

Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There's much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

The Family.

Right Use of Learning.

The late Rev. Caleb Evans, of Bristol, having once occasion to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation to say that he should spend a night in their village, and that, if it were agreeable to them, he would give them a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After sermon he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a teacher of young ministers, we were much afraid we could not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any minister we ever had." "Ay, ay," the Doctor replied, "you entirely misunderstood the nature of learning, my friend; its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood."

IT IS MY WAY—IT IS MY INFIRMITY.—So many will say, when any practice or habit is held up to their view inconsistent with gospel principles and Christian practice. No matter how bad the tendency: if it is only *their way* or *infirmity*, they seem to feel justified. Instead of endeavoring by the grace of God to reform, they continue to excuse themselves, and go on in the old way. The professor who is addicted to foolish talking and jesting, will acknowledge its impropriety; but it is his way, and of course must be overlooked. And if you kindly admonish him, you have but your labor for your pains. So of the snarling and snappish person—it is his infirmity, and there is the end of it. It is no worse than other men in high standing do. But reader, do reflect. Might not the thief, drunkard, or debauchee, say the same with equal propriety? If, because it is our way or habit, we are innocent, so are they. But if we are in a bad way, let us get out of it forthwith, and the sooner, the easier and the better. Better for ourselves and the world around us.

A Chinese Congregation.

[The Rev. Mr. Perkins, a Methodist missionary in China, describes his congregation at Shanghai, as follows:]

There is scarcely such a thing as beginning or ending a sermon in Shanghai, without interruption. One man comes in bringing a crying child, which keeps the house in an uproar for a while, and is carried off by the mother, after no little disturbance. Another brings a good load of *old* fish, which is deposited, perhaps, in an unpleasant proximity to the preacher's olfactory. Another comes with a coop of ducks, and after some trouble he consents to deposit them *outside*, among sundry oolily-loads of grain, vegetables, and oil jars, which have already been left there by those who have too much politeness to bring them inside. Another brings a noisy cage of birds, which he perhaps tries to dispose of, until the preacher succeeds in getting the cage outside, where the birds carol most merrily till the sermon is over. Another commences a conversation with his acquaintance in the *far end* of the room, which it is not always easy to put a stop to; while another reaches out his pipe with a

smoke tube some two feet or more in length, and lighting it a foot or two from the pulpit, he coolly whiffs his tobacco smoke just under the preacher's nose, occasionally starting a huge musquito from his own bare neck, by a loud slap of the hand.

Wilbur Fiske, D. D.

The Ladies' Literary Repository, for January has an interesting sketch of the Life of Wilbur Fiske, describing the difficulties which he encountered in his early endeavors to procure an education.

"I once knew a young man, who, without property or parents, or other friends to help him, at the age of twenty, walked four miles one stormy night, to borrow a Latin grammar, and the next night after having closed a school he was teaching, walked five miles to obtain from a young lady, who, more fortunate than he, had been to 'the academy' some instruction how to study Latin. That homeless youth who took his first lesson in Latin, at the age of twenty from a girl much younger than himself, has occupied for twenty years and more, an important position in the literary institutions of the country, having educated thousands.—Does not that girl, who readily stopped her spinning-wheel to teach him Latin, deserve a part of the reward for the good that has been done by her pupil in the cause of education?"

The Farm.

FARM WORK FOR JANUARY.

Winter is fast passing away. We have now reached the heart of January, the longest month we shall see till March arrives. We have had but little cold weather. Just enough to make us sensible of the contrast between it and the mild days of winter. It will be colder yet before it is over, but never mind—there is fuel enough in the world, and always will be, if we pay proper attention to its growth.

Yoke up the steers now and make them handy. Put them forward of the old oxen and teach them to lead off. Then you can make them stop without beating their noses, for the old oxen understand "who-a." If the steers incline to run off and leave the path, never run after them with a whip. Stop the oxen—back them, and you will soon have the steers. A short whip is allowable after the steers are handy enough to go without keeping close to their heads.

The first snows that come will prove the best for hauling wood, or muck from the meadow. After the snow is deep the wood will not be cut so close, and the sprouts will not spring up so well. And the peat mud that was dug and piled up in the fall or summer will not be so frozen or buried now as in the latter part of winter.

