

## Months' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 10th, 1868.

MATTHEW iv. 12: xiv. 3-5: MARK i. 14: vi. 17-20:  
LUKE iv. 14: iii. 19-20: JOHN iv. 1-3.  
Jesus departs into Galilee after John's imprisonment.

Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 22-27.

Sunday, May 17th, 1868.

MATTHEW iv. 4-26: Our Lord's discourse with the Samaritan woman.  
Recite—ISAIAH iv. 1-3.

### Into the Sunshine.

"Speak gently, it is better far  
To rule by love than fear.  
Speak gently; let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

"Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care."

"I wish father would come home," said little Richard.

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said aunt Phebe who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down on the sofa again, and hid himself from sight.

"That's rather, now!" He started up, after the lapse of ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable, nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy a little warmly, "but you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I am not your child; I don't want to be, Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone, she added, "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of the boy, "but what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son, what has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of a cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home, only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance there came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said, cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind, so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father, when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and put his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy." "We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thought and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We return anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

"Speak kindly, speak kindly! ye know not the power  
Of a kind and gentle word,  
As its tones in a sad and weary hour,  
By the troubled heart are heard.

"Speak kindly, then, kindly: there's nothing lost  
By gentle words; to the heart and ear  
Of the sad lonely, they're dear, how dear,  
And they nothing cost."

Church Union.

### April and May.

April has searched the winter land,  
And found May's petted flowers again;  
She kissed them to unfold their leaves,  
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,  
And filled the grass with green content,  
And made the weeds and clover vain.

May's fairies climb the naked trees,  
And set green caps on every stalk;  
Her primroses peep bashfully  
From borders of the garden walk;  
And in the reddened maple-tops  
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

### Prayer meeting.

Much has been written of late concerning prayer meetings; but in all that passed under the eye of the writer, none incorporated this one grand element of success: that of intellectual, as well as spiritual preparation. If a passage of Scripture, or some incident in practical life, or even some peculiar personal experience, was thought over and laid up in the mind and heart, with direct reference to the prayer meeting, then the humblest brother would speak to edification. How often do persons go to prayer meeting with the intention of doing their share in exhortation and supplication, if something is said "to fire them up!" But, how can there be fire, if there is no fuel? Sparks from a guilty conscience—i. e., confession—may do to revive cold hearts; but the steady flame from prepared coals of previous thought is far better—*yea, they are the things that God loves to bless.* How much better to go to the prayer meeting with something to say, than "to wait for something to turn up!" He that will endeavor to prepare for the place of prayer a few precious thoughts, will have the aid of head, heart, and his Saviour. If he expects to distill lyceum privileges, and secure debating-club honors, he must fail in every respect. Holy hearts with empty heads, are guests without wedding garments. It has been stated that, by the means of a stream of water flowing between the rails, engines on English railways sometimes take in water, when making the time of thirty to fifty miles an hour; and the Irish school master proposed to learn himself as fast as his pupils made their appearance; but the Christian in the prayer meeting should not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing.

Prayer meetings are not sustained on the Æolian-harp principle—i. e., for Christians to sit in the windows of heavenly places, and let the winds of heaven make the music, indolent intellectual fingers ought to aid in producing. Sober thought is as much needed in a prayer-meeting as fiery zeal; and premeditated instruction will mould tute thoughts, words, and acts, when spontaneous flash and chronic wails over Zion will be forgotten.—*Congregationalist.*

### Pocketing griefs.

A young pastor was annoyed almost beyond endurance, by an over-bearing deacon and two wrong-headed members, and applied to the late Dr. Sharp for counsel in his perplexities. The wise veteran listened patiently to the story of suffering, and then said: "My young brother, such things are hard to hear, but I suppose your griefs are not peculiar. Every pastor has annoyances from the inconsiderate and perverse of his flock, and if he cannot silently endure them, he would do wisely to consider if he may not have misapprehended his vocation. To have an altercation with the offenders would only aggravate the evils of his position. Besides, he is told that 'the servant of the Lord must not strive.' Let him once raise an issue with a wily deacon, and he will not wish to repeat the experiment. And, then to run away would be cowardly, beside being unjust to the large majority who treat him kindly, and to his successor, who will probably have similar trouble from the same persons. No, my brother, I do

not see that your case is peculiar. Your brethren in the pastoral office all have more or less of a similar experience. Bear, as best you can, with all meekness and prudence. Should you ever come to my years, you will look back upon these trials as small, and wonder that they so deeply affected you."

"But, doctor, did you ever know a case like mine? Have you ever had such troubles, and, if so, how did you dispose of them?" said the inquirer for advice.

The venerable man looked grave, as if saddened by some recollections, and replied, "I have no revelations to make of great sorrows; but I suppose I have had my share of petty annoyances which at the time afflicted my spirit. For many years I have had one large pocket for the deposit of such things, and when that pocket is full I empty it and commence anew. I preserve nothing of the kind beyond six months. If I could not empty my memory, I could my heart, and keep cheerfully about my work."

### Links in a Chain.

The blast that drove the storm-clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The clouds burst, and the rain-drop filled the acorn cup. A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, hopped along the path when the storm was over, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his favorite perch in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his day-dream, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing.

The chant went forth into the great world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents beside the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted—the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song." "My throat would have been too dry to sing," said the robin, "if I had not found that sweet drop of water that was in the acorn cup."

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn cup been there to receive me," said the rain-drop.

