

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16TH, 1862.

Read—MATTHEW xxviii. 1-20: The Resurrection. Exodus xxxiii. The Golden Calf.
Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 54-56.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 1-14: The divine nature of Christ. Exodus xxxiii: Moses' intercession for the people.
Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 16-18.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

125. Name the things mentioned as Egyptian luxuries, for the enjoyment of which the Israelites longed in their journey through the desert.
126. Where does the first mention of lead occur?

Answers to questions given last week:—

123. Enoch. Heb. xi. 5; Jude 14 and 15. The Apostle Paul bears testimony to the patriarch's faith and its fruits; and the Apostle Jude quotes from a prophecy which before his translation Enoch had delivered.

124. "Appeles, approved in Christ." Rom. xvi. 10.

Don't run in Debt.

Don't run in debt, never mind, never mind
If your clothes are faded and torn:
Fix 'em up, make them do, it is better far
Than to have the heart weary and torn.

Who'll love you more for the cut of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
In fine clothes if you know you're in debt,
And feel that some tradesman perchance you
may meet,
Who will sneer, "They're not paid for yet."

Good friend, let me beg of you, don't run in debt
If the chairs and the sofas are old;
They will fit your back better than any new set,
Unless they are paid for with gold.

If the house is too small, draw closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt now, dear girls; take the hint;
If the fashions have changed since last season,
Old Nature, is out in the very same tint,
And old Nature, we think, has some reason.

Just say to your friends that you cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashions;
That your purse is too light, and your honor too
bright,
To be tarnished by such silly passions.

Gents, don't run in debt; let your friends, if they
can,
Have the horses, fine feathers, and flowers,
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man
Than to envy their sunny hours.

If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say;
Spend your pounds and your pence as you
please;
But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husband, now don't run in debt any more;
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow
To know that a neighbor will call at your door
With a bill you must settle to-morrow.

Oh, take my advice, it is good, it is true;
But, lest you may some of you doubt it,
I'll whisper a secret now, seeing 'tis you:
I've tried it, and know all about it.

An angry Girl.

A very sad thing happened the other day—
A little girl got angry with her boot-strings—
When she went to put on her boot she found a
hard knot, which she jerked and pulled until it
became a great deal harder. "No matter,"
said her mother, "put on your shoes." "I hate
my shoes," she answered angrily. "I shall wear
my boots," and away she tugged at the knot.
As knots never yield to violent treatment, the
child made no headway. She then caught the
scissors, cut the strings, and cut a great gash in
the boot too. "O, my child, you did not do that
on purpose, did you?" said her mother. "I did
—I did it on purpose; the hateful old boot!" she
cried, the veins of her forehead swollen with an-
ger.

Breakfast was ready, and her mother, well
knowing that was not the moment to correct her,
left Bessie alone. Bessie did not appear at break-
fast. After breakfast came worship. "Where
is Bessie?" asked Uncle Charles. Uncle Charles
learning what the difficulty was, went to bring
Bessie; for he hoped that by this time the little
girl had come to herself. She received him with a
sullen scowl. And what do you think she
said? "Get out! get out!" Uncle Charles
was surprised! Was this his pretty little Bessie!
It was—and it wasn't. O! if she had only yield-
ed.

He left her, for the family were waiting, and
they knelt around the family altar without her.

Bessie edged out to the back door. Her brother
James came along. "O Bessie!" he cried, "how
can you behave so? You worry mother almost
to death, and are enough to disgrace us all."

Bessie's eyes flashed. "Quick as lightning," she
gave him one push, and down he fell a flight of
steps. "O!" he screamed. What a scene of
confusion and distress followed!

The bad temper of a child hardly ever did a
worse morning's work than that. Yet it is just
what bad temper leads to. It makes a child un-
filial to the best of parents, unkind to its brothers
and sisters, selfish, cruel, and destructive. If
you do not master it, it will surely master you;
and a bad temper is a terrible master.—*The Child
at Home.*

The Opposites.

"Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves to-
gether, as the manner of some is, but exhorting
one another, and so much the more, as ye see
the day approaching."—*Paul.*

I believe I'll stay at home to-day, as it is rainy
and I don't like to go and spend my time listen-
ing to brother W., for he can't preach much,
anyhow.—*Fear Weather Laziness.*

"Pray without ceasing, and in everything
give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ
Jesus concerning you."—*Paul.*

I can't find time to pray, and then I have so
many things to attend to, and my mind is so
taken up with the business of the day, that I am
not prepared to pray.—*Worldly-mindedness.*

"See that none render evil for evil unto any
man, but ever follow that which is good, both
among yourselves and toward all men."—*Paul.*

My neighbour has done me so much evil and
has acted so badly that I will not stand it any
longer; I'll make him know that I have rights as
other men, and I'll make him respect them.—*Revenge.*

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—*Christ.*

All will be made holy and happy, and there
is no danger.—*Presumption.*

"Content earnestly for the faith once deliver-
ed to the saints."—*Julius.*

Don't preach doctrinal sermons, or you will
offend some people.—*Faint-heartedness.*

"Withdraw from every brother that walks
disorderly, and have no fellowship with the un-
fruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove
them."—*Paul.*

If we withdraw from brother B., he will do
us all the injury he can, and I think we had bet-
ter let him alone.—*Trimmer.*

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his right-
eousness."—*Christ.*

As soon as you get settled in life it will be
easy for you to serve God, but you cannot well
do it before.—*Satan.*

"They that preach the gospel should live of
the gospel."—*Paul.*

I think that they should preach for nothing,
or at least should follow some other business for
their living.—*Covetousness.*

On "Biting One's own Nose off."

"Biting off my own nose! Why, bless me,
who ever did such an absurd and impossible
thing as that?" Hold a bit, my friend! the
thing is absurd enough, I grant you; but not im-
possible, and not, I am sorry to say, very un-
common. You have heard of the men "whose
heads do grow beneath their shoulders." You
have seen, in paintings, John the Baptist carry-
ing his own head in a charger. Well, biting off
one's nose is a not a whit more difficult than
either of these, and a good deal more frequent.

You may bite off your nose for many reasons;
but you will hardly find one that will justify a
resort to so desperate an expedient. Perhaps
your proboscis is not over-handsome. Well,
that is no sufficient reason for biting it off, for
the beauty of your countenance will hardly be
enhanced by its disappearance. Perhaps some-
body has tweaked it; still, the remedy is too vi-
olent for the disease. Perhaps—for the nose is a
striking feature—in one of your fits of revery,
you have run it against a post. The inconveni-
ence may be considerable, but you will not mend
the matter—nor your nose—by biting it off.

Perhaps some careless or half-malicious passer-by
if your proboscis is of considerable dimensions,
has testified his sense of its undue magnitude by
hitting it a sly thump. Take your revenge on
him, if you like, but don't do yourself the seri-
ous injury of biting off the offended member.

You have only made a bad matter worse. You
have done yourself an irreparable injury, because
somebody else, whether thoughtlessly or malici-
ously, did you a slight injury. Perhaps, finally,
your nose has offended you, by snoring too loud,
and thus betraying the fact that you were asleep
during the last Sabbath sermon. If anything
could justify so serious a step, I grant it would
be this. But even here, it is a question whether
the main fault was with your poor nose. If you
had not gone to sleep, your nose would not have
snored. Chastise yourself, therefore; resolve
energetically that you will keep awake in future;
wear, if you choose, in penitence, a haircloth
undershirt; but don't bite off your own nose. In
fact, the snore was a friendly monitor, reminding
you of your wrong-doing, and the nose, like con-
science, should be rather rewarded than punish-
ed for its fidelity.

There are more ways than one of biting off
one's nose. A man bites off his own nose when
he discards a friend who has told him an un-
welcome truth. A man bites off his own nose when,
for some little thing in a newspaper which he
does not like, he sends and has it stopped; and

thus deprives himself and his family of the bene-
fits of a valuable paper, on account of something
in the paper, or in the course of its editor, which
does not exactly square with his views or feelings.
This is one of the worst forms of the act. It is
not physical, but moral mutilation. He is biting
off not only his nose, but his *knows*. A minister
bites off his nose when because his people de-
cline acceding to some favorite project or whim,
he resigns in a passion, and leaves, hastily and
almost causelessly, a good place, where he, on
the whole, was happy and useful. Men bite off
their own noses when, to escape a small fancied
evil, they plunge into a large real one.—*Ex.*

The three best Books.

