

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 4th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxi. 1-10: Christ forewarns his disciples of the evil to come. Exodus xv. 1-19: The song of Moses.

Recite—LUKE xx. 41-44.

DECEMBER 11th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxi. 20-38: Christ predicts the destruction of Jerusalem. Exodus xvi. 1-12: The people murmur at Marah.

Recite—LUKE xxi. 1-4.

MESSSENGER ALMANAC.

From November 27th to December 10th, 1859.

First Quarter, December 2. 9.35 Morning. Full Moon, " 9. 10.58 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 16. 5. 1 " New Moon, " 24. 1.33 Morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN. (Rises, Sets), MOON. (Rises, Sets), High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days 27 to 10.

* 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.

The Miner's Orphan;

OR, "GOD 'LL SHOW ME THE WAY."

"Yes sir," said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, "mining in this region be a hard life, but I think we've all been better since little Pinky went away."

"And who was little Pinky?" asked the gentleman, while the dark eyes of the young lady at his side sparkled in anticipation of a story.

"Well, you see—it be something of a tell—and if ye'd move farther on to the shade of the old oak yonder it'll mayhap be pleasanter for the young miss, for the sun be hot."

The lady and gentleman followed the brown and weather-beaten man to the cool shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady on a convenient root that came squarely up from the ground, the miner began with his customary preface.

"You see—Pinky were the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I reckon Pinkam was the only man of us as ever said the Lord's prayer, or any other prayer. He were a nice young fellow, that's the fact! but we're a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we called 'pious.' Sundays, sir, used to be a regular—well, I might say hellday, with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards and swearing.

"Well sir, you see Jesse he got married to a regular ladylike girl, sir, and it turned out a pious one. They didn't none of 'em, that is Pinkam, his wife and old mother, jine us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath, but sometimes the young man and Bessy—that's his wife, sir—would walk five miles to hear a parson preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir,—you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night what did we see but a notice stuck up on this very tree, that there'd be a parson from Frankstown on the morrow, to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move came from, 'cause you see we knew Jessy was pious. So we determined, the major part of us, that we wouldn't have no psalm-singing—no canting—praying—no reading out of the Bible.

"Well, the minister came, and he found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and pitched quoits, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried agin and agin, and came right among us—he was plucky, I tell ye—but we hooted in his ears, and threw mud on his bettermost clothes, and so he was fairly driven off—'cause you see we had liquor enough in us to set us all crazy.

"Poor Jesse!—how we jeered him after that!—but he bore it meek, sir, and I was often ashamed of myself, though I'd died afore I'd

confessed it. But I was sorry enough, for one day there came a rumbling, heavy noise shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place, except him, poor fellow!—they'd all gone in 'o another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em 'cause they was such a wicked set; and as they was eating their dinners and he his, the accident happened.

"We dug him out, sir. He was awfully crushed—all but his face, that looked smiling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight; it made us think how we'd a-treated him. So we carried him hom: to Bessy. She didn't cry and take on, as most the men's wives do when an accident happens, but it were awful to see how still and white she were! Awful, sir, and I never want to see a sight-like it agin.

"We all felt bad—for poor Jesse hadn't never said a harsh word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult. We couldn't see through it when he were living, but used to call him 'weak-headed,' and a 'tame covey,' but as he lay there in his coffin, there came a different feeling over me, sir, you may depend on it. O! if I'd a heard then to the lesson that was telling of me—if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it were from the lips of that crushed, dead body, I'd a saved myself many a day of suffering—many an hour of torment. But I didn't.

"We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like us, to see that young widdier with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin—never crying, only holding her head down as if it were too heavy bowed with her sorrow to keep it up.

"Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same person, as we'd treated so badly. I don't know what his good words would a done in after days, if I hadn't been a leader in wickedness—a hater of pious people, and of everything that had to do with religion—a wicked swearing sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast, sir—God forbid!—I wish I could shut out of my thoughts all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope will be merciful to me.

"Well, sir—his wife—the poor young thing! took the death sadly to heart. They said the shock had been too sudden—dried up all her tears like. She never cried onc't—only languished and pined—grew thinner and white, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy—Jesse's little boy—came to be an orphan, sir.

