

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 25th, 1867.

Acts xxi. 20-40: Paul's troubles at Jerusalem. 2 Kings xxiii. 21-27: Josiah is slain. Recite—Job iv. 17-21.

Sunday, September 1st, 1867.

Acts xxii. 1-16: Paul relates his conversion. 2 Kings xxiv. 1-20: Jerusalem taken.

A little girl's talk with God.

A little girl of five years was left at home by her mother one evening in the care of a servant. When she returned, being informed that her little daughter had not behaved well during her absence, she took her upon her knee, and after gently reproving her, observed that the child began to talk, in a tone too low however to be understood. After a short time she asked the little girl what she was talking about, but she refused at the time to tell her.

The next evening, when she was again on her mother's knee, after having said her little prayer, as it was her custom to do every night before going to bed, she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, have I been good to day?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "I think you have been quite a good child to day."

Said the little girl: "I had a talk with God, last night, and I asked him if he would not help me, and he has helped me all day."—Child's Delight.

Company Manners.

"Well," said Bessie, very emphatically, "I think Russell Morton is the best boy there is, anyhow!"

"Why so, pet?" I asked, settling myself in the midst of the busy group gathered around in the firelight.

"I can tell," interrupted Wilfred, mockingly. "Bessie likes Rus because he always touches his hat to her."

"I don't care, you may laugh," said frank little Bess; "that is the reason—at least, one of 'em. He's nice; he don't stamp and hoot in the house—and he never says, 'Hallo Bess,' or laughs when I fall on the ice."

"Bessie wants company manners all the time," said Wilfred. And Bel added: "We should all act grown up, if she had her fastidiousness spoiled."

Bel, he it said in passing, is very fond of long words, and has asked for a dictionary for her next birthday present.

Dauntless Bessie made haste to retort. "Well, it growing up would make some folks more agreeable, it's a pity we can't hurry about it."

"Wilfred, what are company manners?" interposed I from the depths of my easy chair.

"Why—why—they're—it's behaving, you know, when folks are here, or we go a visiting."

"Company manners are good manners," said Horace, sententiously.

"Oh yes," answered I, meditating on it. "I see; manners that are too good—for mamma—but just right for Mrs. Jones."

"That's it," cried Bess. "Give it to 'em, cousin dear."

"Not at all," I replied. "But let us talk it over a bit. Seriously, why should you be more polite to Mrs. Jones than to mamma? You don't love her better?"

"Oh my! no, indeed," chorused the voices. "Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Jones should have all that's agreeable; why the hats should come off and the tones soften, and 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse me' should abound in her house, and not in mamma's."

"Oh! that's different."

"And mamma knows we mean all right. Besides, you are not fair, cousin; we were talking about boys and girls—not grown people."

"Thus my little audience assailed me, and I was forced to a change of base."

"Well, about boys and girls, then. Cannot a boy be just as jolly, if, like our friend Russell, he touches his cap to little girls, doesn't pitch his brother in the snow, and respects the rights of his cousins and intimate friends? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable to the playground as the parlor."

"Oh, of course; if you'd have a fellow give up all fun, and keep forever bowing and scraping like a Frenchman!" grumbled Wilfred.

"My dear boy," said I, "that isn't what I want. Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please; skate, and slide, and snowball; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes accuse me of undue love for Burke Holland, whom you say I pet more than any of my child-friends. Can I help it? For though he gets into scrapes in plenty, and is thoroughly frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get first out of the room. If you are going out, he holds open the door; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan, springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or interfering with his own gaiety in the least. Moreover, this attention isn't given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but to mamma, aunt Jenny, and little sister, just as carefully; at home, in school, or at play, there is always just so much guard against rudeness. His courtesy is not merely for state occasions, but a well fitting garment worn constantly."

"Why, I understand; he treats everybody just as Bernard does Cousin Zilpha," explained little Daisy.

"Ahem—yes," I assented. "I think his good-breeding, or gentlemanliness is, after all, genuine loving kindness. In fact, that is exactly what real politeness is; carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our anger shall interfere with their comfort. I am sure I think we all ought to cultivate it. The apostle Peter must have deemed it important, when among other charges he bade the brethren 'be pitiful; be courteous.'"

"I knew you wouldn't let us off without a sermon," said Wilfred, half sulkily.

"Hush up, you grumbler!" said Horace. "Cousin is right. We all will begin to be polite at once. We'll be as polite as the man I read about the other day—somebody great, too—but I can't remember his name—any way, somebody, who when he tumbled over an old cow lying across the sidewalk one dark evening, took off his hat and said, 'Excuse me, Madam!'"

How the children laughed! So our "talk" ended in a frolic which lasted till the children's bedtime.—Congregationalist.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

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

SEPTEMBER 1. Sunday. Thou hast not forsaken them that seek thee, Psa. ix. 10.

David could not put his finger upon any entry in his diary and say of it, "Here is evidence that the Lord will forsake me," for the entire tenor of his life proved the very reverse.

