

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1856.

Subject.—CONCLUSION OF CHRIST'S DISCOURSE WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

For Repeating. For Reading. John xvi. 7-12. | John xvi. 17-33.

OCTOBER 5th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.

For Repeating. For Reading. John xvi. 24-27. | John xvii. 1-26.

A COLUMN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Eighteen Things.

In which young people render themselves very impolite:—

- 1. Loud laughter. 2. Reading while others are talking. 3. Cutting finger-nails in company. 4. Leaving meeting before it is closed. 5. Whispering in company. 6. Gazing at strangers. 7. Leaving a stranger without a seat. 8. A want of reverence for superiors. 9. Reading aloud in company without being asked. 10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude. 11. Making yourself the topic of conversation. 12. Laughing at the mistakes of others. 13. Joking others in company. 14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents. 15. To commence talking before others are through. 16. Answering questions when put to others. 17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And— 18. In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker.

A well bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

Sit Upright.

"Sit upright! sit upright, my son!" said a lady to her son, George, who had formed a wretched habit of bending whenever he sat down to read. His mother had told him that he could not breathe right unless he sat upright. But it was no use; bend over he would, in spite of all his mother could say.

"Sit upright, Master George!" cried his teacher, as George bent over his copy book at school. "If you don't sit upright, like Master Charles, you will ruin your health, and possibly die of consumption."

This started Master George. He did not want to die, and he felt alarmed. So after school he said to his teacher.

"Please, sir, explain to me how bending over when I sit can cause me to have the consumption."

"That I will, George," replied his teacher, with a cordial smile. "There is an element in the air called oxygen, which is necessary to make your blood circulate, and to help it purify itself by throwing off what is called its carbon. When you stoop you cannot take in a sufficient quantity of air to accomplish these purposes; hence, the blood remains bad, and the air cells in your lungs inflame. The cough comes on. Next the lungs ulcerate, and then you die. Give the lungs room to inspire plenty of air, and you will not be injured by study. Do you understand the matter now, George?"

"I think I do, sir, and I will try to sit upright hereafter," said George.

Nature and Grace.

A plain man, in a prayer-meeting, lately illustrated the conflict described in the seventh of Romans thus: Nature in the Christian, said he, often reminds me of an apple-tree of mine, that I grafted many years ago. It had a very large top, and I cut it all off. Then I put in about a dozen grafts, all different kinds of fruit. Every one lived, thrived, and bore well. But every spring, from that day to this, the old trunk has sent out shoots below the grafts, almost by hundreds; so that if they were not regularly cut away every year, they would have drawn all nourishment from the grafts, prevented their bearing fruit, and finally killed them.

Selections.

The "blind Christian," at Mount Vernon.

After a pleasant ride of five or six miles over a rough road, we arrived at the Washington estate, which, I believe, contains about three thousand acres of land, and is in possession of a distant relative of General Washington. In all my excursions through this region I was surprised at the condition of the farms. Much of the land appears worn-out and abandoned, and that which is cultivated seems poorly attended to. If it were in the hands of Pennsylvania and Ohio farmers, would it not soon be reclaimed? Its vicinity to the great cities ought to prevent its abandonment, unless it be much poorer than I suppose. At the outer inclosure an old negro woman stood to turn the gate on its hinges for the sake of our metallic tribute of thanks. On leaving the carriage, our first object was to see the tomb. Looking through the railing of an open vault, we saw the sepulchre which contains the remains of George and Martha Washington. Adjoining was a closed vault, which, we were informed, contained the remains of about fifty of the distant connections of the great and good man. We found masons engaged in adding another slab to the number already there, in commemoration of a grand-niece of the illustrious soldier who died in the prime of life, and shortly after her marriage to a gentleman of New Orleans. I never was so forcibly reminded of the transitory glory of this world as when standing on this hallowed spot.

It was well for Washington that he had no descendants. Had he left children inheriting his superior powers, they would have constituted a kind of aristocracy; had he left a family of a different description, they would have diminished the veneration which the nation spontaneously accords to his name. There seems to have been a happy providence also in the period of Washington's death. Did he not close his eyes at the time best for his own fame?

