

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. xxviii. 1-20: The Resurrection. EXODUS xxxii. 1-35: The Golden Calf. Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 54-56.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 1-14: The divine nature of Christ. EXODUS xxxiii: Moses' intercession for the people. Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 16-18.

\*SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.\*

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

- 125. Name the things mentioned as Egyptian luxuries, for the enjoyment of which the Israelites longed in their journey through the desert. 126. Where does the first mention of lead occur?

Answers to questions given last week:—

123. Enoch. Heb. xi. 5; Jude 14 and 15. The Apostle Paul bears testimony to the patriarch's faith and its fruits; and the Apostle Jude quotes from a prophecy which before his translation Enoch had delivered.

124. "Appeals, approved in Christ." Rom. xvi. 10.

Don't run in Debt.

Don't run in debt, never mind, never mind. If your clothes are faded and torn: Fix 'em up, make them do, it is better far Than to have the heart weary and torn.

Who'll love you more for the cut of your hat, Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe, The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat, If they know you're in debt for the new?

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street In fine clothes if you know you're in debt, And feel that some tradesman perchance you may meet, Who will sneer, "They're not paid for yet."

Good friend, let me beg of you, don't run in debt If the chairs and the sofas are old; They will fit your back better than any new set, Unless they are paid for with gold.

If the house is too small, draw closer together, Keep it warm with a hearty good will; A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather, Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt now, dear girls; take the hint; If the fashions have changed since last season, Old Nature, is out in the very same tint, And old Nature, we think, has some reason.

Just say to your friends that you cannot afford To spend time to keep up with the fashions; That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright, To be tarnished by such silly passions.

Gents, don't run in debt; let your friends, if they can, Have the horses, fine feathers, and flowers, But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man Than to envy their sunny hours.

If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say; Spend your pounds and your pence as you please; But mind you, the man who his note has to pay, Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husband, now don't run in debt any more; 'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow To know that a neighbor will call at your door With a bill you must settle to-morrow.

Oh, take my advice, it is good, it is true; But, lest you may some of you doubt it, I'll whisper a secret now, seeing 'tis you: I've tried it, and know all about it.

An angry Girl.

A very sad thing happened the other day.—A little girl got angry with her boot-strings.—When she went to put on her boot she found a hard knot, which she jerked and pulled until it became a great deal harder. "No matter," said her mother, "put on your shoes." "I hate my shoes," she answered angrily. "I shall wear my boots," and away she tugged at the knot. As knots never yield to violent treatment, the child made no headway. She then caught the scissors, cut the strings, and cut a great gash in the boot too. "O, my child, you did not do that on purpose, did you?" said her mother. "I did—I did it on purpose; the hateful old boot!" she cried, the veins of her forehead swollen with anger.

Breakfast was ready, and her mother, well knowing that was not the moment to correct her, left Bessie alone. Bessie did not appear at breakfast. After breakfast came worship. "Where is Bessie?" asked Uncle Charles. Uncle Charles learning what the difficulty was, went to bring Bessie; for he hoped that by this time the little girl had come to herself. She received him with a sullen scowl. And what do you think she said? "Get out! get out!" Uncle Charles was surprised! Was this his pretty little Bessie! It was—and it wasn't. O! if she had only yielded.

He left her, for the family were waiting, and they knelt around the family altar without her.

Bessie edged out to the back door. Her brother James came along. "O Bessie!" he cried, "how can you behave so? You worry mother almost to death, and are enough to disgrace us all."

Bessie's eyes flashed. "Quick as lightning," she gave him one push, and down he fell a flight of steps. "O!" he screamed. What a scene of confusion and distress followed!

The bad temper of a child hardly ever did a worse morning's work than that. Yet it is just what bad temper leads to. It makes a child un-filial to the best of parents, unkind to its brothers and sisters, selfish, cruel, and destructive. If you do not master it, it will surely master you; and a bad temper is a terrible master.—The Child at Home.

The Opposites.

"Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching."—Paul.

I believe I'll stay at home to-day, as it is rainy and I don't like to go and spend my time listening to brother W., for he can't preach much, anyhow.—Fear Weather Laziness.

"Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—Paul.

I can't find time to pray, and then I have so many things to attend to, and my mind is so taken up with the business of the day, that I am not prepared to pray.—Worldly-mindedness.

"See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and toward all men."—Paul.

My neighbour has done me so much evil and has acted so badly that I will not stand it any longer; I'll make him know that I have rights as other men, and I'll make him respect them.—Revenge.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Christ.

All will be made holy and happy, and there is no danger.—Presumption.

"Content earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."—Judge.

Don't preach doctrinal sermons, or you will offend some people.—Faint-heartedness.

"Withdraw from every brother that walks disorderly, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."—Paul.

If we withdraw from brother B., he will do us all the injury he can, and I think we had better let him alone.—Trimmer.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—Christ.

As soon as you get settled in life it will be easy for you to serve God, but you cannot well do it before.—Satan.