2. Monday. In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, Rom. viii. 37.

We must conquer through Him that loved us if conquerors at all. Our laurels must grow among his olives at Gethsemane.

3. Tuesday. And because of all this we make a sure covenant, Neh. ix. 38.

Have we lately received some blessing which we little expected? Can we sing of mercies multiplied? Then this is the time to offer prayers that our old vows may not be dishonoured.

4. Wednesday. This do in remembrance of Me, 1 Cor. xi. 24.

Let us charge ourselves to bind a heavenly forget-me-not about our hearts for Jesus our beloved; and whatever else we let slip, let us hold fast to Him.

5. Thursday. Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, Sol. Song ii. 10.

Dear Saviour, draw me to thyself. Thy grace can do it. Kindle sacred flames of love in my heart, then shall I rise to Thee, and leave earth and sin behind me, and indeed come away.

6. Friday. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, John xvii. 15.

The wish to escape from trouble is at best a selfish one. Rather let our care and wish be to glorify God by our life here, even though it be in the midst of toil and conflict.

7. Saturday. He that was healed wist not who it was, John v. 13.

Much ignorance of Jesus may remain in hearts which yet feel the power of the blood. Lord, if Thou hast saved me, show me thyself that I may declare Thee to the sons of men.

Queen Victoria's Life of Prince Albert.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our readers will be interested in this production of Her Majesty. It is not usual for the details of court life to be given to the public, as they appear in this book—at least not during the life-time of the Sovereign. Some of the incidents will have peculiar charms for our younger readers. One of these has reference to the peculiarities of a Royal Courtship. It states that on the 15th of October, 1839, the young Prince was summoned to Her Majesty's room. What occurred there is described as follows:

"After a few minutes conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.

"How the Prince received the offer will appear best from the following few lines which he wrote the next day to the old friend of his family, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be informed of his engagement:—'I write to you,' he says, 'on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible; and having then described what took place, he proceeds, 'Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you,' and he ends by saying, 'More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you; for, that, at this moment, I am too bewildered.'"

"The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, Her Majesty adds, in the fervour and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her journal, 'How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was.'"

How this interview affected the young Prince himself, is told by a letter he wrote to his grandmother, as follows:

"Dear Grandmamma,—I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh! which is very much so to me also—namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Erguss von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*unbeglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish, or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you.

"I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me.

"It was on the 15th of October that Victoria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you; but how does delay make it better?"

"The period of our marriage is already close at hand. The Queen and the Ministers wish exceedingly that it should take place in the first days of February, in which I acquiesced after hearing their reasons for it.

"We have, therefore, fixed our departure for the 14th inst., so as to have still as much time as possible at home. We shall therefore follow close upon this letter.

"My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name, and remain what I was. This will make me very independent, and makes it easy for me to run over occasionally (*einen Sprung nach der Heimath sumachen*) to see all my dear relations.

"But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us.

"I now take leave of you again. Victoria is writing to you herself to tell you all she wishes.

"I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life; it will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store for me.

"Good by, dear grandmamma, and do not take your love from me.

"Heaven will make all things right.

"Always and ever your devoted grandson,

"ALBERT.

"Windsor, Nov. 11, 1839.

"May I beg of you to keep the news a secret till the end of the month, as it will only then be made known here?"

Like the course of true love with other people, it does not appear to have 'run quite smooth.' In March 1838, the King of the Belgians wrote to Baron Stockmar, Prince Albert's adviser and friend.

"I have had a long conversation with Albert, and have put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that, therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years.

"I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he observed with truth; 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life.'"

The King says, writing to Baron Stockmar: "Albert is now passed eighteen. If he waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be marred if the Queen should change her mind."

The reason for the delay is supplied by the Queen in a note.

"She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and

constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."

To Prince Lowenstein the Prince wrote:—"Yes—I am now actually a bridegroom! and about the 4th of February hope to see myself united to her I love!"

"You know how matters stood when I last saw you here. After that, the sky was darkened more and more. The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went therefore with the quiet but firm resolution to declare, on my part, that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair. It was not, however, thus ordained by Providence; for on the second day after our arrival, the most friendly demonstrations were directed towards me, and two days later I was secretly called to a private audience, in which the Queen offered me her hand and heart."

The Queen herself wrote to her uncle King Leopold.

"Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1839.

"My Dearest Uncle, This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all, that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest, until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part, not to have assembled Parliament, at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert, quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest Uncle, forward those two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have no time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest Uncle, your devoted niece,

"V. R."

To which the King thus replies—

"In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable 'interieur.' And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your own character, temper, and mode of life.

"You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him, and are kind to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this."

The book will more than ever cement the affection of the Queen's subject to Her Majesty. It is a chapter in Royalty which will be read with much interest by all the English speaking nations.

AFFLICTION.—There will be no christian but what will have a Gethsemane, but every praying christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel.

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