A devout old man, who lived in a poor and
solitary hut, possessed as much prudence and
wisdom that he knew how to impart good coun-
sel and salutary instruction to each one who
came to him.

A learned man who visited him, wondered at
his wise sayings, said to him, "Whence hast
thou all this wisdom? I see no books in thy
hut from which thou couldst have acquired so
much knowledge."

The old man answered, "And still I possess
the three best books in the world, and I read
daily in them. These books are: The works
of God above and around me; the Conscience
in my bosom, and the Holy Scriptures."

"The Works of God, the Heavens and the
Earth, are opened like a vast book before us;
they proclaim to us the omnipotence, wisdom
and goodness of the Heavenly Father."

"My Conscience tells me what I have to do,
and what to leave undone."

The Holy Scripture, that book of all books,
teaches us how God, from the creation of the
world, has revealed himself to man, and how
the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus
Christ, came into the world, and what he has
promised and proffered, done and suffered, to
to make us holy and happy.—*Mrs. St. Simon.*

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath."

It is a law as fixed and unvarying as that
which regulates the revolution of the seasons,
that he will be found the most established and
steadfast believer who most abounds in prayer.
All who are taught by the Spirit know that
what the air of heaven is to the body—what sun-
shine is to the eye, what spring is to flowers, and
herbs, and trees—prayer is to the believing soul.
Without it, that soul would sicken and die. As
a means of increasing faith, of drawing forth af-
fection, of purifying the heart, apart from all
that is obtained in answer to prayer, this privi-
lege ranks among the foremost in the estimate of
a child of God.

Every new visit to the throne becomes a means
of augmenting the believer's stability; and, as
each season that revolves adds a new layer to
the oak, which, in the end, assists in determin-
ing the age of the tree, each new petition sent
up from the heart to the Hearer of prayer brings
increase of strength, till the soul gradually reach-
es its appointed stature—the stature of a per-
fect man in Christ.

Is the heart fixed in prayer? Is it speaking
in all earnestness to God? Does it feel its wants
and wait on him for a supply? its weakness,
and wait on him for strength? its utter help-
lessness, and wait on him for all that the soul re-
quires? Then its strength will grow: its graces
will multiply; it will shoot up like willows by
the water-courses. The promise is, "It shall
grow as the lily, and cast forth its roots like Le-
banon."—*Pathways of many Pilgrims.*

The great Western Preacher.

A correspondent of the Boston Recorder re-
cently took pains to see and hear the above
named preacher. The following outline of a
lengthy disquisition which he gives, will proba-
bly enable our readers to identify the individual.

1. As to his pulpit—never was there such another:
it is said to be a hundred and fifty feet high. 2.
His voice is well in keeping, being heard for
many miles. 3. He is an incessant preacher, never
stopping; indeed he has preached many ge-
nerations into their graves, and is likely to many
more. 4. He is never weary, and neither
bronchitis nor any other ache or ail has ever
overtaken him. 5. He is great on the doctrines,
and chiefly on one of them—the great power of
God. 6. The number of his hearers, taken in
the aggregate, is beyond computation. 7. Every-
body understands him, and none can fail to get
the grand idea he is uttering. 8. His authority
to preach is undisputed—nobody questions the
validity of his commission. 9. He is a very aged
preacher. 10. He has not yet lost a particle of
his pulpit power. 11. All denominations claim
him, and he suits them all. He is a Methodist,
for he is incessantly active, and has a voice of
thunder. His Episcopacy is clear, for he is fond
of old forms, and roars on in the liturgy of many
centuries. Those who love sprinkling, by get-
ting near enough can be accommodated. And for
those fond of immersion, 'Lo! here are many
waters!' We may add, as an item of further
information, that while some other preachers
have had their "falls," He is continually falling,
and yet his reputation remains uninjured.

A remarkable preacher certainly.

The industrious and virtuous education of
children, is a far better inheritance to them than
a great estate.

There is no revenge so heroic as that which
repays abuse with kindness.

Agriculture, &c.

KEEPING VEGETABLES.

