

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 11th, 1869.

LUKE ix. 51-56: xvii. 11-19: JOHN vii. 1-10: Jesus goeth up to the Feast of Tabernacles. Ten Lepers cleansed.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 29, 30.

Sunday, July 18th, 1869.

JOHN vii. 11-31: Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacle in Jerusalem.

Recite.—S. C., 31, 32.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XIV.

Thomas John xi. 10.
O-badiah 1 Kings xviii. 13
Naaman 2 Kings v. 13, 14.
Goliath 1 Samuel xvii. 11.
Uzzah 2 Samuel vi. 6, 7.
E-limelech Ruth i. 2.

"TONGUE."—James iii. 5-10.

Only a word,—and it was heedless spoken,—
It dimmed some loving eyes,—a heart was broken;
Only a word—by slander whispered low—
But two who walked together lonely go.

Only a word—its memory doth not pass,
Although the speaker fadeth as the grass;
For to the tongue a mighty power is given,
To lure to hell, or point the way to heaven.

SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. VI.

Whose pleading with the Lord prevailed,
That if ten righteous men
Were in a wicked nation found,
He'd spare their city then?

Who kneeled alone beside the dead,
God's mercy to implore,
Then called the boy to life, to bless
His mother's love once more?

Who in the temple sought the Lord
With spirit sad and pained,
And soon returned to thank him for
The boon that she obtained?

By these three stories something find
That never is in vain:
Certain, in God's good time and way
A blessing to obtain.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.

The deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intemperately, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtaxes himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit to which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

A little Boston girl, whose young heart, we are sure, must be full to the brim with the gentle sunshine of love, has secured the commencement of a charity which will prove, if her plan is seconded as it should be, a source of joy and happiness to thousands of God's poor. In accordance with her suggestion, a chapel belonging to one of the churches will be opened two mornings every week for the reception of gifts of flowers, to be distributed to the sick poor of the city. This distribution is to be made through the regular district visitors of the various benevolent societies, who will carry them, not only to the beds of pain in hospitals, but also to the homes of sorrow and wretchedness about the city, where their delicate fragrance and beauty will prove a rare and joy-giving presence indeed. Such a charity, so beautiful in conception, and so wide in its beneficence, is worthy of all praise, as it is of extensive imitation.

A friend of mine has very long been in a dark and troubled state of soul. He has been for some twenty or thirty years trying to believe—in what, think you? In his own faith! Yes; he is trying to believe in his own faith, instead of believing in Jesus. Alas! what will this do for him?

Character is the essence of destiny, and habits soon form and fix character.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATLEY.

No. XXII.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The next letter proceeds:—

"Certainly a greater contrast could not be conceived than life at N— and life at Pelham Rectory. To me the sudden change was quite bewildering,—the arrival at the crowded station, the drive through the gay, bustling streets to Mr. Bouverle's handsome house in the 'Promenade.' Georgina Bouverle met us in the hall—a fine, lively girl of sixteen, who is finishing her education under masters at home, and had been staying with an aunt close by during her parents' absence. She is good humoured and obliging, and full of spirits, but her manners, I must own, rather startled me. I will give a specimen. After dinner, while Lady Frances and Annette were upstairs completing some of their arrangements in unpacking and settling, Georgina and I placed ourselves at the window to watch some fire-works which were being sent up in the neighbouring public gardens; the brilliancy of the whole scene, the lights, the band, the dazzling sky-rockets, all seemed like a kind of fairyland to me after my long stay in a retired country place; I should have liked to listen in peace to the soft Italian airs they were playing; but Georgina was not one long to be silent. She kept up a stream of lively rattle, and overwhelmed me with questions about the place and people I had left;—presently, on her mother's re-entering the room,—'Oh, mamma,' she cried, 'Helen and Louise St. Clair have been here this afternoon, and want me to go to their croquet party to-morrow, at three o'clock. Of course I may go, I suppose?'

"I don't know, my dear," said Lady Frances; 'you know it is the day for your German lesson; I had a note from Madame Steinfelt this evening to say she could only give you the afternoon now this week.'

"Oh, what a bore! horrible old woman! Now, look here, mamma, I sha'n't do one bit of good with her if I stay, I shall be thinking of nothing but the croquet; I really must go, it will be so awfully jolly! It is only to put off that woman."

"I don't like it, Georgie, dear; you had only just begun the lessons when we went up to town, and madame says you have not taken them at all regularly while we were away."

