Nouths' Separtment.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 8th, 1867. CONCERT: Or Review of the past month's subject and lessons

Sunday, September 15th, 1867.

ACTS xxii. 17-30: Paul threatened the people of to Babylon.

Recite-Isaiah i. 16-20.

A child shall lead them.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two children were playing on a lawn in front of a white cottage. Around the porch and windows climbed roses and honeysuckles. Smooth walks bordered with flowers ran through the lawn; and everything about the cottage and grounds had an air of taste and comfort.

A little way off, and across the road, stood another cottage; but very different in appearance. The lawn in front was overgrown with weeds, and the walks with coarse grass. The fence that enclosed the lawn was broken in many places, and the gate, held only by the lower hinge, stood half open and awry. No roses or vines hung their green and crimson curtains about the window or clambered up the porch. The cottage had once been white, white as that before which the children played; but now it was dingy and soiled, and looked forlorn and comfortless.

There was as much difference in the appearance of the two children as in the two cottages. One was neatly and cleanly dressed, and had a happy tace. The clothes of the other were poor and soiled, and his face had a sober look. One played with a hearty enjoyment, laughing and shouting at times; the other in a quiet and

subdued way. Why this difference between the two cottages and the two children? When just built, the cottages and grounds were alike in size and beauty, and they that dwelt in them alike

It is serrowful to give the reason. You will

'Jim, isn't that your father?' asked the welldressed boy, as a man appeared coming down

the road a little way off. Jim started in a half-scared manner, and turned towards the road. He stood very still for a moment or two looking at the man, and then with a face now very red and now very pale, shrank away and laid himself close down upon the grass under some current bushes, say.

ing as he did so, in a choking voice. 'Dont', Freddy, please, tell him I'm here.' Light and joy went out of Freddy's face also.

He understood too well what all! this meant. Staggering down the road came Mr. Harwood, Jim's father. What a sad sight is was. As he drew nearer, and Freddy Wilson, held to the spot where he was standing as if bound there by a spell, saw his red and swollen face, and heard him muttering and swearing to himself, he shuddered with a feeling of horror.

As Mr. Harwood was passing the gate he saw Freddy and stopped. Freddy began to tremble. His first thought was to run back to the house; but he was a brave little boy, and it went against his feelings to run away from any thing. So he did not move.

Is my boy Jim here?" asked Mr. Harwood in an angry voice. Some men when drunk are always ill naturned an i cruel, and Jim's father was one of these. Seeing Freddy, and know ing that the two boys played much together, he naturally thought of his own son,

Freddy did not answer. He could not tell a lie, and so he said nothing.

'Did you hear me?' growled Mr. Harwood more angrily.

Still Freddy looked at him and said nothing. He knew that if Jim's father found him there he would kick and cuff him all the way home Not that Jim was in any fault, or had disobeyed his tather; but Mr. Harwood, as I have said, was full of anger and cruelty when drunk, and took a savage pleasure in abusing his little boy.

Freddy began to feel braver now, because he wished to save Jim from harm. This is usually the way. The moment we forge ourselves when in danger, and become anxious about others, fear leaves us, and we grow calm and

There was a bolt on the inside of the gate near which Freddy was standing. With a stealthy motion not seen by the drunken man, he slipped this bolt and fastened the gate. It was not done an instant too soon, for Mr. Harwood, growing furious, made a dash towards the boy, and tried to get a him through the gate.

'You young dog!' he cried, 'I'll teach you manners! Why don't you answer me? Were's knees as he spoke.

tried with his unsteady hands to find the bolt on the inside. But his efforts were in vain. He could not reach little fellow, who stood close up to him with a brave but sorrowful face.

'You'd better go home, sir. I'll tell my fath. only having a little talk with these boys.' er of this,' There was a manly firmness in the air of Freddy, and a rebuking tone in his voice, that had their effect upon the drunken man.

But I say, youngster !' and he came towards like one arguing with himself. Freddy again, with a scowling look on his swollen and disfigured face. 'Just answer me one ed towards Mrs. Harwood, 'I'm not going to particular spot. During a lecture recently de-

'I don't know any scamp of yours, Mr. Har- around here, and I'll not have him ashamed to needles, without occasioning the least pain. The wood,' replied Freddy.

