

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 16th, 1866.

Acts iv. 24-27: The disciples have all things in common. 2 Kings iv. 1-17: Elisha multiplies the widow's oil.
Recite—1 John iii. 1-3.

Sunday, November 23rd, 1866.

Acts v. 1-11: Death of Ananias and Sapphira. 2 Kings iv. 18-44: Elisha raises the widow's son.
Recite—LUKE i. 46-51.

"Never cross a Bridge till you come to it."

It was beginning to grow dark one pleasant October evening, and little Annie and her grandmother were sitting by a brightly blazing wood fire. Grandmother had her knitting in her hands, and the gathering darkness did not stop her work, for she had knit so many stockings for her children and grandchildren that her fingers knew just what to do, without having any eyes to watch them. But, for a wonder, busy little Annie was doing nothing, and had sat for a whole quarter of an hour without even talking. The truth was, Annie had had three little friends to spend the afternoon with her, and they had played and laughed and talked so much that she was glad to rest and be quiet. So she sat watching the bright flames, till grandmother at last said, "What is my little girl thinking about so long?"

And then the unusual silence was broken, and Annie's little tongue ran as fast as it could talk, with a history of all that pleasant afternoon—of the games they had played, and the stories they had told each other under the trees.

"And O, I remember," she said suddenly, "there was something I wanted to ask you, grandmamma. We were playing 'Proverbs' this afternoon; and one that Lucy gave us to guess was, 'Never cross a bridge till you come to it.' I don't know what it means; do you?"

"Yes, darling; it means, do not be troubled and anxious about difficulties or trials in the future; wait till you come to them."

"But still I don't exactly see what it means about the bridge," said Annie; "of course, no one can cross a bridge till he comes to it."

"I will tell you a little story that may help you to understand it. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruth. She was a timid child, afraid of all sorts of things that had no intention of hurting her. If a cow looked toward her, she felt sure it meant to run at her; if a dog barked, she thought it meant to bite her; and if she had to go into a dark room, she trembled with fear till she was safely in the light again. Don't you think she was very foolish?"

"Yes," said Annie, hanging down her head a little, for she remembered some such feelings herself; "but, grandmamma, how can any one help being afraid?"

"I will tell you one way. When you are alone in the dark, for instance, do not think about unpleasant things—about ghosts, and robbers, and such things, that will naturally make you afraid; but think of pleasant things; and if nothing else will take away your fear, remember that your Heavenly Father is with you as much in the darkness as in the light, and when you are with him there is surely nothing to fear."

"But to return to my story: Little Ruth had been spending a day with her aunt, who lived in a great farmhouse, not far from her own home. Her father drove her over in the carriage in the morning, and told her she might stay all day, if she would be home by the time the sun set. So Ruth had seen the little new chickens, and played in the hay, and picked currants for Aunt Mary, and been very busy and happy all day. After an early supper, while the sun was still far up above the hills, her aunt took her out in the garden and orchard, and gave her a basket of fruit and flowers. Then she showed her a new and short way home, across the fields, into a narrow lane that led into the main road."

"Ruth ran on merrily, stopping sometimes to add some wild flowers to her basket, and sometimes to look back to the fence where Aunt Mary stood watching her. She soon found herself safely in the lane; and after climbing a little hill, she could see her own home not far away. It was a beautiful view, for she could see the blue ocean far away between the hills, and the river, with the white houses of the village reflected in it, and close by, the winding road, with hedges of wild roses and elder, and little clumps of trees here and there. But Ruth did not stop long to admire the view; for, as she looked down the hill, she saw something which frightened her. What do you suppose it was?"

"A cow?"

"No; guess again."

"A great black dog?"

"No; it was only a pretty little brook, which ran sparkling over the stones."

"I don't see how she could be afraid of a brook. That couldn't hurt her."

"This was the trouble. The road, as it seemed to Ruth, ran directly down to the brook, and for a bridge there was only one wide plank. So she began to think how dreadful it would be to have to go over such a bridge. It might break down, or she might be dizzy, and fall off, and be drowned."

"Why, I like to cross over the brook on a board!" said Annie, quite relieved to find the

Ruth was not to be an illustration of her own foolish fears.

"But Ruth had not lived in the country long, and little city girls are not in the habit of running about in all sorts of places, as you are. Ruth was very much afraid, and she began to think what she could do. Could she go back? No; for it would take a long time to go round by the road, and besides, she was ashamed to have her aunt know that she was afraid. So she did the most foolish thing possible; she sat down and cried, and then she looked down the hill again, and the water seemed deeper and the bridge narrower than before; and so she cried again. I don't know how long she would have sat there crying, if the sun had not gone down toward the mountains so fast, reminding her that it was time to go home. She went slowly down the hill, till the bushes and trees hid the brook and the little bridge, and then she took courage, and ran on faster. She soon came to a turn in the little lane, which she had not seen, the trees were so thick; and where do you suppose she found herself? In the main road, with only a very short distance to go to reach her own gate, where her mother was looking out for her!"

