

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 27th, 1864.

Read—ACTS xxvii. 27-44: Paul's shipwreck. 1 SAMUEL viii: The people desire a king.

Recite—PSALM lxxxix. 15, 16.

Sunday, April 3rd, 1864.

Read—ACTS xxviii. 1-15: The treatment of Paul and his companions. 1 SAMUEL ix. 1-17: Saul directed to Samuel.

Recite—ISAIAH xl. 29-31.

A BOY TO TRUST.

Ned Hammond, a boy of ten years, has established a fair character. All the persons who know him have formed an opinion of him. Perhaps they are scarcely aware of it, yet when Ned's name is mentioned, or he is met on the street, it is very evident they have, and the opinion is that Ned is a fine boy.

It has been said by several persons, "Now, if I wanted a boy in my store, my office, or my house, I should prefer Ned Hammond to any boy I know."

Ned had been unconsciously establishing a good character. He had been doing little things, the little, every-day things of life, in a right manner. All these things put together made a character.

A boy one day tried to make him join a party to rob an orchard, and when Ned said, "No," the boy asked him if he thought it dishonest? "I ask you," said Ned, "if you think it honest?"

"Well," answered the boy, "All I know is, all the boys do it, and father used to do it, and once he had grand fun. The stick he knocked off apples with was caught in a trap, and the boys hid, and saw the old fellow who owned the orchard spring out to see who was caught."

Ned said he liked apples and liked fun, but he hated to feel ashamed, and he did not mean to do what he should feel ashamed of, if caught doing it.

As these school-boys stood under the teacher's open window, of course he heard the talk between them, and he said to himself:

"There is a boy to trust. He has the sense of honor. He will be a gentleman if he never has a broadcloth coat, a kid glove, or a fashionable hat. He will be a valuable citizen. Such boys make the men who are an honor and a defence to the country they dwell in."

Now can you, Frank, Harry, Tom, Eddie, whatever your name, can you say, "I don't care what folks think of me; I am going to do just as I please," even when you know it to be wrong?

Yes. I know there are just such bad boys. They think it boys' fun to deceive their father, make their mother's heart ache, plague their sisters, and cheat their teachers. They little think they are taking their first lessons in pursuits which fit them for a Penitentiary life. The boy who values the love and approval of his friends will be prepared to look upward and seek his heavenly Father's love.

LETTER-WRITING.

The *Continental* gives a few suggestions upon letter-writing, which there is need enough for many writers to read, mark, inwardly digest—and profit by:

There is more philosophy than one would at first imagine in the apology of him who said that his pen was so bad it could not spell correctly. To write a letter as it should be in all respects, to be what it ought to be, orthographically, grammatically, rhetorically right, there should be a good pen, good paper, good ink. Many a pleasant correspondence has been marred by want of these adjuncts; many an agreeable thought arrested; many a composition, happily begun, hurried to an abrupt conclusion. And how many delightful letters have been omitted or neglected to be written by their want! We are not jesting. These concomitants, together with nice envelopes, are as requisite to a respectable epistle as becoming costume is to a lady. When we see a scrawling hand on coarse paper, ill folded, worse directed, and ending, "Yours in haste," we think but little of the writer. Such a one may complain of being in a hurry, but ladies and gentlemen should always take time to do well whatsoever they do at all. No letters should be written "in haste" except angry ones, and the faster they are "committed to paper" the better. We have found it a capital plan, when in hot wrath, to sit directly down and scratch off a furious letter, and then, having thus committed our ire to the paper, to commit that to the flames. The process is highly refrigerant, in any state of the weather.

A NOBLE BUSINESS MAN.

A friend sends to the *American Agriculturist* the following incident of a gentleman well-known in the United States for his useful talents and large business operations, but whose name we are not permitted to give. During the present war he made a contract with an echanic to supply him with a quantity of tin cans. Not long after this the price of tin rose so much that the contractor must lose money by completing the work at the price agreed upon. However, he said nothing, but went on delivering the cans. When the first bill for part of the cans was received, the employer called upon him and said,

"I understand you are losing money on this job."