"They that preach the gospel should live of the gospel."—Paul.

I think that they should preach for nothing, or at least should follow some other business for their living.—Covetousness.

On "Biting One's own Nose off."

"Biting off my own nose! Why, bless me, who ever did such an absurd and impossible thing as that?" Hold a bit, my friend! the thing is absurd enough, I grant you; but not impossible, and not, I am sorry to say, very uncommon. You have heard of the men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." You have seen, in paintings, John the Baptist carrying his own head in a charger.—Well, biting off one's nose is a not a whit more difficult than either of these, and a good deal more frequent. You may bite off your nose for many reasons; but you will hardly find one that will justify a resort to so desperate an expedient. Perhaps your proboscis is not over-handsome. Well, that is no sufficient reason for biting it off, for the beauty of your countenance will hardly be enhanced by its disappearance. Perhaps somebody has tweaked it; still, the remedy is too violent for the disease. Perhaps—for the nose is a striking feature—in one of your fits of revery, you have run it against a post. The inconvenience may be considerable, but you will not mend the matter—nor your nose—by biting it off. Perhaps some careless or half-malicious passer-by if your proboscis is of considerable dimensions, has testified his sense of its undue magnitude by hitting it a sly thump. Take your revenge on him, if you like, but don't do yourself the serious injury of biting off the offended member. You have only made a bad matter worse. You have done yourself an irreparable injury, because somebody else, whether thoughtlessly or maliciously, did you a slight injury. Perhaps, finally, your nose has offended you, by snoring too loud, and thus betraying the fact that you were asleep during the last Sabbath sermon.—If anything could justify so serious a step, I grant it would be this. But even here, it is a question whether the main fault was with your poor nose. If you had not gone to sleep, your nose would not have snored. Chastise yourself, therefore; resolve energetically that you will keep awake in future; wear, if you choose, in penitence, a haircloth undershirt; but don't bite off your own nose. In fact, the snore was a friendly monitor, reminding you of your wrong-doing, and the nose, like conscience, should be rather rewarded than punished for its fidelity.

There are more ways than one of biting off one's nose. A man bites off his own nose when he discards a friend who has told him an unwelcome truth. A man bites off his own nose when, for some little thing in a newspaper which he does not like, he sends and has it stopped; and

thus deprives himself and his family of the benefits of a valuable paper, on account of something in the paper, or in the course of its editor, which does not exactly square with his views or feelings. This is one of the worst forms of the act. It is not physical, but moral mutilation. He is biting off not only his nose, but his knows. A minister bites off his nose when because his people decline acceding to some favorite project or whim, he resigns in a passion, and leaves, hastily and almost causelessly, a good place, where he, on the whole, was happy and useful. Men bite off their own noses when, to escape a small fancied evil, they plunge into a large real one.—Ex.

The three best Books.

A devout old man, who lived in a poor and solitary hut, possessed as much prudence and wisdom that he knew how to impart good counsel and salutary instruction to each one who came to him.

A learned man who visited him, wondered at his wise sayings, said to him, "Whence hast thou all this wisdom? I see no books in thy hut from which thou couldst have acquired so much knowledge."

The old man answered, "And still I possess the three best books in the world, and I read daily in them. These books are: The works of God above and around me; the Conscience in my bosom, and the Holy Scriptures."

"The Works of God, the Heavens and the Earth, are opened like a vast book before us; they proclaim to us the omnipotence, wisdom and goodness of the Heavenly Father."

"My Conscience tells me what I have to do, and what to leave undone."

The Holy Scripture, that book of all books, teaches us how God, from the creation of the world, has revealed himself to man, and how the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, came into the world, and what he has promised and proffered, done and suffered, to to make us holy and happy.—Mrs. St. Simon.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath."

It is a law as fixed and unvarying as that which regulates the revolution of the seasons, that he will be found the most established and steadfast believer who most abounds in prayer. All who are taught by the Spirit know that what the air of heaven is to the body—what sunshine is to the eye, what spring is to flowers, and herbs, and trees—prayer is to the believing soul. Without it, that soul would sicken and die. As a means of increasing faith, of drawing forth affection, of purifying the heart, apart from all that is obtained in answer to prayer, this privilege ranks among the foremost in the estimate of a child of God.

Every new visit to the throne becomes a means of augmenting the believer's stability; and, as each season that revolves adds a new layer to the oak, which, in the end, assists in determining the age of the tree, each new petition sent up from the heart to the Hearer of prayer brings increase of strength, till the soul gradually reaches its appointed stature—the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

Is the heart fixed in prayer? Is it speaking in all earnestness to God? Does it feel its wants and wait on him for a supply? its weakness, and wait on him for strength? its utter helplessness, and wait on him for all that the soul requires? Then its strength will grow: its graces will multiply; it will shoot up like willows by the water-courses. The promise is, "It shall grow as the lily, and cast forth its roots like Lebanon."—Pathways of many Pilgrims.

The great Western Preacher.

