

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 30th, 1869.

MATTHEW xvii. 14-21; MARK ix. 14-29; LUKE ix. 37-43: The healing of a demoniac whom the disciples could not heal.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 21, 22.

Sunday, June 6th, 1869.

MATTHEW xvii. 22-27; xviii. 1-5; MARK ix. 50-57; LUKE ix. 43-48: The tribute money miraculously provided. The disciples contend who shall be greatest.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. X.

- S-olomon . . . . . Eccles. ii. 1.
U-z . . . . . Job i. 1.
B-enniah . . . . . 1 Chron. xi. 22, 23.
M-elchizedek . . . . . Genesis xiv. 18.
I-shbosheth . . . . . 2 Samuel iv. 5-7.
T-ross . . . . . 2 Timothy iv. 13.

"SUBMIT."—James iv. 7.

Submit—God knoweth best,
Walk in his way:
If sorrowful or blest,
Leave in his hands the rest,
Simply obey.

Weep not o'er fading dross,
Lay your will down,
Shrink not from present loss,
But from him take the Cross,
Who gives the Crown.

Let him appoint the way,
Fear not his rod;
Submit, and meek obey,
Cast down your will, and pray,
Trusting in God.

No. XI.

- B-enoni . . . . . Genesis xxxv. 18.
E-liashib . . . . . Nehemiah iii. 1.
Y-outh . . . . . 1 Timothy iv. 12.
E-ther . . . . . Esther iv. 15, 16.
T-ola . . . . . Judges x. 1, 2.
H-atach . . . . . Esther iv. 7-9.
A-maziah . . . . . 2 Kings xiv. 8-14.
N-athan . . . . . 2 Samuel xii. 7-14.
K-adesh . . . . . Numbers xiii. 26.
F-elix . . . . . Acts xxiv. 25-27.
U-riah . . . . . 2 Samuel xi. 14-17.
L-amentations . . . . . Lamentations.

"BE YE THANKFUL."—

Be thankful for the happy hours
God sprinkles through our life,
Like sunny blossoms springing up
Upon a field of strife.

Be thankful for each friend bestowed,
For every blessing sent,
Nor murmur when God takes away
The boons he only lent.

Be thankful for each hour of pain,
For every petty care;
The gloom they cast across the earth
Makes heaven shine more fair.

Be thankful: though our hymns of praise
Not yet are sweet, or strong,
They tune the spirit for its part
Amid the angels' song.

QUESTION ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

The following questions are to be answered by the mention of words, all of which commence with the letter C.

- 1. Find a word which is used metaphorically of immortal life, eternal glory, and heavenly purity.
2. One word represents man's soul, God's favour, and spiritual life. Name it.
3. What word is used metaphorically of protecting, and forgiving.
4. Name something which describes the church of God, and show in how many particulars.
5. What two words describe a state of affliction, and the power of sin?

In the course of his pastoral visitations Rev. Dr. Chalmers called upon a worthy shoemaker, who in recounting his blessings said that he and his wife had lived happily together for thirty years without a single quarrel. This was too much for the doctor, who struck his cane on the floor and exclaimed, "Terribly monotonous, man! terribly monotonous."

"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nut-shell. Multitudes of parents say "no," but after a good deal of tensing and debate it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children, but firmness, decision, inflexibility and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

The Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is to be married on the 27th of July next to the Prince Royal of Denmark. This will leave the Queen only one unmarried daughter, the Princess Beatrice.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. XVI.

HOME OPPOSITION.

Many such conversations we held during Marion's stay, and she returned home in a spirit which made me feel very confident she would be guided rightly through her difficulties. I did not see her again for more than two months, as I left the Marsdens to go on a round of other visits; but returning to them for a short time on my way home, I had the pleasure of meeting my young friend with a face so bright that I saw she had to tell of "a way of escape" being made.

