

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 19th, 1868.

PART 3.—Our Lord's first passover, and subsequent transactions until the second.

MATTHEW II. 13-25: At passover Jesus drives the traders out of the temple.

Recite.—MATTHEW XXI. 12-13.

Sunday, April 26th, 1868.

MATTHEW III. 1-21: Our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus.

Recite.—NUMBERS XXI. 8,9.

The dying Child.

I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him upstairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb; she had a convulsive fit, and the doctor said she couldn't live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and he leaned over his darling, she said: "Daddy, sing

"Here is no-rest, is no rest."

"No, my child, I can't sing; I'm choking; I can't sing."

"O do, daddy, sing 'Here is no rest.'"

The poor fellow tried to sing

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, is no rest."

But his voice could make no way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl.

"Here are afflictions and trials severe, Here is no rest, is no rest; Here I must part with the friends I hold dear, Yet I am blest, I am blest."

Again his voice was choked with weeping; but the little one whispered, "Come, daddy, sing 'Sweet is the promise,' and the poor father goes on again:

"Sweet is the promise I read in Thy Word, Blessed are they who have died in the Lord, They have been called to receive their reward; There, there is rest, there is rest"

"That's it, daddy," cried the child, "that's it;" and with her arms around the collier's neck, she died happy in the Lord.

Evidences of a good hope.

1. An inward and heartfelt satisfaction in contemplating the character and attributes of God, as revealed in the Scriptures. "A spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth."

2. Delight in God's law, its precepts and penalty.

3. Satisfaction in the worship of God, and in the ordinances of the gospel. Secret prayer; family prayer; the prayer-meeting; public worship; the Lord's Supper.

4. A peculiar love to those who are striving to be like Christ.

5. A benevolent affection and desire for the happiness of all mankind.

6. Cheerfulness in practising self-denial for Christ's sake; leaving off bad and expensive habits for Christ's sake, or for the sake of other people, as for his own sake; giving cheerfully to bless the world and spread religion.

7. A mind to forgive and pray for enemies.

8. An habitual mind to consult God in all our ways: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

9. A fixed determination to do every duty to God, to ourselves, to all men.

Remarks. 1. The "assurance of hope" is desirable.

2. Others have obtained it, and why may not we obtain it?

3. The comfort of a good hope will amply compensate for all the effort which its attainment costs.—Christian Secretary.

"Who wants to be a gentleman?"

A man who sits at a pine table may be just as much of a gentleman as a man who sits at a mahogany one; he may behave just as correctly, be quite as polite, and act as well in every respect. Dr. Chalmers used to say that "it was wonderful to see how religion taught a man to handle his knife and fork." We quite believe it; and the power of Christian principle—of the Bible—will make a man a "True Gentleman" at table. As we have often said, the Bible teaches attention to others, and the Christian will be attentive to those within his reach: he will help them before himself; he will give them the best; he will be moderate in eating and drinking; he will be no loud talker; he will not bolt what he eats, and gulp down what he drinks; because he has learned to master his body, instead of allowing his body to master him; and even the little et ceteras of good manners he will soon pick up, if he have a little common observation—and be willing, as the Bible teaches him, not to give offence in anything, and to please all men to their edification.

It is wonderful what the Bible can do for us all, in the common things of daily life; let men read it, and act on it, and they will soon see that it is a GRAND TEACHER for this world as well as for the next.—Child's World.

Expanding the Lungs.

Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and then, fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath until the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman the measure of whose chest has been increased by this means some three or four inches during as many months.

Total Depravity.

BY THE REV. I. S. SPENCER, D. D.

About to call upon a young woman, to whom I had sometimes spoken on the subject of religion, but who uniformly appeared very indifferent, I began to consider what I should say to her. I recollected that, although she had always been polite to me, yet she evidently did not like me; and therefore I deemed it my duty, if possible, not to allow her dislike to me to influence her mind against religion. I recollected, also, that I had heard of her inclination towards another denomination, whose religious sentiments were very different from my own; and I thought, therefore, that I must take care not to awaken prejudices, but aim to reach her conscience and her heart. The most of her relatives and friends were members of my church. She had been religiously educated, and was a very regular attendant upon divine worship; I knew, therefore, that she must have considerable intellectual knowledge on the subject of religion. But she was a gay young woman, loved amusements and thoughtless society; and I supposed she would be very reluctant to yield any personal attention to her salvation, lest it should interfere with her pleasures. And beyond all this, I had heard that she possessed a great share of independence, and the more her friends had urged her to attend to her salvation, the more she seemed resolved to neglect it.

I rang the bell, inquired for her, and she soon met me in the parlour. I immediately told her for what purpose I had called, and asked whether she was willing to talk with me on the subject of her religion. She replied,— "I am willing to talk with you, but I don't think as you do about religion."