'You don't, hey! Now that's cool for a Don't know my Jim!'

'I know your Jim very well,' said Freddy. But he's a good little boy, and not a young scamp; and I don't think you are a kind father to call him such an ugly name.'

This rebuke was felt by Mr. Harwood, drunk as he was. He could not stand Freddy's clear eyes and steady look. Then away down in his Jerusalem. 2 Kings xxv. 1-17: Called Captive heart, almost covered up and lost, was an old feeling of fatherly pride, and this stirred at the words of praise spoken about Jim. 'A good little boy.

The anger went out of Mr. Harwood's face. 'He was a good little boy once,' said he, with something so like tenderness in his voice that Jim, who was lying close by, hidden under the currant bushes, listening to every word, sobbed

'What's that?' asked Mr. Harwood, leaning forward and looking towards the current

But the sound was hushed in a moment, Jim

had choked down his feelings. 'He's a good litte boy now,' said Freddy, speaking in a very firm voice, and not seeming to hear the sob, or the question of Jim's tather. days. A good little boy,' he repeated; and added to made his assertien stronger, 'There isn't a better one anywhere about here, if his father does beat him about, and let him go ragged when he ought to have good clothes like the rest of us.'

Mr. Harwood didn't stop to hear anything farther, but turned from the gate towards the poor cottage across the road, walking more steadily than he had done a short time before. Then Freddy went behind the currant bushes where Jim still lay on the ground.

'He's gone,' said Freddy. The pent up grief of Jim's sad heart could be restrained no longer. He burst out into a wild fit of crying that continued for several minutes. Freddy said all that he could to comfort his little friend; and when he had grown calm, asked with the soberness of one who felt

' Can't something be done, Jim?" Jim shook his head in a hopeless way.

'Scmething ought to be done! I'm sure something could be done if we just knew what white as a sheet and strongly agitated. it was. Oh! isn't drinking an awful thing!'

· It's the worst thing in the world,' said Jim, and it's no wonder he thought so. 'When father is sober," he went on, 'he's just as kied as he can be; but when he's drunk-oh dear! it's dreadful to think of!'

'Does he get drunk very often?' asked

'Now he does. He's drunk most all the time But it wasn't so always. Oh dear!' And Jim's tear's ran over his cheeks again. 'He used to be so good to us,' he sobbed, 'take us out with him sometimes, and buy us nice things. He never does it now. 'Most all the m ney he gets is spent at the tavern. But I must run home. Mother is sick, and father's so cross when he's be n drinking; and she's weak and me.' can't bear it.'

Jim got up from behind the current bushes and walked towards the gate.

'Aren't you afraid he'll beat you? He was in a dreadful rage at you about something just now,' said Freddy.

'May be he will and may be he wont', answered Jim. But I mustn't stop to think of that. Mother is sick and weak, and father will be cross to her.' And he started off and passed through the gate.

Freddy, remembering bow his defence and praise of Jim had cooled Mr. Harwood's anger, said to himself, 'May be I can do some good, and started after his little friend, resolved to face the drunken man again in the hope of turning away with his wrath.

The two lads entered Jim's poor home together, and stood face to face with Mr. Har-

'Offather!' exclaimed Jim, as he saw with glad surprise, a look of almost tender pity on his father's countenance; and as he spoke sprang torward and caught his hand, clinching to it tightly.

This was too much for Mr. Harwood, who was not yet sober enough to control his feelings, and he turned away with a choking sob, trying to draw his hand out of Jim's; but the boy would not let go his hold. And now Freddy spoke in behalf of his little friend.

'Jim's a good bey, Mr. Harwood. I know all the boys around here, and there isn't one of them better than Jim. Father says so too, and lets me have him over to our house when-

'Who said he wasn't a good boy?' answered Mr. Harwood, turning round upon Freddy with a balf angry manner. 'I'd just like to hear anybody speak against him, I would !'

