

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 10th, 1867.

CONCERT: Or Review of the past month's subjects and lessons.

Sunday, March 17th, 1867.

ACTS x. 23-48: The vision understood. 2 Kings x. 1-17: Jehu's doings.
Recite—PSALM 1. 1-3.

What and How.

"Dear me, Annie," said Aunt Cordelia, opening the stove door to see whether the fire would last through the evening, "it is your birthday, isn't it? Shouldn't have thought of it, if I hadn't heard Sarah just now wishing you a happy new year," and she rattled the dead coal into the pan. "Eighteen, isn't it?"

"No, I'm nineteen to-day."

"My! how fast you are all growing up. Annie, do get me the coal-hod. You never think of the fire till it is just going out,"—and that was the total sum of Annie Grahame's conversation respecting her nineteenth birthday.

If you, that are reading about her, long ago outgrew all birthday thoughts, you will wonder any one should think Aunt Cordelia lost a chance—or that Annie put her hand up suddenly to her throat as if something choked her, as she stepped out for the coal. You are forty, fifty, perhaps. The passing day that marks off one year more from the flying earthly life finds you too busy to reflect, too occupied to do more than glance, it may be, quickly toward the west, and pray a glad, short prayer for strength till the end. You long ago steered your boat into the right current; just to row steadily is all you have to do.

Annie was so much younger. There are not many girls who are very settled and happy at nineteen. They laugh and talk, go to parties, read some books, make calls, alter their dresses, and do a thousand such things that are necessary, but by this time they have done them all a good while. The cry will not be hushed—"What! is this the whole of life?"

Such a question as this was the actual knot in all the tangled mass of questions and entreaties that had filled Annie Grahame's mind through the dull November day—her birthday. A wreath of red berries round a little loaf of cake, and a special kiss all round, had quite satisfied her on these days, till she had counted a good many years—but even at nineteen there are fewer lips to give the birthday kiss, and those red berries only grew in the old garden.

Besides, life had come now. That wonderful future she used to dream about was right here. She was already in it, and "What is it all? What am I amounting to?" she kept saying to herself. "I don't see but I am busy all the time, but it isn't living. When I get through I shall have nothing to show. There's Lizzie Porter. She can draw and paint. I see how she can fill her life up well enough—and Lucy King is going South next month, to teach in a colored school; but as for me, I can't see my way out."

Poor Annie! something definite was what she wanted. Of vague energy and eagerness she had enough. She didn't need so much to be taught, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," as how to find. It is true of half the young Christian girls, who want to serve, and live to real purpose, but don't know where to begin. When they come down from abstract thinking to the regular, hopeless Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, it is coming against a blank stone wall.

Annie Grahame's home was very pleasant. Her father was a stirring man of business—here and there—absent much of the time. The only brother who was left, was in a store in the village—a kind, good-natured man, who moved on in a certain even way, loved Annie, and told her so sometimes, but knew as much of her inner life as the king of Persia. At home every-day was her mother, this unmarried aunt, and one servant in the kitchen.

Mrs. Grahame was a thoroughly practical woman, busy with her dairy and her garden, and more industrious than her sister, who bustled about all day long in a sort of disconnected way.

Between Annie's secret thoughts and this home circle there was a most impassable gulf. They could help her less than she could help herself; only this night the burden seemed too heavy to bear. There was no use in going away to cry over it. She had tried that before. She was in no mood for reading; so she took her unfinished dress, put the shade on the lamp, and sat down to sew on the braid.

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the door-bell.

"O, dear," she sighed to herself; "I cannot talk to-night," but she went to the door.

"O, Mrs. Thayer, good evening," and the minister's wife had a hearty kiss and welcome.

Something in her quiet eyes met Annie's mood. Her mother was out. She untied the strings of her friend's white hood, and sat down close by her with a very wistful look. Now they were alone, if Mrs. Thayer would only talk to her and help her a little. However, it was only by intuition one could have told her thought. She never knew how to speak first.

