at the end of his wicked course; but God, who is rich in mercy, had caused a stone to lie directly in his path, and thus spared him in this the apparently last hour of his mortal existence; one turn more, and he would have sunk into eternal ruin, and his disembodied spirit been ushered into the presence of the Judge of all. The arm of mercy, however, interposed; his senses returned for a moment; he saw the water beneath him, he crawled back again into the road; there he was picked up and lodged in a public house for the night.

"This miraculous escape, it might have been thought, would have made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind; but no—it was viewed simply as a lucky escape, and he continued to pursue his career of sin as ardently as before. After an indulgence in drinking for some days, having come to his senses, he began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly, surrounded with blessings yet abusing the whole—and in an angry, passionate manner, he muttered, 'Oh! it's no use for me to repent; my sins are too great to be forgiven.' He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis, 'If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven.' The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round, but seeing no one, he said to himself, 'Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.' He stood paralyzed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, 'Surely, this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance.' He fell on his knees, and half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The poor wretch was broken-hearted; and now his besetting sin appeared more horrid than ever; but it must be conquered, or he must perish. Then commenced a contest more terrible than that of conflicting armies—the soul was at stake—an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived, but his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome.

"Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever; and with melancholy feeling he cried out in anguish of spirit, that he was doomed to eternal misery, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind that he had so disgraced himself that it would be better to get rid of his life at once (frequently the end of drunkards). The razor was in his hand—but the Spirit of the Lord interposed and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power over his sin of intemperance. He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost, and especially when, one day, after having been brought into great weakness, through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful woe more terrible than ever. Not a moment was to be lost; he cast himself once more at the footstool of his long-

insulted Creator, and with an intensity of agony cried out, 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth? Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.' He sank down exhausted; he could say no more. That prayer was heard and a voice from heaven seemed to reply, 'I will help thee, I have seen thy struggles, and I will now say to thine enemy, Hitherto thou hast come, but no further.'

"A physician was consulted as to the probability, or possibility, of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice, but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this: hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm and said, 'Oh, Sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me, I am lost forever!' The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription was punctually followed, the happy results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of steel, and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. Every bottle was taken with an earnest prayer to God for his blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following; and to the honor and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee,' for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, to the present hour, (upwards of twenty-three years) not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor, or wine of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue."

The speaker concluded by saying, "The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, a tale, got up for effect, but every syllable is truth; and, to the glory and honor of the Lord God Almighty, the man who has been so marvelously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, now stands before you, and it is from his lips that you have heard the goodness of that God, whose mercy endureth for ever!"

The life once dedicated to the indulgence of depraved appetites, is now spent in seeking to further the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. The individual has written a little work, 'The Sinner's Friend,' of which upwards of half a million copies have been put into circulation, the design of which is to call sinners to repentance; and while he adores that unmerited grace which pitied him in his low and lost estate, he seeks to warn his fellow sinners to flee from the wrath to come; and, in this, the day of grace and merciful visitation, to turn to that God who will have mercy upon them; and notwithstanding their manifold transgressions will, through the merits of the Lord Jesus, "abundantly pardon."

In the foregoing extraordinary case, the Lord has not only raised up this man as a monument of everlasting love, but has also mercifully verified the truth of his own word—"He shall tread upon the lion and adder, (besetting sins). He shall call upon ME, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him; with long life I will satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

All these blessings has the Lord poured out upon this individual, in full confirmation also of the Redeemer's words, "He that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out." No; not though his sins had overtopped the highest mountains—for "The blood of CHRIST cleanseth from ALL sin."

Come, then, sinner—fear not—come to CHRIST, and He will save You.

Then (Dec. 1861) in his 78th year, full of life, health, and fire—holy fire—Christ Jesus ever in his heart, a million times WELCOME guest.

The Newspaper appreciated.

Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now, I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in console, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by that railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly-married couple so beautifully depicted in the Illustrated, as they drove off in a chair and four, the bald old gent at the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of the correspondent, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "Wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness and of story are they!—Blackwood's Magazine.

The ancient is not always the true; nor the voice of many the voice of God.

SCIENTIFIC.

HEAT, LIGHT AND COLOUR.