And he sat down, drawing Jim between his

Mr. Harwood rattled the gate violently, and mother, now came in from the next room wondering what all this could mean. Her eager eyes ran burriedly from face to face. 'Don't be scared, Ellen,' said Mr. Harwood,

be seen with the best of them."

Jim covered his face with his hands, but could model young gentleman like Master Wilson. not hide the tears of joy that came trickling through his fingers. His father saw them. Laying his hand on the boy's head, he made this promise, speaking in a solemn voice.

· I will drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee while I live, God being my helper!"

'Oh, thank God!' almost wildly exclaimed Jim's mother, dropping upon her knees and clasping her husband's neck. 'Oh, thanks be to God!' she repeated. 'He will be your setons, and have made deep incisions to get at helper. In him is all compassion and all strength; but without him our poor resolves are as flax in the fire.'

Freddy stood looking on for a little while, greatly moved by what was passing; then he walked quietly to the door, and was going out, when Mr. Harwood called to him, saying,

had better come out. May be I wouldn't say it | sien. another time.'

Freddy stopped and turned towards Mr. Har-

'I'm sorry to say it, Freddy, I am, for you're a nice boy and have always been good to Jim.

There was something in Mr. Harwood's manner that sent a feeling of alarm to Freddy's heart. He stood still, waiting, every pulsebeat sounding

'May be your father's head is stronger than mine was five years ago,' said Mr. Harwood, But I've seen him at the Black Horse too often of late, going on just as I began. It isn't safe, stirred. Never let it get packed down and Freddy! It isn't safe! And I don't like to see dried. In dry weather the more you stir the him there. Look at what I've come too! But land the better. there was a time when I could hold my head as high as Mr. Wilson or anybody else in the neighborhood.

Freddy waited to hear no more. It seemed as if night had fallen suddenly on his young spirit, and as if the air would suffocate him. He turned and ran wildly away, such a weight on, and such a pain in his heart that it seemed as if he would die.

Mr. Wilson was coming along the road, and near his own gate when he saw Freddy hurrying across from Mr. Harwood's cottage, his face

'My son! What ails you?' he cried in

'O father!' It was all Freddy could say, as he stopped before him and looked up with a strange, sad, grieving expression on his countenance. 'I don't believe it!' he cried, after a few moments, bursting into tears and hiding his wet

face in his father's hands. 'It's all a lie of Mr. · Don't believe what?' asked Mr. Wilson, wondering at all this. 'A lie of Mr. Harwood's!

What has that drunken wretch dared to say?' His voice changed to an angry tone. 'I can't tell you, father. It would choke me. Oh, I wish I hadn't said anything about it!

But I felt so miserable, and you came right on Mr. Wilson led Freddy within the gate to a

seat under one of the trees. 'Now, my son,' he said, in a kind, firm voice, tell me just what Mr. Harwood said.

Freddy then related all about the drunken man coming to the gate, and what occurred there; and all that he saw and heard when he went home with Jim , even to the warning words of Mr. Harwood.

As Freddy came to this last part Mr. Wilson of evil, Jer. xvii. 17. turned his face so far away that his son could not son laid his lips closely and with a long pressure glorious hope. on Freddy's forehead.

'I will talk with Mr. Harwood about this, he said, in subdued tones, as they arose and went towards the bouse. 'Poor man! he was nearly him.

And he was saved. Mr. Wilson went to see Art thou smitten as thy sin deserve? him that very day. Their interview was affecting to both, and good for both. The warning sentences had not come a moment too soon, and Mr. Wilson felt this so deeply that he could not be angry with his poor friend. No one ever saw either of them at the Black Horse after that; nor did they ever again permit the cup of confusion to come nigh their lips.—Children's

Scientific.

A French paper mentions the fact that two grains of alum to a pint of water will clarify water which is unfit to drink, and the taste of the alum will not be perceived. A French chemist in Algiers shows that muddy water will become potable in the course of from seven to seventeen minutes by adding half a grain of po-A pale, thin, half-frightened woman, Jim's tassic alum for every quart of water.

