

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 24th, 1867.

ACTS ix. 23-43: Peter restoreth Tabitha to life. 2 Kings ix. 1-26: Jehu kills Joram.
Recite—PSALM cxl. 2-6.

Sunday, March 3rd, 1867.

ACTS x. 1-22: Peter's vision. 2 Kings ix. 27-37. Jezebel eaten by dogs.

The young Beaver.

A FABLE.

A colony of beavers selected a beautiful spot on a clear stream, called Silver Creek, to build themselves a habitation. Without waiting for any orders, and without any wrangling about whose place was the best, they gnawed down some young trees and laid the foundation for a dam. With that skill for which they are so remarkable, they built it so that it would protect them from water, and from their foes. When it was completed, they were delighted with it, and paddled round joyously in the pond above, expressing their pleasure to each other in true beaver style.

In this colony there was one young beaver by the name of Flat Tail. His father, whose name was Mud-Dauber, was a celebrated beaver, who, having very superior teeth, could gnaw through trees with great rapidity. Old Mud-Dauber had distinguished himself chiefly, however, by saving the dam on three separate occasions in time of flood. He had done this by his courage and prudence, always beginning to work as soon as he saw the danger coming, without waiting till the damage had become too great to repair.

But his son, this young fellow, Flat Tail, was a sorry fellow. As long as old Mud-Dauber lived, he did pretty well, but as soon as his father died, Flat Tail set up for somebody great. Whenever any one questioned his pretensions, he always replied:

"I am Mud-Dauber's son. I belong to the best blood in the colony."

He utterly refused to gnaw or build. He was meant for something better, he said.

And so one day in autumn, when the beavers were going out in search of food for winter use, as Flat Tail was good for nothing else, they set him to mind the dam. After they had started, Flat Tail's uncle, old Mr. Webfoot, returned back and told his nephew to be very watchful, as there had been a great rain on the head waters of Silver Creek, and was afraid there would be a flood.

"Be very careful," said Webfoot, "about the small leaks."

"Pshaw," said Flat Tail, "who are you talking to; I am Mud-Dauber's son, and do you think I need your advice?"

After they had gone the stream began to rise. Little sticks and leaves were eddying round in the pool above. Soon the water came up fast to the great delight of the conceited young beaver, who was pleased with an opportunity to show the rest what kind of stuff he was made of. And though he disliked work, he now began to strengthen the dam in the middle, where the water looked the most threatening. But just at this point the dam was strongest, and in fact the least in danger. Near the shore there was a place where the water was already finding its way through. A friendly kingfisher who sat on a neighboring tree warned him that the water was coming through, but always too conceited to accept of counsel, he answered:

"O, that's only a small leak, and near the shore. What does a kingfisher know about a beaver dam, any way? You needn't advise me! I am the great Mud-Dauber's son. I shall fight the stream bravely, right here in the worst of the flood."

But Flat Tail soon found that the water in the pond was falling. Looking round for the cause, he saw that the small leak had broken away a large portion of the dam, and that the torrent was rushing through it wildly. Poor Flat Tail now worked like a hero, throwing himself rashly into the water only to be carried away below and forced to walk up again on the shore. His efforts were of no avail, and had not the rest of the Silver Creek beaver family come along at that time, their home and their winter's stock of provisions would alike have been destroyed. Next day there was much beaver laughter over Flat Tail's repairs on the strong side of the dam, and the name that before had been a credit to him was turned into a reproach, for, from that day the beavers called him in derision, "Mud-Dauber's son, the best blood in the colony."

Don't neglect a danger because it is small; don't boast of what your father did; and don't be too conceited to receive good advice.—*Little Corporal.*

"I think the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle," said Thackeray, "has no heart. I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it is a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delirious blood and the wicked spell of the wine."

The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

At what age do pigs end their existence? Sausage.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except as he pleases to do right.

The Religious Press.

As the value of the religious press has been of late called in question by a certain individual or two, we may be excused for calling in further testimony on the subject. One of our exchanges in remarking upon it, says:—It has become one of the chief moral forces of the age. It aims to wield a controlling influence, by bringing within its scope every human interest, and penetrating all with a Christian influence. Dr. Arnold, years ago, held up the true ideal of a religious paper, as one that discussed not exclusively religious topics, but treated every interest of life in a religious spirit. The highest power of religious journalism is felt, not in profound discussions of Christian doctrine, but in the enforcement of Christian duty, in labor and recreation, in trade and professional life, in the quiet of home or the temptations of public service. If faithful to duty, a religious paper must treat of commerce, and literature, and science, and politics, and social life, for all of these have vital connections with ethics and religion.

The throne of Christ is to be set up in our world; but before His victory can be complete, every department and every interest of life must be vitalized by Christian intelligence and zeal.

The weekly journal may, by the changes of the age, become more influential than the daily. The latter must be largely occupied by telegraphic news, and the comments on current events must, of necessity, be hasty and immature. The reports of one day are often contradicted the next, and the shrewdest and most experienced editor is at fault. But a weekly paper gives opportunity for mature thought and calm judgment, and the finest intellects may cover this broad field of influence.

