

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Smday, March 26th, 1865.

LUKE xv. 11-32: Parable of the prodigal son. 2 SAMUEL iii. 28-39: David mourns for Abner slain. Recite—ISAIAH lv. 6, 7.

Sunday, April 2nd, 1865.

LUKE xvi. 1-13: Parable of the unjust steward. 2 SAMUEL iv. 1: Ishbosheth slain and his murderers put to death. Recite—PHILIPPIANS ii. 6-11.

Help your Father!

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he set down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can only be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. It asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents, as parents do on their children.—Country Gentleman.

The Dog Messenger.

A gentleman walking along missed his handkerchief. His faithful dog Major was with him. "Major was at that moment on the opposite side of the street, exchanging the news of the day with a young spaniel; but the moment he heard his master's voice call out "Major!" he left everything and ran immediately to see what his master wanted of him.

"Major," said his master, "I have lost my handkerchief." Major paid great attention while his master put his hand into his left pocket, and showed him it was not there; into his right pocket, nor was it there. He took off his hat. "It is not there," said he, shaking his head. "Now run, Major, and find it."

The dog did not wait to be told a second time; he set instantly off on the back track down street. With his nose on the ground, he followed his master's steps until he reached a store. In he went, and running up a flight of stairs, scratched at the door of a counting-room where his master had been doing some business. The door was ajar; in went Major's nose; and smelling around, he discovered the lost article behind a chair in the corner of the room.

"Whose dog is this?" asked the clerk. Major did not try to explain his errand, but gathering up the handkerchief, he bounded home, catching his master before he had time to get into the house.

"Thank you, Major, thank you," said he. "Dear good, faithful doggie," cried the little girl, patting his warm sides; "you do just as well as you know how, and that is a great deal more than some of us do."—Child's Paper.

A SINGULAR SENTENCE.

"Sator arepe tenet opera rotas."

- 1. These words spell backward and forward all the same. 2. Then taking all the first letters of each word spells the first word. 3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word. 4. Then all the third; and so on through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the last word. 6. Then the next to the last of each word and so on through.

A Greek Professor in trouble.

Prof. Felton, in his Familiar Letters from Europe, amusingly describes his embarrassment occasioned by the different pronunciation of the Greek language as spoken in Athens from that taught the English or American student:

"I have not got over the strange impression it makes to hear the Greek familiarly spoken; to hear a well bred lady using the language I had been studying these thirty years, with the facility I have in using English. I say the Greek; for the language spoken now by educated people here is substantially Greek. It is absurd to speak of the Greek as a dead language."

"We had an amusing time. I repeated to Mrs. Black some sentences in Greek, pronounced in the English and American style, and the shouts of laughter which the ladies raised would have edified an Oxford professor. There is nothing more comical than the figure an English scholar cuts when he first comes to Athens. He may have taken the first honors of his university, and written prize odes without number; yet he cannot utter a single word he hears in the streets or in society. The professors laugh at him; the women laugh at him; the boys in the street laugh at him. He can buy a cravat only by drawing his hand round his neck, as if he were preparing for the halter. If he wants something to eat, he must open his mouth and point down his throat. If he wants a hat, he must lay his hand on his head and say 'Eh.' For a pair of stockings, he must pull off his shoes, and holding his foot up to the shop-keeper, show the holes in the old ones—and so on. The Oxford and Cambridge prize man is the most helpless creature under the sun, when some strange fortune lands him on the shores of Greece, unless he picks up a servant who can speak some Western language with which he happens to be acquainted. All this because the Greek is taught wholly as a dead language, apart from its living representative, and with an absurd and arbitrary pronunciation, to which we cling as if its rules were the Ten Commandments. The spoken language of Athens appears to me very pure and elegant, and I am convinced that it would be a great advantage to adopt at once the pronunciation established here."

"MITES."

The most important lessons in religion are often learned from the most lowly minds.

This truth is illustrated by the following dialogue, expressing the spirit of a conversation between a gentleman collecting subscriptions for building a church for the colored people, and a poor West Indian colored woman:

Sarah—What you 'spect to build the house of, massa?

Collector—Of brick.

Sarah—Massa, how long you 'spect it to last?

Collector—Why, till the end of the world.

Sarah—Here, massa, take my money, all I got; (handing him an old Spanish quarter of a dollar.)

Collector—O Sarah, keep your money; we can build the house without that.