"Do you know, Annie," said Mrs. Thayer, when they had talked a little about commonplace things, "I often wonder if you are quite contented?"

Annie looked up quickly, and read something in the thoughtful face that opened her heart. She hadn't much to say, for her trouble was

rather intangible—a blank, a sense of life slipping away with no real thing done. "I sew," said she, for John, and I dust the rooms every morning; but most of the things mother would rather do herself; then auntie takes a good deal of care, so I don't seem to be very necessary. The weeks go on, and I don't see what it all amounts to."

"You were through school last summer, were n't you, Annie? You are young for that." "Yes, but father thought I had been long enough; besides, my head troubled me so much when I was studying, it was of no use for me to try to go on. O dear! sometimes I wish I were so poor I should have to support myself. I believe I should be happier."

Mrs. Thayer was silent a minute, pondering, while she drew Annie to her with a caressing motion.

"I understand," said she. "I've lived through it all. I think the great thing for you now is to know just what you ought to do. You want to find the right path between yielding in a lazy way to circumstances and trying to force your dreams against Providence. Suppose we think things over, and see a little."

"Well," said Annie, "I've wanted to go South with Lucy, to teach. I believe I know enough for that; and there's such a need there. But you see I can't stir a step. I'm the only daughter, and they think I'm not strong, so I never could persuade father and mother that it is any thing but nonsense. There's no use in thinking any more of that. If I lived in a large town there'd be plenty to do for poor people, but you know how it is here. There it is—I seem to be so shut up"—and her lip quivered a little as she went round the old hopeless circle again.

"But Annie, dear, God means to have you do something that calls out all your power. If He shuts you up here in this town the work is here. I know what you want to say. You have lived right here so long, with every thing going on in a regular way, you can't break through. You don't know how to get any thing to begin with. It is like putting out your hand to take an apple in a dream; just as you put it out you wake up."

Annie looked up with a smile and eyes brimming over. This was just the trouble.

Mrs. Thayer was silent another minute or two. She knew Annie Grahame didn't need to be directed into seeing home duties better just now. She was already a good daughter and sister. The finer shades of help and home service she would find by degrees if she could once start in the right direction. To go out was the best thing for her first.

The silence was broken rather abruptly. "Can you sew well, Annie? Do you like it?"

"Why, yes, pretty well; but why?"

"You know Mrs. Watts. Did you ever think what she has to do—with her feeble health to take care of her house and sew for those three children? I propose that you take your work-bag the first pleasant afternoon and go down there and sew for her. You can manage it all pleasantly, and you would give more comfort than you can think. When you come away, bring home something to finish. Then if you can, interest some of the other girls in it. If you had ever been very tired and seen piles of sewing waiting to be done, you could feel what good it would do her. Look around then and see if there isn't some one else who needs just such help. I am very sure you couldn't make so much of your life amount to more in any way. Then, Annie, be all the time looking out for little chances to do something for every body you see. If you go over to the post office, don't go dreaming or thinking of yourself, but watching. If you meet Jim Clark, speak to him pleasantly, however sulky he looks. He is one of the kind nobody likes, so a little sunshine like that is what he needs. If you see Martha Cricks, don't say in your mind, 'Pah! how cross and gossipy she is!' but give her a kind word, and try to imagine what made her so; and what she might have been in different circumstances. And so on, Annie; keep it up week after week, watching for little chances in all sorts of ways to make somebody—any body happier—better if you can. Don't let any one slip by your thought simply because he always has. Stop and ask yourself, Now isn't there something for him? You will have to think in a flash sometimes—but do it. Then there is Christmas coming. There are ever so many people here who live right on past all these holidays, and hardly ever know in their lives what it is to have a present. You could make some little things; some cushion, or necktie, or collar, just some small thing, and astonish them with it. It would be such a surprise. It would give a thrill of hearty pleasure to persons who are not used to thrills of any kind."

Annie drew a long breath, while a certain light slowly kindled in her eyes.

"I think I shall have enough to do."