"Not regularly! that's just madame's nonsense, because I put her off once last week and before; what would she have? I can't be studying the whole day long, my head won't stand it. No, I must go, mamma, it will be such fun, I would not miss it for anything. I'll write to madame, or you can tell her when she comes; it's only for once, so the old thing needn't break her heart."

"I was perfectly astonished at the tone in which Georgina addressed her mother. It was quite unlike anything I had ever heard, for none of the girls I have been much with are at all in the 'fast' line; I believe it is getting very much the fashion now for girls to speak in that way, but I own it does rather shock me. I must say the Ferrises, ill-bred as they are, would never have spoken to any older person in that way; but Annette laughs and says I have very old-fashioned notions. I can't think how Lady Frances bears it, for she does not seem generally a person who would tolerate impertinence; but Georgina, I find, is her special pet, and always gets her own way: Annette says if she asked her mamma for anything ever so unreasonable, she would end by gaining her point; and certainly she did in this case, for the German teacher was dismissed for the next day's lesson, and I suspect will be again pretty often. Georgina is, nominally, not 'come out,' and going on with her studies; but practically, she comes in for pretty nearly all the gaiety that goes on, and learns only when she takes a fancy for it, which is but seldom."

"Now, Bertha," she said, 'I shall propose you for our croquet club; you are just the figure for it. I should not bring you if you were plain, I warn you. I would not stand up to play with such brights as those Robertson girls for anything, though they do play right well; but you will really look very nice, when you are properly dressed, that is, you are not fit to be seen in that horror.'

"I was quite startled. My gown was quite new, and had been considered very appropriate by my friends at the rectory, and I said so."

Frances I was quite determined against balls; she smiled very good-naturedly, and said she would not press me to do anything against my conscience or inclination, but she thought no one could object to a quiet little evening at Mrs. St. Clair's with just a few friends, and 'a little dancing.' It all sounded very simple; but when I came in I found the 'few friends' formed what I should have formerly looked on as a very large party, and dancing was completely the order of the evening. I was asked to dance immediately. Being unaccustomed to it, I felt shy and ready to draw back, but Annette overruled all my scruples, said I should learn directly from watching the others, and made me stand near her in the first quadrille. I soon got into the way, liked it better and better, and ended by dancing nearly every dance, till Lady Frances said it was past three o'clock, and we must positively go home. I was half ashamed of having been carried away, and led to enjoy it so. But don't think I am getting hopelessly dissipated. I assure you I read two whole chapters in my Bible when I came back to my room, to prove to myself that I was not hurt by it or incapacitated for devotion, as people often say they are; and I really think I read quite as seriously and attentively as usual."

Again I stopped.

"Well, that would surely be a safeguard against its doing her harm," said Lucy. "I don't think balls can hurt those who leave them in such a spirit. Why do you shake your head, Cousin Mabel?"

"Because I think both she and you have forgotten that the Bible is not a spell or charm to counteract some evil influence by its magic power, but a 'light to our path,' to guide us where to go. If we use it as it was not meant to be used, like an amulet to hang round the neck to keep off danger, or one of the so-called infallible remedies people used to carry about with them in times of pestilence, we shall find it will be no true preservative."

"But," said Grace, "it is true, is it not, that one who has a real sense of God's presence,—I don't mean by mere formal reading the Scriptures, but by using them with prayer and loving them,—will be preserved in temptation and danger?"

"Certainly, if it is temptation or danger he cannot escape, but encounters in the course of duty. 'Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.' But if we voluntarily place ourselves in temptation, we cannot expect God's help through it. There was, however, much to make poor Bertha's course a difficult one; and she had as yet not strength of principle to steer her way through so many dangers."

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

"A freight train has run off the track and killed a man," said Joseph.

"How did that happen?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said that if he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred."

"Making a wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation as it is laid down in God's Word, who teaches that all men shall be saved, or who teaches that men may secure salvation by their own works, gives the wrong signal, and in consequence, men take the wrong track and go on to perdition."

SHARP RETORT.

On a trial at the Admiralty sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the Crown asked one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. "Plaintiff or defendant!" says the sailor, scratching his head: "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there," pointing at the prisoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!" Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time, "Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?" "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor; "ain't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know where abaft the binnacle is!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Always make the best of what happens to you. A little self-control and right feeling will help you to do this. To fret and scold over accidents and disappointments is wrong, and sure to make one miserable. The example of a child, as told in the following incident, is worth laying to heart. She was only three years old. To amuse a home-sick cousin she brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty toy—but Freddy bent the lid too far back, and broke it off. He did not mean to do this, and when he saw what he had done, he was frightened and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: "Never mind, Freddy; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make." Wasn't that sweet and thoughtful?

