

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 13th, 1866.

CONCERN: or Review of the past months' subjects and lessons.

Sunday, May 20th, 1866.

JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ teaches humility. 1 KINGS xii. 25-33: Jeroboam's idolatry. REVELATION I CORINTHIANS II. 9-11.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

BY placing these names as in order they stand,
You will find a great truth taught by Nature so grand.

1. The man who threshed wheat by a winepress to hide it from the Midianites.
2. The fifth son of Azel.
3. The prophetess who dwelt under a palm tree, between Ramah and Bethel.
4. The prophet who walked naked and bare foot three years.
5. The man who was killed by Heber's wife.
6. The first polygamist.
7. The man who hid with his four sons, when he saw an angel.
8. The queen who was disinherited for disobeying her husband.
9. The priest whose two sons were slain in one day.

STELLA.

Brookfield, Col. Co., April 14th, 1866.

The one-eyed Servant.

A SHORT STORY FOR A GOOD CHILD.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the common? How bright their windows are, and how pretty the vines trail over them. A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy woman.

She was once sitting at her cottage door, with her arms folded, as if she were in deep thought, though to look at her face one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated about in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, shoes down at the heels; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been fresh and white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn.

She sat some time gazing across the common, when all of a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border, under a wall-flower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat, and red boots; he had got a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away at it with all his might.

"Good morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbor's cottage," said the young woman.

"What! Tom, the gardener's wife's? Little Polly, she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is too! Looks thriving, doesn't it?"

"She was always lucky," said Bella, (for that was the young wife's name;) "and her husband is always good to her."

"They were both good husbands at first," interrupted the little cobbler, without stopping. "Reach me my awl, mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do; it lies close by your foot."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, and hers for the better; and then, look how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day; and now I've nothing, and she has two pigs and a—"

"And a lot of flax that she spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; "and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief for an apron; and a red waistcoat for her good man, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a slice of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions."

"O, she's a lucky woman!" exclaimed Bella.

"Ay, and a tea-tray, with Daniel in the lion's den upon it," continued the cobbler; "and a fat baby in the cradle."

"O, I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella, pettishly. "I've little enough for myself and my husband, letting alone children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cobbler.

"No; he's at the ale-house."

"Why, how's that? he used to be very sober. Can't he get work?"

"His last master wouldn't keep him, because he was so shabby."

"Humph!" said the little man. "He's a groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor opposite thrives wonderfully; but no wonder! Well, I've nothing to do with other people's secrets; but I could tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife.

"O, good cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me why it's no wonder that she should thrive!"

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know, but as I said before, it's no wonder

people thrive who have a servant—a hard-working one, too—who is always helping them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella—"my neighbor has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler, "a one-eyed servant—but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mistress, I must go."

"Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently—"where did she get this servant?"

"O, I don't know," said the cobbler; "servants are plentiful enough, and Polly uses hers well, I can tell you."

"And what can she do for her?"

"Do for her? Why, all sorts of things; I think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge, she never refuses to do anything, keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both her hands; "well, she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, stitching busily; "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and Polly's servant has some cousins who are blind—stone blind; no eyes at all; and they some times come and help her. I've seen them in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they make to market, and buys all these handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation; "and I've not got a soul to do anything for me; how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her. "Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, "and if I were not in such a hurry—"

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say you could help me? I have heard your people are fond of curds and whey, and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth, and nobody should ever look when you went and came."

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in short, about cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence, I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply. "Well, but it should be always clean if you would—every day of my life I would wash the floor and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, and the windows cleaned."

"Well, then," said the cobbler, seeming to consider—"well, then, I shouldn't wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbor's; but it may be several days before I can; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds."

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler then took up all his tools, wrapped them in his leather apron, walked behind the wall flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. At noon her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp lookout both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbor's house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But no—nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting in her rocking-chair, with her baby on her knee, working.

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door, and cried out:

"O do, pray, come in, sir. Only look at my house!"

"Really," said the cobbler, looking round; "I declare, I should hardly have known it; the sun can shine brightly now through the clear glass; and what a sweet smell of hawthorn!"

"Well, and my one-eyed servant?" asked Bella, "you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages—have you met with one that will come?"

"All's right," replied the little man, nodding; "I've got her with me."

"Got her with you?" repeated Bella, looking round; "I see nobody."

"Look! here she is!" said the cobbler, holding up something in his hand.

"Would you believe it?—the one-eyed servant was nothing but a needle.—Jean Ingelow."

As a little child.

Through the dusk, an express train was rushing over bridges and long lines of rail, showing through the windows glimpses of lights shining here and there in homes, bare trees, and barren fields. A child had been travelling all day, amused by various devices into good-humor and happiness. Now the night fell, far away from his crib, and the dark eyes looked sleepy. From his silver mug and a homelike plate the little boy made a tolerable tea; but the sleepy time came of longing to be undressed, and rocked in the familiar room.

The cars thundered on, regardless of childish fatigue; the lamps were shedding a dim light; when little Howard was told that he must lie down in his mother's arms, and sleep. The child looked incredulous: "Where is my nightgown?" he exclaimed. The mother explained

that he was going to see his grandmother,—with whose memory were connected all privileges of petting and spoiling,—and that he could be just as comfortable in the warm rug and shawl.

The child sat in his mother's lap, looking with large, wondering eyes on the strange prospect, with red lips parted. "But I must say my prayers," he lisped in sweet baby-fashion. In new scenes unconscious of the eyes around him, he folded his dimpled hands, and repeated reverently the old prayer beginning "Our Father," embracing all our wants and dangers. As he prayed, "And deliver us from evil," the mother clasped him closer, and prayed too, that they might escape the perils of the way.