"Yes," replied the contractor, but I can stand it; a contract is a contract you know."

"How much will you lose?" asked the gentleman.

"O, no matter, was the reply, "I don't complain, and you ought not."

"But I insist upon knowing."

"Well, since you desire it, I shall lose so much per hundred," naming the amount.

"Well, sir," said the noble-hearted man, "You must not lose this, it would not be right. I shall add the amount to your bill, and as the price of material may still rise, I will advance you the money for the whole of the contract, which no doubt you can now use to advantage."

The difference thus paid, to which the contractor laid no claim, amounted to \$500. That was Christian principle carried out in business. The world needs just such examples to convince it of the truth of religion.

All honor to the few who exemplify the golden rule.

ABOUT HEAVEN.

Heaven is not a mere place of being, but a place. When the believer dies, his spirit does not go forth to float about in space, as a cloud drifts in the sky; but it goes to a home-land—a city that hath foundation. Christ said to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." The abode of the spirit will, no doubt, be widely different from earth. But it will not be cold and shadowy; but a city with mansions—a city lighted up by the smile of God, filled with the bright forms and glad voices of saints and angels.

Where this place is, we know not, and it is idle to try to learn. It may be on some star that we gaze upon every night. It may be in those richly clustering stars which we call the "milky-way," or it may be nearer, and built of such material that our gross senses cannot perceive it. But it is a place to which the souls of the redeemed can go as soon as they leave the earth. It was after three o'clock when the penitent thief expired, but that very day he was in Paradise.

Heaven, though a place of rest, is not a place of inactivity. John saw it in symbols from his island prison; and was his vision one of moonlight and of stillness, or, of low and gentle melodies wooing for repose? On the contrary, he saw a city full of light—a city full of gold and gems to reflect that light—splendor, brilliancy, dazzling effulgence! And out of the throne, which was the source and centre of illumination, proceeded lightnings, and thunders, and voices; and round about the throne were living creatures, full of eyes, who rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." And there are many angels round about these living creatures, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they are saying ever with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

"The Angels' voices" in the great Organ at Luzerne.

Among the most powerful organs lately built in Europe, that which was placed the past summer in the cathedral of Luzerne holds deservedly a high rank. The sacred edifice is large and handsome, and under its lofty arches the music of St. Cecilia's instrument seems to redouble its harmony. The church is situated on an eminence overlooking the blue waters of the Lake of Luzerne and all the wealth of pine-draped and snow-crowned mountains, which are reflected in its depths. On the right rises the serrated and picturesque outline of Mt. Pilanus; on the left the giant mass of the Righi upheaves its broad back like an elephant rising from the water. Few can offer greater attractions to the mind than the enchanting view across the lake at sunset from the churchyard. Then the rosy glow flushes the white and distant pinnacles and suggests a fair and happy land; too fair, alas, and too happy for us sinful mortals. Then every crag, and tree, and cloud, admires its own peculiar beauties in the deep waves, growing each moment a darker blue. And then the vespere tones of the giant organ are heard, at first faint and low, and then louder and louder, stealing over the landscape and summoning, it might well be, the very angels from afar to this temple music, to unite their voices in harmonious praise of the Great Father of all, whose care provided this scene of beauty.

And now comes forth, enticed by a skilful hand, the music of the stop called "the angels' voices." At first in the far distance as if from one of the voluptuous and tinted clouds which float across the face of the west, the melodious tones come faintly forth. Yes, the heavenly messengers are even now sounding a prelude on their golden wires, a foretaste of the seraphic notes to come. Nearer and nearer they approach, till the eye of the mind perceives a thousand cherubim "harping in loud and solemn choir," in the skies above. With their harmonious voices they accompany the deep and majestic cadence of the organ, as it sounds the praises of the Lord of Hosts. They pour forth full and strong, like the rush of many waters, and rise high above the music of the instrument. "Shout, for the Lord hath triumphed!" while chariot, and charioteer, and fiery, foaming steed are whelmed in the depths of the sea. And now, in low and mournful tones, they chant the despair of the fallen and perishing foe,

"Where, strange and sad, the whispering breezes bore the groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore."