"And where was the brook?"

"The brook was by the side of the road, where it had always been; but the path down to it led off in another direction."

"So all her crying was for nothing, and she didn't have to cross the bridge at all?"

"No. And now you see what is meant by crossing a bridge before you come to it; do you not?"

"Yes, grandmamma; but people are never so foolish really, are they?"

"Yes, dear, very often. Many a tear has been shed over troubles that never came. Do you remember a little girl who cried because there were such long words at the end of the spelling-book? How was it when she really had to learn them?"

"Oh, they were easy enough then. And I remember crying one night last week because I thought it would rain the next day, and I could not go to the picnic. And it only rained a few drops in the night, and the next day was beautiful. Oh, dear! I didn't think I was so foolish."

"Ah! dear Annie, older people than you sometimes do the same foolish thing."

"But, grandmamma, sometimes the sorrows we fear do really come; and then we have to cross the bridge."

"Certainly, dear; but if little Ruth had not found she was mistaken, and really had to cross the brook, would her crying beforehand have made it any easier? No, indeed; and remember this, Annie, God has given us no promise of strength for imaginary sorrows, or for trials that we think may be in the future. He says, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be; and if we try to carry to-morrow's burdens to-day, we must expect to sink under them. Now, my dear, can you remember any text in the Bible that means the same thing as this proverb?'"

"Yes, grandmamma, I think I know one—'Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'—Independent.

Search for the Remains of Roger Williams, Founder of Rhode Island.

Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet at least have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of 183 years, not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained after the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found at the exhumation made a short time ago, though there was little to exhume. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "chapel house," it was found that every thing was passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of any thing save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than 180 years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toe. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear at very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care,

not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water, and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves was all gone. There stood the "guilty apple-tree" as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain the phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted,—the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmuted into the apple tree; it had passed into woody fibre and was capable of propelling a steam engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruits from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?—Harford Press.

Bar-room.

Passing along the streets of our city, my eyes have been frequently attracted to the numerous sign-boards marked, "Bar-room," "Bar," etc.; and I have thought to myself, "How very appropriate the name!" for truly those who enter therein find it a bar to everything that is desirable, everything that is lovely in human character. And I have concluded I would send you a few thoughts on the subject, which, if you think them calculated to arrest the attention of any and be productive of good, you are at liberty to publish; if not, throw this aside among the many other useless manuscripts which have fallen under your notice.

BAR.

Young man! has not your eye been frequently attracted to a sign having the following ominous word on it?

"BAR."

Avoid the place; it is not a misnomer. The experience of thousands had proved the Bar to be—

- A Bar to Respectability;
- A Bar to Honor;
- A Bar to Happiness;
- A Bar to Domestic Felicity;
- A Bar to Heaven.

Every day proves it to be—

- The Road to Degradation;
- The Road to Vice;
- The Road to the Gambler's Hell;
- The Road to the Brothel;
- The Road to Poverty;
- The Road to Wretchedness;
- The Road to Want;
- The Road to Murder;
- The Road to Prison;
- The Road to the Gallows;
- The Road to the Drunkard's Grave;
- The Road to Hell.

Some, it is true, do not pass through all of these stages; but intemperance, persisted in, always ends in the Drunkard's Grave, and we have too much reason to fear, in Hell.

- The Curse of the Drunkard's Wife;
- The Curse of the Drunkard's Child;
- The Curse of the Drunkard's Home.

Those only who have known the bitterness of being a drunkard's wife, or child, can know the misery and the horror of a drunkard's home!

Young man! before you enter the Bar-room, stop! Ponder the paths of your feet, ere it be forever too late.

Man of family! flee the bar-room, as you would in honor fulfil the pledge of love made to her who is the companion of your joys and of your sorrows.

"ARE YOU A SWEARER?"—The late Mr. A. Clark, of Edinburgh, was accustomed, previous to engaging a workman, to put this question directly to him. "Are you a swearer?" for if you are, you shall not work for me. I am determined to permit to no one in my shop to take the sacred name of God in vain, before whose presence angels bow down and adore."

Our influence is a fearful responsibility. Few think of its extent. And yet it lives while eternity lasts! The deeds of to-day influence others, and from their acts the tide rolls on. A little act, a pebble cast into the stream, sends away to shores unseen the circling eddy.

LOVE can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love and cripples even the natural affection.

Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections oftentimes incurable. Brown's Bronchial Troches reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. As there are imitations be sure to OBTAIN the genuine.

So great is the efficacy of Parson's Purgative Pill that they may be supposed to contain some powerful and injurious agent, but we can assure you they are free from everything of the kind, and can be administered with perfect safety.