She laid her head down on Mrs. Thayer's shoulder. A silent kiss told the story of a puzzle solved, a lifelong rest and work begun. Her eager desire; her underlying Christian principle of self-denial would develop the little hints into a rare life, a life, however, possible to any girl who is at this moment saying, "What does this all amount to?" and "What can I do?"—W. & R.

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

That writer does the most who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

Singing by Spurgeon's Congregation.

A writer to the *Western Presbyterian* thus describes the singing as he heard it recently of Spurgeon's congregation, London:

The hymn was read entirely through, and each verse was read before it was sung. The singing was started—not led—by a person who stood beside Mr. Spurgeon. I welcomed the familiar notes of *Old Hundred*, and for the first time for several months, essayed to join in singing it. But I was surprised into silence by the manner in which the audience took possession of the tune. The most powerful organ, it there had been any thing of the kind used, could not have led them. The second hymn was announced to be, *Jesus, Lover of my Soul*. The preacher said, "Let us sing this precious hymn softly to the tune of *Pleyel's Hymn*." When the first verse had been sung, and after he had read the second, he said, "Sing it softly!" With a countenance uplifted and beaming with fervor, his book in both hands, keeping time involuntarily to the music, he sang with the congregation. When he had read the third verse, he said, "You do not sing it softly enough!" They sang it softly. It was as though some mighty hand had dammed up the waters of the Falls of Niagara, leaving a thin sheet to creep through between two fingers and make soft, sweet music in its great lap and plunge into the great basin below. Then when he had read the fourth verse, he said, "Now if we feel this we will sing it with all our souls. Let us sing it with all our might;" and the great congregation burst forth into song. It was as though the Great Hand had been suddenly uplifted, and the gathered waters were rushing on their united way in awful grandeur.

I have heard the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, with a great company of their wives, and daughters, and friends, sing *Old Hundred* with a fervor that thrilled me; I have heard oratorios rendered in Exeter Hall by a thousand selected voices, five hundred instruments, and a great organ; I have heard operas rendered in the Imperial Opera House of the French Emperor by a great number of the best vocalists and musicians that could be found in Europe, but I have never heard music so pathetic, grand and soul-stirring as that made by those who worshipped with me in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I was too much carried away to take part in it myself. Mr. Spurgeon always uses those "precious hymns" and the old loved tunes.

The Dutchman's Parental Discipline.

Here is a story with a very personal application:

"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language, "Shon, mine Shon! come here, am! I will tell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a true story, or a made-believe?"

"O, a true story, of course," answered John. "Ferry vell, den. Dere was once a goot, nice old shentleman, (shoost like I) and he had von little boy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him swearing like a young fillin, an I he was. So he went to der winkle (corner), and took out a cowhide, (shoost as I am doing now,) and he took der dirty little blackguard by de collar, (dis vay, you see h) and vallaiped him (shoost so). And den, mine tear Shon, he pull his ears (dis vay) and smack his face, (dat vay,) and tell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do dis efening."

A happy Rejoinder.

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was.

"I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp."

"Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching."

"Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay to a minister to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A POWERFUL INFERENCE.—A Universalist preacher having delivered an eloquent sermon in defence of his peculiar doctrine, that the gospel was only peace and not terror, invited any one to ask questions, or to make such comment as he chose. A young man asked him if he would answer him two questions. "Most certainly," was his reply. "Well, sir, did Paul preach the gospel before Felix?" "Yes, sir." And did Felix tremble?" "He did." The young man then took his hat, and simply said, "Good night, sir," in which he was at once followed by the audience.

HOW TO DETECT A SUGAR THIEF.—A gentleman called on a rich miser, and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke. "I want to ascertain if my servants steal the sugar."

Agriculture, &c.,

March.