Slowly and pensively the fainting accents die away, mournful as the tones of the *Aolian* lyre, melancholy as the fitful strains of the nightingale which fringe the misty drapery of of early morn.

And now a blast like that of many trumpets, as the loud-voiced chorus of the children of Israel shout the triumph of the Lord and praise the deliverer of the chosen people. From the towering and majestic form of Moses come forth winged and mighty words, as he leads their loud acclaim. "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation; He is my God, and I will exalt Him." And the thundering tones of the organ rise higher and higher, as all the people answer, "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is His name." The loud anthem dies away and mingles with the roar of the billows in the distance. Then come the tinkling notes of the timbrel of Miriam, as with voice at first gentle and low as that of Cordelia, but soon ringing out full and clear, she leads forth all the women in joyful accord. The notes of the organ are sweet and timid, as the angels' voices again pour forth their flood of harmony. Their jubilant strains fall from the skies like wreaths of music. At times they soar aloft, and their golden threads strike the ear as faintly as the last notes of the ascending lark. But anon they bear their golden harps and graceful drapery nearer the abodes of men, and we can distinguish their forms, as the jubilate strains peal forth, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

And now the sun sinks lower and lower behind those "Delectable Mountains," and many colored clouds accompany him to his rest. The angelic troop, while the organ sends forth weird, despondent music, like the wind stealing through many pines, gradually mount higher and higher, as they take their airy flight for the regions of eternal peace and harmony. The ringing of the golden harps sounds fainter and fainter, as over the azure surface of the lake, beyond those rosy and sparkling pinnacles, towards the regions of the setting sun they wend their way, and their own bright forms gradually mingle with the golden drapery of evening.—W. S. R.

ALL EQUAL HERE.—It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the duke; some one—a pew-owner, probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, whispered to him to move further away, or to rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand and held him, to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly said, "Do not move—we are all equal here."

GOOD AND BETTER.

Good to be one of the angel choir,
With never a shadow of shame and sin!
No bitter remembrance of earthly guilt
To mar the untroubled peace within.
Better to be a human soul.
Won by the love of Christ to heaven;
Casting the crown and striking the harp,
And singing the song of the much forgiven.

Agriculture, etc.

For the Christian Messenger.

TREES, ROADS, AND FENCES.

Every one who has travelled much in this province, must have had frequent occasion to wish that the columns of God's first temples, with their green and spreading capitals had been spared by the woodman's axe on either side of the woods.

How grateful the cool shady forest road to man and horse after having traveled over weary miles of dusty highways, exposed to the full glare of the summer's sun!—How deliciously refreshing the songs of birds, the chatter of squirrels, and the myriad voices of the denizens of the forest mingling with the clapping and rustling leaves as they are played with by the cool breezes that draw through the shady avenue, not dust laden, but pure and fresh freighted only with pleasant odors of fir and spruce and pine.

Besides these easily recognisable sounds and scents, there is a peculiar hidden quality in the air among the trees which apart from coolness and odorousness is exhilarating. This is owing to the abundance of oxygen. We are in nature's laboratory, where the poisonous carbonic acid gas is appropriated, and life-giving oxygen is elaborated and exhaled.

But not alone for refreshing shades and exhilarating air in sultry summer are the woodland roads grateful to the traveler. When the chilling blasts of winter sweep over bleak open roads piercing through over-coat and buffalo robe and perhaps whirling snow or sleet into the traveler's face well nigh blinding driver and steed, the shelter then afforded by trees is most welcome.