Sarah—No, no, massa, take it—take it. I'll put one brick in the house. 'Cause when Lord Jesus Christ come in His glory, and see the nice church, He will say: Poor Sarah gave all she had to build that house; and that one brick shows her love as much as if she was rich and build the whole house herself. Take it, massa, take it, 'cause Sarah will sing better for it when she join the great song, "The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

That poor negro woman was a representative character; there are others like her. She was fitted by Divine grace to be an ornament to any true Christian church on earth. What if all who bear the name of Jesus here were thus working for Him according to their ability?

The case reminds us of what we heard touching a little Sunday scholar offering his silver sixpence to the missionary collector.

"Why, James," says the boy's older brother, "Mr. K. has given five hundred dollars, and your sixpence won't be needed."

"Well, I'll give it," was the answer; "and then when Jesus comes again He'll know I loved Him because I did something."

O for more of this childlike religion! It is of the kind that Jesus accepts, and that does His work on earth.—Watchman & Reflector.

A warning to young men.

Many young men grow weary of a strict observance of the Sabbath, and allow themselves to neglect the sanctuary, and to give the day to recreation. It is a perilous experiment, for many characters have been wrecked, and many souls lost by this first entrance on a wrong path. Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, gave an instance a few years ago from his personal knowledge:

A young man, the son of pious parents, had for several years been most regular in his attendance on Mr. Noel's ministry. At length he contracted an acquaintance with some young men of infidel principles, or scoffers at all religion. He imbibed their dangerous views, and, as a natural result, absented himself entirely from the house of God.

But this was not the only effect of his newly adopted principles; he forthwith commenced a career of unrestrained dissipation and of criminal indulgence of every kind. This, as is often the case, laid in a few weeks the foundation of a fatal illness. He lived only three short months after he had forsaken the public sanc-

tuary, though then in the enjoyment of perfect health.

When all hopes of recovery had vanished, and his relatives anticipated his immediate dissolution, Mr. Noel was called to visit him. At first, and for some time, the dying young man refused to converse with, or even speak to Mr. Noel, but wrapped his head up in the bed clothes. After several ineffectual attempts to induce the unhappy youth to enter into conversation about that Being before whose judgment seat he was about to appear, and that eternity on whose verge he was standing, Mr. Noel offered up a prayer for him, and was about to quit the apartment.

Just as he had his hand on the latch of the door, the wretched young man made an effort to sit up partially in his bed, and asked his former minister to stay a moment. Mr. Noel of course returned to the bedside of the dying youth; on which the latter, as if making an effort beyond his physical strength, reached his face in towards the ear of the reverend gentleman, and whispered into it in accents of so sepulchral a character that they must have saddened, if not appalled the stoutest heart, "I'm damned!" The moment he uttered the awful words, he dropped down in his bed, and again enveloping his head and face in the blankets, refused to utter another syllable. He died in the course of the night or early next day, in a state of utter despair.

THE OCCURRENCE OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—LETTER OF THE QUEEN.—At a late meeting at Manchester of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, the chairman (Mr. Watkin, M. P.) said that her Majesty the Queen had written to some of the railway directors in London, as follows:—"Sir Charles Phipps has received the commands of her Majesty the Queen to call the attention of the directors of the—to the increasing number of accidents which have lately occurred upon different lines of railroad, and to express her Majesty's warmest hope that the directors of the—will carefully consider every means of guarding against these misfortunes, which are not at all the necessary accompaniments of railway-travelling. It is not for her own safety that the Queen has wished to provide in this calling the attention of the company to the late disasters. Her Majesty is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken, but it is on account of her family, of those travelling upon her service, and of her people generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be ensured for all as is so carefully provided for herself. The Queen hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of the railway directors the heavy responsibility which they have assumed since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country.—Osborne, December 27, 1864."

NOVEL AND AWFUL CASUALTY.—One of the most terrible casualties on record occurred in Philadelphia on the 8th ult. The coal oil storage ground of Black burn & Co., on Washington Avenue, containing two or three thousand barrels of oil caught fire, and the burning oil flowed out through the streets in a river of flame, destroying everything in its course. Forty-seven houses were burned by this terrible inundation, eight persons were caught by it and burned to death, and a number terribly injured. The fire occurred before daylight, and the sleeping families, suddenly roused, rushed out barefooted and in night dresses into the flowing flames. One whole family, with the exception of the father and two children, met their death in this way. The father succeeded, with the two boys, in reaching the opposite side of the street, though badly burned, but had the horror of seeing the mother and two daughters roasted alive in the liquid fire. Two other daughters are missing, and supposed dead. This ought to be a warning.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH."

The mother took it from the nurse's arms, And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain alarms, And baby slept.

