Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 23rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE xviii. 1–17: The parable of the unjust judge. The Pharisee and Publican. EXODUS xi.: The Israelites borrow of the Egyptians.

Recite—LUKE xvii. 26–30.

OCTOBER 30th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xviii. 18–43: The danger of riches. EXODUS xii. 1–28: Instructions respecting the institution of the passover.

Recite—LUKE xviii. 15–17.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 16th to the 29th October, 1859.

Last Quarter, October 19, 1. 28 Morning.
New Moon, " 25, 8. 18 Afternoon.
First Quarter, Nov'r. 2, 0. 4 "
Full Moon, " 10, 9. 5 Morning.

P.M. Day Wk.	SUN. Rises.	Sets.	MOON. Rises.	Sets.	High Water at Halifax.	Windsor.
16 SU.	6 36	5 24	8 10	11 11	10 21	3 14
17 M.	6 37	5 23	9 15	A. 14	11 0	4 14
18 Tu.	6 39	5 21	10 32	1 9	11 44	5 13
19 W.	6 40	5 20	11 38	1 48	0 9	6 11
20 Th.	6 42	5 18	morn.	2 34	1 12	7 7
21 F.	6 43	5 17	1 8	2 50	2 39	7 59
22 Sa.	6 45	5 15	2 25	3 13	4 8	8 49
23 SU.	6 46	5 14	3 44	3 32	5 27	9 38
24 M.	6 48	5 12	4 56	3 58	6 21	10 27
25 Tu.	6 49	5 11	6 13	4 21	7 6	11 17
26 W.	6 50	5 10	7 29	4 49	7 49	aft. 10
27 Th.	6 51	5 9	8 44	5 22	8 30	1 4
28 F.	6 53	5 7	9 53	6 3	9 10	1 59
29 Sa.	6 55	5 5	10 54	6 54	9 48	2 55

*** For the time of HIGH WATER at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

*** For HIGH WATER at Annapolis, Digby, &c., and at St. John, N. B., add 3 hours to the time at Halifax.

*** The time of HIGH WATER at Windsor is also the time at Parrsboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

*** For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

Farmer Pike's Grandson.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Leaning on Him, make, with reverent meekness,
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him, shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil."

"Well, Aunt Esther, what *did* he say?"

"Yes, do tell us, what *did* he say?"

Cousin Alice Lake echoed eagerly my words, as our aunt came into the sitting room where we were lounging away the pleasant summer afternoon.

I see her now, though half a score of years has the grave dust hidden that face from the eyes that loved it, as she came through the door, with her soft, slow step, with her lilac colored silk shawl, and her Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with white satin ribbon. Aunt Esther Lee was our father's only sister; and she had been a childless widow for many years, the latter half of which she had passed at our house.

Cousin Alice Lake was passing the vacation with us. There was not a year's difference in our ages, and we had been schoolmates from early childhood, and I believe sisters seldom love each other as we did.

That afternoon Aunt Esther had started out on a visit to Farmer Pike's, the rich old widower, whose great yellow brown house stood on the turnpike half a mile from our house.

Farmer Pike was a strange, hard man; you would have felt this, with one glance at his strong, rugged features, his iron gray hair, and large muscular person that had not bowed itself with the weight of three score years.

He lived with his housekeeper and his hired men, in the great yellow brown house, an honest, industrious man, but without a single affection, or social sympathy, in the world; with a life as cold, and stark, and barren, as a desert over whose bosom no running spring winds its necklace of jewels; in whose dry, dead-heart, no sweet flower opens its soft lips to the sunshine.

Yet Farmer Pike's life had its tragedy, so I believe all lives have, if we only could unlock the hidden cabinets, where they are laid away from every eye but God's.

Many years ago Farmer Pike had married a woman much younger than himself; a woman with one of those gentle, shrinking mimosa natures, that seemed to have few points of sympathy with his coarse, rugged character.

However, I believe they got on well together, and it is probable the gentle, tremulous wife called out whatsoever of tenderness there was in the coarser soul of her husband. At last, a son was born unto them, and the delicate mother fell into a decline, and before her boy's life had covered its third year, the grass had laid its green covering over the mother's head.

Mrs. Pike and Aunt Esther Lee were schoolmates, and had always been friends; so the forplaced Joseph under her care, and he continued to reside with her, until at my mother's death, which occured several years later, my aunt came to us, and the boy went home to his father.

Joseph was a warm-hearted, but terribly self-willed boy. My aunt had more influence over him than any other person, for she loved him almost as though he were her own child. I believe, too, Farmer Pike was very fond of his bright, handsome boy, but he was a cold, undemonstrative man, and he and Joseph never got on well together.