A correspondent of the Boston Recorder recently took pains to see and hear the above named preacher. The following outline of a lengthy disquisition which he gives, will probably enable our readers to identify the individual. 1. As to his pulpit—never was there such another: it is said to be a hundred and fifty feet high. 2. His voice is well in keeping, being heard for many miles. 3. He is an incessant preacher, never stopping; indeed he has preached many generations into their graves, and is likely to many more. 4. He is never weary, and neither bronchitis nor any other ache or ail has ever overtaken him. 5. He is great on the doctrines, and chiefly on one of them—the great power of God. 6. The number of his hearers, taken in the aggregate, is beyond computation. 7. Everybody understands him, and none can fail to get the grand idea he is uttering. 8. His authority to preach is undisputed—nobody questions the validity of his commission. 9. He is a very aged preacher. 10. He has not yet lost a particle of his pulpit power. 11. All denominations claim him, and he suits them all. He is a Methodist, for he is incessantly active, and has a voice of thunder. His Episcopacy is clear, for he is fond of old forms, and roars on in the liturgy of many centuries. Those who love sprinkling, by getting near enough can be accommodated. And for those fond of immersion, 'Lo! here are many waters! We may add, as an item of further information, that while some other preachers have had their "falls," He is continual falling, and yet his reputation remains uninjured. A remarkable preacher certainly.

The industrious and virtuous education of children, is a far better inheritance to them than a great estate.

There is no revenge so heroic as that which repays abuse with kindness.

Agriculture, &c.

KEEPING VEGETABLES.

Most persons, says the Country Gentleman, are fond of good vegetables—some relishing one kind better than another—still, all have a liking for one or more kinds. I do not know that I ever knew an individual who had not a fondness for some one of the several sorts that are commonly grown. It is, therefore, very desirable to have them fresh and good, through the winter and spring, and well into the summer. This can be done by keeping them in dry sand. My way is to select, in the fall, at the time of digging, those that are nice and smooth, and of suitable size—medium size is best—and pack them in barrels. I then put in dry sand, sufficient to fill the barrel, and cover the roots entirely over. When the sand is put in, the barrel should be joggled or shaken a little, so as to cause the sand to fill up the interstices, and exclude the air. Turnips, beets, parsnips, and carrots—if any one likes them—can be kept in this way, fresh and good, until well into the summer. We have had turnips the first of August that were as solid and sweet as when first dug, and beets in good cooking condition in July. Parsnips are better if left in the ground through the winter, though it is well to dig a few and keep as above for winter use. Potatoes, I think, should not be treated in this way, as they would be liable to rot. I tried a barrel a year ago last fall, but thought it injured their flavor, and caused decay; they seem to require air.

PREVENTION OF WOOD ROTTING.

To prevent posts and piles from rotting, the following coating has been recommended, which is the more suitable since it is economical, impermeable to water, and nearly as hard as stone:—Take 50 parts of rosin, 40 of finely-powdered chalk, 300 parts (or less) of fine white sharp sand, 4 parts of linseed oil, 1 part of native red oxide of copper, and 2 parts of sulphuric acid. First heat the rosin, chalk, sand and oil, in an iron boiler; then add the oxide, and with care, the acid; stir the composition carefully, and apply the coat while it is hot. If it be not liquid enough, add a little more oil. This coating, when it is cold and dry, forms a varnish which is hard as stone.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.

Place a bridle on him, and turn him into a large stable; approach him and caress him for a few minutes, then take hold of his bridle and turn him towards you, at the same time touching him lightly over the hips with a long whip. You will now lead him the length of the stable, rubbing him on the neck, and speaking to him in a steady tone of voice. Every time you turn, touch him lightly with the whip, to make him step up close to you. He will soon learn to hurry up, to escape the whip and be caressed, and in less than one hour you can make him follow you around without taking hold of the bridle. If he should refuse to follow you, give him a few sharp cuts above the hind legs, and he will promptly obey. Give the horse four or five lessons, of one hour each, for as many days, and he will follow you anywhere.

TO STOP BLEEDING.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturalist writes that bleeding from a wound in man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt in two parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints.—It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

TO CURE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.

Take one tablespoonful of alum and two of saltpeter; pulverize well and mix thoroughly.—Sprinkle this powder upon the flesh side of the skin and fold together with the wool out; hang up in a cool place. In two or three days, as soon as dry, take down and scrape the flesh with a blunt-edged knife till clean. This completes the process. Such skins make excellent saddle covers.

FLOWERS.

If you don't love flowers yourself, don't quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature which you ought to be so sorry for, rather than abuse those who are more gifted. O! what possible "use" is the rainbow, we should like to know? and yet a wiser than you did not think the earth complete without it.

A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuit. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded with the following warning:—"Never, Sandie, never—above all things, NEVER get in debt, but if ever you do, let it be for manure!"

Extraordinary preparations are making everywhere for the manufacture of maple sugar. The crop promises to be very large.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continual falling, bores a passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.