IS THE CROW OF ANY USE?

"No, sir," says an honest farmer. "Confound them, here I and two of my boys have been watching that five-acre cornfield all the morning; and neither shouts, guns, nor scare-crows can keep them off. I believe they have got the spirit of the very Evil One in them. Tell me crows are good for anything. Look at those 500 hills I have got to replant!"

Well, honest John is in great trouble. But we tell him candidly, and let him believe it or not, crows are of some good in the world.

You may call him a black thief, you may fix innumerable traps and scare-crows for him, you may shoot and kill him with every instrument of destruction you possess, your boys may make day hideous with hoots and yells and clapping bells, but he is bound to live and thrive and do some good in the world.

An English writer says: "This year the surface-grub has been particularly active. We have gathered as many as five inch-long individuals from around a single root; and it seems to us that their broods increase year by year. Now on our farm crows are respected, and they have consequently saved several patches of swedes, and aided our mangolds, by their ceaseless scavenging, as it may be called. It is true unbelievers among us have shot a few from time to time, in order to convince us of our error; but the few in question have afforded us conclusive evidence of the good they had done us—for their gizzards contained an average of 38 of the surface-grubs in each."

It is true that there was a little corn-throwing; but those who have suffered from insects will know that their destruction is cheaply attained at the expense of a little grain. One, however, of the most interesting cases of insect attacks we have observed this year still remains to be noticed. On recently going over a field of *Trifolium incarnatum*, we noticed how regularly the young plant had come up. It was then favorably progressing to the second leaf, and the whole field looked green with a well-growing plant; but, on going over the same field only five days afterward, crows in hundreds were observed to be busy, and the promising crop was nearly all destroyed. 'Holloa!' said our companion, 'the crows have done it now; they have eaten up all the *Trifolium*!' And there, sure enough, where the crows were most busy, the soil was bare and no plant was to be seen. Surely, the case looked bad against the birds. But, having unshaken confidence in them, we ventured to look a little below the surface; and on removing the soil on the bare patches, it was found that there were hundreds of the cockchafer, a May beetle of the first year. It would seem that eggs of these were laid in the previous crop of oats, and as soon as the *Trifolium* came up they were ready to devour it; which, indeed, they had done so completely and in so short a time that we plowed up the whole, for the double purpose of exposing the depredators to their enemies, the crows, and then sowing the field with vetches."

We shall yet learn, from a few more incidents like this, that even the meanest of birds are man's best friends.

ANOTHER "BIGGEST" THING.

The largest elephant in the world arrived at New York, June 2nd, by the steamship *Holsatia*. She is called the "Empress," is about 20 years old and stands twelve feet and a half high. At an early hour the Hamburg steamer dock at Hoboken was crowded with an eager throng, who waited patiently for the enormous animal to come forth. At last came the *Empress* slowly and deliberately; turning sharp at the gang-plank she suddenly gave a snort and a roar that sounded like distant thunder, and seemed disposed to make trouble. The keeper sprang ahead, and in the most endearing manner persuaded Her Highness to descend. The ship almost careened as she advanced a little more to the side, and one huge foot, like a pillar of the Custom House, rested on the gang-plank. There was something absolutely touching in the way the gigantic beast would reach forth her trunk and put it around the keeper, who would pat it and again invite the *Empress* to come on and not be afraid. The huge animal slowly descended, the crowd parting silently as she advanced. When she reached the dock the people cheered loudly, and the keeper pressed his arms around her trunk and kissed it with delight. As for Her Highness, she trumpeted out her pleasure in a series of whistles and screams. Then advancing stately up the wharf, and reaching *terra firma* once again, she expressed her satisfaction by taking dirt in her trunk, and tossing it up on her back. Her Highness will be exhibited in Central Park.

PUNCH ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—Punch maintains his good nature on the subject of the Alabama claims. He says:

"Mr. Punch himself has paid Mr. Sumner's bill. The handwriting of the latter being indistinct, Mr. Punch is not quite sure whether he asks for two hundred and fifty millions or billions, and therefore has sent over the latter sum. If there is a balance, Mr. Sumner can keep it for himself, or lay it out in building a lunatic asylum, into which, if the quarrel should really arise, the people of the United States will do well to insert every public man they have, from sober Sumner down to drunken Chandler."

A gentleman afflicted with the chronic rheumatism says: "No description of my case can convey the vast amount of benefit I have received from the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." I believe it is the best article in the world for rheumatism.