As the boy grew older, his father determined upon making him a farmer, but Joseph's active energetic nature revolted at this life; he was bent upon going out into the world and trying his fortune there. I know the old yellow brown house witnessed some terrible contests between the father's will and the son's determination; there were harsh threats on one side, and sullen resistance on the other, until worn out by these things, Joseph made up his mind to run away and go to sea.

He did this with his usual rash impulsiveness, and then Farmer Pike, in his wrath, lifted up his hand, and swore solemnly that Joseph should not inherit a dollar of his property; that he would never see or speak to him again to the day of his death. And he kept his word. He lived in the yellow brown house, a lonely, childless, old man, broadening his acres every year, and broadening, too, by his cold, selfish, unproductive life, the distance between him and the Kingdom of Heaven.

One day in the late spring, however, an old man and a little gold-haired child stopped at our house, and asked for Aunt Esther Lee.—Then for the first time in all these years, we heard of Joseph Pike.

Life had been with him "no dance of roses," but a long hard struggle. He had married young and his children had been taken from him, and at last his young wife had been laid beside them leaving him only the gold-haired boy that stood before us.

Joseph inherited the delicate constitution of his mother, and his health had failed under all these trials. He had wandered from place to place with his motherless boy in search of new strength. But he failed rapidly, and at last he himself gave up all hope of recovery. Then he wrote to my aunt, the mother of his boyhood, as he called her, and bequeathed to her tenderness his only child, scarcely four years old—And the old man who brought him to us was one whom Joseph had once rescued from drowing, and who remained with him, out of gratitude to the last hour of his life.

Aunt Esther bowed her head above those golden curls, and said, while the tears dripped fast on the bright face that was so much like its father's—"I will take the child."

"I've made up my mind," said Aunt Esther, suddenly, one day after dinner, and she folded up her knitting, and looked off a moment on the dusty road that wound like a dingy red ribbon through the pastures of Woodside.

"What have you made up your mind to do, aunty?" asked Cousin Alice Lake and I simultaneously, as we looked up from the magazines we were reading.

"That I'll take Weston, Joseph's child, and go straight over to Farmer Pike's this afternoon. He'll be just about over his afternoon nap when we get there. It's very well for him to talk as he does, so long as he don't see the child, but comes to that, I believe 'twill be more than he can bear."

And we believed it too, when we saw the beautiful little creature waddling out of the front gate by aunty's side, although when the neighbors had informed Farmer Pike that Joseph was dead, and he had bequeathed his only child to my aunt, he had sternly replied, "Let her keep him, then. As for me, I will never see him never have anything to do with him."

It was not to be wondered at that Alice and I awaited her aunt's return with eager curiosity, or that the inquiries with which my story commences, greeted her entrance. She did not reply at once, she took up a palm-leaf fan that lay on the table, seated herself in an arm chair, while her features worked painfully.

I never had anything come across me so, she exclaimed at last, more to herself than to us. And then the tears rolled over her cheeks. After awhile she grew calmer, and told her story to cousin Alice and me, sitting in her large chair, fanning herself with her palm-leaf hat.

You see Farmer Pike had just risen from his afternoon nap, and was going out the back door as I got round by the meadow in front of the house. I spied him and hurried round by there just as he got up to the well.

"How d'ye do, Farmer Pike?" I said in a free neighborly sort of a way, as I came up to him, "can't you let this child have a drink of water, he's had a long walk, and got pretty nigh tuckered out."

The old man was completely taken aback, I could see by the way he looked at me, and I looked back at him as cool and innocent as a lamb. Then he glanced at the child, and I saw the muscles round his tight mouth quiver a little, but he didn't say a word; he took up the tin cup that stood on the spout, and filled it from the bucket, and held it out to me, but his great hand shook so the water spilled over the top; but of course I didn't notice that, I jest kept on talking in the most natural way you could imagine, about the fine weather and the good crops we were like to get.

"Now say "Thank you, granpa," I said as I flung out the water after Weston had done drinking.

"Thank you, granpa," came out the soft, small tones of the child, and I knew they went down in that stout man's heart like a sharp cutting knife.

"Whose is that are child?" he asked in a low gruff voice, as if he didn't dare trust his voice to speak louder.

"Well, now, Farmer Pike," says I, "to hear you ask that question. If you can't tell the color of them eyes, you must be struck stone blind, and did you never see a forehead that was just the shape of that one, a little round head that was never still but kept shak'n and diddlin' round like a leaf on a silver tree, and if you don't know that, you can't forget that heap o' golden curls, just the color o' ripe rye when the sun strikes on it. I never see curls like them except on one head, and that's under the grass a long way from here now."

The old man sat down on the stoop, and I saw it was because his great limbs shook so he couldn't stand.

I sat down, too. "'Tis rather warm, farmer," I went on, "standin' in the sun to-day, though there's a good breeze from the west.—Speaking about Weston, though, I don't think he has his father's mouth, tho' Joseph had a way of settin' down tight and grim, just like yourn, farmer, 'specially when his mind was made up on any subject.

