

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 22nd, 1867.

ACTS XXIII. 1-18: Conspiracy to kill Paul. 2 Kings XXV. 18-30: The nobles slain.
Recite—ISAIAH VIII. 13-14.

Sunday, September 29th, 1867.

ACTS XXIII. 19-35: Paul is sent to Felix. Esther I. 1-12: The feasts of king Ahasuerus.
Recite—DANIEL V. 25-29.

A bird's-eye view.

FOR CHILDREN.

Quoth the boy—"I'll climb the tree,
And bring down a nest I know."
Quoth the girl—"I will not see
Little birds defrauded so;
Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little eggs to steal;
Leave them happy, for my sake,
Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy—"My senses whirl;
Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl,
Or the feelings of a bird!
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
Tell me what you reckon on,
When you prate in such a strain?
If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they might feel—pain!"

Quoth the girl—"I watch them talk,
Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash-tree walk,
When my daily task is done.
In their little eyes I find
They are very fond and kind;
Every change in song and voice
Plainly prove to my mind,
They can sorrow and rejoice."

And the little robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast),
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.
"What a world," he sighed, "of bliss,
Full of birds and girls were this;
Blithe we'd answer to their call.
But a great mistake it is,
Boys were ever made at all!"
—Aunt Judy's Magazine.

Old Tardy.

Old Tardy is a giant—a great, hulking, lag-gard of a fellow. He was born a great while ago, in the year one, when the world was fresh and new, and there were no graves in it. When he opened his eyes, and saw how beautiful everything was, all in complete order, and under motion, the earth flying around the sun, and the moon and stars singing a sweet, grand song, as they moved along, he did not like it at all.

"Ho!" he cried, "what is your haste? Just wait a little while, till you get settled. I tell you it is not safe to be going so fast as this; the chimneys will tumble off the houses, and the water will spill out of the ocean, and you will have to sop it up with those great sponges you call clouds. Wait a little—you are too young to travel."

But the earth and the stars swept on in the blue depths, quite unmindful of his words. Then he turned his attention to the earth. He tried to persuade the Seasons that they need not be so prompt and regular.

"Just wait a little, sweet Miss Spring. It is very cold, now, and you are so delicate; there is no haste; the fruits and flowers have all the long summer before them." Or,

"My dear Madam Summer, what's the use of your getting in such a fever, about the first of June? It makes you quite red in the face; don't exert yourself so cruelly." Or,

"Mrs. Autumn, don't, I pray you, be in such haste clearing up all the rubbish that extravagant Mrs. Summer has left on your hands; and do not worry about your fruit-preserving, and tucking away things for the winter—plenty of time, plenty of time." Or,

"Hold off! you old, white-bearded Winter; keep your old frosty toes up at the north pole, and don't come stalking through our temperate climate."

But never a Season stopped a day in its course. Springtime and Summer, Autumn and Winter walked through the land like stately monarchs, and heeded not his vain words.

Then old Tardy turned his attention to mankind; and here he found his true kingdom; for six thousand years he has had power over humanity. Many a kingdom he has ruined, many a battle lost. Thousands of golden opportunities he has wasted, many a good word silenced, many a grand deed prevented, many a life has he dwarfed and wasted, many a soul has he ruined—that old giant TARDY.

Sometimes he has seemed to have dominion over whole nations, holding them back from progress and success. Indeed, in the middle ages, he held a tight rein over nearly all the world. But he received some terrible shocks in the fifteenth century, when gunpowder and printing were invented, and the magnetic needle discovered; and at last, when Columbus fished around in the Atlantic, and found America, old Tardy gave a groan, as if all his dominions were passing from him. But he rallied,

and resolved to emigrate, and be on the ground before any one else came. So he came to this country. He had tolerable success here for more than a hundred years; but when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and the square-toed, sinewy Yankees began to stir in Boston streets, it was no place for him. He then went to New-York. There he found some congenial spirits, of the Rip Van Winkle persuasion. But the old race of Knickerbockers died out, when Fulton sent the first steamboat puffing up the Hudson; and when the first railroad was built, the old giant left for the West. He tried Cincinnati, but the climate was too bracing. The first telegraph line that Mr. Morse got to running, gave him such a shock, that he had to go North to the Lakes for his health.

He tried Chicago, but the rashness of this move beggars description. Why, the poor old fellow wasted to skin and bones in less than two weeks, trying to clog the wheels of enterprise in that pleasant village. As a last hope, he went East again, to New Jersey; and now he seemed threatened with slow death from inaction. There was nothing to hinder there; there was nothing going on in the State, and nothing going through it, except the Camden and Amboy Railroad; (that railroad charged me fifty cents extra, once, for going on an express instead of a way-train, and I'll never forgive or forget it.) Well, old Tardy tried to get a situation as brakeman on the Camden and Amboy accommodation-train. But, bless your heart! he kept the brakes down all the time, and made it difficult to get up the usual number of accidents. So the directors were obliged to discharge him.

