

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 13th, 1866.

LUKE xxiii. 27-38: The Crucifixion. 2 SAMUEL xviii. 19-33: David mourneth for Absalom.

Recite—Isaiah lili. 7-9.

Sunday, August 20th, 1866.

LUKE xxiii. 39-56: Christ's death and burial. 2 SAMUEL xix. 1-23: Shimei is pardoned.

Recite—1 Timothy iii. 16.

A morning walk in India.

India, you know, is a heathen country. A great many dear children are saving their pennies to send the blessed gospel to India, and to keep school for the poor heathen boys and girls, where they learn about the Lord Jesus.

A little girl much interested in this work, asked me the other day how the folks looked in India. "Perhaps other children might like to know; so I will ask them to take a short walk with one of the missionaries."

The first thing we noticed is four little children playing in the sand—little, nut-brown bodies, how odd they look. I wonder if they know how to smile. I'll stop to try. Yes, sure enough, they all smile, showing their white teeth. That's a good sign; for if a boy or girl knows how to smile, there must be something good in them.

Well, walk on. Here come some women carrying their babies; and how do you think? In their arms? No. Pass-back? No. They ride across their mother's hips, or else across their father's shoulders.

What a queer dress the people wear. The men all dress in white, though some have only a cloth tied round their waists. The women like gay colors, and if they can have a red cloth, feel quite proud. Then they wear rings on their fingers and rings on their toes, rings in their noses and ears. You see little girls going about with a great hole in their ears, kept open by a roll of leaf as big as a quarter of a dollar.

See that strange-looking cart. It is called a bandy, and looks more like a little girl's quaker-bonnet on two wheels than anything else. It is drawn by two oxen or bullocks. The driver sits on the pole of the cart. He keeps his hands on the bullocks' backs, and if he wants them to go faster, kicks them with his naked feet; if faster, twists their tails, talking to them in a queer way.

Do you notice the people have marks on their foreheads? Some have three marks of yellow and white, up and down. Some have a wide mark across their foreheads, and on their breasts and arms. Others have a spot just above their noses, and others a blue line running down their noses. How odd they look. What are these for? They are sacred marks, showing what god they worship. They are made with ashes or chalk, and are rubbed on every morning; but some of them are rubbed in so deep, so washing can take them out; so there are some Christians among them wearing their old heathen marks still.

It is pretty hot; the sun is scorching; but stop and look there. Go a little nearer, and behind a clump of trees you see a small, white-washed house. In the front wall is a hole two feet square. Look in and you will see a black, dirty-looking image, with a wreath of red flowers round its neck. Presently a man comes along, and joining his hands together, bows down and says his prayers to that black stone. Poor man! Does he truly believe that such a thing can hear him and do him good? Pretty soon he walks round the other side, where there is another stone image; and he bows his face to the ground, turns round five or six times, and bows again.

Should you like to know how that temple happened to be in just that spot? Some years ago there was a large well there; and the priests spread a report that at the bottom of the well there was a god who wanted to be brought up and worshipped. So they called a great crowd of people together, had a feast, said prayers, and then sent some one down into the well. Down he went, and after a time came back, bringing to be sure the god with him, a great black stone. Then the people shouted, and said the god must have a temple on that very spot. So the people set to work, and gave their money, and this is the very temple they put up for the god.

Is not heathenism wicked and foolish? Don't forget your pennies, children. Have them ready to drop into the contribution box, and pray God that he will bless every effort which is made to bring poor little heathen boys and girls to the Lord Jesus, who died to save them.—Child's Paper.

Under Five.

In the city of Baltimore, there is a house called the "Home of the Friendless," where little beggars, who have nowhere to live but in the streets, find a sweet, wholesome, kind home, with plenty to eat and to wear. In ten years it has had five hundred children under its training.

Out of this large number only two have been given up as hopeless. Those two did not enter until after they were ten years old, and by that time their bad habits were found to be incurable.

Two years of treat life for a girl, over six years of age, will weave around her habits which twice six years of Christian training will hardly break. Think of that, mothers. What a

solemn thought is this for everybody who loves the children: First thoughts, little sins, early habits are those which give bent to the mind and lay the foundations of character. "We prefer to take children under five," say the ladies of the Home. It is the roots of life we must work on, in order to secure good fruit.

