

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 5th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.

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

OCTOBER 12th, 1856.

Subject.—THE APPREHENSION OF CHRIST.

For Repeating. For Reading. John xvii. 1-3. | John xviii. 1-18.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rupert Rudolph's Letters to his Cousin. [No. 3.]

DEAREST COUSIN,

While we are often deploring the situation in which Providence has placed us, and thinking our lot is hard, perhaps if we consider both sides of the subject impartially, we may discover, in many cases, benefits likely to accrue from the "disadvantages" to which we are particularly liable. While we are compelled to employ our personal and assiduous labors on the farm, it follows of course, that we shall not form habits of indolence and inactivity, with [that disgust for the most noble and useful of civilized employments,—active labor in the cultivation of the soil—which to a lamentable extent corrupts the higher and wealthier grades of society. An industrial occupation also inures us to hardships and difficulties; teaches us not to be alarmed at trifles and imaginary troubles, which prove as nothing before the step of him who has courage to march onward despite their futile opposition,—an indispensable characteristic to ensure success; and then, it produces robust health, improves the constitution, gives a strength of body which is often conducive to intellectual, as well as physical achievements. It adds stimulus to the brain, and elasticity to the muscle; it gives ability to the nerves to endure immense effort, while those of a weaker body would vainly endeavour to reach what others capable of greater endurance can readily attain to. Although this is usually the case yet there are some exceptions; those of a fragile frame have been at times famous for intellectual exertion—the wonder of their time.

Watts the sacred, sublime Psalmist of ages till time shall be no more, was as frail in body, as he was stupendous in intellect.

Again, while we are obliged to labor for our subsistence, we are likely to form habits of economy and frugality, while our money is scarce we are able to appreciate its value; we lay it out to the best advantage, we do not indulge in vanities and trifles—superfluities and luxuries—which not only serve to create ostentation and arrogance—sad blemishes to a good character; often destroying health, and unfitting us for mental exertion, and disqualifying us for good society.

Labour habituates us to every-day life; affords opportunity for speculation, in nature's wide domain; we gather "philosophic" illustrations in humble circumstances, and levy scientific contributions on the vast resources of the fields and forests.

Individuals, also, who are compelled to undergo a course of self-education, in the face of poverty and disadvantages such as we are considering—often distinguish themselves, for originality of thought and fertility of invention. In all their struggles and efforts, their own thoughts have been brought into requisition to guide them. They have been taught to think for themselves—they have not depended on foreign auxiliaries, but have dispensed with extraneous aid. No experienced eye penetrated the dense cloud before them, no kind hand painted out the hidden path they were destined to pursue. They have been compelled to bring into action every latent faculty; no sleeping power was left untried, that could accelerate the work of progressive knowledge. Under such circumstances, the thoughts are naturally elicited to a greater extent, their powers of invention have been more strikingly developed, than those who have depended on and merely obeyed the motions and precepts of an educated guide.

Experience has been their stern teacher; and he has reared them in a school of severe discipline. Confident in their own strength; they have frequent occasion to measure their abilities. Their life has thus been a continuation of battles and victories; though they be worsted for a time, perseverance and energy repels the opponent that vainly endeavoured to impede their prospects. With them, misfortune is the precursor of success, disappointment the herald of victory.

RUPERT RUDOLPH.

For the Christian Messenger.

HOME.

How full of meaning this little word! What a delightful music in its very sound to every sensitive heart. What vast numbers have had their exhausted natures invigorated by the thought of home. How many have to talk about it, and when far away, spend many long hours in thinking, talking, and even dreaming about, their "home sweet home" a place dearer to them than all the world besides. The little child loves to speak of its happy home. The merry schoolboy treads lighter and quicker as he approaches the place of his birth. And when it is no longer "safe to call him boy!" when he has left his home to finish his education in some "famed institution," he oft in thought, visits the place of his nativity, and when, on his return home, the distant mountains of his childhood are spread in broad array before him, how his breast heaves with delight, as he anticipates the glad meeting with brothers, and sisters, and parents, who in days of yore, were wont to greet him as he approached his home. The young man in seeking for pleasure, finds no place equal to that where he is loved. The man of business, when called away from home, hastens back to the affectionate embraces of loved ones; The man of years, will scarcely leave the cherished spot, for there are centered all his enjoyments.

Surely, there is a tie, invisible it may be, that firmly binds us to the old home-stead, and causes us to linger around it, there we first breathed the pure air of heaven, and were taught to speak our mother tongue. There the free, and happy hours of our early days were spent. There we have roamed over meadows, and through groves in search of flowers, or perchance chase in wild glee, some vain butterfly as it glided from blossom to blossom, evading our grasp with perfect ease. There, we have watched with delight the lambskins gamboling on the bank of the musical brook, or perhaps the funny tribe that sported in those waters. There we were taught to pray, and virtue's path to tread.

