

## Poetry.

## A PENNY.

"A penny I have, it is all my own."  
Little Charlotte exclaimed in a lively tone.  
"I cannot do much with a penny, I fear;  
But I'll buy myself something to eat or wear."

"A penny I have," little Mary said,  
And she thoughtfully raised her hand to her head

"Both missions and schools want money, I know,  
But I fear 'tis not far a penny can go."

So Charlotte ran off, and some apples she bought.

While Mary her mite to the mission-box brought;

And which of them think you more cheerfully smiled?

And which of the two was the happier child?

## The Family

## Here my Mother knelt with me.

The Rev. Mr. Knill, well known to the religious world in connection with Russia, lost both his parents while he was there. His mother was a pious woman, and he relates the following interesting reminiscence:

"After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both of my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said—'Come, my dear, kneel down with me and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees, just on the spot where my mother knelt, and I thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure, they would pray with their children, as well as for them."

I cite this fact, says a writer in Mrs. Whitelsey's Magazine, undoubtedly familiar already to the most of those who read it here, to bring up a point not often insisted on, in speaking of the religious training of children; and that is, the importance of local association with early instruction and prayer. There is great power in such memories. They are places to which the chains of holy influence are made fast, and they hold the heart long after the child has wandered far from the parental roof, and grown up to the stature of man.

The mother should have a place—a holy place—it ought to be a pleasant place—where she daily takes each one of her little children, to pray with them, and speak to them of the things of eternity. In after years they will think of that spot, and bless God for what they felt and heard when there.

Such principles of association are stronger than we are apt to suppose. Even the greatest of men, and those the most immersed in business, and hardened by long contact with the world, are under the power of religious associations, and these sometimes result in their salvation. One of the Presidents of the United States said to me while in office, and in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly, "I was instructed by a pious mother, and I hope I shall never forget the lessons I received from her lips."

Another President went to his mother's room and prepared his inaugural address, under the power of the feelings which the visit awakened in his soul.

Mothers bind your children's hearts to the home of their childhood; hallow your chamber in their memory by its hours of prayer and holy words of parental love, and when you are dead and buried, the children you have left behind you will cherish the thoughts of it with a sacredness equal almost to that which invests the grave in which you lie.

## Never give a Kick for a Hit.

I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and

horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterward, if my brothers, or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

## The Missionary Box.

Shall I tell you a story, dear children? I remember, when I was a little girl, I liked to hear a story, and so I dare say you do, and I used to like the stories better, if I had reason to believe that they were true. Now, what I am about to tell you, is, I believe, quite true; I heard it myself several years ago, (May 6th, 1829,) from the Rev. George Hazlewood, at the great missionary meeting in London.

In the year 1813, there was a war between England and America. A small English vessel sailing on the wide Atlantic sea, fell in with an American ship, and was captured. Being too small to repay the trouble of taking to America, the American captain resolved to remove the stores into his own ship, take the captain and men prisoners, and sink the ship. With this intention he went on board, and the English captain took him into the cabin, and what do you think there was there, which took the attention of the American? why, a MISSIONARY BOX. In reply to the American's enquiries, the Englishman said, "Ah, sir! that is a box into which I and my poor fellows used to put a penny every week, but it is all over now!" "It is not all over," said the American, "God forbid that I should hurt a hair of your heads; take your ship and your goods, and God prosper you with them."

Mr. Hazlewood said, that he had a little while before, began to relate this anecdote to a person who interrupted him by saying, "You need go no further, sir, for I was in the ship, and heard the captain's words."

Why do I tell this story to you, my little friends? Because I wish you to see the great truth, that the Lord is graciously pleased to look on the smallest effort made in his service. 'Blessed is the man who considereth the poor.' (and who so poor as the heathen?) 'the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' Even a cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord, we are graciously assured, 'will not lose its reward.'

