

## Teachers' Department.

## Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 3rd, 1858.

Subject.—THE DUTY OF PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION AND THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

James v. 1-3.

James v. 10-20.

OCTOBER 10th, 1858.

Subject.—THE CERTAINTY AND EXCELLENCY OF THE DOCTRINE AND PERSON OF CHRIST.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

James v. 10-12.

1 John i. 1-13.

## THE QUESTIONER.

## Bible Questions.

32.—What were the only two signs given by our Lord to the Jews, when they asked a sign of him, not content with his miracles? and to what event in his history did they both refer?

33.—To what does the Bible compare a faithful messenger?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 69.

Queen Esther charging Haman with plotting the destruction of herself and all the Jews in the kingdom of Ahasuerus.—ESTHER vii. 1-7.

[In the Key to Bible Questions last week the answer numbered 31 was incorrect. It should have been:—

31.—Those used for food.—DEUT. xx. 19, 20.]

## The Fallen Youth.

I went a few weeks since into a goal to see a young man who had once been a Sabbath School scholar.

The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and led us through the long, gloomy hall, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room, where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without all was beautiful; the green fields the sweet flowers, and the singing birds, were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these—no, never again could he go out—for he was condemned to death! Yes he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it; only twenty years old, and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him and talked with him. "Oh," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheek, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about I killed him. Oh, if I had minded what my Sabbath school teacher said, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come this—I should never have been here."

It would have made your heart ache, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child, like you; now he was a poor, condemned, wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper; and as he grew older he went with bad boys, who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk, he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him he said, "Will you not pray for me?" and he added, "Oh, tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers and keep away from bad companions."

## The Disappointing Dream.

What a saddening picture is that drawn by a popular writer wherein he describes the last night of a condemned criminal. After much bitter agony the wretched man falls into a deep sleep. Contrary to the general opinion that our immediate waking thoughts influence our sleeping imaginations, the convict dreams of days long since gone by. His village home, his early companions, are all before him, and he seems living in freedom and security. The scene of his marriage is acted over again, he loves, and is beloved. His stern, silent, watching companion looks at him, and sees with wonder that a smile lights up his crime-worn countenance. Just then the prison clock strikes, and pierces the ear of the slumberer below; it sounds like the hour of doom, and it is to him the knell of all earthly hope. He awakes from his pleasant dream to sleep no more, and to feel the fearful reality of his fate. The fading lamp, the gloomy prison walls, the dull sound of the hammers of those who are preparing his scaffold,—all tell him where he is, and what is before him. The answer to his first anxious question, "What o'clock is it?" tell him that he has only three hours more to live! Alas, for him, what a sad awakening! what a disappointing dream!

Can anything more terribly disappointing than even this take place? It would seem impossible;

but we fear it is not so. To how many is the whole of life a dream, a delusive unreality? They pass through it imagining and expecting all sorts of things, and awake in eternity to find everything, entirely different to what they had been thinking about nearly all their life long.

Some find life to be a great dream; they flit along from one thing to another, admiring and being admired; enjoying life as they say, and living only for that low, and selfish purpose. Some have a troubled dream. They grope through a variety of scenes and sorrows, troubles and perplexities, and are the subjects of various tumultuous passions, ever "seeking rest and finding none." Some find life an earnest dream. Who has not at some time or other had a dream, in the course of which a long period has seemed to pass away, and much, very much, appeared to be done that was (had it been real) important? Such is the life of many. Business, politics, cares of various kinds, fill up existence; and had there been no God above them, or soul within them, or judgement before them, we should say that they had lived a real life; but seeing that GOD, the soul, and eternity, were after all the only realities to them, and that these had been neglected by them, even this life of incessant toil must be called "a dream." Oh, what awakenings there are in eternity for those frivolous, anxious, bustling beings who are continually passing into it! "It shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh, but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint." The fancied feast is over, the "pleasant bread eaten in secret," and the sweet "stolen waters are vanished" (Prov. ix. 17, 18). "The guests are in the depths of hell." "The gulf is fixed." "The drop of water" is wanted, but can never be obtained. "O that men were wise, they understood this, and would consider their latter end!"

How diligent should those be whom God has awakened, in endeavouring to rouse the slumberers. They are like those escaped from a burning house in which others yet remain sleeping in security, and dreaming gay dreams. The apostle felt this, and knowing that Jesus had "saved him from the wrath to come," "he became all things to all men, that if by any means he might save some."

## The Queen's Visit to Leeds.

Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and a portion of the Royal family, left Osborne on Monday morning, the 6th inst., at a quarter past eight o'clock, for Cowes, embarking on board the *Fairy* screw yacht, at half-past eight o'clock, en route for London.