Then followed the "Now I lay me," in the same sweet voice, the child's faith clear and strong.

The passengers in the sea's adjoining could not avoid hearing these childish words. Some of them turned away in scorn; others smiled; one woman with a peaceful face looked lovingly on the child who did not forget, even in a railway car, to say his evening prayer. The rosy lips murmured "God bless papa and mamma, and make me good for Christ's sake." Then his curly head was pillowed on his mother's arm. Onward the cars swept in the darkness; and still the boy slept profoundly, fearing no evil, while the echo of those prayers lingered in hearts unused to praying in the hardness of their older lives. One man seemed to brush away a tear hastily, as he thought, probably, of the time when he had not forgotten to pray.

The angels who watch over our little ones kept Howard in peace and security all the night long, and brought in safety to his grandmother's arms the boy who remembered to say his prayers.

Amateur Scavengers.

In addition to the official scavenger and the crossing sweeper, regular or irregular, there is a very large volunteer body daily to be seen at work in the streets; and it is to this class that we have ventured to apply the title at the head of this article—the "Amateur Scavengers." The members of this corps are numerous—in fact, no one can walk down any of our principal streets without seeing some diligently at work, either during their long promenade, or in the short interval which separates a carriage from a shop door. The work is performed gratuitously, so far as the general public is concerned, the only remuneration required by these amateurs being a little wonderment on the part of the beholders. The operation is very thoroughly carried out; wherever one of the amateur scavengers has passed, a broad clean space may be perceived, from which there have been removed all such unsightly objects as pieces of orange-peel, cigar ends, and various nameless abominations of the pavements of our streets. What becomes of these things we know not, and we dare not imagine. In addition to all that has been stated, one further observation can be made. The amateur scavengers employ no common broom. Anxious to do thoroughly what they have undertaken, and to spare no expense, they employ costly stuffs of wool or silk, with which to clean the pavement, and to make it fit to be walked on.

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?"
—London Court Journal.

Future character known to God.

As the eye of the cunning lapidary detects in the rugged pebble just dug from the mine the polished diamond that shall sparkle in the diadem of a king; or as the sculptor in the rough block of marble newly hewn from the quarry beholds the statue of perfect grace and beauty that is latent there, and waiting but the touch of his hand; so He who sees all, and the end from the beginning, sees oftentimes greater wonders than these. He sees the saint in the sinner—Paul the preacher of the faith in Paul the persecutor of the faith.—Archbishop Trench.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick. We should always look on the bright side of life's picture.

We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor: but, in the sight of God, he was gone before; it is only we that have now first discovered it. "He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little."—Newton.

TWO HARD THINGS.—First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

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Scientific.

The Barometer.

In many cottages may be seen a primitive kind of barometer, called the "John and Joan." The contrivance is exceedingly simple, consisting of a piece of catgut, fastened to the top of John's house, or castle, in the inside, and its lower end attached to the middle of a strip of wood, seven or eight inches in length, which thus hangs suspended. The catgut is acted upon by the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; when the air is dry, it contracts, and in doing so turns round a little way, and the strip of wood is moved forward at the end of which "Joan" is placed. When the air is charged with moisture, an opposite effect is produced; the gut becomes expanded, turns in an opposite direction, and "Jack" makes his appearance. The celebrated Dr. Jenner, in reply to a lady, who asked him if he thought it would rain, summed up in rhyme the following

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow winds begin to blow
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep were seen, at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though June, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glowworms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling o'er the green.
The frog has lost its yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dressed.
The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite:
Or seem, precipitate, to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain—I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

A short Scientific lesson for boys, little and big.

Frank was playing about the well-curb with his bright new penknife in his hand, when alas! to his great sorrow, a slip of the fingers caused his treasure to drop from them, far down into the depths below. He heard it ringing and saw it glancing down the mossy stones, and he was almost tempted to spring down after it, in his great distress and vexation.

As it was, he could only go into the house and tell his grief to his kind mother, who sympathized with him, and very likely took occasion to tell him what a good thing it was to be careful, and all that.

Uncle John sat by the window, and when he had heard the sad tale, he asked a few questions about it. "Was the knife open?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank. "I was making a fiddle out of a shingle."

"Well, don't give up until we see what can be done." So saying, he took a little looking-glass out to the well, and directed a bright sunbeam to search diligently in the bottom for the missing knife.

"There it is, uncle, oh, there it is!" shouted Frank, in great excitement; "I see the pearl handle. Now if the sunbeam could only fish it up," he added, more sorrowfully.

Uncle John said nothing, but walked into the house, and pretty soon came out with a good horse-shoe magnet, attached to a stout string. Very carefully he lowered the magnet, keeping the sunbeam fixed on the spot, and presently the magnet touched the bright steel. It clung fast to the bar, and was literally fished up by it, to the great joy of Frank, and the admiration of all beholders.

You see what a good thing a little science is; so you will find all right knowledge a power, in whatever you may be called upon to do in life. Gather precious stores of it now, while childhood and youth are fleeting, so you may never have cause to regret the vanished hours.

A correspondent of the Scientific American suggests a new way to clear a boat of water without baling. He says: "If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, if you are towing it up stream, all you have to do to keep it dry is this, bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron, half round, through the hole, letting it extend a few inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labor. I think a ship at sea could be kept afloat if you could keep her going four miles per hour."