"I do not ask you to think as I do. I may be wrong; but the word of God is right. I have not come here to intrude my opinions upon you, but to induce you to act agreeably to your own."

"Yes," she replied, with a very significant toss of the head, "you all say so; but if anybody ventures to differ from you, then they are 'heretics,' and 'reprobates.'"

"I beg pardon, Miss S.—I really do not think you can say that of me."

"Well—I mean—mother, and the rest of them; and, I suppose, you are just like them. If I do differ from you, I think I might be let alone, and left to my own way."

"Most certainly," said I, "if your own way is right."

"Well," says she, "I am a Unitarian."

"I am very glad to hear it; I did not know you were anything."

"I mean," said she, "that I think more like the Unitarians than like you."

"I doubt it," said I; "but no matter. Never mind what I think. I am no rule for you. I do not ask you to think as I do. Let all that go. You may call me fool, or bigot, or—"

"You are no fool; but I think you are a bigot," said she.

"Very well," said I; "I am happy to find you so frank. And you—"

"Oh!" said she, blushing, "I did not mean to say that; indeed I did not. That is too impudent."

"Not a bit," said I. "It is just right."

"Well," said she, "it is true that I think so; but it was not polite to say it."

"I thank you for saying it. But no matter what I am. I wish to ask you about yourself first, and then you may say anything to me that you please to say. Do you believe the Bible?"

"Yes; to be sure I do!" said she, tartly.

"Are you aiming to live according to it? For example, are you daily praying to God to pardon and save you?"

"No!" said she, with an impudent accent.

"Does not the Bible command you to pray?"

"To seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near?"

"Yes, I know that; but I don't believe in total depravity."

"No matter. I do not ask you to believe in it. But I suppose you believe you are a sinner?"

"Why, yes," she said impatiently.

"And need God's forgiveness?"

"Yes."

"Are you seeking for it?"

"No."

"Ought you not to be seeking for it?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Well, then, will you begin, without any more delay, and act as you know you ought, in order to be saved?"

"You and I don't agree," said she.

"No matter for that. But we agree in one thing; I think exactly as you do, that you ought to seek the Lord. But you don't agree with yourself. Your course disagrees with your

conscience. You are not against me, but against your own reason and good sense,—against your known duty, while you lead a prayerless life. I am surprised that a girl of your good mind will do so. You are just yielding to the desires of a wicked and deceitful heart. I do not ask you to think as I think, or feel as I feel; I only ask you to act according to the Bible and your own good sense. Is there anything unreasonable, or unkind, and bigotry in asking this?"

"Oh no, sir. But I am sorry I called you a bigot."

"I am glad of it. I respect you for it. You spoke as you felt. But let that pass. I just want you to attend to religion in your own way, and according to God's word. I did not come here to abuse you, or domineer over you, but to reason with you. And now, suffer me to ask you if you think it right and safe to neglect salvation as you are going? I know you will answer me frankly."

"No; I do not think it is."

"Have you long thought so?"

"Yes; to tell you the truth, I have, a good while."

"Indeed! and how came you still to neglect?"

"I don't know!—But they keep talking to me,—a kind of scolding I call it; and they talk in such a way, that I am provoked, and my mind turns against religion. If they would talk to me as you do, and reason with me, and not be dinging at me, and treating me as if I were a fool, I should not feel so."

Said I, "They may be unwise perhaps, but they mean well; and you ought to remember that religion is not to be blamed for their folly. And now, my dear girl, let me ask you seriously,—will you attend to this matter of your salvation as well as you can, according to the word of God and with prayer, and endeavour to be saved? Will you do it without any further delay? If you are not disposed to do so; if you think it best, and right, and reasonable to neglect it; if you do not wish me to say anything more to you about it,—then say so, and I will urge you no more. I shall be sorry, but I will be still. I am not going to annoy you or treat you unpolitely. What do you say? Shall I leave you and say no more?"

"I don't wish you to leave me."

"Well, do you wish to seek the Lord?"

"I wish to be saved," said she. "But I never can believe in total depravity. The doctrine disgusts me. It sounds so much like cant. I never will believe it. I abhor it. And I won't believe it."

"Perhaps not," said I. "I do not ask you to believe it. But I ask you to repent of sin now—

to improve your day of grace, and get ready for death and heaven. I ask you to love the world supremely no longer—to deny yourself and follow Christ, as you know you ought to do. When you sincerely try to do these things, you will begin to find out something about your heart that you do not know now."

"But I don't like doctrines! I want a practical religion!"

"That practical religion is the very thing I am urging upon you: the practice of prayer—the practice of repentance—the practice of self-denial—the practice of loving and serving God in faith. I care no more about doctrines than you do, for their own sake. I only want truth, which shall guide you rightly and safely, and want you to follow it."