"Well, we was all determined to take care of the little one, so we cast lots every month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me, pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, because I considered I'd been hard to the man, very hard to poor dead Jesse.

"The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see—he hadn't no mother-love to thrive on. The women, they thought they did well by him, but they sort o'hustled him, and he wanted something different, coming of a delicate stock. I don't spose nothing sir, can give a child that feel, that having something to love and call mother, does—no, not all the cossetin' in the world by strangers.

"Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that hard sort o'life, but then we're not able even to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world before he got the grim in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a leetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes and his father's curly hair, and then he was so slim-like and girlish. But bless you, he had spirits beyon'd his strength, and gloried in work.

"Things was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse nor before. Our Sundays was training days—nothing good—everything evil, just as evil as could be.

"Well, sir—one day that little feller was on my beat, and he done up his work quick and airy—so he stood some time, beside me, talking. He was queer at talking—I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So says he, as I was fixing my tools—says he—'Keene,—that's my name, sir—' where'd all this coal come from?'

"'Come from the earth,' I said.

"'Yes, but what made it?'

"'I prided myself on my little larnin,' so says I, 'Why nater made it, Pinky; we used to call him Pink and Pinky.'

"Well, what made nater, Keene?' he still kept askin'.

"'Why—why! nater made itself,' I said.

"'O, no,' he cried, and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face—and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'—I don't know why, but I never hear'd anything like it—says he, 'God made everything; God is down here in the dark!'

"I declare, it was as nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'

"Says he, 'The good man told me.'

"'What good man?' I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

"'What preached at mammy's funeral,' said he.

"'And where'd you see him?' I sort o' growled like.

"'Out in the road yesterday. I seed him on a horse and he took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all the good things.'

"I was silent—I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Jest then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and holler till somebody come—for the pit was full of holes—and so I said, 'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon; but I was shaky, for we was in a dangerous part of the pit.'

"Says he, 'I don't feel afraid, Keene; don't you s'pose God's close to us?'

"I declare, I felt my blood trickle cold, and every wind that come down the shaft-way, I thought was His breath; the breath of God!

"Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently, says little Pinky, 'I'll go for you, God will show me the way,' and I heard his little feet patting along them dangerous places. It was awful! The sweat started out on me thick, and it seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back, he shouted with his little voice, 'God'll show me the way.'

"It almost makes me tremble, when I think on't sir, that boy went over the worst road in the pit, full of sunk shafts and dangerous places, without no lamp! O! sir, when they came for me with plenty of light—I—I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I see him, and heard him cry out, 'I am safe, Keene; God showed me the way!'

"Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks true, but 'tis. O! 'tis as true as wonderful, sir, and I tell you, sir, I was a different man after that. Not that I grew good at once, no, I didn't know the way, then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pinky; I didn't feel sure that God'd show me, but he did.

"One day, after Pinky had been working hard, he said he was dry and his head ached. Well, we always expected something 'd be ailin' him—so that night I carried him home in my arms and laid him on his bed, and he never, sir,—the miner choked for a moment, drew one rough hand across his eyes, turned away for a brief second, then said, hurriedly—"he never got up from it of himself, agin. Every night I came home, he was worse, and I tell ye, I felt as if all the light I ever see was going out!

"One morning he asked me in his weak voice—'Wouldn't I send for the good man that preached for his mammy?' I didn't say no—'twan't in my heart to do that thing, and before long the parson was there, talking and praying. That seemed to do the child good! And as the miners dropped in, with their black faces, and the little lamps in their hands, he'd smile round at 'em so sweet, sir, it would a done your heart good to a seen it.

The man paused agin, overcome by the recollection of the scene. The muscles round his firm lips quivered, and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of an almost womanly tenderness.

"Did he die then?" the question was softly asked—and the dark eyes of the lady were full of tears.

"O! my dear miss—yes, yes, he died then. He grew very bright and lively, though, and we'd all sot our hearts on his getting well, when there was another change, and the colour left his face—and his little hands hadn't no strength in 'em. The minister came again, and as he stooped down, says he—'My dear child—are you afraid to go?'