Does it not show you, my little ones, how careful, how obedient, how true, how faithful, how loving should you be as little children, that you may grow up good and useful and happy men and women, a joy to your parents and to your Father in heaven?

Hugh Miller, the Newsboy.

One morning, last October, a little boy knocked at our door and asked to see "the gentleman of the house." So he was ushered into our breakfast-room, where the family were at breakfast.

"Well, my little man," said my husband, "what do you want this morning? do you want some breakfast?"

"I did not come for anything for breakfast," answered the boy in a low, sad voice; though his hungry eyes looked wistfully at the bountifully-supplied table.

"Well, what is your name?" said I.

"Hugh Miller, ma'am, if you please; and I did not come to beg; I came to borrow."

"To borrow!" I exclaimed; "and what can we lend you?"

"I want, very much, to borrow three dollars; because, you know, Jack Simpkins has ran away, and I can have his place as newsboy, if I can hand out three dollars on the start; and I have not got but five cents."

"Well, that is a great idea,—this borrowing money! What made you think of coming here?" said my husband.

"Well, sir, it is strange," he answered; "but somehow it came into my head last night, as soon as I found I could have Jack Simpkins' chance, that I would begin at the upper end of this street, and go to every house in the block, and tell them what I wanted; and I thought somebody might help me; and this is the fourth house,—and I have not borrowed a cent yet."

We then enquired where he lived, and learned also, that his father and mother were both dead, that he had two sisters who sewed for the support of the family, and that he had run errands, and did what little thing such a boy could, until, as he said, he had "Jack Simpkins' chance" at the newspaper office.

My husband handed him out three dollars, and told him he would not give it to him, he should only lend it; and he could pay it back as soon as he was able. Then we gave him a nice breakfast, which he seemed to enjoy very much, when he took his cap, and making a low bow, thanked us for our kindness, and left the house.

"That is a noble boy!" said my husband; "we shall hear from him again."

Three days after this, a little note was handed in, enclosing twenty-five cents, and written in a cramped hand, "Now I owe you \$2.75."

Three days after, another twenty-five cents; then in a few days came fifty cents; and in three weeks the whole three dollars were paid up. My husband went to the news-office where he was employed, and told the man there about the three dollars. The man seemed very much pleased, and said, "He is an honest lad, and I would entrust him with untold gold."

I went round to see his sisters, and found them very poor, and working very hard; but all was as neat and clean as possible. I gave them some shirts to make, and other sewing, and paid them liberally for the work.

By and by it happened that our little newsboy "changed his beat," as he called it,—that is, he distributed his papers in another part of the city, and our street came within his "beat"; and he left our papers twice a day at the door.

We often called him in, and talked to him; and he seemed very much interested in the family. Cousin Lucy was visiting us, and she was very sad. Her only brother was at the war, and she could hear nothing from him. One day Hugh came to the door, and said, "Please, I want to see Miss Cousin Lucy. Miss Lucy, ma'am," he said, "see here,—your brother is alive and well; and he is coming home." And he handed her a paper, in which it said, that Capt. Lewis Curtis, of such a regiment, who had been very long missing, had been taken prisoner, but was now released, and on his way home!

"Why, ma'am," said Hugh, "I have read every paper, since I heard about your brother; and see, now I have got it."

Cousin Lucy felt very grateful to our newsboy; and she told him to come again the next afternoon, when he was at leisure; she wanted to see him. (So he came; and she took him to a tailor's shop, and had him measured for a nice suit of clothes, which he keeps for his best,—for Sunday wear,—as he always attends church and Sabbath-school.)

I think Hugh Miller will grow up to be a noble man. He will not want for friends. He is honest and faithful over a few things committed to his trust. He lives in the fear of God; and he has a warm, generous nature, which makes all trust him. He began right, and I think that is the only way to prosper.—Well Springs.

