

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 12th, 1865.

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

Sunday, November 19th, 1865.

JOHN IV. 43-54: Christ heareth the Nobleman's son. 1 KINGS II. 1-11: David's charge to Solomon. David's death. Recite—PROVERBS XXII. 1-4.

A Dialogue on Riches;

OR, A THOUSAND A YEAR.

"Oh! if I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green!— But I never shall have it I fear,— What a man should I be, and what sights should I see, Ob! if I had a thousand a year!"

"The best wish you can make, take my word, Robin Ruff, Will not pay for your bread; that's quite clear; But be honest and true, and say what you would do, If you had got a thousand a year?"

"I would treat all my jolly good friends, Gaffer Green, They should taste of the best of my cheer; The bells should all ring, and I'd live like a king: Oh! if I had a thousand a year!"

"And what, when you'd lived like a-king, Robin Ruff, And had feasted your friends with your cheer, When the bells had all rung their merry ding dong, Would you do with your thousand a year?"

"I would buy me a horse and fine clothes, Gaffer Green, And see all the fine sights far and near: I would cut such a show, as should make the folks know That I lived on a thousand a year!"

"And when you had seen all you could, Robin Ruff, Bought your horse and clo'ing so dear, What, when it was known what a man you were grown, Would you do with your thousand a year?"

"I would then do—I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green; I would go to—I hardly know where: I would scatter the chick, and leave others to think, While I lived on a thousand a year."

"I'm afraid with such doings as those, Robin Ruff, That your debts would be soon in arrear; And, unable to pay the expense of the day, You'd be poor with a thousand a year."

"At the misers who save what they get, Gaffer Green, I would turn up my nose with a sneer; For a man much may spend, and not get to the end, If his fortune's a thousand a year."

"And when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff, When the day of your death shall draw near, What, amidst all your pains, will you do with your gains, If you then have a thousand a year?"

"I can never tell what you are at, Gaffer Green, For your questions are always so queer; But, as other folks die, I suppose so must I." "What land give up your thousand a year?"

"There's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff— And I hope in my heart you'll go there, Where the poor man's as great with no earthly estate, Ay! as if he'd a thousand a year."

"Well, I think you are right in the main, Gaffer Green, To that world to endeavour to steer; And I'll try, for your sake, my hard earnings to make Stand in stead of a thousand a year."

"Mind your work, put your trust in your God, Robin Ruff; If you live in his favor and fear, His protection, you'll find, will give more peace of mind Then you'd get for a thousand a year."

Old Humphrey.

The Wonderful Plate.

How many fancy that they are showing charity when they are only indulging pride! How much of what is bestowed on the poor is not given from love of God, and cannot be acceptable in the sight of Him who readeth the heart!

Such was my last thought before retiring to rest, after attending a charitable meeting. The thought pursued me even in sleep, and I dreamed the following dream:—

Methought I stood at the door of a church, after a juvenile missionary sermon, with a plate in my hand, to receive the offerings of the youthful congregation. I fancied that I was given

power to read the notices of each child as he drew near to drop his money into the plate; while the plate itself possessed a power more wonderful still, that of changing the gift into what it was really worth in the sight of God.

The first who approached me was a smart-looking girl, the daughter of a thriving tradesman. None wore gayer ribbons, nor seemed more satisfied with herself than Cecily Rose. She was a good-humoured, but light-headed child, one who never gave a serious thought to religion, nor cared for the wants of the heathen. She had a sixpence in her hand, taken from a well-filled purse, because it is usual to drop something in the plate. I glanced at her coin as she laid it down,—it had been changed to a dull piece of lead!

Then followed a sweet gentle little child, with golden ringlets clustering beneath her straw hat. Nelly squeezed her mother's hand, and looked up into her mother's face, as the little one put a small piece of money in the plate. I knew that Nelly gave it only because she wished her mother to be pleased! Where her little offering had been placed, I saw only a rosy-tipped daisy!