At half-past nine o'clock the Royal train left Clarence-yard for London. Neither her Majesty nor any of the Royal party left their carriages at this point. The engine was shunted, and another having been supplied, the train moved away from London amidst the cheers of the assemblage.

The *Leeds Mercury* supplies an account of her Majesty's arrival at Leeds, from which we learn that, long before the hour at which her Majesty's arrival was expected, all the available accommodation in the vicinity of the central station was occupied, and many thousands of people who could not obtain a position whence they could hope to obtain a glimpse of the Royal cortege repaired to other parts of the route to Woodsley House. Spacious galleries and platforms had been erected by the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Great Northern Railway Companies, at each side of the joint station of the companies for the purpose of affording the employees and others an opportunity of seeing her Majesty. One of these galleries commanded a view of the carriage-road leading from the station, and the others a view of Wellington-street. These were crowded, and their occupants waited in good humoured expectancy until the salute by the battery of Royal Artillery gave intimation that the Royal train had arrived. As the train was backed into the station the assembly gave vent to their feelings in a very enthusiastic manner, and immediately afterwards her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Princesses Helena and Alice alighted from the Royal saloons, the Queen being received by Lord Derby, as the minister in attendance, Sir Harry Smith and the Mayor. Immediately on her Majesty alighting the Mayoress presented her with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, and the Royal party were then conducted to their carriages outside. After the lapse of about five minutes the Royal cortege left the station. The Mayor's carriage, containing his Worship the Mayor, the Mayoress, and the two Misses Fairbairn, took the lead; the Royal carriages, three in number, followed, escorted by a squadron of the Yorkshire Hussars, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Beckett, and a squadron of the

2nd West York Yeomanry, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Pollard. The two first carriages, each drawn by two horses, contained the suite of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and the third, drawn by four horses, was occupied by the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Princesses Alice and Helena. After the escort came a carriage containing the domestics of the Royal household. Two or three minutes later, the Mayor's carriage, containing his Worship, Mrs. Fairbairn, and the two Misses Fairbairn (who drove at speed from the railway station, to be ready to receive her Majesty on her arrival at Woodsley House), was seen to enter Park-street, and being mistaken for the carriage containing her Majesty, was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty. The error, however, was speedily discovered, and cheers were then given for the Mayor. The military escort, after an interval of a few minutes, drove up, and was the signal for all to expect her Majesty's approach. The carriage and four, containing the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Helena, and the Princess Alice, was immediately afterwards seen in Park-street, and the Royal party was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, hats, &c. Such was her Majesty's reception until her arrival at the Mayor's residence, which, about half-past six o'clock, received within its walls the first Sovereign of England who voluntarily visited Leeds.

On the 7th, her Majesty and the Royal party proceeded to the town for the purpose of opening the new Town Hall.

The procession moved along Clarendon-road St. John's-road and entered Woodhouse Moor, at the south end of the reservoir where the Sunday school children, 30,000 in number, were assembled.

Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and Princesses, were escorted by the Mayor to the south principal entrance of the Town Hall. On entering it, her Majesty was rapturously cheered as she had been during the long line of procession. The Queen and Prince Consort, with the Princesses, advanced to the dais, the members of the Corporation standing on the right, and the magistrates of the town and county on the left of the throne.

An appropriate prayer having been offered up by the bishop of the diocese (Dr. Bickersteth), her Majesty declared the hall opened, amidst the acclamations of those inside. The Mayor, Mr. Peter Fairbairn, was knighted. The cheers were taken up by the people outside, and ran rapidly through the town. A Royal salute was fired, and the National Anthem was played on the organ, and sung in chorus, the company standing.

Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, F.R.S., the Attorney General for the Duchy of Lancaster, and Recorder of Leeds, read an address which had been agreed to by the Mayor and Corporation, after which the Mayor and Recorder had the honour of kissing hands. The members of the Corporation were then presented individually to the Queen and the Prince Consort.

The Royal Party partook of luncheon in the Mayor's private rooms, which were elaborately fitted up for the occasion.

Another Royal salute was fired, and in a few minutes, amidst the cheers of the vast multitudes of people along the line of railway, the Royal party resumed their journey northwards.

Everything went off satisfactorily. Perhaps the Queen was never received before with so many manifestations of enthusiasm. Some hundreds of thousands of people were in the town during the day, but through the precautions which had been taken no accident occurred.