SAXON CHEESE.—Boil large white potatoes, remove the skin and mash them fine. Add a little salt. To five pounds of potatoes, add one pound of sour milk, and mix thoroughly; cover and let it stand undisturbed four or five days, according to the season. Knead it out into balls, and put in a cool, airy place to dry. They may be covered with a piece of old lace, or thin muslin, to keep from insects, and admit the air.

Dr. Chalmers as Tutor.

Tutors in private families do not always find pleasant berths, and it requires no little fortitude and patience to bear the impertinences of parties who take advantage of their position to make an instructor's office uncomfortable, and sometimes humiliating. It may be a consolation to any in such circumstances, to know that so great a man as Dr. Chalmers had this yoke to bear in his youth. He taught in a family of ten children, seven hours a day, and the strict discipline gave mortal offence to his feminine pupils, and through them to the heads of the family. His biographer says:

Matters grew worse as the summer months rolled on. Though at first disposed to favor one so zealously bent on the careful training of his children, his employer, won over at last by the predominating female influence, passed into the ranks of the enemy. The very servants catching the spirit which prevailed elsewhere, were disposed to be insolent. The whole combined household was at war with him.

The undaunted tutor resolved nevertheless to set his part with dignity and effect. Remonstrances were vain. To the wrong they did in dismissing him, when company came, to his own room, they would apply no remedy. He devised, therefore, a remedy of his own. He was living near a town in which, through means of introductions given to him by Fifehire friends, he had already formed some acquaintances. Whenever he knew that there was to be a supper from which he would be excluded, he ordered one in a neighboring inn, to which he invited one or more of his own friends. To make his purpose all the more manifest, he waited till the servant entered with his solitary repast, when he ordered it away, saying, "I sup elsewhere to night."

Such curiously-timed tutorship suppers were not likely to be relished by Mr. —, who charged him with unseemly and unseasonable pride.

"Sir," said he, "the very servants are complaining of your haughtiness. You have far too much pride."

"There are two kinds of pride, sir," was the reply. "There is that pride which lords it over inferiors, and there is that pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors. The first I have none of; the second I glory in." It is not probable that the charge was repeated.

The Invisible Congregation.

Last Sabbath I was requested to preach in the penitentiary. The hour came, and the keepers, with two or three friends only, were visible. I glanced along the stony floor, and the corridor above, and saw the cell doors ajar. The more peaceable convicts had both the wooden and iron door open; others, the latter alone. One youth paced back and forth in his narrow cell, looking occasionally through the opening in his cage of granite, with an expression of agonizing restlessness.

Turning toward the cells, with but two of the inmates seen at all, I prayed and preached, and we sang. Two impressive reflections were suggested by the invisible congregation. One was, that although the hearers and preacher never beheld each other, they are yet to become acquainted, and review together the Sabbath hour of service. All the unseen of earth, who have been affected by our influence, must be known in that trial day.

Another thought that the prison scene awakened was, that no call of mercy echoes along the galleries of adamant in hell. How difficult, even for the christian, to feel the truth when they look on the unsaved!

"In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter prayer;  
No Saviour call you to the skies."

BAPTIST MINISTERS in England are letting their beards grow. The Christian World says of the ministers at the meeting of the "English Baptist Union":—"A noticeable indication of the absence of ecclesiastical restraint amongst the Baptists, was supplied to the observant on-lookers at this meeting, by the sight of quite a number of pastors, wearing the full beard and moustache. It would be safe, we believe, to assert that there are now more Baptist ministers who have discarded the 'barbarous' practice of shaving than of any other denomination in England, with possibly the exception of the Unitarians. And as it was found that Dr. Angus, (the President,) himself had 'utterly thrown aside the razor, it may be expected that the patriarchal and apostolical custom will henceforth prevail more and more. It only requires that Mr. Spurgeon should rise above the conventional practice in this matter, as he has done in that of the hat, to bring about a complete revolution in the facial appearance of the Baptist ministers in England."

A Complaint.

My name is Grasshopper; high as I can here I hop, there I hop—little old man! Look at my countenance, aged and thin; look at my crooked legs, all doubled in; is not my face long and sober and wan? Do I not look like a little old man? Yet all the summer I play in the grass, jump up and stick to whoever may pass. Where I then hide myself they cannot guess. Never know where I am till they undress. Finger and thumb, then, they snap me away. Though they might know how much rather I'd stay. Nobody cares what becomes of poor me. Flung out of window I'm certain to be. Even though the hen might be there with her brood. A Grasshopper's feelings—they're not understood.—Our Young Folks.