Peter Norton now approached towards me, holding out, so that any one might see it, a very bright new silver florin. It was a great deal for a young boy to give, and it was clear that Peter thought so. I am afraid that he had forgotten the Bible precept, Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, and that he gave so much to the good cause because he wished the world to admire him! I sighed when the florin touched the plate; the silver was changed in a moment to a little bit of looking-glass, bright, shining, but utterly worthless!

Then Andrew pushed forward almost rudely. He looked ill-naturedly at Peter Norton, as one who would say, "I'll do a handsomer thing than that! Give what you like, Master Peter, I won't be outdone by you." I felt inclined to draw back the missionary plate, that it might not be dishonoured by the ball-crown flung into it by a boy full of pride, emulation, and spite! I was startled indeed when I saw the change in the coin thus given to a holy cause from unholly motives. A dead scorpion was all that appeared of Andrew's gift to the missionary plate!

My heart was growing very sad. "Alas!" thought I, "how much of sin mixes with even our best works! Those children who have just given their money, doubtless think that they have done a good deed,—perhaps that they deserve a reward from God! Will no one bring a gift that will not turn into something worthless or vile!"

At the moment a pale little girl drew near. She had a very small offering to make; only a penny was in her hand; but to give that penny she had denied herself a cake which real hunger made doubly tempting. "A very little thing!" you will say; but let me ask you, my dear young readers, if you have yourselves ever tried a small act of self-denial like this. And why did Jenny Fayre give her penny? Because she loved the Lord who had saved her, and longed that poor heathen children should know him, and love him too!

I was glad to see the shy little hand quietly slip the money into the plate; I was rejoiced to think that one child at least had given money that would not be changed. But here I was entirely wrong. As I gazed at poor Jenny's penny, I could scarcely believe my eyes. Gradually it changed its dull hue, and grew brighter and brighter, till it was turned into burnished gold! The size, too, seemed to expand; the plate grew heavy beneath its weight; and on the large, splendid coin appeared a wreath, enclosing these words in highly raised letters. YE DID IT UNTO ME. I gave an exclamation of pleasure, and with the surprise I awoke.

Beloved young readers, when next you present your alms, stop and ask yourselves what are your motives, and whether your money, if dropped into my wonderful plate, would be changed, like poor Jenny's, to gold! Remember that nothing which we can do is of itself worthy the notice of God; but as a parent dearly values the work of a fond and grateful child, however small it may be, so the Lord deigns to accept and a hundred-fold repay the humblest offering of love!

A. L. O. E.

A Story from Real Life.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years. "Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head; and that, and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plow that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for!"

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

"It is astonishing," said Doring addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near in a barn, and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see those oats now that I've got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifle that you assaulted your child and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked from the oats in surprise, and repeated:

"Assaulted my child and knocked him down? Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over the plow?"

"Why—well—no. He kind a stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do

you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner, and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question: for what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better, and to do it good, of course, quickly answered Doring.

"For any other?" quietly answered Hanford.

Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring, thoughtfully.

"And, now, my friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a long story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charlestown?"

"Yes; you have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy never could be made to say that it was by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak.

"When Charles was about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and progress. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty, and enlightened affection.

"One day Charley offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few minutes ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was, he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford, in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covering his face with his hands.

A period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford saying:

"When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face, his look, arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I am afraid that I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked, in great alarm, for notwithstanding my brutality I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down on that pile of stone. But after many months he came forth, a pale, saddened little fellow, bobbing on a crutch!"

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said:

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you had I not supposed that you needed the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give you an adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But fortunately it has been overruled to my own good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection.

"I devoted myself to poor Charley from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I have sometimes tried to think that his life has been made happier on the whole than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice. Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try and profit by it."

And he did profit by it, and we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance that reads this sketch from life will profit by it.

FAMILY PRAYER.—Robert Hall, hearing some worldly-minded persons object to family prayer as taking up too much time, said that what might seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce. It serves as an edge and border to preserve the web of life from unraveling. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he bleaseth the habitation of the just.—The British Workman.

Agriculture, etc.

International Exhibition of Fruit and Vegetables.