"And what do you think, sir—what do you think, miss—he said? Oh! how it went through me!

"God'll show me the way!'

"And he showed him the way, sir. I never see anything like that dying, sir—never. He held my hand—he said, 'Keene, you love God, too.' He give a gasp, and then a smile—and then there came a bright glory-light over his

white face that made it shine all over—oh! Sir—I—I—can't—tell it."

The man held his head down and sobbed like a child—and his were not the only tears. The next morning was the Sabbath. A near bell was heard; a plain white meeting-house stood in sight. The stranger and his daughter met the miner, who, pointing to the heaven-ward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke over his face—

"You see, sir—God shows us all the way."— Leisure Hour.

Agriculture.

Parsnips.

This root is fast gaining favor as an esculent. The days of potatoes and beef alone are fast passing away, and farmers are learning that in addition to producing a variety of food for their animals, it is equally proper to do so for themselves.

Parsnips are materially improved by frequent freezing and thawing, and therefore no more of the crop should be taken up in the fall, than is required for fall and winter sales or use; for those left in the ground during winter are materially improved in quality for spring use, beside increasing their quantity, as they continue to grow until arrested by "very winter." The digging of parsnips can be best performed by the lifting sub-soil plow, run so deeply as not to cut off the tap-roots, but merely to raise the whole mass of soil, and thus loosen them so that they may be pulled out by their crowns. In addition to facilitating the gathering of the parsnips, this practice disintegrates the soil so as to render its spring preparation for other crops much more readily performed.

Parsnips, after having been frozen, form an excellent food for hogs, and in moderate quantities, alternating with carrots or beets, for cows, fattening cattle, etc. In the island of Guernsey milch cows are nearly sustained during winter on the parsnip. Upon this island they grow in great perfection, and give an immense yield. We have raised, what a Committee of the American Institute estimated as fifteen hundred bushels of parsnips, on a single acre. Therefore, as an alternating crop, parsnips may be grown with profit. Their culture cleanses the ground of weeds, and leaves it in high tilth for other crops while the parsnip does not remove an undue quantity of pabulum from the soil.—Working Farmer.

TO MAKE AN OBSTINATE HORSE PULL.—

A correspondent of the Cotton Planter says: "Let me tell you of an infallible method of making a balky or an obstinate horse or mule pull up a hill or anywhere else that his muscles are able to carry him. Take a small rope, (a plow line for example,) double it, make a loop of the double end, and draw it snugly around the under jaw of the animal, just behind his front teeth, with the loop underneath. Throw the loose end over your shoulder, and, walk in the way he should go, hold fast and pull steadily and firmly. Don't be troubled about him, for he will follow without fail, after he has discovered how you have got him. This will also compel an animal to stand quiet to receive the bridle or collar."

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1859.—

There were held during the month of September, one hundred and ninety-seven State and County Fairs; and there were one hundred and twenty to take place during the months of October and November.—Practical Machinist.

QUITE A FARM.—

The whole amount of the public land surveys, as returned to the General Land Office, for the year ending with the last month, is nearly 53,000 miles, or about fifteen million acres, nearly equal to the whole extent of New England.

A lumber company in Virginia are now engaged in filling an order from the British Government for some fifty thousand sticks of white oak, for gun-carriages. The Virginia Cheat River oak is said to be the best yet imported into England, and far surpasses the Canada oak, which it is fast superseding.

A man in Kalamazoo is training an elk to trot on the race course. The elk has already trotted against a horse for a purse of seven hundred dollars, winning the prize by a long distance.

Miss Cornelia Pierce was awarded a premium for the best apple pie, and Miss Edith Seymour for the best pug of biscuit, at the fair recently held at Earlville, Madison Co. Mis.

A young and beautiful girl, daughter of a wealthy merchant in Albany, has become strongly and strangely addicted to drink, and one day last week was found nearly dead drunk in the street. She was richly dressed, and a party of rude boys were piling dry leaves upon her. Her parents are obliged to maintain a continual watch over her.