Now read the little story once again, and think of the goodness of God in preserving the lives of the poor sailors, and in saving their ship, by means of their having a Missionary Box.—*Child's Miss. Mag.*

## The Change.

Mr. Buzacott, of Raratonga, relates the following anecdotes:—

"At our last May meeting of the young," said he, "we assembled in a beautiful chapel. At the close, an old warrior got up, and begged the privilege of addressing the children. He began—'Children, you live under a very different dispensation from that under which we lived when I was a child. Then, children were not safe away from their parents; they dared not stray out of their district, for lions—human lions—prowled about, seeking whom they might devour.' I knew a man who had a nice little son, of whom he appeared fond. On one occasion, caressing the little fellow, he said, 'Son you will some day become a warrior.' This was the highest compliment that the parent could pay to the child; and the latter was very much gratified. In process of time, the child became a little stout plump fellow; and the father said to him, 'Son, my appetite for you I cannot control.' 'What?' replied the son, 'I thought you told me I was to be a warrior?' 'I did; but your head looks so fat and so nice;' and without further ado, he killed, baked, and actually ate his own son! This produced no further emotion in the island (such was its awful state of degradation at that time,) than would have been produced in our country by a parent ill-using his child. But these human lions have now, many of them, become lambs. I will illustrate this by another fact. I was once very powerfully struck with the fulfilment of that beautiful passage recorded in Isaiah: 'The wolf

also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.' Our chief, Makea of whom you have heard and read much, and who is frequently mentioned in Mr. Williams' work, was one of these savage lions.—He was accustomed to prowl about with an immense club over his shoulder; and it was his savage delight to butcher whoever came in his way. After he became, I trust, a child of God, I called to see him, and found this former lion sitting with a little child, who was teaching him to read. I could not but call to mind the latter part of that verse—'A little child shall lead them.'—*Children's Friend.*

## Rain.

A determinate volume of air, a cubic foot, for example, at a given temperature, has the property of receiving a certain quantity of vapour, of water in an invisible state, or, as we call it, *humidity*. When it contains all the humidity it is capable of receiving, it is said to be *saturated*. If you increase the temperature it will be able to hold more; if, on the contrary, you lower the temperature, you diminish its capacity for vapour, and in the given case, a part of the vapour would be condensed and deposited in small drops of rain along the outside of the vessel. The moist air here is like a sponge filled with water; reduce its volume by pressure, there will run out a certain quantity of water; in the air laden with moisture the diminution of the temperature takes the place of pressure. We can easily conceive the application of this principle in meteorology. A warm and moist wind, the southwest of the Atlantic, for example, setting from the tropics, comes in contact with the colder air of the temperate regions; its temperature is lowered; it can no longer contain as great a quantity of vapour. A portion of its humidity is immediately condensed into clouds, then falls in rain. Or the opposite: a wind charged with clouds arrives in a warmer and dryer air, comes, for example, from the Mediterranean to the Sahara, as is the case during three-fourths of the year; the burning air of the desert having a much greater capacity for vapour dissipates instantly all these clouds, which break up, vanish, and disappoint the excited expectation of the traveller, who hoped for refreshing rains. Do the moist winds encounter an elevated obstacle, a high chain of mountains, a plateau? Forced to ascend their slopes, high into the atmosphere, they find there a colder air, which condenses their vapours, and the rain flows down along the sides. The wind passes over to the other side of the chain; it arrives dry and cold, deprived of all its moisture, without clouds. The same wind thus brings rain on one side and fair weather on the other. This is what happens every day on the two sides of the Scandinavian mountains.—*Guyot's Earth and Man.*

## Distribution of Rains.

South America is the most humid of the tropical continents; North America the best watered of the temperate continents, but the rains equally distributed; Africa and Asia presents the absolute contrast of dry and moist of the zone of the deserts which touches upon the regions bathed by the rains of the tropics; temperate Asia is the driest of the northern continents. Europe combines the moisture of the maritime climate with a great variety of contrasts; but they are all softened. Australia finally, is the driest and poorest of the continents.—*Id.*

## The Farm.

## TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

It seems not to be very material whether evergreen trees are transplanted in April, May, or June. They may be made to live in either of these months when they are properly taken up and set; as it is all important to take up a sod with the tree, it may be as well to transplant this kind early in the season before ploughing commences.