Most persons, says the *Country Gentleman*,
are fond of good vegetables—some relishing one
kind better than another—still, all have a liking
for one or more kinds. I do not know that I ever
knew an individual who had not a fondness for
some one of the several sorts that are commonly
grown. It is, therefore, very desirable to have
them fresh and good, through the winter and
spring, and well into the summer. This can be
done by keeping them in dry sand. My way is
to select, in the fall, at the time of digging, those
that are nice and smooth, and of suitable size—
medium size is best—and pack them in barrels.
I then put in dry sand, sufficient to fill the bar-
rel, and cover the roots entirely over. When the
sand is put in, the barrel should be jogged or
shaken a little, so as to cause the sand to fill up
the interstices, and exclude the air. Turnips,
beets, parsnips, and carrots—if any one likes
them—can be kept in this way, fresh and good,
until well into the summer. We have had turnips
the first of August that were as solid and sweet
as when first dug, and beets in good cooking con-
dition in July. Parsnips are better if left in
the ground through the winter, though it is well
to dig a few and keep as above for winter use.
Potatoes, I think, should not be treated in this
way, as they would be liable to rot. I tried a
barrel a year ago last fall, but thought it injured
their flavor, and caused decay; they seem to re-
quire air.

PREVENTION OF WOOD ROTTING.

To prevent posts and piles from rotting, the
following coating has been recommended, which
is the more suitable since it is economical, imper-
meable to water, and nearly as hard as stone:
—Take 50 parts of rosin, 40 of finely-powdered
chalk, 300 parts (or less) of fine white sharp
sand, 4 parts of linseed oil, 1 part of native red
oxide of copper, and 2 parts of sulphuric acid.
First heat the rosin, chalk, sand and oil, in an
iron boiler; then add the oxide, and with care,
the acid; stir the composition carefully, and ap-
ply the coat while it is hot. If it be not liquid
enough, add a little more oil. This coating,
when it is cold and dry, forms a varnish which
is hard as stone.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.

Place a bridle on him, and turn him into a
large stable; approach him and caress him for a
few minutes, then take hold of his bridle and
turn him towards you, at the same time touch-
ing him lightly over the hips with a long whip.
You will now lead him the length of the stable,
rubbing him on the neck, and speaking to him
in a steady tone of voice. Every time you turn,
touch him lightly with the whip, to make him
step up close to you. He will soon learn to
hurry up, to escape the whip and be caressed,
and in less than one hour you can make him fol-
low you around without taking hold of the
bridle. If he should refuse to follow you, give
him a few sharp cuts above the hind legs, and he
will promptly obey. Give the horse four or five
lessons, of one hour each, for as many days, and
he will follow you anywhere.

TO STOP BLEEDING.

A correspondent of the *American Agricul-
turalist* writes that bleeding from a wound in
man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of
wheat flour and common salt in two parts bound
on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use
a large quantity, say from one to three pints.—
It may be left on for hours, or even days, if ne-
cessary.

TO CURE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.

Take one tablespoonful of alum and two of
saltpeter; pulverize well and mix thoroughly.—
Sprinkle this powder upon the flesh side of the
skin and fold together with the wool out; hang
up in a cool place. In two or three days, as
soon as dry, take down and scrape the flesh with
a blunt-edged knife till clean. This completes
the process. Such skins make excellent saddle
covers.

FLOWERS.

If you don't love flowers yourself, don't quar-
rel with those who do. It is a defect in your na-
ture which you ought to be so sorry for, rather
than abuse those who are more gifted. O! what
possible "use" is the rainbow, we should like to
know? and yet a wiser than you did not think
the earth complete without it.

A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for
advice in his pursuit. He told him what had
been the secret of his own success in farming,
and concluded with the following warning:—
"Never, Sandie, never—above all things, NEVER
get in debt, but if ever you do, let it be for
manure!"

Extraordinary preparations are making every-
where for the manufacture of maple sugar. The
crop promises to be very large.

The weakest living creature, by concentrat-
ing his powers on a single object, can accom-
plish something; the strongest, by dispersing his
over many, may fail to accomplish anything.
The drop, by continual falling, bores a passage
through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rush-
es over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no
trace behind.