"When I first returned," she said, in answer to my questions, "I certainly had a great deal to bear; and I knew it was my own fault, which did not make it easier. I had made the path rougher than it need have been, and rough indeed it was. I tried hard to be obliging, and gentle, and complying; but they did not understand my change, and my offers of various little services were often refused with a little slighting remark, 'They did not want to take me from my higher occupations.' And when I tried to dress as mamma liked, I had a good many jokes from Adeline to encounter; and altogether it was very trying. I dare not say I bore it always well, but I tried to do so; but you know that it is always such a difficulty when one has once got a character for going the wrong way, no one ever gives one credit for trying to change for the better, and one's failures are noted, and one's successes are overlooked."

"Just so; reversing the old proverb 'What is hit is history; what is missed is mystery'; it is 'what is missed' that is 'history' in all cases of trying to overcome a bad habit, whether unpunctuality, or laziness, or temper, or whatever it may be. One must make up one's mind to endure that penalty, and work on amidst outward as well as inward discouragements."

"Well, I tried to take mine obediently," said Marion, smiling, and brushing away a tear, "and I complied, as you advised me, with all the ways at home I conscientiously could, practised duets with Adeline assiduously, and went to some very dull and tiresome parties with mamma. At first there were no regular balls, or when dancing was introduced I managed to slip into another room. I felt it would not be safe for me to get into the habit of it, I should soon like it too well. At last a ball was in prospect, and I went to mamma, telling her I knew I had done wrong in speaking so improperly as I had done on the last occasion there was one, and saying I did not wish to disobey her, but I felt that kind of amusement was hurtful to me individually, and I should be very grateful if she would excuse my attendance. She seemed pleased with my apology, which she had evidently not expected, but said she could not excuse me; that whether I had spoken or not, she must have told me that she was determined not to let her daughters miss any possible advantage, and that she would expect us both to go, and to dance. She spoke in so decided a tone that I saw it would be no use to answer, so I waited quietly till the day came, and prayed most earnestly and constantly that God would show me what to do, and not let me go where my soul would receive real hurt. I tried to leave it all in his hands. The day came, and while mamma was dressing for dinner—for she and papa were to dine with the friend who was giving the ball—a note came from an invalid cousin, Miss Thornley, who was unexpectedly left alone (the relation who lives with her having been suddenly called away), and suffering very much from weak eyes; who wrote to ask if one of us would come and spend the evening with her. She knew nothing of the ball. I begged to be allowed to go. Mamma said I might if I took care to come back in the evening in time to dress and go in the carriage which would be sent for Adeline and me to take us to Lady D's ball. I made no objection; but when they were just stepping into the carriage, I came to the window, and asked papa and mamma if they would let me stay all the evening with Miss Thornley, if she really wished me to remain with her, and in that case let Adeline go without me. Papa, who is very fond of his cousin, said, it would be a pity to spoil the poor old lady's evening, if I were willing to give up the ball. I said I would much rather stay and read to our poor cousin if I might. Mamma, to my astonishment, made no objection. Perhaps she was too hurried to think much about it. At all events she said if Miss Thornley wished to keep me I might stay; and there was my way of escape made; and I think I never went to any pleasure-party more joyfully than I did to this poor sick cousin of ours—certainly not a very entertaining companion. So there was one ball escaped; and before another came we had all to go into mourning for poor old Grandmamma Staunton, papa's mother, who died at a great age about a fortnight ago. So we certainly cannot go into public now till the season of balls is over for this year; and before another comes, who can tell what may happen? One thing may very likely help me—my brother Alfred is coming over on sick leave, with his wife and children, from Bombay; and from letters I have had from him, I cannot help thinking he feels more as I do than any one else who belongs to me, and that he may be the means of helping me to a way of escape."

"At all events, dear Marion, you have reason to thank God, who has so far helped you; and in one way or another, be assured he will continue to do so."

And so we parted; but in the course of subsequent correspondence, I learned how Marion had been helped. Not exactly as she expected

—that seldom happens; alas! the way of escape came in a very different way from the one she had hoped for. Instead of the expected visit of her brother, came a letter to say he was too unwell to bear the journey; and the next mail brought the intelligence of his death.