No one can estimate the influence for good exerted by the weekly visits of a religious journal in the homes of the people. It enlarges knowledge, incites mental activity, educates the heart equally with the brain, and enlists sympathy in every good cause. It saves a pastor many words and much labor. It trains for him a people better prepared to appreciate good preaching, and to respond to benevolent appeals.

Harmony of Science and Religion.

Now, at eighty-two and a half years of age, still, by God's forbearance and blessing, possessing my mental powers unimpaired, and looking over the barrier beyond which I must soon pass, I can truly declare that, in the study and exhibition of science to my pupils and fellow-men, I have never forgotten to give all honor and glory to the Infinite Creator—happy if I might be the honored interpreter of a portion of his works, and of the beautiful structure and beneficent laws discovered therein by the labors of many illustrious predecessors. For this I claim no merit. It is the result to which right reason and sound philosophy, as well as religion, would naturally lead.

While I have never concealed my convictions on these subjects, nor hesitated to declare them on all proper occasions, I have also declared my belief that, while natural religion stands on the basis of Revelation, consisting as it does of the facts and laws which from the domain of science, science has never revealed a system of mercy commensurate with the moral wants of man. In nature, in God's creation, we discover only laws—laws of undeviating strictness, and sore penalties attached to their violation. There is associated with natural laws no system of mercy. That dispensation is not revealed in nature, and is contained in the Scriptures alone.

With the double view just presented, I feel that science and religion may walk hand in hand. They form two distinct volumes of revelation, and both being records of the will of the Creator, both may be received as constituting a unity declaring the mind of God, and therefore the study of both becomes a duty, and is perfectly consistent with our highest moral obligations.

I feel that, as this subject respects my fellow-men, I have done no more than my duty, and I reflect upon my course with subdued satisfaction, being persuaded that nothing that I have said or omitted to say, in my public lectures, or before the College classes, or before popular audiences, can have favored the erroneous impression that science is hostile to religion.

My own conviction is so decidedly in the opposite direction, that I could wish that students of theology should be also students of natural science—certainly of astronomy, geology, natural philosophy and chemistry, and the outlines of natural history.—*Prof. Fisher's Life of Prof. B. Silliman, Sen.*

Make room for the Poor.

Dr. Patton, who is a kind of Rowland Hill in his way, once said to Dr. Skinner, (then pastor of the Mercer Street Presbyterian church,) "Bro. Skinner, I'm afraid yours is not a church of the Lord Jesus Christ."

He who was thus addressed—a good and orthodox man—wonderingly asked an explanation.

"Because I don't see any poor people in your pews; every body is well-dressed, and I'm afraid that most of them are rich."

Where the speaker got his idea of a church is not doubtful. He was thinking of the distinctive sign given by Jesus to assure the Baptist (who, in the damps of his dungeon was beset with misgivings,) of his own Messiahship. "Go," He said to the messengers, "tell John what things ye have seen and heard. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the

deaf are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Dr. Patton might also have had in mind the words of the Apostle James: "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?"

A somewhat marked illustration of the un-Christianlike tendency of church respectability occurred the other day, at the funeral of a pious military officer, in one of the up-town churches. The pastor, in speaking of the deceased, stated that his first impulse after conversion was to seek Christian employment, and that he was directed to the Sabbath school, whither he went the first Sunday, but was told that there were no vacant classes—he must go and gather one in. Out he went, and returned in ten minutes with a boy, who, if rags and wretchedness were qualifications, seemed certainly a suitable candidate for Sabbath school influences. The superintendent looked askance at the unwonted invasion, and said that the lad was unfit to be admitted, and must be refused. Nothing daunted, the new soldier of Christ carried off his recruit, and by some process unrecorded got him washed, shod, clad, and back again before the school closed—it is to be hoped, in sufficient trim for reception. One is glad to think how much stronger the grace of Christ was to make the new convert persevere, than the cold dash of his first experience in the Sunday school was to discourage him.

Respectability is a thoroughly worldly symbol, and, as such, is a dangerous standard for a church.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

A curious tract for Sailors.

The *Sailor's Magazine*, the organ of the Seamen's Friend Society, contains a singular paper, intended for circulation in tract form, and entitled "Copartnership." The paper is in two parts, one of which is a letter, headed, "The Rumseller's Proposal to the Devil." The rumseller, having opened apartments fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds, says to the devil, "Our objects, though different, can best be attained by united action. I therefore proposed a copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours." Then follow a number of propositions, beginning with this: "Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars."

The second part is Satan's reply, most cordially accepting the offer. He adds that for five thousand years he sought for some suitable agent to do his work, but in vain; until the proposal of the rumseller was received. Murder, lust, avarice, war and famine, whom he had successfully employed, did their fell work; but through the mercy of Heaven the souls of most of the victims were saved. These souls, which the evil one now sees he may receive, he requires in behalf of his crown and kingdom.

St. Michael.