The important discovery made by Dr. W. B. Richardson, that parts of the body can be rendered insensible to pain at the will of the opekindly. 'There isn't any thing wrong. I'm rator, has been introduced into veterinary pracpractice, and with such success that henceforth He was almost sober now; excitement of feel- we ought to hear no more of horses being toring had cleared his stupid brain. Looking from tured by operations. This " local anæsthesia," one to the other of the lads, he could not help as it is called, is produced by directing a shower Who cares for your father? I don't! he noticing the painful contrast; the one so clean of ether spray on the part affected from an inreplied, moving back a step or two from the and well dressed, the other so soiled and ragged. strument which acts as a fountain throwing off He knit his brows closely, and sat very still, the finest of dew. In a short time after the instrument has been let to play on any part of the 'I'll tell you what it is, mother,' and he turn- head, body, or limbs, all feeling ceases in that thing. Say yes or no. Is that young scamp of have Jim running about looking like a beggar's livered, Dr. Richardson deadened portions of his child. He's just as good as any of the boys arm, into which a brother physician thrust large

importance of this discovery will be obvious ; for the risk incurred by rendering the whole body insensible is avoided, and the most painful operations can be performed as insensibly to the patient as under the complete influence of chloroform. And the results obtained on the human subject are obtained also in horses, as has been made clear to the Society for the Prevenof Cruelty to Animals. Veterinary surgeons have used Dr. Richardson's process to render the parts insensible, and have cut out tumors, put in internal obstructions without pain to the horses In cases of local inflammation, whether in the human subject or in animals, the ether spray affords such a ready means of alleviating the pain and abating the attack, that it cannot fail to be adopted. We see by advertisements in the public journals, that in recognition of the value ' Just one word before you go. I'm sorry to of Dr. Richardson's discovery, a testimonial is say it; but it's in my thought now, and I feel it to be presented to him by the medical profes-

RECIPE FOR CLEANSING WOOL -Take one pound of saleratus for twelve pounds of wool. dissolve in water not quite boiling hot, then put in the wool and stir occasionally for one hour; But you'll thank me for it, may be, one of these take it out and squeeze it thoroughly, or what is better, run through a clothes wringer, ringe in cold water, and spread on grass ground to dry. This process will remove all gum and dirt from any kind of wool and make it much better for custom work. - Vermont Farmer.

> If you expect to gather good fruits, or large and fragrant flowers, keep the soil frequently

LET every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is one of his hearers.

A MORNING blessing is one of the richest blessings, for it sheds a savor upon the whole day. So is early religious instruction; it gives a halo to the lite.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

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

SEPTEMBER 15. Sunday. Behold I am vile Job xl. 4.

There is not a saint living upon earth but has been made to feel that he is vile. If Job, Isaiah, and Paul were obliged to say, I am vile, shall we

be ashamed to join in the same confession? 16. Monday. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

It is well frequently to weigh ourselves in the scale of God's Word, lest we be found wanting, and judge ourselves that we be not judged.

17. Tuesday. Thy Redeemer, Isa. liv. 5. Jesus hath no dignity which he will not employ for our exaltation. Christ every where and every way is our Christ for ever and ever most richly to enjoy.

18. Wednesday. Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, Matt. vi. 8.

Whatever thou art, and wherever thou art, remember God is just what thou wantest, and that He can do all thou wantest.

19. Thursday. Thou art my hope in the day

We need winds and tempests to exercise our see it but Freddy felt his father's arms that faith and to tear off the rotten bough of selfwas around him drawn more tightly. At least a dependence, and to root us more firmly in Christ. minute passed in dead silence. Then Mr. Wil- The day of evil reveals to us the value of our

20. Friday. And all the children of Israel mufmured, Num. xiv. 2.

A word with murmurer. Why shouldst thou lost. But there is one more chance to save murmur against the dispensations of thy heavenly Father? Is not the correction needed? 21. Saturday. He giveth power to the faint,

When we read such a precious promise we should take it back to the great Promiser, and

Old folks.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

ask Him to fulfil his own word.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run; But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more clouds than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling, Our heads are growing gray; And taking the year together, my dear, You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses long ago; And the time of year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day; And we feel and know that we can go Wherever he leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling-Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.