

## Hearth and Home.

### A TALK WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT THE MONTH.

"Hail charming May!" Everybody welcomes the month of May, "for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Any taste of cold weather we may now have can be but transient, and however things may look, we know the summer is nigh.

How pleasant to be able to take walks in the fields and woods once more, to see the green grass and the blooming flowers, and to drink in the balmy air of spring. But to enjoy the full happiness thus to be obtained, we must walk with God in the fields and woods, behold his wisdom in the bursting vegetation, and feel his love shed abroad in our hearts. No doubt there is a certain pleasure in looking at nature with eyes that see only the creation, and fail to behold the Creator; for there is an inherent loveliness in these objects. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time," and beauty cannot fail to excite admiration and pleasure. But so plainly is the name of God stamped on his works that those must be blind, indeed who do not read it everywhere. The "eternal power and Godhead" of the Creator are so distinctly declared by his words, that even the very heathen are left without excuse, "because that when they knew God, they glorified him, not as God, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Fools indeed they must be who don't feel convinced by the wonders of nature that there is a God. One of the ancient heathen philosophers was convinced of the Divine existence by reflecting on the fact, that if all men were to unite their skill and energies they could not make a single fly. He reasoned rightly. Only God can create. When we see flowers spring forth we should reflect on the wisdom and power they display. Some young ladies make very pretty wax flowers, but not all the



MAY.

ladies in the world, young and old combined, could make a single real living flower.

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove that God is here,  
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,  
Proclaims his power in language clear."

We all admire and love flowers. Let them remind us not only of the Creator, but of the Redeemer. He compares his beauty and grace to the fairest and sweetest flowers, saying of himself, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." Do we thus esteem Christ? Is His name fragrant as the rose, and beauteous as the lily to us? Do we think Him "the chief among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely?"

"Nor earth nor sea, nor sun nor stars,  
Nor heaven his full resemblance wears,  
His beauties we shall never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face."

—♦—♦—♦—  
TO CURE A FELON.—When indications of a felon appear, take a piece of rennet and soak it in warm milk until it becomes soft; then apply it to the part affected, renewing it occasionally, and keeping on until a cure is produced.