Again it weeps, And God doth take it from the mother's arms, From present pain, and future unknown harms, And baby sleeps.—Dr. Hinds.

PENNY PUFFS: OR THE £90.—I once visited a poor lame travelling tinker. He was in distress, and required help. The pipe on his hob showed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and wife have smoked, Sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less than 'a pen' oth of bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these pennies. Judge of the tinker's surprise, when I thus addressed him, "My friend, if you had placed the money in the Savings' Bank, instead of wasting it in smoke, you might to-day have felt independent of others, for your Pennies would have amounted in your bank-book to the noble sum of Ninety Pounds!"

THE CULTURE OF FEATHERS.—A farmer of Colesberg, Cape of Good Hope, at a recent meeting of the agricultural society of that place indicated a new source of wealth to farmers. He had found that 35 ostriches could be reared on about 300 acres of pasture land, and feathers fully grown can be obtained from them every six months. The value of each plucking is about £12 10s. per bird. The original cost of the young birds was £5 a-piece.

Buying Gold makes one a Rebel.

There is instruction and example in the following incident narrated by a Pennsylvania friend:

An honest Schuylkill county German merchant, who had been prosperous and had accumulated more money than he could employ as capital in his business, came to a patriotic banker in Philadelphia and said:

"I have got some moneys, and I want you to buy me some gold."

"Why, Schultz, what do you want gold for? That is n't a thing you sell in your store."

"I know dat, but I want to make some money on de rise of gold. People say it is going up and I think I may make a thousand dollars."

"Schultz, you dear old fellow, don't you know that if you buy gold you will be a rebel?"

"No!" said Schultz, with a tone of resentment in his wonder.

"Suppose you buy \$10,000 of gold. Suppose that some morning you read in the papers in big letters: 'Terrible disaster to the Union cause! Grant's army routed and destroyed! The Rebels marching on Washington!!!'"

"I should say dat was pad news," excitedly interrupted the German.

"Yes, but wouldn't you say right off, 'disaster however, will put gold up—pad for the Union cause, pad, but it is good for my ten thousand?' Don't you see, Schultz, that in buying gold you instantly make the interest of the rebels your interest, that you bribe yourself to wish them to succeed, and to wish your country and your countrymen to fail? And if these unholo desires, Schultz, don't define a rebel, there is no language to define one. Don't you see that buying gold inevitably turns honest, patriotic men like you, away from the cause they ought to support, and which they think they do support; but which they cannot support, because they have made it for their interest not to support it? Don't you see it, dear old fellow?"

"Be sure I do," said the honest man, with gravity of manner and humility; "and I ax pardon of the war. Put the whole of dat in Seven-Thirties. My money goes mit my principles."

What else was the Papist?

A delegate of the Christian Commission approached a sergeant whom he had known to be a Roman Catholic, and had the following conversation:

Alter some inquiries as to the wounds and waris, I asked him if he was a Christian. He replied,

"I suppose you would hardly consider me a Christian."

"Well," said I, "it is very easily ascertained, Do you love God?"

"Yes, sir, I do love Him with all my heart."

"Have you faith in Christ, trusting in Him as your Saviour?"

"Yes, sir, in Christ, and in nobody else."

"Do you pray to God through Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, sir, to God, and nobody else—through Jesus Christ, and nobody else."

"Do you truly repent of sin, seeking pardon, acceptance and salvation through the merits of Christ?"

"Yes, through His merits only, only."

"And do you find comfort in prayer and communion with God?"

"Yes, sir, and a hope that is worth more to me now than all the world beside."

"Well, if this be true," said I, "you must be a Christian. I don't know what else to call you."

OUR HAIR.—During the cold season if the hair is cut too short; the ears are exposed. The cold winds not only produce buzzing and roaring in them, but often injure the hearing. While the weather is cold the ears should be covered. The natural protection and the best one is the hair.

But the common nakedness of the back of the neck is still more mischievous. Leaving that vital part exposed to the extreme changes of our climate, produces innumerable weak eyes and irritable throats. Women are most fortunate in the present style. That net which hangs the hair upon the back of the neck is not only artistic, but physiological. During cold weather men should allow their hair to meet the coat-collar.—Dio. Lewis, M. D.

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER PUT OUT.—A country school-teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination-day. The day had arrived; and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked, "In whom do you believe?" "Napoleon Bonaparte?" was the answer quickly returned. "You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?" "No," said the youngster, amid roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that Church, hasn't come to school to-day; he's at home sick a-bed."

DONATION VISIT.—"Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of donation? You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do! Do means the cake, and 'donation' means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister's and the people go there and eat it."