This last disgrace broke his tough old spirit; and when the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was laid, he retired from public life in America. He took a conservative canal boat, and a mild tempered mule, and started for the Pacific coast. As the sun rises some hours later in that favored clime, no doubt his health is improving. He has built a Castle Despair on the Rocky Mountains, and though not active himself, he is even now doing a large business in the "Stop and Hindrance" line, having established a general agency all over the world. Some of his employees will be whispering in your ears, dear boys and girls, to-morrow morning, about getting-up time, and at school-time there will be another detachment hard at work, and all day long you can hear them:

"Don't be in a hurry." Another time will do just as well. "A few minutes, more or less, don't count anything."

These are the words of old giant Tardy; and if you heed them, some time—O, some time—I fear, he will get you in his clutches, and lock you up in his Castle Despair.—Little Corporal.

A Non-sectarian.

Rev. Alfred Taylor tells this story of a little boy whose case is like that of many others who are lured to churches and Sunday schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday school, Jimmy?" the little fellow replied:

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptists, and the Methodists, and the Presbyterians, but I've been a trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Well Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets liberties, and hymn books, and all that; and when they have picnics I goes to every one of 'em."

What is a Library?

While recently engaged in arranging a large library, a friend came in to lighten our labors by pleasant conversation.

"What is the most common idea of a library?" said he.

"A workshop, perhaps, in which are all manner of tools."

"What is your idea?"

"A dictionary, in which we can turn to any given subject, and find the information we desire."

"Very fair, both these definitions; but I think I know of one much better. When about sixteen years of age, living as a neighbor of Dr. Mason, and also a member of his congregation, I was engaged in helping him to move and arrange his valuable library."

"Hamilton," said he, "you bear a great name a very great name; but it is still more honorable to bear the name of Christ. Hamilton, do you know what a library is?"

"No, sir."

"Well sir it is an army. Do you see those books? They are my soldiers. I am the centurion. I call them down, and make them fight for me, my boy. Now you know what a library is, which is more than most folks do.—Don't you forget it."

SPURGEON.—Col. Forney, the editor of the Philadelphia Press, has heard Spurgeon preach, and writes home that he would rather be Charles H. Spurgeon, surrounded with the love of the rescued souls of the working people of his parish than the lord bishop of a thousand churches of England.

A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions—"Shrouds have no pockets."

For Sabbath School Teachers.

A SCRIPTURE OBJECT LESSON.

I will give you a brief description of our last lesson. The subject was the Transfiguration of Christ. Of course the subject was an interesting one, and not difficult to talk about to scholars old enough and intelligent enough to understand it. But to illustrate and bring out the prominent points of the lesson, so that young and untrained minds could learn them, cost me no little thought and pains. After reading, and thinking, and studying the lesson over, I adopted the following, which I printed upon my Object Lesson Slate:

BLACKBOARD.

Hear	
ye	
Him.	
	Matt. xviii. 5
ALTAR.	\$
	10000
	\$
	\$
	\$
Who?	Jesus.
Why?	He is Saviour.
When?	Now.

Mt. Hermon,
10,000 feet high.
*120 M. Jer.

The printing of the letters, drawing of the altar, and the cross, are done with colored crayons. The slate is sometimes ornamented, and made to look as attractive as is consistent with the character of the subject.

The slate is hung up at the opening of the school, and remains till the close. After the teachers are through with their part of the lesson, the bell is tapped, and the infant class march up to the front seats. By way of enlivening the scene, we usually sing a song before commencing the slate lesson. Then the attention of the children is called to the board. Superintendent asks: "What's the text?" "Hear ye Him," is the reply. If the lesson was not read in the opening exercises—which is usually the case—it is now read. After the Bible is closed we go over and over with it until all are familiar with the verses read. Superintendent asks: "What are those pictures?" Children tell him. "Do you understand why they were put there?" No answer. Then the explanation follows. The picture, represent two dispensations. When the Cross was erected, the altar was forever done away with. There was Moses, the great lawgiver, whom the Jews had been taught to honor and obey above all others, and Elias (Elijah), whom they had regarded as the chief of the prophets. But the voice from Heaven says: "This is my beloved Son. Hear ye Him." He is worthy of far more honor and consideration than Moses, or Elias, or any of the old prophets who had offered sacrifices for the people. He is a "sin offering," and hath suffered "once for all." He is God. Thus the truth of the lesson is brought out (much more minutely than I can write it) so that all can understand it.

I then ask them what I shall write as answers to the questions, Who, Why, and When? Several are given. We only write (in this instance) one to each. First answer, Jesus; second, He is our Saviour and is God; third, Now. The last answer was given by a number and in an emphatic manner, which pleased us all greatly. In every lesson I try to make practical and personal application. The object with us is to lead the children to Jesus. At the conclusion of this lesson I tried to illustrate, in a plain and familiar manner, the great doctrine of the Atonement.

I could say a great deal more, but will occupy too much of your space.—Christian Index

Agriculture, &c.

What is Economy.

This is a subject which is now all the rage among our farmers, and it is amusing to see how well some of them understand it. Their economizing is like that of the man who seeing that his cider barrel was leaking at the spile, turned it over to tighten it, but did not notice that the bung-hole was open and under.