We were present at the performance of Mr. S. G. K. Nellis, at Horton's Hall, and must readily admit that we were no less amused than surprised at the astonishing dexterity with which he makes his feet supply the place of hands. We shall not particularize the various feats we had the pleasure of witnessing, but the highest commendation have been bestowed upon him wherever he has performed. In him we have an instance of what may be accomplished by a strong mind, aided by indomitable perseverance and untiring industry. Mr. Nellis is one of those to whom nature seemed rejoiced to place the most paradoxical qualities. Although born without arms he is well formed, sprightly, naturally intelligent, and well educated. The feats he performs are palpable, and solely the effect of his own unaided exertions, and even surpass the announcement on his bills, marvellous as they may appear.—*Maine paper*.

TEMPERANCE REVIVALS.—There seems to be a general waking up in behalf of the cause of temperance, all over New England in particular, and there seems to be far less difficulty in enforcing the laws against all sorts of drinking-houses than formerly. This is exceedingly encouraging. We hope soon to see the time when there will be just as little feeling against the enforcement of any law against the crime of rum-selling as against any other crimes. At the rate change has been going on for two years past, the day is not far distant.—*Maine Journal*.

## Agriculture, &amp;c.

For the Christian Messenger.

## A WARNING.

"BEWARE OF FRAUD IN FRUIT TREES"

Is the heading of an article in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, and I think it is time our Provincial papers were giving the same warning. Agents for nurseries were round this part of the Province last Fall, and contracted to deliver Trees from 3 to 6 feet long in the Spring, for 1s. 6d. each, by the quarter of a hundred—the smallest number they would book to any one individual. Only subscribers would get them at that price. When the trees arrived last Spring, many were disgusted by being obliged to take small scrubby trees in the bundles of 25, whilst those who did not subscribe opened the bundles and picked the best of them at 1s. 6d. a piece.

Now, Mr. Editor, you, and perhaps many others, may think this of no great consequence yet it shows the character of the men. If they depart from their word in one instance, may they not in another? How do the people know they are getting what the trees are labelled? Popular names to be sure, yet perhaps not so true to their kind.

"There has," says an American paper, "been a regular swindle carried on in various parts of the Union for some time past in the sale of Fruit trees. These trees are said to be manufactured in obscure parts of the States by a short process called sprout grafting. It is done by taking the roots of old trees in the winter, and cutting them up in short pieces, into each of which is grafted a scion. They are then packed away in the cellar till Spring, when they are set out, and in two years they answer to cheat the greenies with. They will grow very well in a nursery, like trees raised from suckers, for three or four years; but, like them, they soon come to a stand, assuming the appearance of old and decrepid trees. Many kinds grown in this way, that are naturally good bearers, will hardly bear at all.

Another trick of these sharpers who travel the country with printed catalogues, copied from the lists of some of the most extensive Nursery-men locating their establishments in some adjoining State, with which they travel and procure subscriptions, and then start on a voyage of discovery to find trees to fill their orders, of the lowest quality and price, without the least care to adapt the tree to the climate for which they were intended. They attend to the packing and labelling without any regard to kind or quality, their only care is to put the number and the same names ordered to each bundle. Trees for the south have all southern popular names: those for the west have names that were never heard of by growers of trees. The consequence will be that purchasers will be totally disappointed in the quality of the trees. "It is," says the *Maine Farmer*, "a regular wooden nutmeg operation."

Now, my dear Sir, I wish the readers of the *Messenger* to be on their guard, and as many others as will profit by this timely warning. Buy no trees until you know the character of the seller. Those tree-pedlars will be on the ground this fall to try the trick of last. Blue-noses wake up! Encourage honest men, those of your own country in preference to others, but at all events try to know what you are getting, and let the first gull be the last that these tree-pedlars of Hickory Ham notoriously shall get out of us.

Yours very truly,

Lower Steuacke, Sep. 14th, 1858.

## A cheap Feed for Swine.

Happening to call upon a lady a few days since, not a milliner's shop one, but a well educated one, who knows what it is to grapple with the practical duties of life in the kitchen and the parlor equally, and who now is compelled to provide for her orphaned children,—I saw in her kitchen a new mode of providing food for a pig. She had caused a large boiler to be filled with weeds which her little boys pulled up about the premises, for she superintends a small farm, and these were being boiled. More were added from time to time, till the whole kettle was filled with well boiled greens. These, when done, were taken out with a pie slice and well cut up. A little bran and the slops from the kitchen were added and fed to the pig. She remarked that he seemed to like the feed and to thrive on it. The boiled weeds were, she thought, worth as much as the same bulk of boiled potatoes. Of course, I waited on the pig while at dinner, and found both an appetite and rotundity that would do credit to a candidate for city aldermanship. This was a new feed to me, and the experiment seemed successful. It can be no more work to boil the weeds than potatoes, and if they answer, any farmer has weeds enough about his premises to save not a little in raising his swine besides benefiting his land, by boiling them up.

Hinsdale, N. H. 1858.

J. H. A.