

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 18th, 1867.

Acts xx. 1-19: Paul determined to go to Jerusalem. 2 Kings xxii. 1-20: Josiah's good reign. Recite—Joshua iii. 14-17.

Sunday, July 25th, 1867.

Acts xxi. 20-40: Paul's trouble at Jerusalem. 2 Kings xxiii. 21-37: Josiah is slain. Recite—Jon. iv. 17-23.

The Promise that was kept.

FROM THE GERMAN.

One evening four German Students at the university were enjoying themselves in an upper room of a little hotel. They had four instruments, and were employing themselves in making music, after the hard labors of the day. There was a pause in their music; but no sooner had they ceased playing, than they heard an old man playing a violin beneath their window, in the street. They went to the window and looked out, watching him until he ceased playing. One of them threw out a little piece of money, and said to him, laughing: "Here, poor Peter, this is all we have for you now; come again some other time."

"Yes," said another, "come again in a year from now."

"Then we will give you a little house, for a present," said the third.

"Yes, in the middle of a garden," said the fourth.

The old man was struck with wonder at such a promise. His long white hair shone brightly in the light of the lanterns which hung at a neighboring restaurant. He looked up to the window, and said, after a moment's reflection: "Young people, are you in earnest in what you say to me? I hope you are not making light of a old man."

"Indeed we are in earnest," replied Ernest, with excited voice; and his three companions called upon God to witness their seriousness.

"Farewell, then," replied the old man; "I take my leave of you. One year from to-day, at this same hour, expect me to come and play a tune beneath this window. Farewell; may the Almighty One, whose Name you have called upon, bless you in your kindness!"

The old man went off, after invoking this blessing upon them. The students closed the window, took their instruments again in their hands, and, after having played three or four lively tunes, seemed to forget all that had occurred. Ernest said to them, however, after the space of about half an hour, "You seem to be very quiet; I cannot be, or I have made a promise that I would give something which I have not got."

"What promise?" asked one of his light-hearted companions.

"The promise of a house and a garden."

A loud laugh was the response that he met with; and the students separated. They met again on the following evening, and, during their interview, Ernest called to mind the promise of the night before. They made light of him, and told him that he was foolish to pay any more attention to it. Then said he: "I don't see where your consciences are, if you can make a promise and break your word."

"How can we fulfil any promise of that kind?" said Christopher. "Our parents are all poor, and have more than they can do to send us to the university. How then can they help us to buy a house and garden for a foolish old man? Good night, comrades; I wish you as pleasant a sleep as I shall have!"

But this kind of argument did not affect Ernest much, for he could not help thinking that he was compelled to keep his bargain. He was the poorest one of the group, for his mother was a plain widow, and she made her living by washing. The promise that he made, deeply affected him, and he left the university for a week, so that he might go home and tell his mother the pledge that he had made to the old musician. After he had told her, she replied: "Keep it, my son; keep it, if it cost you your life."

"That is what I will try to do, mother; and I hope I shall have your prayers."

Ernest returned to the university, and told his friends that they must seriously think of buying the old man a house and garden. He went to a neighboring village one day, and found that he could get a neat little house and garden for two thousand guildens. That was a large sum for those poor students to think of paying; but through the influence of Ernest, the other three gradually became convinced that it was their duty to keep their promise. The four resolved that in one year from the time the pledge was made the old man should have his house and garden, if it was in their power to get it for him.

They must leave the university—a sad proceeding for them. They came to the conclusion to go through the country, and give little concerts; for really this appeared to them to be the only way possible to gain any money. Even by pursuing this course, there appeared to be a poor prospect of getting a large sum. Still they resolved to do their best. They closed their books, put their instruments in little bags, and set out, on foot, to give concerts in the villages through which they might pass. Ernest, before leaving, exacted a promise of the man who owned the house and lot which he had looked at, that he would not sell it under six months, to anybody; and that if he would promise to take it at the end of that time, he might have it, though the money need not be paid under a

year. Week after week passed by; and the students slowly proceeded on their way. Their expenses were not heavy, but their income was certainly very small too. Nine months and a half passed by, and still they had but little above seven hundred guildens. It was a great question with them, how the remaining thirteen hundred could be raised. They were spending one day at a country town; and a nobleman, living in a large castle a few miles distant, was seeking musicians, to attend the wedding of his daughter, who was to be married in three or four days. Fortunately enough for the students, the nobleman employed them for the occasion. The marriage ceremonies took place, and by and by it was time for the music to begin. The students had trained themselves very carefully for that evening; and their selections were certainly of a very high order. During the course of the festivities, it was noticed that the nobleman became very sad. His face wore a melancholy appearance, and those who stood nearest to him saw him weeping. What could have caused him to be melancholy at such a time as that? One of the pieces that those musicians had played, was his mother's favorite melody. She had often sung it to him, many years ago, and he had not heard it since, until the students played it. It was enough to make him sorrowful; and it drew those students to his heart, in such a way that he could not express his feelings. They had recalled to his memory a piece of music which he had never been able to find in any music store, and which it was now worth a fortune for him to hear.