Truly our early days, were happy days, for there was nought to mar our enjoyments. The cold world, with its trials was unknown.

Time glides on in its rapid flight, our school-days are finished, and we are called to bid adieu to our pleasant abodes, to witness far different scenes, as we tread the earth with the realities of life surrounding us, driving away the day dreams of youth. But is home forgotten? Ah, no! for when memory carries us back through the vista of years, and brings us around the scene of other days, a flood of ideas rush into the mind, and overflow it with thoughts that the pen refuses to describe.

I never left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the chords of kindness drew me,
And have gladdened me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom
For the days that are departed
And the place I called my Home.

EVA.

Old Gordon and his Laddies.

John Gordon, who died near Turriff, Bang-shire, some time ago, attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighbouring inn of Turriff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, "where they wad see," she used to say, "the auldest man i' Bang-shire—ay, in a' the world." Among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man employed in knitting hose, with, "So my old friend can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age."

"D—s in the man! it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three, ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man! I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "O, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon—he's i' the yard there!" The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the "Battle of Harlaw." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John; "but I am thankful that I'm able for't, as the laddies, pur things, are no very stout, now!"—Glasgow Railway Journal.

Agriculture.

Work of the Season.

On the Farm.—Gather the weeds from your crops before they scatter their seeds, and carry them, while they are green, to your hog pen. You will then supply your pigs with food, add to your supply of manure, and take steps to reduce your labour next year.

Select your seeds for planting. Pick out the best, while they are growing, and mark them, so they may be kept separate from the general crop, and be properly preserved.

Improve every opportunity to open drains for the improvement of the wet portions of your farm.

Keep your fences in good order, as your neighbor's cattle may prefer your pastures or cornfields to the fields where they belong; and a little attention, on your part, may save your crop and the good will of your neighbor.

Loose no opportunity of adding to your manure heaps. Gather weeds, muck, sea-weed &c., and add, occasionally, a little lime, plaster, &c. Provide a shed to protect the manure from the weather. The expense of such a shed will be saved in the quality of your manure, and the quality and quantity of your first crop.

Attend to your carrots and other root crops. Keep them free from weeds, and loosen the soil between the rows.

Where rye is used for soiling it may be sown now. Rye is highly recommended for this purpose. It comes in earlier than almost any other plant, and it will be ready for the scythe in the Spring, by the time the root-bin is empty.

Attend also to such animals as you are fattening. "An animal will lay on fat and flesh much faster now than in cold weather." They should be kept full fed, and should have a variety of food. Pigs should have all the green corn they can eat.

In the Garden.—Rape seed may be sown for early greens in the Spring. It is sufficiently hardy to withstand the Winter, and produces top-shoots or sprouts very early in the Spring.

Onion seed may also be sown now, to stand over the Winter.

Strawberries may be planted. Let the ground be dug deep. Set them in rows eighteen inches apart, and the plants twelve inches apart in the rows. Press the earth firmly to the roots, and water them well.

If your pruning is not finished, do it at once, paring the surface smooth, and covering the wound with red paint, grafting wax, or some other substance to keep out the wet.

In the Flower Garden.—Tender plants should be taken in early, and all should be in before the 20th inst.

Prepare the ground for hardy bulbous roots, and plant Snowdrops, Crown Imperials, Cyclamens, Gladiolus, Lachenalias, Lillies, Ornithogalum, Oxalis, and Crocus.

Carnations, Daisies, Primulas, Hydrangeas, and other half hardy perennials, should be taken up, divided carefully at the roots, and put into moderate-sized pots.

Seeds of Schizanthus, Ten-week Stock, Mignonette, and such others as may be desired to decorate the parlor and green-house should be sown now.

Preparations for making new gardens should now be made, the ground well manured, deeply dug, and properly trenched.—N. Y. Chron.

Swedish Horses.

"In Sweden the floors of the stables are planked, and the planks are perforated with holes, so that wet will not lodge on them—the bare boards being the only bedding allowed. To this lodging the Swedes attribute the soundness of their horses' feet, as it is quite uncommon to meet with a lame or soundered horse in Sweden which has been so stabled."

Nothing more need be said upon this point. It appears neither cushions for the feet nor bedding for the body are used in Sweden, but their horses are made hardy by omitting these kind practices. Is it not a mistaken kindness that we deal so largely with bedding?