The Royal Gazette of Wednesday last contained a Despatch from the Colonial Secretary's Office, Downing Street, London, enclosing the following:—

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. SOUTH KENSINGTON, W., Sept. 1865.

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the annexed list of Medals to be awarded at the International Exhibition of Fruit and Vegetables, to be held in these Gardens, from the 9th December to the 16th December next inclusive.

Several questions have been asked with regard to the manner in which fruits that will not bear a journey, are to be exhibited—in answer, I am desired to say, that such fruits may be preserved in sugar, spirits, vinegar, or in such other manner as in the opinion of the Exhibitor will be most convenient.

Wild Fruits and Vegetables will be admissible as representative collections of the Country from which they come. All packages must be addressed to the care of the Garden Superintendent, Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, London.

I am desired especially to request, that intending exhibitors with make known their intentions as early as possible to the Assistant Secretary—forwarding full particulars of the object they desire to exhibit.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Yours obediently, J. COCKERELL, Assistant Sec.

INTERNATIONAL FRUIT SHOW.

From Saturday, Dec. 9th, to Saturday, Dec. 16th, inclusive.

- 1.—The Gold Medal of the Society will be awarded to the best collection of Fruit and Vegetables produced in the Garden of a Sovereign.
2.—The Gold Medal of the Society for the best collection of Fruit and Vegetables grown by any Botanic or Horticultural Society in any part of the world.
3.—The Gold Medal of the Society for the best and most complete representative collection of Fruit and Vegetables from any of the Colonies.
4.—First Banksian Gold Medal for the best and most complete representative collection from the Presidencies of India.
5.—Certificates will be awarded for separate exhibitions of all Fruits and Vegetables, either fresh or preserved, from all parts of the world.
6.—The first Gold Knightian Medal of the Society to the exhibitor who shall obtain the greatest number of first class certificates.
7.—The second Gold Knightian Medal to the exhibitor who shall obtain the greatest number of second class certificates.
8.—The second Gold Banksian Medal to the exhibitor who shall obtain the greatest number of third class certificates.
9.—The first Gold Banksian Medal to the exhibitor who shall gain the greatest number of marks, counting first, second, and third certificates as three, two, and one, respectively.

A CHAPTER ON HINTS.

Much of our knowledge is derived from the briefest hints which are often received in a most unexpected manner. The most valuable inventions have been the result of a casual remark or observation. The drain tile was derived from a hint of a gardener. The steam engine was said to have been hinted at by the steam from a teakettle, while the valves were made to work by machinery from the hint given by the boy who tended them, and made them work by a string attached to the machine in order that he could play.

If we notice the manner in which we read an agricultural paper, we shall find that we catch a hint here and a hint there, and we may think ourselves abundantly rewarded if we can find one good hint a week in that direction. There is another way in which we receive hints, and that is directly from others. A farmer had heard some new method of managing his affairs which he thinks an improvement over the old method, and immediately writes it out briefly for the Farmer, and his neighbours all receive the benefit of it. We never go into a machine shop of any kind, without catching some new hint worth remembering. Some apparently unimportant remark is sometimes made in the presence of a boy. It is a hint to him. He catches at it and his whole future course for life is shaped by it. But few of the important events of our lives are made up from mature deliberation. It is quite as likely to be the result of a hint caught hold of in a second of time, while we make the deliberation afterwards. We are great believers in hints, and almost any one may be valuable if rightly improved. There is said to be a best way for doing everything, and we most generally ascertain the best way from some hint which we receive from others. Hence the advantage of visiting the operations of the man who is successful in business, and collecting such hints as may aid us in our labours in the same direction. Neighbour Jones says that he always visits his prosperous neighbour over the way every winter, just for the purpose of hearing something new, or, in other words, of catching some valuable hints about farming, and this is one secret of neighbour Jones' success in farming. He argues in this way: "If my neighbour can cut two and a half tons of hay to the acre, and raise a sure crop of corn every year, there is no reason why I should not do as well as he." This is where neighbour Jones is right.—Maine Farmer.