From the house we passed to the garden. This is inclosed by a brick wall, built under the direction of Washington himself, and is tastefully laid out in various geometrical figures, all bordered with box-wood. Within these beds are flowers of almost every description, many of which are in bloom in the month of April. The gardener, a good-natured, modest, but talkative old man, took great pains and pleasure, too, in showing every interesting object, and letting us into the domestic history of the General. "Do you see that wall? well, the General built that. Do you see these beds? well, the old General wrote to the king of Germany for a gardener."

But why should I narrate the conversation of the old man, since a hearsay of a hearsay has no authority in law, and you may consult the witness for yourself.

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, white-washed and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her eyes. She was one of the most wretched looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression—a mere blank; or, as Mrs. Royal said of Dr. C's, "like the but-end of a log of wood." By an invisible attraction, and without any consultation, we were drawn in a semicircle around the old woman, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. X. "Old woman, did you know General Washington?"

Negro. "Yes, sir, I knew him well."

Mr. X. "How old are you?"

Negro. "I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

Mr. X. "Have you any children?"

Negro. "Yes, but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned querist, and rising her drooping head, she said, with a firm voice and a deep solemnity and interest, "Are any of you soldiers of Christ?" There was silence. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with evidence and perplexing embarrassment, "we don't know." As he stammered out his reply I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honorable man; but he stands confused before old Quashee. "O, yes," rejoined the old wo-

man, with a voice of flute-like melody, "O yes, if you are soldiers of Christ you know it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment, increased by mutual sympathy. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and Christian sympathy. I understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart as I gazed upon her, whispered, "glory to God!" and I verily believed, had my companions been cedars of Lebanon, I should have tried a shout. Brother P. was the first to break the silence by saying to me, "Brother T., this is good doctrine."

Mr. X. "Old woman, are you blind?" Now, he need not have asked this question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eyeballs toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "No, blessed be God! though I am blind to things of this world, I am not blind to the things of the Spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its door-way, her spirit's feet already resting upon the green of heaven, and her soul's eyes opening on its rainbow hues.

Mr. X. "Old woman, you are very old and must soon die."

Negro. "Yes blessed be God!"

Mr. X. "Well, you are old, and sickly, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

Negro. "O, no, I wait God's time; I learn to suffer as well as to do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls for me."

Mr. X. "What church do you belong to?"

Negro. "In the language of this world, I belong to the Baptist church; but when we get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a member of the church of Christ."

Now, when you talk of moral sublimity, don't point to Alexander conquering the world, to Hannibal surmounting the Alps, to Caesar crossing the Rubicon, to Wolfe dying in the arms of victory, to Lawrence wrapping himself in the American flag, and crying, "don't give up the ship!" Here is a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in mountains at her feet; yet, looking up into heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said within myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This blessed Christianity, is thy triumph. Philosophy may teach man to endure without a murmur: it belongs to the Gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in affliction."—Dr. Thompson's Sketches.

Take a Religious Paper.

The influence of a good religious paper in a family, can hardly be over-estimated. It stimulates to activity in every good word or work, enlarges the range of vision, and quickens the pulse of thought and feeling. Every minister who has watched narrowly the families in his congregation can testify to the truth of the following statements.

There is a great difference between families who take our church papers, and those who do not. They differ in many respects, but we shall here notice only a few.

1. In the first place, families who take our church papers are found to be more intelligent, and more disposed to be virtuous and pious; they possess more general information, on all subjects, and more accurate religious knowledge.

2. They generally support the pastor more liberally, and pay his salary more promptly and cheerfully.

3. They contribute more largely for missions, for the education cause, for colleges and seminaries, and for all the benevolent enterprises of the church, and are generally more useful.

On the other hand, it will be found that, in those families in which a church paper is not taken, there will be:

1. Less general information, and great ignorance about religious matters.

2. There will be a disposition to pay their minister the smallest possible amount of salary, and less effort in general will be made to provide for his wants.