The Scripture say but a few words concerning Michael the Archangel, but the Romanists know all about him, as may be seen from the following description in the proclamation of the cardinal vicar at Rome to call for special services in his honor:

"The invincible St. Michael, Archangel, the captain of the celestial phalanxes; the first support of Divine justice; the glorious conqueror of the earliest revolt—that of the rebel angels; the defender of the church of God under the Old and New Testament dispensations; the patron of privileged souls at the tribunal of the inexorable Judge of the living and the dead; he moreover, who is destined to enchain Lucifer in the consummation of the ages, for the eternal triumph of Jesus Christ, His immaculate mother Mary and His immortal church."

A MONTH'S NOTICE IN CHURCH.—A rather singular scene occurred in a parish church not four miles from Padsow. It appears that the rector is very much opposed to persons coming into church after the commencement of the service, and when they do come in he always stops his reading until they are comfortably seated, and then proceeds. It happened a few Sundays since that his own servants—two sisters—came in late, when the clergyman paused as usual, but when he ascended the pulpit, and before giving out the text, he said, "I hereby give you, Elizabeth S., and Kate S., a month's notice to quit my service, in consequence of your coming in late to church." The young women blushed crimson, and the congregation audibly tittered.—*Western Daily Mercury.*

DO PAY THE MINISTER.—The people will be best fed from Sabbath to Sabbath whose godly minister is kept easy in his pecuniary matters, who has an income sufficient, if well managed, to meet moderate wants; and it will continue as long as human nature remains as it is. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," said the Master, nor should the sun go down on his wages; those wages should be equal to his comfortable support, and should be paid to him without peradventure, and always in full, as his bounden right and just due. Thus, being generously supported by a loving people, he will be saved those health destroying anxieties which have many a time eaten out the lives of the best men ever known, and laid them in a premature grave, to the great loss of the church, the community, and the world at large.

Agriculture, &c.,

THE WEEVIL.—Dr. Trimble says the wheat Weevil is not a fly, but a beetle somewhat like the curculio or the pea-bug. There is one kind that infests pearl barley. These are so small that a dozen may exist in one grain. Some of the best wheat districts are so affected with weevil as almost wholly to deter farmers from growing it. It is quite difficult to save the grain after it is harvested. It is sometimes put into casks or close bins, and the surface covered with flour of lime two inches deep. The line is blown out when the wheat is wanted for use. Ships, when once infested with weevil, are unfit to receive another cargo. Barns, also, when infested, become unfit for storing wheat.

Cows.—Do not dry off cows too early, especially young cows. If possible, keep up the flow of milk by extra feeding, etc., until within six weeks of calving. Be careful to have no slippery places where a cow may fall on the ice; the injury may induce alinking (abortion), and this is infectious. If a cow with calf shows symptoms of sickness of any kind, remove her at once to another barn, entirely away from her companions, and keep especial watch upon cows that have slunk their calves in previous years. This is a great scourge to farmers in many sections, and every precaution should be taken to avoid it.

POULTRY.—Poultry probably pays more for the money invested in it than any other branch of farm stock. Treat the poultry fairly, and the poultry will treat you to flesh and eggs accordingly. They need an airy, dry, sunny place, where they are protected from wind and dampness, and can bask in the winter sunshine, whenever it condescends to come into their windows. They like variety as well as sheep. Boiled potatoes, mashed with corn and cob-meal, dry corn, oats, barley and butchers' scraps are all excellent. Corn and cob meal is better than clear meal, as they are apt to get too fat on the latter.

SNOW is very beneficial to land. To a question, Why it is so, the *Agriculturist* answers:

"Snow absorbs from the atmosphere very considerable quantities of ammonia, which is especially abundant in the air near cities, as it is set free from coal or other fuel. It is a warm covering, protecting the plants covered by it, especially such as the grasses and winter grains, from the unfavorable action of frost; for it matters not how deeply the ground is frozen, a good bed of snow lying upon it several weeks will thaw it all, and even permit a growth of grain and grass to take place under it. When it melts, the soil has the benefit of the ammonia, and any fertilizing dust that the snow may have caught, and the snow-water, besides, contains much oxygen—hence, the effects are like those of manure, and the reason for the popular judgment, which is quite right."

BREAD AND BUTTER.—Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we can never tire from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef, and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent, more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran the coarsest part of which gives soundness to the teeth and strength to the brain, is generally excluded. Five hundred pounds of flour gives to the body thirty pounds of the bony aliment, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

This bone is lime, the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphate in the shape of powders or in syrups to cure those declines has little or no effect. The articles contained in those phosphates must pass through Nature's laboratory; be subject to her manipulations in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill. In plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease and building the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether wheat, corn, rye or oats.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

POWER OF AN AXE.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand—a hand as firm in its outer texture as leather, and sunburnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those who complain that they get nothing to do, as an excuse for idleness. Said I: "Jeff, what do you work at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost me two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord. I have done nothing else, and have earned more than six hundred dollars; drank no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen. My axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with." After I left him, I thought myself, "that axe and no grog." These are the two things that make a man in the world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto, "No grog." And then a farm, and a wife, the best of all.