I must now make my story short. The nobleman kept the four students in his castle two weeks; became acquainted with them very fully, and learned their object in leaving the university to give concerts. He supplied them with three thousand guildens; and told them he would pay their expenses at the university for four years, and that they might have the privilege of making drafts on him at any time.

Their fortune was better than they had reason to expect. Ernest had already written to the owner of the house and garden, that he might expect them to take it; so that it was now engaged.

The students returned to the university, and reached there just a few weeks before the end of the year, when the house must be ready for the owner. On the evening of the day when the old man promised to appear, he stood below the window in the bright winter moonlight, playing on his old violin. He was true to his word; and expected the promise to be kept. The young men went down to invite him up, and told him all that they had done. They showed him the deed for his place, and gave it to him. On the following day, he formally took possession of it; and they supplied it with furniture and groceries for housekeeping.

The young men felt that they were amply repaid for their faithfulness to their word, by the gratitude and joy of the old man. But they were not only repaid in feelings; they were more than repaid even in money.

Fourteen years after that time, that place came into their possession; for that old man had died and bequeathed it to them in his will. That part of the town rose suddenly in value. Many things contributed to its increased value, which I will not now enumerate. It is enough to say, that seventeen years from the time the four students gave the deed of that house and garden to the old musician, the same property which had cost two thousand guildens, was worth eighty thousand. The students, therefore, were not merely repaid in heart, but also in money. They had kept their word; and the memory of being faithful to their word, even to the poor old man who had no power to compel them to be true to it, was a pleasant memory, as long as they lived.

The key to the heart.

The power of song is mighty. It is the golden key that can open every adamant heart.

A hardened Scottish soldier lay on his hospital bed, and refused stubbornly to listen to a word of spiritual counsel from the good minister who visited him. He "knew how to die without the aid of a priest," he said. The most affectionate entreaty seemed lost upon him, and he turned his face to the wall, determined to close the interview.

The minister sat down by his bed and began to sing a hymn well known in Scotland, "O mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?"

In a few moments the man turned himself upon his pillow, the hard look all gone, and the eye wet with a tear.

"Who taught you that?" he asked.

"My mother," said the minister.

"And so did mine," he replied; and with those memories surging back in his soul he was ready and willing to listen to the words of heavenly counsel.

The Greenlanders' Singing Combats.

Nothing in the manners and customs of the natives of Greenland is more singular than their singing combats. If a Greenlander conceives himself injured, he does not vent his anger in quarrelsome words, nor proceed to any revenge, but composes a satirical ballad, which he rehearses till he gets it by heart. When this is effected he publishes his design of contending with his antagonist, not with a sword, but a song; and a place of meeting is accordingly appointed. The party challenged never fails to attend, but comes encircled by all the friends he can collect, to witness his skill and prowess. The challenger begins to the beat of a drum, and

is chorused by his party, with Amna, ajah—Bravo, excellent! In the course of his singing he discharges against his adversary so many mortifying truths that the bystanders are convulsed with laughter. His song finished, the other commences, is answered, begins again, and so on; and he who has the last word gains his cause. The auditors on both sides constitute the jury, and bestow the laurel; and the two contending parties become good friends.

CAGED HIS KEEPER.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin furnishes an instance of the outwitting of a sane man by a crazy man. It says:—

Recently a Milwaukee police officer was detailed to take an insane man to an asylum. The man went along quietly until the end of the journey was reached, and instead of being delivered to the officers of the asylum, very quietly delivered the astonished officer, who, before he had an opportunity for an explanation, found himself locked up in a cell, and was told that a strait-jacket awaited him if he made any demonstrations. The insane man went away, having done his work in a very systematic manner, and was very soon after boasting of what he had done. The officer, as soon as he could get the manager of the asylum to listen to him, made an explanation and sent for an acquaintance, who very soon set matters to rights. Search was made for the insane man, and he was found detailing his exploits, and was very soon taken care of. The officer thinks he will look a little sharper next time.

THE EDITORIAL TREADMILL.—The burdens of newspaper life are pointedly set forth in the Home Journal:

It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and heart—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow. The judge may adjourn his court, the school and the workshop may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features and and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist may forget before to morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gayly and freshly, as a newsmonger, on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour, by Providence or his brains as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of. The public looks upon an editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave in his opinion that it was "easy to see the white man mow."

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

AUGUST 18. Sunday. Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, 2 Tim. ii. 1.

Let us make daily use of our riches, and ever repair to Jesus as to our own Lord in covenant, taking from Him the supply of all we need with holy boldness and godly fear.

19. Monday. I am a stranger with thee, Psa. xxxix. 12.

Amazing mercy! I might have been a stranger to Thee, but my natural alienation thy grace has removed, and now in fellowship with Thee I walk through the world as a pilgrim in a foreign land.

20. Tuesday. Freely ye have received, freely give, Matt. x. 8.

Surely this is motive strong enough to lead us to help others with a willing hand and a loving heart.

21. Wednesday. Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, Gal. iii. 26.

All the names of God's children are in the same family register; one may have more grace than another, but our heavenly Parent has the same tender heart towards all.