If you have woodhouse room be sure and put your wood under cover before it begins to be dozy—the sooner it is housed after cutting the better will be the wood, though not much injury is done to it while the weather is cold.—White birch wood is very good fuel when it is split in a perfectly green state and sheltered. If it is not split it will not become dry so soon as it will be wanted, for the bark is quite impervious to the air. White birch, split immediately and sheltered, is worth as much, pound for pound, as black oak.

Walnut, rock maple, and black birch will burn well in a green state. Walnut is often worth more than after lying under cover for a year—for worms get hold and waste it. White oak and white maple should always be dried before using. White oak, split and housed while green, is worth more than walnut wood for fuel when both are dry.

Take good care of the cattle in cold weather and let the store pigs have a warm place.—Fowls too must be kept warm if you like winter eggs. Look to the beehives, and let them not be covered so tight with snow as to smother the bees. A beehouse to shelter the hives and the moths on the outside of the hives, is only a nuisance, and serves to protect the "outside barbarians." Set the hives on single posts and let the winds sweep away all the insects that would prey upon them. In winter a board or a door should be so placed that the sun will not heat the side of the hive and drive the bees out on the snow. Let not the hives stand in a very cold part of the garden—or in a very warm part.

Cut up the feed for your cows and make it wet if you milk them in winter. If you use a little meal you can mix meadow and English hay together on cutting it up. Flat turnips and husks should be used in the fore part of the winter

Bill, and Tom, and Lizzy must attend school constantly now "the Holidays are past."—Members of Congress must be taught to look to their ways, and it is to be hoped they will attend strictly to business and set a good example to children at school. Not a day should be lost till the school closes.—*Ploughman.*

Guano.

Does Guano afford a permanent improvement to the soil, or does it act on the first crop, and then leave the land as poor, or poorer than it was before? This is a question so often asked, we will once more answer, that it is like all other *stimulants*, whether applied to man or the soil; unless furnished with "some other food, the effect will not be permanent. But give the land a small coat of marl, manure or green crops for the guano to work upon, and then it will be found that the effect will not only be beneficial to the first crop, but several succeeding ones. None but the genuine Peruvian guano can be depended upon.—"Manufactured guano," in many cases, is nearly worthless.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

EFFECT OF THE N. Y. AND ERIE RAILROAD ON THE BUTTER AND POULTRY MARKET.—Fifty thousand dollar's worth of butter has been shipped on one boat from Newburg, at one time; while twenty to thirty thousand dollars' worth, as a common freight, used to be frequent before the New-York and Erie Railroad was completed. This road somewhat lessened the freighting business of Newburg, but added immense amounts to the New York market of almost everything that is eatable. A few years ago, turkeys, ducks, and chickens were hawked about the streets of Oswego, begging for buyers. But now, if you want an article of that kind, you had better snap at the first offer, or it is off for New York. And eggs are eggs for a surety there now.—Railroads are wonderful revolutionizers.—*Id.*

Effect of Railroads on the Market.

Whether the railroads leading into New-York have a tendency to cheapen produce in the city, we cannot say; but certain it is, they have greatly enhanced the price at the farmer's door. We were struck with this at Binghamton, the other day. The price of poultry has more than doubled. Butter is within two cents of the weekly average in New-York. Vension used to be a common dish upon the tables of the quiet villagers of that once inland town; but now they cannot afford to pay the two shillings a pound that the city epicure will pay in New-York, where it can be sent in the morning, and served up for supper the same day.—*Id.*

Beginning of the Year in Various Nations.