"But if you look you'll see that mouth was cut just after the pattern o' Mary's, even to the dimple in the left corner. I declare, it takes me right back to the time when Mary and I used to go to school thro' the pasture.

"What a merry, fun lovin' creetur she was. I used always to think her laugh sounded a good deal more cheery than the robins in the bushes as we went along."

"Don't, Esther, don't!" said Farmer Pike, and he put up his hand as though it was more than he could bear, and his face was white as the tomb-stone. He hadn't called me "Esther," though, for more than twenty years.

I saw now was the time to strike, and says I: "Yes, I s'pose it's tryin' to your feelins, farmer, to talk about them times, but it's comfortin' to think you've got your wife and son, all made out like a picture there. Weston, you dear boy," I called out to him as he was huntin' butterflies on the grass, and he came trotting up to us, "now go and say, 'Granpa, won't you kiss me?"'

"And the little fellow went up and lifted his sweet, baby face to the old man, and lisped out so pretty, "Won't you tiss me, granpa." The old man reached out his arms, and gathered up the child in such a quick, hungry sort of a way, that I was almost scared, and then he groaned out "Oh, Mary! oh, Joseph!" in a way that made my heart stand still, and he hugged up the boy so tight to his broad bosom, that I knew he would never let him go from him again.

At this point, in her story, Aunt Esther paused and cried, and so did cousin Alice and I, though we laughed at each other all the time.

"Well, what happened next, aunty?" I asked as soon as I could.

"I didn't stay another minute, child, I couldn't I just slipped round the corner of the house, and hurried off home, but I heard a deep sob as I opened the gate softly, and I knew it came up from a heart that hadn't shed a tear for more than forty years. But it comforted me all the way back to think that if Mary in heaven knows what I've been doin' to-day, she'll thank me for it."

"But we shan't have Weston with us any more now. How shall we get along without him?" I exclaimed, suddenly, for all our hearts had grown to the sweet child.

"Yes, we shall have him," answered Aunt Esther, quietly untying the strings of her Leghorn bonnet. "Farmer Pike said, more than twenty years ago he would't trust any woman in the village but me to bring up a child, and he ain't goin' to think less of me for this day's work.'

Aunt Esther was right. Just at evening, Farmer Pike came round to our house, leading Weston by the hand. "Miss Lee," he said, "I ain't got anybody at home I quite like to trust him with, but if you'll take the child, we won't say anything about the price, only I'll see you don't lose by it."

And Aunt Esther took him.

But every morning and evening Farmer Pike came up to see his little grandson and was never tired of bringing him fruits and toys, until the little one learned to watch eagerly for his grandfather's coming.

That little golden head somehow completely revolutionised the old man. The harsh lines around his face grew softer, and he would sit for hours and watch it play, or devise with Aunt Esther some new pleasure for it. In short the farmer's life seemed bound up in his grandson's for the angel had struck the granite rock, and lo! the waters leaped out.—*Olive Branch*

What's in a Beard?

A Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, tells, in substance, the following story, as one of recent occurrence: A young man of Lyons, engaged in commercial pursuits, had courted a young lady of that city, and been accepted by her. With much difficulty he was persuaded by his parents to sacrifice, for the cermony of betrothal, a fine and well cultivated beard. No sooner, however, did he present himself before his intended, than she grew pale, nearly fainted, and finally entreated her parents to postpone the ceremony. The young man yielded, rather surprised; but he was still more so, a few days later, when the young lady's parents called on him to state that such was her present aversion to the marriage, they were forced to beg he would discontinue his suit. He consented; but, considered the matter as a mere freak of girlish fancy, still entertained hopes, until he learned the cause of the sudden change. When quite a girl, the young lady had been led by one of her relatives to the scene of a public execution, and the features of the criminal had left such indelible traces on her mind, that the slightest circumstance was sufficient to bring them before her, as it were, in horrid reality. In the shaved visage of her suitor she recongnized a strong resemblance to the executed criminal, and soon felt that not even time could overcome her horror and disgust.

Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selections of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is, not what shall, but shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we would hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case than an editor looks over all his exchange papers for someting interesting, and can absolute ly find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can.

To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another someting sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and another wonders that a man of sense will put such in his paper. Something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred, those things do occur. They never reflect that what does not please this, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit him it is good for nothing.—*Canada Weekly Sentinel.*

Dr. Johnson argued in defense of some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. As to giving bread only to the laity, he said, 'They may think that in what is mere ritual, deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience,' and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration, as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of ancient baptism."

IMPORTUNITY OF PRAYER.—A man may pray ten times, and be denied; and yet, by praying ten times more, obtain the blessing. Had the Syro-Phœnician woman ceased after making three applications to Christ, she would have gone away empty; but, by applying once more, she obtained all she asked.—*Payson.*