22. Thursday. Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, Matt. xxvi. 39.

We must be content to leave our prayer with God; He will determine for the best, and knows when to give and when to withhold.

23. Friday. When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, Matt. vi. 6.

Family prayer and social prayer are very precious, but the best beaten spice will smoke in your censers where no ear hears but God's.

24. Saturday. His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground, Luke xxii. 44.

This proves how tremendous must have been the weight of sin, when it was able so to crush the Saviour; it also demonstrates the mighty power of his love.

Agriculture, &c.

Thinning out Fruit.

It may be considered somewhat early to make suggestions on the subject of thinning out fruit, but it can never be too early to give good advice, and we think that as peach trees are beginning to show their products, the thinning out process may be begun at almost any time.

It is true the operation can be performed conveniently only upon such trees as are not over large. But it should be especially attended to in young trees, which frequently overbear, to the great injury of the health of the trees, as well as the quality of the fruit. To obtain the finest specimens of pears, they should not be

allowed to grow in clusters or in contact with each other, and all that exhibit the least imperfection should be removed. What is lost in number will be doubly made up in size and flavour. This should be remembered. Many persons regard the thinning out of peaches, pears, and apples as so much loss; but they are not judges of fruit, and have no knowledge of its proper culture. They want as large a crop as possible, letting the quality take care of itself, no matter how much the tree is damaged and what effect it may have on the following year's crop.

It goes hard with some people to diminish the quantity of fruit upon their trees. Sometimes they plead want of time; but this is not admissible, for if they have not time to attend to the proper cultivation of fruit they should abandon it altogether. The real cause is their greediness. You can't make them believe that they are the gainers by destroying a portion of the crop, saying that nature is the best judge as to the quantity of fruit. Such persons have no practical knowledge of fruit-raising, and the sooner they give it up the better it will be for them, their pockets and reputation.—German-town Telegraph.

GRIND THE TOOLS.—Keep the tools sharp or they will not cut. A dull tool wastes time, and he who permits it to work when in that condition, is a dull fellow. The best turners are those who have the sharpest tools; the most successful surgeons use the keenest knives, and the most enterprising and energetic men in civil life are those whose wits have been early ground sharp, and whose perceptive faculties have been whetted by sore experience in early life. A dull tool is a useless implement, and a thick headed, unobservant person is the only one who should be found wielding it. The obtuse edge neither cleaves nor separates, but bruises and works off by attrition particles of the substance on which it operates. Grind up the tools and sharpen the wit as well; if one is keen the other will in all probability be in a similar state, from force of sympathy alone. A boy with a dull pocket knife is one who swings on the gate and who dodges his duty; he is one who in after-life will be a dunce and a cumberer of the ground; he will add nothing to the world of science, neither will he take from it; his existence is merely animal, his thoughts and ideas, if he has any, wholly conventional. His comrade with a keen blade, makes models of machinery, or boats or steamers, and in time he becomes a Geo. Steers, or so develops his mother wit as to be a decided acquisition to the community. Let us have all the tools in good condition, sharp, trenchant, and always ready for service; then, and then only will the result produced be equal to the time and labour expended.—Scientific American.

EASY MODE OF MAKING CURRANT JELLY.—Squeeze the juice out of the currants; strain and measure it. Put it in a copper or brass kettle, and boil it until the scum ceases to rise; then, without taking the juice off the fire, stir in one pound of well refined sugar to every pint of juice; and as soon as the sugar is fully dissolved, which will be in less than a minute, take it off and pour it into the vessels prepared to receive it. This jelly retains the beautiful crimson color of the currant, much better than by the old mode.—Ex.

The Dutch Government has ordered 7,000 head of cattle to be shot and buried in a single week, in Holland, to prevent the spread of the cattle disease. The owners resisted in some instances, and two men were killed and two wounded by the soldiers.

MALARIA.—The decayed and decaying vegetation of newly settled lands, when damp, exhale a miasmatic poison which absorbed through the lungs into the blood, causes the intermittent fevers and kindred diseases, which prevail in our Western States and Territories. But this great scourge of our rich alluvial bottoms in the West, is now robbed of its sting. Doct. Ayer has discovered an antidote which effectually neutralizes its venom: has combined it in a remedy—"Ayer's Ague Cure"—which rarely, or, as some of our neighbors say, never fails. It is reliable both for prevention and cure. With it, men may live with complete immunity from the malignant effluvia which has hitherto rendered many localities almost uninhabitable. Those suffering from Chills and Fever may find in it immediate relief, and those exposed will find sure protection from attack, by taking it in small quantities as a preventive.—[Ill. Democrat.

Incalculable harm is inflicted on great numbers by the use of purgatives which contain mercury or mercurial matter. Parsons' Purgative Pills are free from all such injurious matter, and are the mildest in their operation of any known purgative.

Relief and Health to your Children.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children, relieves the child from pain, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and wind colic. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify. Thirty-five cents a bottle. Offices, 48 Dey street, New-York, and 205 High Holborn, London, England.

The best outward application known for flesh-wounds, sprains, bruises, swollen or stiff joints, is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It stands up on its own merits, and is the best family medicine in the world.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy, and will almost invariably give immediate relief.