This was a crushing sorrow to the poor parents; Alfred had been their pride and delight; and Mrs. Staunton especially, whose feelings, though little expressed, were very strong, was almost overwhelmed. But this sorrow was the means of bringing out Marion's powers as a consoler. To her the event brought bitter disappointment, for she had looked for Christian sympathy in her brother; but the knowledge that he was the one of the family most really prepared to depart, was to her a source of strong and abounding consolation. She was now enabled to minister to their comfort and support. The topics which would at other times have been distasteful to them, they were now able to listen to with something like consolation, and Marion was enabled to speak and act with so much tact and delicacy, that her words pointing to heavenly hope and comfort, soothed instead of disgusting.

What the permanent effects of this grief will be on them, no human observer can venture to pronounce; but it certainly had for a time the effect of detaching them from their ardent pursuit of worldly pleasures; and Marion has been cheered by her father's occasionally accompanying her to the church of which the excellent Mr. Harvey is the minister, and even more by once or twice finding the Bible on his writing-table, as if it had been read.

And when the Indian mail, some weeks later, brought over a delicate and somewhat helpless sister-in-law with her young children, to be under protection and care of the bereaved parents, Marion was still the able and efficient helper, and making arrangements for the comfort of the mother and little ones, cheering and soothing the afflicted young widow, and winning the affections of the children, who soon loved "aunt Marion" nearly as well as even mamma and the black nurse, and respected her more than either. Marion's character was softened, and her higher qualities drawn out by these new cares; and long before there could by any question of gaieties being resumed, she had gradually and insensibly taken a position in her family, which, without a word being exchanged on the subject, made it an understood thing that she should be free to follow her own views un molested. A tacit consent seems to have been given by her parents that she should live as she thought best; Mrs. Staunton's own impaired health, and Adeline's marriage, have more and more detached her and her husband from gay society; and now that she is the only home daughter, Marion is able to contribute to her parents' daily comfort and pleasure, so that I doubt if even her mother would wish her to be other than she is.

"How wonderfully Marion Staunton has been brought out of her troubles," said Emily one day to me; "but I cannot help sometimes wondering what she would have done if these accidental circumstances had not opened a way of escape to her?" "If these particular things had not happened, dear Emily, God would have found other ways. His hand is not shortened; and though it is not now his pleasure to work miracles, yet I am persuaded that he will either by providential ordering of circumstances, or by special support given, enable his children to avoid whatever temptation he sees to be too hard for them to bear."

CROOKED AND STRAIGHT.

A FABLE.

"Most singular. Most extraordinary!" murmured the Brook, as she danced along in the bright sunlight.

"Extraordinary! Pray, may I ask what is extraordinary?" inquired a Willow tree, with delicate leaves of sparkling green, that hung over the streamlet.

"You might see for yourself, I should think," returned the Brook, with a lively little leap over some stones—that impeded her course. "In fact, it only proves to me what I have long suspected."

"And what may that be?" asked the Willow tree, rather perplexed.

"Why, that that broad Road at a little distance, which makes such pretensions to being perfectly straight, and leading people in the shortest manner possible from the village to the town, is just as winding and tortuous as she can be. A few hours ago, as I flowed quietly along, I found myself as close to her as I am now. She thereupon turned off at right angles, and entirely disappeared for a time, until I found that she was again approaching me; and she actually came so near, that I was almost under the disagreeable necessity of passing beneath her, in order to preserve my direct, unbroken course. However, I escaped it that time, and lost sight of her again, and now here she is for the third time within a few yards of me. I shall, I am afraid, be at last compelled to go under her. There can be no doubt whatever that the Road is as winding and crooked as possible."

By this time the Brook was so close to the Road, that the latter could hear all she said, and not a little indignant was she at the aspersions cast upon her character.

"Crooked, indeed!" she exclaimed. "It is you, poor wretched little stream, with whom all the crookedness rests. You are so perpetually winding in and out, and running backwards and forwards, that it is no wonder we are constantly meeting. I am as straight as a dart. Ask the Willows, ask the Oak trees, if they can detect in me the slightest resemblance to a bend." And the Road flung up a little cloud of

angry dust, which the wind speedily carried and deposited in the water.