No traveler can have failed to notice that through the tree skirted road there is almost always during the whole winter season good

sleighting. There the first snow lodges, though drifted or melted away from the exposed roads. I have in my mind many such roads where I am sure of finding good sleighting though exposed roads are bare.

Do not these facts suggest questions of great practical importance?

If by planting trees along the road side, cool shade in summer and good sleighting in winter can be secured, would it not pay to plant them? Is it not practicable?

Spruce, fir and pine—all, most admirably adapted for the purpose—are plentiful everywhere throughout our province, and judging from personal experience are not difficult to transplant successfully.

Such belts of trees would afford valuable shelter to adjacent fields, protecting the tender sprouts of early crops, from injury by the frosty winds of spring, also to domestic animals, doomed to shift for themselves on the "long pastures." And again, where a double row of trees planted on each side of where road fences should be and others on the line twenty, thirty, forty or fifty feet or even further apart, according to circumstances, and fence-wire stretched from tree to tree, strong, cheap and durable fences would be furnished. Now is not this matter well worthy the attention of practical men, and far more worth of the attention of the "assembled wisdom" of our province in our legislative halls, than many which engross much of their attention and on which the not-superabundant funds are wasted.

Will not travelers and farmers at any rate discuss the practicability of securing by such simple means, so many and so great advantages? May not traveling be rendered delightful all the year round?

CLIFFORD.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DYES FROM COAL.—The great interest that attaches to what are termed the mauve colors, now so popular, does not consist in their novelty only, but in the fact of their being produced from coal, and in their importance, technically speaking, as permanent and beautiful dyes. The production of the mauve dye reposes upon that of the very remarkable substance called aniline, which is found in gas tar, but only in minute quantities. A host of curious compounds have been found in gas tar, and among them this which is termed aniline, appearing, when in a pure state, as an oily transparent liquid, and possessing properties such as characterize those substance called alkaloids. Science has employed it to yield dyes of a beauty never witnessed before its discovery. The great merit of the mauve dye may be said to be the beauty and permanency of the tints which it imparts. Its power of coloration is also found to be so great that a small quantity of it gives color to a large number of vats. While coal would be worth but a very small sum for a pound, a similar weight of aniline dye is said to be worth three or four hundred dollars.

SEX OF EGGS.—It is stated that the sex of eggs may be determined, so that a person may raise a brood of the sex, he wishes. If males are wanted the longest eggs should be used. If females, those most round should be chosen.—Will our readers bear this in mind and try the experiment next spring.

THE *Montreal Gazette* furnishes the following receipt for keeping out the wet from boots and shoes:

Bees-wax	2 ounces.
Burgundy pitch	2 "
Neatsfoot oil	4 "
Lampblack	1/4 "

Chop up the wax and pitch and Lampblack into small pieces; put them into a small tin vessel on the stove; stir them every now and then till melted; put in the oil and mix it well; take it off the stove and let it cool; rub it on the boots or shoes, especially where the upper leather joins the sole.

WASTE OF WOOL IN CLEANSING.—The proportion of clean wool which unwashed fleeces contain, is a point on which the public generally have but little knowledge, although it is obviously one of importance. The manufacturer endeavors to take it into account when purchasing wool and probably instructs his agents to be careful in estimating the waste both in washed and unwashed fleeces. Mr. E. R. Andrews, of West Roxbury, has given us some interesting facts respecting the shrinkage of Cotswold wool. He lately took two unwashed fleeces produced by his own sheep, soaked them in warm soft soap-suds, washed them in clean, soft water, frequently changing the waters in the operation. The wool was then exposed to the sun for several days, when it was perfectly dry, clean, and white. The fleeces weighed twenty-one pounds before they were cleansed, and fifteen pounds afterwards, showing the waste to be only six pounds.—*Wool Grower.*

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but never can be so in mind.