Pain cannot long exist where Blood's Rheumatic Compound is faithfully used. Its reputation as a pain curing agent is unsurpassed by any yet discovered.

Scientific.

An easy Lesson in Chemistry.

ALKALIES AND ACIDS.

These two words occur so frequently in every day life, that a few explanations of them will be acceptable to the unscientific reader.

Alkalies.—Potash and soda, are familiar examples of *alkalies*. When pure, they have a strong caustic or burning taste. They dissolve readily in water, and also unite with oil or grease. Water and oil will not unite together, put some alkali with them and this will take hold of each and bring them together, as in making soap. The strongest and most common alkalies are potash, soda, and ammonia or hartshorn. Ammonia is a powerful alkali, but as we usually see it, it is dissolved in a large amount of water. There are other alkalies, and may alkaloids, that is vegetable substances that have alkaline properties, such as quinia, morphia, strychnia, etc. Then there are alkaline earths, as they are called. Lime is one of these, which when newly burned, is very caustic. Magnesia is another. Lime and magnesia, and especially lime, are useful in many cases as alkalies. As an alkali is often wanted, sometimes in haste, to neutralize an acid, as explained below, the unscientific reader will remember the five most common alkali substances, by the initials PSALM, standing for potash, soda, ammonia, lime, magnesia.

Acids.—The word *acid*, means *sour*, and most of the common acids are very sour to the taste. Acetic acid, or vinegar, when pure is intensely sour, and would destroy the flesh, but good strong vinegar contains only 5 or 6 parts of acid dissolved in 100 parts of water. Sulphuric acid, commonly called "oil of vitriol," is one of the strong acids. A drop of this in a pint of water will make it taste sour. Nitric acid, called, aqua-fortis, is another of the strong acids. So is hydro-chloric acid, commonly called muriatic acid, or spirit of salt. Then we have citric acid, the sour of lemon juice; malic acid, the sour of apple juice; tartaric acid, the sour in grapes and some other fruits; lactic acid, the sour formed in milk, etc., are common examples. We generally say when anything becomes sour, that it is acid-ified. Almost all the acids, when strong, are injurious to the flesh and poisonous if swallowed, but when greatly diluted with water, they are frequently tonic or strengthening. Some fruits are for this reason often useful, and generally healthful if well washed or masticated so as to be easily digested. Vinegar is much used with some kinds of food to aid in their digestion, but too much of it injures and weakens the stomach, and it is not advisable for constant use. Carbonic acid is very abundant, but we never see it alone because when not combined with something else, it always takes a gas or air-like form. It is produced wherever any vegetable substances, as coal, wood, oil, etc., are burned. It is this acid that bubbles up in soda water, and gives it a sourish taste. It is carbonic acid that fills the little interstices or airholes that make bread, cake, butter, etc., light. It unites with potash to form saleratus, with lime to make limestone, chalk, or marble.

The ACIDS and ALKALIES unite together, and usually destroy each other's acid properties, forming what are termed 'salts.' Thus strong sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), unites with the powerfully caustic soda and forms the mild compound known as 'glauber salts' (sulphate of soda). So also when this powerful oil of vitriol which eats into the flesh, and even chars wood, is united with the intensely caustic fresh lime, the two neutralize each other's properties and form the mild, tasteless, sulphate of lime, (gypsum or plaster,) which we sow on land, and use in making casts, cornices and ornaments on plastered walls, etc. Aqua fortis (nitric acid), as powerful as it is to destroy the flesh, and to dissolve metals, when united with caustic lime, makes a compound as mild as plaster, and when united with potash, makes saltpetre. Soda put in acid or soured batter neutralizes the acid formed.

One practical lesson to be learned from the above, is, that when trouble results from the accidental or over use of either an acid or alkali it is to be counteracted by applying the other. For example, if an acid is accidentally swallowed, follow it as quickly as possible with some alkali,—as a weak solution of potash, or soda, or lime-water. A strong solution of soap swallowed freely, is the best common remedy. The effects of potash, soda, lime, strong soap, etc., upon the hands, are neutralized by a weak wash of any acid, as acetic acid (vinegar). Acid spilled upon the garments should be quickly neutralized with potash, soda, ammonia, or lime water.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

The *River Francaise* records the following wonderful discovery:—A French physician, Dr. Blanchet, having arrived at the conclusion that we do not see with the eyes, but with the brain through the eyes, experimented with a view to find some means of conveying the rays of light through diseased eyes to the retina. After eighteen years of study he has at length perfected a discovery which must be of the greatest importance. By the aid of a little glass cylinder, to which he gives the name *portlumere*, he puts the optic nerve again in communication with the exterior world, and enables the blind to see. It is difficult, however, to believe that the vision so obtained can be equally distinct with that of the natural eye.

COURAGE is perpetually shouting, "Onward!" Faith ever whispers, "Upward!"