"Well," said she, "if I attempt to be religious, I shall be a Unitarian."

"Be a Unitarian, then, if the Bible and the Holy Spirit will make you one. Do not be afraid to be a Unitarian. But get at the truth, and follow it, according to your own sober judgment. Study your Bible for your own heart. Get right. Pray God to direct you. And never rest till you feel that God is your friend and you are his. I beseech you to this, because I love you and wish you to be right and happy. And now, my dear girl, tell me, will you try to do it?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"I thank you for that promise. And I do trust God will bless you."

In a few days she sent for me. I found her very sad. She told me she was in trouble. She had not found it so easy a thing to be a Christian as she expected. Her heart rebelled and recoiled; and she did not know what was the matter. Her mind would wander. The world would intrude. Instead of "getting nearer to religion, she was getting further off every day."

She wanted to know if other people felt so when they tried to be Christians.

I said but little to her, except to direct her to God's promises to those that seek him with all their heart. She desired me to pray with her, which I did. As I rose to depart, she affectionately entreated me not to neglect her.

About ten days after this she sent for me again. I obeyed her summons. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that she never dreamed she was so wicked. She said the more she tried to love God and give up sin, the more her own heart opposed her. Her sins not only appeared greater, but it seemed to her that sinning was as natural to her as breathing. "What shall I do?" said she; "I have no peace, day or night! My resolutions are weak as water."

I repeated texts of Scripture to her. "In me is thy help"—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," his thoughts are wrong, "and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon"—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

I saw her several times. She said her troubles increased upon her, temptations came up every day, and it seemed to her "there never was so wicked a heart as she had to contend with." Among other things, she said, some Christian people would keep talking to her, and she did not wish to hear them. I ad-

vised her to avoid them as much as possible; and without letting her know it, I privately requested her officious exhorters to say nothing to her. But I found it hard work to keep them still. And when she complained to me again of their officious inquiries about her feelings, I requested her to leave the room whenever any one of them should venture on such an inquiry again.

She continued her prayerful attempts after the knowledge of salvation, and in a few weeks she found peace and joy in believing in Christ. She told me she knew her entire depravity; "but," said she, "I never should have believed it, if I had not found it out by my own experience. It was just as you told me. When I really tried to be a Christian, such as is described in the Bible, I found my heart was all sin and enmity to God. And I am sure I never should have turned to Christ, if God had not shown me mercy. It was all grace."

"Now I believe in total depravity. But I learned it alone. You did not convince me of it."

"I never tried," said I.

"I know you didn't; and it was well for me that you let it alone. If you had tried to prove it, or gone into a dispute about Unitarianism, I believe I should not have been led to my Saviour."

She afterwards made a public profession of religion, which she still lives to honour.

Little things.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bride-bit is a little thing, but see its use and powers; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a shilling, hand it over. You know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacred—keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

Agriculture, &c.

Chewing the Cud.

Ruminating animals gather their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with the teeth, and swallow it. It goes to an interior receptacle, where it is moistened; this is very essential if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled himself, he masticates the food thus stored away in his stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated it passes to another receptacle, and the progress of digestion goes on. Thus an ox, if left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food thus stored away in his stomach. If he be pushed and worked hard, and do not have time to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, his digestion is incomplete. The horse, on the contrary, however much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox let into a meadow will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take the same amount of grass. The ox, the deer, sheep, goat, chamois and rabbit, being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which hastily to store away the food without mastication; this may perhaps be regarded as a wise provision of nature, enabling them to sally forth where the food is plenty, and in a short time fill themselves, and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure.

The Quaker Poet hath proclaimed That all his neighbors round, Have used Grace's Salve, and proved it, too, The best they ever found.

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.

If your horse has a common cold, catarrhal Fever, or Distemper, (symptoms—fever, cough nasal discharge of a brownish color,) give Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.

BE PROMPT IN CASE OF PARALYSIS.—At the first symptom of Paralysis, which is generally either a pricking sensation or a partial numbness, rub the part affected long and vigorously with undiluted Ready Relief, and administer it, diluted, every three hours till the symptoms cease. By this means a paralytic attack may almost always be warded off. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

THE RIGHT INSTRUMENT.—We are not surprised to find that the Cabinet Organs made by Mason & Hamlin are rapidly winning their way into the families as well as into the churches and musical societies of the land. They are meeting with a steadily increasing demand, and we think the time is not far distant when the great majority of those whose circumstances will admit of it, will be supplied with the Cabinet Organs as well as with the piano-forte, so as to have the best means at command for performing every variety of composition suited to the requirements of refined taste in the house or social circle.—Providence Journal.