Scientific.

A NEW MINERAL.—A new mineral has been discovered in China, holding iodide of lead in union with the oxide and chloride. It is said to yield ten per cent. of iodine. As iodine is now obtained almost exclusively from sea-weed, this discovery has great interest for photographers and dyers.

A NEW SAFETY LAMP.—An ingenious Frenchman has invented a photo electric lamp, so simple in structure and safe in use, that it must soon displace Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp, which has been for years the chief safe-guard of miners.

PARAFFINE is finding constantly new uses. A Dr. Stenhouse has invented a process of mixing it with oil, and applying to leather, whereby the latter is made perfectly water-proof. After a coating of the mixture is applied, the leather is heated, and a second coating can be put on. The leather, it is said, will wear double the usual times, after passing through this process.

PUNCTUATION.—Previous to 1520 there were no stops in books, and all languages, whether printed or in manuscript, were like the Hebrew, without punctuation. The colon was introduced in 1580, and the semicolon in 1599. In leases and other documents they are never used, because a single dot misplaced, may alter the intended sense of an instrument, and result in a lawsuit.

A PEOPLE NOT TO BE DESTROYED.—Rev. Dr. Livingston, the distinguished missionary, says, "respect to the African, neither drink, nor disease, nor slavery can root him out of the world. I never had any idea of the prodigious destruction of human life that takes place subsequently to the slave-hunting till I saw it; and as this has gone on for centuries, it gives a wonderful idea of the vitality of the nation."

TOBACCO.—Tobacco is an expensive "luxury" just now, and the chewing of it a habit from which at least some of its votaries may desire to break loose. The following, cut from an exchange, may aid such: "A friend of mine overcame the habit of chewing tobacco by substituting a bit of cracker for his accustomed quid. He had previously tried chamomile flowers and other means without success, and adopted the cracker upon the recommendation of a casual stage-coach-companion some years ago. His banking for tobacco was soon overcome, and he has never had a relish for it since. He gave up the use of the cracker also in a few weeks, and as his adviser had been cured by the same means, I am induced to offer the remedy for publication."

TASTE AND HABIT.—One day I was in one of the hot-houses at Kew, and noticed a man, evidently a plain working-man, pointing out to his little girl the beauties of the flowers. I stood besides him, and noticed particularly that he never once spoke of color, but always pointed to the shape. Anxious to see whether this arose from color-blindness or not, I at last accosted him: "Friend, why do you always point out the shape of the flower to your child? why not point out the exquisite colors?" "Did I only point out the shape, Sir? I didn't know it; but I'm a wood-carver, and that made me do it perhaps. I have always to think of shape."—Parson and People.

HOW TO COOL WATER.—At this season of the year a cool draught of water is a luxury, which we may enjoy with a little care. By the following method, simple and inexpensive, water may be kept almost as cold as ice. Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet; the evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a low temperature. In India and other tropical countries, where ice cannot be procured, this expedient is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have at the place of his work two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain fresh water for the evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person may test this by dipping a finger in water and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cool. This plan will save the bill for ice, besides being more healthful. The free use of ice-water often produces derangement of the internal organs, which, we conceive, is due to a property of the water independent of its coldness.—Maine Farmer.

THE BANTAM AND THE TIGER.—Ignorance is sometimes a benefit, as may be seen in the following incident:

It is stated that a pretty little bantam was recently thrown into a cage of one of the tigers domiciled in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. It was designed to sharpen his appetite for some blocks of meat which he had declined to eat. Not in the least alarmed by his terrible roars, bantam advanced, with the most unsuspecting confidence to peck the food that was lying untrasted before him, and when she had satisfied her hunger, began to examine closely the claws of the monster. Far from being affronted at this familiar treatment, he appeared to be delighted with the new inmate of his cage, and when the keepers managed to take her away, he obstinately refused to taste any food, either living or dead, till she was put back again.

One of the hours of each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.