The Chaldeans' and Egyptians' year was dated from the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in the spring; but in civil affairs they retain the epoch of the Egyptian year. The ancient Chinese reckoned from the new moon nearest the middle of Aquarius. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs date their year from the 16th of July. Dremchild, or Gernchild, king of Persia, observed, on the day of his public entry into Persepolis, that the sun entered into Aries; and in commemoration of this fortunate event, he ordained the beginning of the year to be removed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. The Brachmuns begin their year with the new moon in April. The Mexicans begin in February, when the leaves begin to grow green. Their year consists of eighteen months, having twenty days in each; the last five are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service in the temples. The Abyssinians have five idle days at the end of their year, which commences on the 26th of August. The American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the moon at the vernal equinox. The Mahomedans begin their year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Venetians, Florentines, and the Pisans in Italy, began the year at the vernal equinox. The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed, which was the first of March. Under the Carolingians, it began on Christmas-day, and under the Capetians on Easter-day. The ecclesiastical begins on the first Sunday in Advent. Charles IX. appointed, in 1564, that for the future the civil year should commence on the 1st of January. The Julian calendar, which was so called from Julius Caesar, and is the old account of the year, was

reformed by Pope Gregory in 1582, which plan was suggested by Lewis Lilio, a Calabrian astronomer. The Dutch, and the Protestants in Germany, introduced the new style in 1700. The ancient clergy reckoned from the 25th of March; and the method was observed in Britain until the introduction of the new style, A. D. 1752; after which our year commenced on the 1st of January.

Hints to the Baldheaded.

According to the following extract from an editorial article in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, the easy and sure way to prevent baldness, is to go bare-headed, or wear a well ventilated hat:—

A refined civilization has brought with it a train of physical evils which it is in the province of science to controul or subdue. Our tight hats, our warm rooms, closely fitting caps, silk night caps, from which the perspirable matter cannot escape, by their combined agency, in connection with other influences, and not always easy to define, bring off the hair prematurely and turn it gray, sooner than personal vanity is willing to exhibit such evidence of decay. And this is not all; the skin is actually in a low state of disease, the effects of which are recognized in the accumulation of dandruff—desquamation of the epidermis.—The bulbs of the hair are inflamed also from the same, and from year to year the hair degenerates and becomes thinner, and not unfrequently ends in baldness. On all that part of the head not covered, viz., from the back side, between the ears and on the temple, the hair generally remains to extreme old age, however much the vortex may be denuded.—If females wore equally tight covering, the hair would probably suffer very much in the same manner; but their light, airy bonnets admit of ventilation, and hence a bald-headed woman would be a phenomenon. Who ever saw a bald-headed Indian? We have had an opportunity of seeing various tribes, in all the freedom of an unrestrained savage life, but a sparse head of hair we have never noticed. Atmospheric exposure conduces to the luxuriance of the hair and a healthful condition of the scalp.

Lord Ross's Telescope.

In an English scientific paper it is stated that the light of the star Sirius, seen through this telescope, a six feet reflector, by the unprotected eye is unsupportable, yet when properly viewed, the air appears as an intense, sharp bead of light. The same authority states some of the difficulties in working in speculum metal, which is as hard as steel, and yet so brittle that that a slight blow will shiver it, and so sensitive to changes in temperature that a little warm water poured on the surface will crack it in all directions. A deviation of one hundred thousandth part of an inch from the parabolic form, would render a reflector of such size as Lord Ross's telescope optically imperfect, and one of a millionth of an inch could be detected.

Irish Linens.

England, with all her unjust legislation against Ireland, has not been able to destroy the linen manufacture. The rapid growth of Belfast is in consequence of this business.—There are now at work 52 mills, with 312,000 spindles, circulating wages to the amount of \$1,500,000, on a capital of \$7,500,000 invested in buildings and machinery. The exports of Irish linens reach \$20,000,000, and 300,000 persons derive a maintenance from the manufacture. The facilities for growing flax are great in other parts of Ireland, yet the work-houses are crowded with "able and willing, but beggared industry," only for want of science and capital to use these facilities.—Belfast, where science and capital have been found, has a population of more than 100,000, while in 1821 it had one of only 33,000.—Much of the flax used in the manufacture of linens, instead of being raised in Ireland, is imported.

Its shipping is upward of 70,000 tons, which is equal to that of Dublin and Cork united.—In 1786, the entries at the port were 772, the tons 34,287; in 1847 they were 4213, the tons 538,523. The yearly value of imports is five millions sterling. The postage receipts £6000.

China.

A single piece of China, before it is finished, employs forty hands, from the man who pounds the flint to the designer and colourer.