"I would not have been there to receive you but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen and unknown channels, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

God is the safety of his people, but we tempt Providence if we do not make use of the necessary means for our preservation.—*Dr. Philip.*

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

## Agriculture, &c.,

### The farmer feedeth all.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

My lord rides through his palace gate,  
My lady sweeps along in state,  
The sage thinks long on many a thing,  
And the maiden muses on marrying,  
The minstrel harpeth merrily,  
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,  
The huntsman kills the good red deer,  
And the soldier wars without a tear,  
But fall to each what'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cherry red the sword,  
Priest preacheth pure the Holy Word,  
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,  
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,  
The tap wife sells her foaming beer,  
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,  
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,  
While pages bring the Gascon wine;  
But fall to each what'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles far and high,  
Wherever river runneth by,  
Great cities rise in every land,  
Great churches show their builder's hand,  
Great arches, monuments and towers,  
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;  
Great work is done bet' here or there,  
And well man worketh everywhere;  
But work or rest—what'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

**COUGHING HORSES.**—It is well known that feeding horses on clover hay often makes them cough, but the why and wherefore may not be so generally known. From observation I have become satisfied that the manner of feeding hay to horses is the cause. The usual custom is to let them draw it through the rack, thus stripping off the fine dust which adheres to the stalk, which being drawn into the lungs in respiration, produces the cough. The cure consists in removing the cause—that is, the racks—and allowing the animals to take their food in their natural way. I have removed all of mine, and now feed my horses on the barn floor, having a breastwork sufficiently high for them to eat over. In this way they can be fed hay without raising dust, they get none under their feet,

and the labor of cleaning out the manger is saved. Whatever is left is easily pushed out with a rake into the yard for the cattle. The dust on the hay will do the horses no harm if taken into the stomach. Since making the improvement above mentioned in my feeding apparatus, I am not troubled with coughing horses. There is no patent on my invention; my brethren can use it freely.—*Ex.*

**EFFECT OF SOIL UPON POTATOES.**—Soil has an influence upon potatoes, aside from their growth. Some soil—a light sandy loam—will produce mellowness where it is wanting, and improve it where it exists. Manure is hurtful to the quality, and especially to the flavor of potatoes. Hence a soil sufficiently rich, should never have manure for potatoes—and a very rich soil is not required for this tuber. A rank growth of potatoes will give a rank taste. The same potatoes raised on a light natural soil, where the only manure has been vegetable—for instance, the carbonaceous matter of new land—will be improved. This accounts for the diversity of opinion in regard to the different kinds of potatoes. The Garnet Chili is condemned by some. We have just heard a man pronounce against them—who gave the preference to others kinds, among which the Peach Blow is one. He had "no luck with the Garnets last year." He raises his potatoes in soil manured from the horse stable. His neighbor has just the reverse opinion. He raised his where little or no manure has been used—some on a discontinued strawberry bed, where sawdust has been applied for mulching, and afterwards worked into the soil, and rotten when the potatoes were grown. This was vegetable manure, and made the difference between the two crops.

There is another element of great value in the potato crop; this is lime. It is probably better than anything that can be used. This, in connection with vegetable manure on a light sandy loam, well drained, will insure the best crop. It will yield largely, as well as of the best quality. On such soil there is also less rot. A moist soil is always to be avoided, if quality is to be considered. For feeding purposes, a rank growth is probably preferable, as more potatoes are generally produced.

The soil should not only be light and loose, but the seed should be well down in the ground not raised in ridges. Five or six inches below the level of the soil will give more moisture—in other words, withstand a drouth better—than when elevated above this level, giving a chance for the air more effectually to dry the soil in which the potatoes are imbedded.

Never hill a potato—or, if hilling will be done, do it after a shower, soon as the ground will permit. Cultivate and keep the soil mellow, especially in a drouth. This is a thing that is much neglected. We do not cultivate potatoes sufficiently. They require much moisture; and unless the ground is well stirred, repeatedly, there will be a great hurt—small potatoes, and few in a hill.

Clay will also improve the quality of potatoes, as well as of other roots and grains in general. But it will not much increase the growth.—*Rural World.*

**SEED POTATOES.**—Farmers are not usually as careful as they should be in selecting their seed potatoes. Some grow different varieties all together, and get all manner of crosses between them. Others, who planted separately, store different varieties in the same bin, where they are hauled over for use and feeding till they are thoroughly mixed, and it becomes difficult if not impossible to separate them perfectly, if one wished to, and too often this is not attempted, and they are planted as they come. A white-meated potato is always better than a yellow one, and they can generally be distinguished. If potatoes get mixed they should be carefully sorted before planting.

Winter wheat in Illinois and Wisconsin passed safely through the cold weather, and promises an immense harvest. In Ohio, where an unusual breadth of ground was sown, much of the grain has been winter killed.

The late high prices for cotton have induced many planters to prepare for putting in much larger crops than was intended.

Many thousand elms have been planted in the streets of Chicago this spring, some of the trees being twenty-five to fifty feet high.

**THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.**—Families, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are alive to the unequalled claims of KADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS as a standard household medicine. They purge without pain, produce permanent regularity of the bowels, allay fever, are a specific for summer complaints and worms, and being coated with gum, are perfectly tasteless.

Price 25 cents per box, coated with sweet gum free from taste. Sold by Druggists.

**NO WONDER.**—So many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases, and when tried "found wanting," that the invalid loses all faith in specifics. We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, to cure coughs, colds, and pulmonary diseases.

At all seasons of the year the rate of mortality from diseases of the lungs is very great. No better remedy can be used than *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*.

A diseased system may be corrected, and its vitalities restored to healthy action by the use of *Parsons' Purgative Pills*.