Let me draw you a picture of some of our farmers who are economizing (and there are by far too many such.) He cannot apply any lime this year, because he must economize and can't afford it; or, in other words, cannot afford to spend one dollar now that it may produce ten in a year or two.

He cannot afford to hire a man, and so his corn goes unworked and the crop is materially shortened; his ground is only half ploughed, because he has not time to do it well himself, and thereby loses several dollars to save one.

He does not place his manure under shelter in the spring, because he cannot afford to hire a man to do it, and has not time to do it himself; and yet will tell you if asked that one

load of sheltered manure is worth two of that not so taken care of.

He discontinues taking (if he ever did such a thing) an agricultural paper, and thus places his finger in the spile, and leaves the bung-hole wide open, with a vengeance.

He cannot afford to buy plaster for his clover and corn, although he knows that it will do much to increase his crop; whereas if he were to apply plaster to his grass, he would double or treble his money in a very short time, and the surplus might go toward hiring a hand.

The fact is that he began his economizing at the wrong end. He breaks up more ground, and spreads the same amount of manure—and less labor—over a large surface, and lies under the impression that he is thereby obtaining larger crops, whereas, if he would cultivate no more ground than he has manure and labor for, he would be the richer for it.

The main spring of economy in agriculture is increasing the amount of manures; this is the very item which our economizing farmer omits. Everything which will make manure should be thrown into the barn-yard or pig-pen; the size of the compost heap should be increased; but have all the help you need, for that is, or should be, the last thing to decrease on the score of economy.

There are hundreds of ways in which farmers may economize if they will, and only go at it in the proper manner. If I were going to adopt a more rigid system of economy, I should hire an additional hand, and make him pay his own, and his fellow's wages, even if he did nothing else but collect materials for manure. Our farmers are only just beginning to understand the meaning of these two words, Economy and Economizing.—Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

HAY GETTING WET.—Dr. Voelcker, in a recent paper on hay making, states that rain may fall for days on newly cut grass without injury to it, provided the grass is left untouched; but that when it has been repeatedly turned, causing the crop to become more or less bruised, rain washes out the sugar, gum, and other soluble matters, and causes fermentation, which leads to further loss. For this reason, says the Scottish Farmer, recently cut grass should not be turned in showery weather, more than is absolutely necessary, and in all circumstances the crop should be handled as lightly as possible, so as to avoid bruising the plants.

In order to subject the value of hay which had been damaged in the field by rain to a practical test, some experiments were tried in feeding sheep with clover hay made in wet weather, and which had lain long on the ground before it was carted and stacked. Experiments made by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert had shown that sheep fed on well-made hay alone increased in weight, but in the course of Dr. Voelcker's experiments with bad hay—the experiments being continued for more than three months—the animals lost weight. The results show the folly of supplying animals with bad hay alone; and also that bad hay can be deteriorated by rain, long keeping, and frequent turnings in the field, to such an extent that any amount which sheep will consume is barely sufficient to maintain their original weight, while with ordinary allowances, such as 1½ lbs or 2 lbs. per day, the loss of weight is considerable.

PETROLEUM FOR HORSES' [SHOULDERS.—Joseph Harris, in the American Agriculturist, says that the best thing that he has tried for sore shoulder in horses is crude petroleum. He discovered its healing properties while applying it as paint for tools, by means of a rag held in the hand, which was accidentally sore. He now uses it for sores on all kinds of animals, and for some distance around the sore. Those who complain of the high price of drugs and medicines, may be satisfied as far as the healing properties of this remedy goes, for it may be bought for twenty or thirty cents per gallon, by the barrel, and whatever there may be left, after its medicinal application, will be excellent for putting on all wood articles to prevent them from decaying—such as ploughs, barrows, wheelbarrows, carts, wagons, hoes, cultivators, spades, drill machines, mowers, and reapers, horse rakes, rollers, &c. Use what is termed the light oil, which will penetrate the pores perfectly, and exclude water and air. It is excellent for roofs, sides of barns, and out-houses generally, and may be applied with a small, new white-wash brush.

FOWLS IN FIELDS AND GARDENS.—A writer in the Farmer (Scottish) gives an interesting account of his experience in poultry-keeping, and the good service they did him in ridding his garden of various insects. The birds with which he commenced were silver-pencilled Hamburgs, which, until they were taught bad habits by the introduction of a number of barn-yard fowls, showed little disposition to scratch or otherwise damage the flower-beds. His conviction is, that unless they are allowed the run of the garden in disproportionate numbers, the service they render very far outweighs any injury they may do to seed or flower-beds. In due proportion, independently of the commercial profits of raising poultry for the market, they are undoubtedly the farmer's friends. Ducks, which are most industrious and voracious devourers of insects, have this advantage over their feathered congeners, that they cannot scratch, and have very limited powers of flight over fences and other barriers into forbidden precincts.

The editor of the Woodstock Patriot makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his that has been sitting for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," he says, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick yard, that hen is not for sale."