3. There will be but little knowledge of, or interest in, the benevolent operations of the church.

4. In such families the children, having no religious reading provided for them at home, will generally manage to get reading of some kind, whether moral or immoral, light and licentious, as it may happen to be; and being thus reared under pernicious influences, they will grow up immoral and unprincipled, live without God, and die without hope. These are some of the points of difference generally found between families who take a religious paper, and those who do not; and we solemnly ask every one whether the influence of a religious paper in a family is not worth a thousand-fold more than the paltry price of the subscription.

Agriculture.

Fall Plowing.

The advantages of Fall plowing may be enumerated as follows:

1. In autumn, the team having become inured to work through the summer, is more vigorous and better prepared for labour than in the spring, and other farm work is less pressing in its demands upon the time and attention than in that bustling period. Let all the plowing be done which is possible in the fall, and still the spring work would give abundant employment to the farmer and his teams, in drawing manure, cross-plowing, cultivating, harrowing, &c.

2. In the fall, low, moist, lands are generally in better condition for plowing than in spring time. We say generally, for this season low, moist lands are decidedly moist, at present. Still, we cannot hope for any better state very early next year, and if plowed as they should be, wet lands will suffer very little from water, through the winter.

3. Stiff, heavy soils, plowed in autumn, undergo, by the action of water and frost, a more thorough disintegration—clays are pulverized and crumbled, and heavy loams and hard pan lands are acted upon in a like manner and with like benefit.

3. Heavy, coarse swards, full of rank weeds and grasses, can be better subdued by plowing in the fall—their roots are more apt to die out, and far less liable to sprout again than when plowed in the spring. The turf is better prepared, by its more advanced state of decay, for the use of the crops which may be sown or planted upon it.

5. Fall plowing disturbs the "winter arrangements" of numerous worms and insects, and must destroy a large number of these pests, and also their eggs and larvæ. This is a minor advantage, but one worthy of consideration, especially on lands infested with the wire-worm.

The principal objections to fall plowing are these:

1. The loss of that fresh friable condition readily permeable to air and moisture, and the consolidation of the soil by long exposure to changing and stormy weather. This, on soils of a light character, is a very serious objection to plowing in autumn.

2. The loss of vegetable matter and the gases of the same while in a state of decay, is another disadvantage. The latter is but a small loss, if the work is done late in the fall, but often, on hill sides, a large part of the soluble and organic matter is washed away by the heavy rains of winter and early spring time. The soil is also consolidated by the same influences. Heavy swards thus situated would sustain less injury than light swards or stubble lands.

The advantages and disadvantages of this practice may be appropriately followed by brief directions for performing the work.

1. Do it in the best manner.

2. Throw up low lands in narrow beds and cut cross furrows and drains sufficient to carry off at once all surface water. This will obviate one great objection to fall plowing.

3. Plow deep and narrow furrows—such will best secure the action of the ameliorating influences of frost upon the soil. A rough broken surface is better than a smooth one for this purpose.—Rural New Yorker.

Celery Plants.

Is there any danger of getting too much, or too strong manure, especially liquid, around celery plants after they get fairly to growing? (a.)

Do they require more water than most other plants? (b.)

Do you draw the soil about the stalks until they are nearly grown? (c.)

Why not set the plants upon the top of the ground and then hill up? (d.)

Thorndike, Ms., 1856. J. B. THOMAS.

REMARKS.—(a) There is. A liberal, not an excessive, manuring, is all the plant requires. Especially, unfermented, liquid manure should not be freely applied.

(b) When first transplanted celery requires watering and a soil quite moist; after that, perhaps no more moisture than beets or parsnips.

(c) For winter use, there is no need of drawing the earth about the plants, until within two or three weeks before frost is expected, say about the first of September, and then do it at once, keeping the leaves carefully gathered up.

(d) A slight trench of three or four inches we regard as more convenient than a level, or a trench of a spade's depth. Without any trench it is difficult—without removing a large amount of earth—to cover the stems of the plants; and with a deep one the earth is constantly rolling down and obstructing the young plants.—N. E. Farmer.