The fact that there are substances opaque to light and yet transparent to heat, and on the other hand, some which are transparent to light but will not allow the passage of heat through them, is one of the most singular of recent discoveries. Of the first class of substances is a solution of iodine; of the last a liquid known as bisulphide of carbon. This power of separating light from heat, and vice versa, affords the chemist an opportunity of experimenting upon either, without the complicating presence of its usual attendants, and the results are not only curious, but likely to be valuable. Professor Tyndall, the author of a recent and widely-circulated work upon "Heat as a Mode of Motion," has published some experiments, growing out of this discovery, which are interesting. He produced an electric light and of course heat, by a powerful battery, then placing his solution of iodine at a proper distance the luminous beam was cut off; but the intolerable temperature felt on placing his hands at the focus, proved that the heat rays were still passing. To quote the professor's own words "Thin plates of tin and zinc were placed successfully in the dark focus, and speedily fused matches were ignited, gun-cotton exploded, and brown paper set on fire. It is extremely interesting," he continues, "to observe in the middle of the air of a perfectly dark room a piece of black paper suddenly pierced by the invisible rays, and the burning ring expanding on all sides from the centre of ignition." On the 15th of October last Professor Tyndall repeated the experiment with sunlight instead of artificial light. He placed a hollow lens filled with the iodine solution, in the sun's rays, and took precautions to prevent the passage of light even around the edges; the heat rays alone passed through. Although the atmosphere was somewhat cloudy and smoky the focus of the lens was burning hot. The same effects of burning and exploding, with the addition of explosion of gunpowder, took place as in the experiment above mentioned. "In fact," remarks Professor Tyndall, "we had in the focus of the sun's dark rays, a heat, decidedly more powerful than that of the electric light similarly condensed, and all the effects obtained with the former which could be obtained in an increased degree with the latter."

OVER-TAXED BRAINS.

That men of intellect are peculiarly liable to mental disease might be safely supposed, without any direct evidence, from the very nature of intellect and the work it has to perform. Genius, whether it exhibit itself in literature, art, or science, is the result of a peculiar fineness and sensitiveness of the nervous system, without which great men would be nothing more than ordinary men, and having which they are often martyrs as well as conquerors. The possession of this delicate and subtle framework enables them to perceive what others would pass over; but it also lays them open to shocks and jars of which the more robust would not be conscious. Too often in the end, if not in the beginning, genius, as a witty French author once said, "is a disease of the nerves." The brain becomes unnaturally sharpened, and eats into itself. The whole physique suffers from the undue strain on its most exquisite part. The ethereal spirit that sits within this mesh of nerves, and arteries, and fibres, suffers with the suffering of that marvellous mechanism on which it is dependent for its earthly existence. The same week in which we hear of Admiral Fitzroy's suicide brings us news of General Kemery expiring, prematurely old, at fifty. Swift dying in moody mania—Sir Isaac Newton with intellect temporarily shattered—Johnson oppressed by thick-coming fancies—Cowper overcome by them—Sir Walter Scott excited to such a pitch of mental activity that he "could not leave off thinking," and moved about among familiar scenes with a sense of ghostly unreality—Southey struck down from his height of literary fame into mere imbecility—Buckland smitten in his strength—Laman Blanchard, Haydon, and Hugh Miller perishing by their own hands—these are only a few instances of that fate which so often overtakes men of unusual powers. And to these must be added several cases occurring of late years, in which, without the mind being at all affected, our prominent statesmen, such as Lord Herbert and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, have died prematurely from exhaustion. The fact is that much is expected from those to whom much has been given. They become committed to work which cannot be divided, and they fall as much in the service of their country as though they had perished on the field of battle or the sinking deck.—London Review.

A NEW COMPASS.

A patented compass, the invention of Commander Arthur, of the British ship Excellence, was tried on board the Royal Sovereign during her trial cruise, and attracted much attention from officers on board. It is for registering a ship's course at sea on lined and prepared paper, working on a cylinder by clockwork, the direction of the ship's head being taken and marked by an indicator pencil every two minutes and a half. It can be placed in any part of the ship where there is no local attraction, and does not require to be placed with the ship's compass.

A remarkable case of diving occurred at Honolulu early in October. A boat discharging alongside of a ship sunk to the depth of one hundred and eight feet. Notwithstanding this great depth, a native diver undertook, for \$50, to bring up the boat, and succeeded in fastening tackle to it, by which it was brought up to the surface and recovered.