During our long winter the farmers' work is chiefly in the woods and in the barn. It is time that a supply of dry wood for the summer's fuel should be brought in, a quantity sufficient to last till sleighing time comes round again next winter. We do not suggest the making of maple syrup or sugar, because it is an exceptional manufacture in this province, and those who find it profitable will not require a reminder that the sugar season is approaching. Every ambitious and industrious farmer will leave off his work in the woods as early this month as he can, and turn his attention to the farm, so as to prepare for spring work. All implements, waggons, &c., should be thoroughly repaired. The winter accumulation of manure should be carted out to the fields, or where it is to be used; this can only be done when the ground is hard or covered with snow. It is time to arrange what crops are to be sown and in what quantities, and to look about to see where the best seed is to be obtained. Farm animals require much care and attention this month. All should be well fed, regularly watered, and protected from cold winds and wet. Cows about to calve are much better of a dose of Epsom or Glauber salts a week or so before calving. The salts may be dissolved in warm water, sweetened with molasses, and poured down the patient's throat by one man whilst another holds up her head. If all cows were treated in this way, we should hear of fewer losses; the medicine clears away all accumulations in the alimentary canal, and lessens the tendency to inflammation, &c. Weak calves are strengthened by having a few raw eggs pushed down their throats from day to day. It is too early for ewes to be lambing now, but the season is approaching, and where it can be done the ewes should be kept apart from other sheep, with plenty of feed and plenty of feeding room; the latter is the more important provision, and is too often neglected. Weak animals should have grain or roots. Poultry of all kinds should be well fed, and the eggs looked for, morning and evening, to avoid destruction by frost. The eggs of geese are very liable to be lost in this way. In severe weather, foxes pay their respects to the poultry.

It is not to be expected that much work can be done in the open garden in March, except to repair fences and other erections. Hot beds require to be made up sometime this month to furnish strong early plants of cauliflowers, early cabbages, tomatoes, ground cherries, and other summer open-air crops. A second sowing may be made in April, when all the above, and likewise late cabbages for a fall crop may be sown. Should the frost leave the ground sufficiently to enable it to be dug, a small sowing of early peas may be made about the end of the month. Sweet peas should also be sown in the flower garden as early as possible, as they require a long season; but it is probable that these operations will have to be deferred till April.—Stocks, asters, marigolds and flower seeds generally may be sown in the hot bed at the end of March. The coverings over beds of Dutch bulbs, roses, &c., should not be removed till next month.—From N. S. Journal of Agriculture.

ERECTION OF A BONE MILL.

On ordinary lands no crops can be got out of the soil without putting in phosphates; the best form of phosphate is found to be Bone Dust.

We have the satisfaction of stating that arrangements have been made for the immediate erection of a steam Bone Mill on Mr. Stanford's premises at the Three Mile House, near Halifax, and that Bone Dust will be for sale in good time for sowing during the coming spring. Parties having crude bones to dispose of will now have a market; and our farmers will be furnished with the means of enriching their lands. It is estimated that bones to the value of \$14,500 have hitherto been annually wasted in the city.—*Id.*

PRECOCITY OF A GAME PULLET.

During the twenty years that I have been a breeder of poultry, I have not had an instance of such precocity as the one I am about to mention. On the 10th of March this year the fowl referred to was hatched. In July she showed signs that she would soon begin to lay eggs. I had her and a cockerel put into a room, out of which they have not been since then. On August 12th she began to lay, and in twenty-eight days laid twenty-three eggs. On the 12th of September I set her with ten eggs, seven of which were fruitful. She has now six fine chickens, and although not yet eight months old, she looks as maternally as her grandmother. —WILLIAM SLATER, in *London Field*.

Never feed grain or give water to a horse when warm from exercise. Sweat is not always a sign of warmth; place the hand on the chest for a test. Water given after a meal is safer than to give it before.

"We never mean to lend an influence to make a reputation for a worthless patent medicine but believe we are doing our readers and the public a favor by calling attention to Blood's Rheumatic Compound. It will relieve pain in any form." —[St. John Paper.]

Furred tongue, heart-burn, piles, distension of the stomach and bowels, diarrhoea, sickness at the stomach, loss of appetite, pain in the side, back or limbs, can be cured by the use of Parsons' Purgative Pills.