The comparison is not inapt, hard beds for man and hard floors for horses, in either case, to promote health. An elm plank floor or oak is cheaper and better than pine for horse stalls. All dealers and raisers of horses may learn a good lesson from the Swedish paragraph.

H. POOR.

HOW TO GET RID OF EMMETS.—Wet a large sponge in sugar-water, and lay it on the shelf; when it is filled with ants, drop it into cold water, and drown them. If put into hot water, the ants are killed in the sponge, and occasion much trouble in removing them.

Temperance.

Tyranny.

Tyranny has endless modifications, from the despot that rules with a rod of iron, down to the petty boss that blusters and bullies over a few menial dependents. It has its ramifications also in the various ranks and classes of society. We hear much said by certain parties about the despotism of imposing a prohibitory law upon the community, but in their love of licentious liberty they overlook the tyranny, right down tyranny, they exercise over other people. Most assuredly it is no ordinary tyranny to tax temperance men to defray the expences of the crimes and pauperism produced by the intoxicating drinks which others have enriched themselves by selling to the poor wretches who suffer from them. This would be bad enough in itself—a sufficient burden for the temperance community to bear, but in addition to this we have to submit to the cruel despotism of liberty, a liberty-loving rowdism, disturbing the peaceful rest of the Sabbath, and breaking in upon the repose of our midnight slumbers. If we know anything of tyranny it means a trespass upon the natural rights of others, and certainly it does not require a formal syllogistic logic to prove that every man has a natural right to recruit his wasted energies for the battle of life without disturbance.

An Intemperate man reformed.

At the recent annual meeting of the Temperance League in Glasgow, Scotland, the Rev. W. Reid delivered an eloquent address. He referred to the death of one of their most zealous and devoted agents, Mr. James Stirling. Mr. S. had been, at one time, a man of very intemperate habits, and Mr. Reid stated the following as the manner in which he had been led to reform, and become so earnest a labourer.

While he would be absent on his drinking rambles, his wife was usually employed in reading a chapter to the children. On returning home one night from a drunken revel, his wife was reading the passage—'And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left.' (Matt. xxv. 23.) On opening the door, he heard one of the children say—'An' will father be on the left haun?' The words sank deep into the father's heart. That night was an awful night for James. Ere the morning dawned he had resolved never to drink again. He sought an interview with the minister, and proposed to him the formation of a total abstinence society.—He consented; James signed first, and eleven followed, some of them for a certain number of years.—When asked by the minister how long he had pledged for, James firmly replied, 'For ever, sir.' During sixteen years of his life, after his reformation he visited 466 places, each of these on an average about ten times, and thus addressed about 4,600 public meetings. During the last few years he had been so infirm that he had to be carried out to the meetings, so that he might with his latest breath advocate the cause which had been the means of doing him so much good.

Making Sin respectable.

A short time ago, a minister in commenting upon a new license law in a neighbouring State, said the object of that law was to make rum-selling respectable, by confining it in the hands of a few who should attend to it in a regular and proper manner. He thought it might be well to try the same plan with other sins, and, seeing men will commit them, try to have them committed in a respectable and orderly manner. Instead of having sheep-stealing, for instance, to be performed by miserable scamps, it should be made a respectable business by licensing deacons and other persons of good repute to do all the sheep-stealing in the town, in an orderly and proper manner; requiring them to pay a certain portion of their proceeds into the public coffers. He thought sheep-stealing was not so injurious an occupation as rum-selling; for the sheep-stealer leaves the rest of a man's property; while the rum-seller often takes all, and steals his reason, and the happiness of himself and family besides.

Our Opinion of Tobacco.

The editor of the "Middle States Medical Reformer," published at Millville, Pa., in answer to a correspondent who asks his opinion of "tobacco chewing," thus expresses himself:

"Though treading on sensitive ground, we shall not refrain from placing our opinion upon record. We view the use of tobacco as a vile, pernicious and expensive habit. It is derogatory to the virtue of personal cleanliness, injurious to health, and a perpetual drain upon the purse. Its tendency is to engender debility, imbecility, disease, and premature death. It tends to exhaust and derange the nervous powers, to induce dyspepsia and all its kindred evils, and as it is a recognized principle in nature, that whatever enfeebles the body must, in the end, and in the same degree, enfeeble the mind, it reaches the intellect, and exerts a ruinous effect upon the mind. Thus affecting body and mind, it should be totally abandoned. Yet we painfully realize the fact, that the habit is on the increase. O, could those young men who are about learning its use, but realize the evils it has in store for them, they would turn away with loathing and disgust, and never touch the "vile stuff" again.