"Never mind what the Brook says," gravely observed a stately Oak, which grew besides the road. "Every one knows that she is a flippant uncertain little thing, pretty and sparkling as she looks. People would walk long enough before they reached the town if they followed her guidance. One never knows where she may be found, or in what direction she will go next, and as for her being straight, why, all well know that she cannot even persevere the same course for a dozen yards together. But it is the way of the world. Crooked people never seem able to understand straightforward ways, but must needs fancy every one else as crooked as they are themselves."

A CHILD'S IDEA OF BAPTISM.

"Oh! Mary, Mary, my little baby brother Johnny is to be baptized to-morrow."

"Johnny baptized, Anna! Who ever did hear of such a thing. A baby baptized; why, he'll get drowned, I'll bet."

"No, he won't, though. All of mother's babies have been baptized. I was baptized, and you see I'm not drowned."

"Well, I never saw a baby baptized in all my life."

"Well, you come with me to-morrow and you will see one for once in your life."

"I'll do it, if mamma will let me, sure," and Mary Norcome sped away to ask her mother's permission to go with Anna Hart to Sunday School.

"Mamma says I may go, Anna, and I'm so glad."

After the exercises of the school were over, the following day, Mary turned to Anna, and whispered:

"Why, Anna, I don't see any place to baptize Johnny; I have been looking and looking. Where's the water?"

"In that pitcher on the pulpit; don't you see it?"

"In the pitcher, Anna. Why, Johnny couldn't begin to get in that pitcher, I don't care how hard you'd squeeze him."

"Pshaw," said Anna, "who ever heard of a baby being baptized in a pitcher?—Don't you know Mr. Lonsdale will just put a little water on his head? Why, Johnny will hardly feel it."

"That's no way to baptize Anna. Our Saviour wasn't baptized in that way."

"Yes, he was, in a bowl, or a pitcher, or something of the kind."

"Indeed, he wasn't, he went down into a river, and was baptized."

Just here the baby was brought in and baptized, as Anna had said.

"Mamma," said Anna, when she reached home, "what do you think Mary Norcome says? She says our Saviour was not baptized like buddy Johnny, but went down into a big river. Mamma did he?"

"Don't ask such questions my child."

"But, mamma, please let me read in the Bible where he was baptized. I don't believe what Mary said; some one has been telling her foolish stories. Please, mamma, find the place; here is the Bible."

Mrs. Hart, after considerable searching, found the place in the third chapter of Matthew, Mary bounded to her room to read it to herself. After a little while she returned, her face looking very grave, and handing the book to her mother, said:

"I do believe Mary Norcome is right. It says Jesus came up out of the water and John baptized the people in Jordan. Mr. Lonsdale don't baptize in that way.—What do you think about it, mamma?"

"Oh! you can't understand such things now, my child. Wait until you are older," and Mrs. Hart left the room, her head puzzled by her child's unanswered questions.

SLAUGHTERED BY RUM.

"Great Slaughter!" Alas! how true! Here is the bill of mortality for only one year, in our own most favored land—3000 lives destroyed for time and eternity! 25,000 persons sent to prison! 16,000 innocent children sent to the poor-house! 1500 murders! 500 suicides! 10,000 orphans! 1000 widows! Add to this the indirect effects of intemperance in the production of innumerable diseases that would otherwise never have been known; and add also the thousands born with physical and mental derangements; and if your ear is not sickened at the appalling result for one year, go on and multiply it by all the ages past, and by all the countries of the globe, and tell us if this grand total of misery, degradation, and death, does not justify us in exclaiming, "Great slaughter!" "Great Slaughter!"—Exchange.

Why GOD LAYS US LOW.—During Payson's last illness, a friend coming into his room, remarked familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you not know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. P., smiling.

"No," was the answer.

"In order that we may look upward."

There are several kinds of worms which trouble horses; the pin-worms, (pointed at both ends are the most common and most dangerous. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders will in a few days eject the worms, and the horse will begin to thrive.

Factories and machine shops should not be allowed to run a day without Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.—in case of sudden accident, an immediate use of it may save weeks of suffering, and perhaps a limb, or even life.