It is not necessary to take up a long root with a fir, a hemlock, or a pine; but it is absolutely necessary to take up a sod with the roots; and sods will adhere to them better at this season of the year than when the earth is more dry.

There is not much risk in taking firs from good nurseries, for the multitude of fibrous roots that are found in every direction hold enough earth to insure their growth. But pines or firs taken from forests have but very few roots, and they need more care.

The bark that covers the roots of pines and other evergreens is very thin and tender, and when the trees are pulled up and set, as we set apple trees, the bark comes off and not one tree in fifty survives. Long roots are not needed, and the trees may be taken up by cutting around at a distance of twelve inches from the trunk when that is not more than five feet in height.

These trees and clumps of earth may be set when the earth is wet, for there is not the same need of spreading out the roots and keeping them separate as there is when trees are taken up without the earth. Yet it is important in all cases to keep the earth loose, and light, and free from weeds around them.—*Scientific American.*

## Important Hint to Farmers.

The carrot and parsnip, more particularly the former, are a very, if not the most important substitute for the potato. Their nutritious quality, their easy cultivation, and their capability of growing upon inferior soils, render them important auxiliaries to the garden of the laborer, and the farm of the agriculturist. The former will find them a nutritious winter vegetable for himself and family while he will find they admit of the same wide application as the potato, in affording the most nutritious vegetable food for pigs and cows. Both carrots and parsnips, when given to cows, produce milk of a quantity and quality unsurpassed by any other winter food, and the butter is of a fine yellow hue, and wholly free from that disagreeable flavor which renders butter made from the milk of cows fed on turnips so very disagreeable to the epicure. Cattle fatten as well on carrots as on potatoes. They are as valuable food for horses, particularly for colts, and for those that are not very hard worked, and are required to be brought into selling condition. And when we consider the wide application of this root, we can but wonder why it has not been more generally cultivated upon the wide tracts of light sands and loams that are admirably adapted for its cultivation; and can only find a reason in the fact that carrot and parsnip growing is not generally understood by farmers, or that they are considered (when compared with turnips) to be difficult and expensive crops to grow.

Where broadcast sowing is adopted, and where the carrots, or parsnips are sown upon foul land, the cultivation becomes expensive; but when grown upon favorable soil, and under judicious management, there is no other root-crop that gives so good a return for the outlay, or that leaves the soil in so good a mechanical state for the growth of the following crop. The long root of the carrot or parsnip penetrates the subsoil, and not only exerts a mechanical influence, but derives its food from a greater depth than most other plants, and thus leaves the surface soil to accumulate the fertilizing ingredients that are required for other crops.

## Thorough and Enriching Culture.

The *Working Farmer* says that Samuel Allen, of Morris, N. J., rented last year a field which had been planted two years in corn, and gave only 24 bushels per acre. He subsoiled it, and applied 200 lbs. of Peruvian guano and 200 lbs. of bone dust, composted with charcoal dust, costing six dollars; and the result half been that he raised at the rate of 72 bushels of shelled corn per acre.

## Selection of Seed-Corn.

The following extract from a letter received from one of the best farmers in Massachusetts shows with what care intelligent people select their seed corn, and what are the results and inducements for the practice:—"I have plenty of corn in crib—good yellow flint, which does well on our light sandy land; but we never like to trust to our cribs for seed corn, as it may not come up well, from the sweating it gets more or less, by being put up in a large body. I should not like to use it, and could not recommend it to others. I suppose my practice is that generally pursued by farmers in this vicinity. We select at harvest time, and dry with care, as much corn as we think will be required for seed the next year, never using corn from the crib for seed, except with reluctance and in case of emergency. I experienced a loss of some two hundred dollars in one season, from using sweated seed corn, purchased from the crib, and recommended safe by a good farmer who should have known better."—*American Agriculturist.*