

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 16th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xvii. 20-37: The coming of the kingdom of God. Exodus x.: The plague of locusts and of darkness.

Recite—LUKE xvii. 1-4.

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.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 9th to the 22nd October, 1859.

First Quarter, October 3, 4. 17 Afternoon. Full Moon, " 11, 7. 37 " Last Quarter, " 19, 1. 28 Morning. New Moon, " 25, 8. 18 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days 9 to 22.

* 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 t. 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.

Anecdote of Judge Marshall.

John Marshall was never more respected than when he was throwing quoits, with his coat off, under the trees. Affection was added to admiration, that was all. All felt what the bitter orator of Roanoke did, when he said in the old convention of 1829, "I know the goodness of his heart too well to have supposed it possible that he could have intended to give me pain. Sir, I believe that, like 'my Uncle Toby,' he would not even hurt a fly."

CONTRASTS BETWEEN THE CHINESE AND EUROPEANS.—We read horizontally; they perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they, right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We black-ball our boots; they whitewash theirs. We compress the wrist; they, the foot. We give the place of honour on the right; they, on the left. We speak of north-west; they, of west-north. We say the needle of the compass points to the north; they, to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they, shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they in the belly. Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulets on their shoulders; they, by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books at the top; they, on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they, upon one. We place our foot-notes at the bottom; they at the top of the page. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they, on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries we set our volumes up; they lay them down.

A Child on the Railway Curve.

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was very much attached to the child, persisted in following us. Twice had I driven him back; the last time, effectually. The afternoon was very fine, and as I slowly, followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk—the gayly plumed songsters, the chattering squirrel and the humming bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of a railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs, hiding it from view. Our little boy was higher up on the bank, busily plucking the bluebells and dandelions that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether. My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, inwapt in the beauty of the landscape spread to view.—There a field of tasseling corn waved to an fro, while here a field of sweet scented clover shed its fragrance on the air. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broken only by the tinkling of the sheep's bells, or the lowing of kine as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture. I was thinking of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the great Creator, in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how thousands are swept away from its charms forever and forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was pale as death. "William, look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so, and, my God! who can tell the agony which wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded, and had sat himself down on one of the oaken sleepers to cull his flowers, unconscious of the danger that hovered near him.

I started up the track toward him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he, apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing gleefully as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instant distinctly visible: it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel doom. As it was, I was but hurrying him to his doom. No; it was evident my efforts could be of no avail. I breathed a prayer to Him on high, and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track, and grasped the little woolly intruder in his arm.

The train rushed round the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess that as I once more held our little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started to my eye. The little dog had perseveringly followed the child unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind indeed, is he who could not see the finger of God in this.—American Presbyterian.

A Miracle of Honesty.

At a party once several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions. One party produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it: A buzz went round the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money he had lent him. "The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas they left at my house." "I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator; this is the very ne plus ultra of honesty—unheard of deed; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew one capable. The prizes—"Hold!" cried out another, "I've done still more than that." "Impossible!" cried the whole company, "let us hear." "I've been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance."

A POISON of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. The oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

A Duel.

A gentleman, a member of the New York State Legislature from a northern county, was challenged by another member for offensive words spoken in debate. The belligerent proposition was at once received by "the defendant," who, being the challenged party, was conceded the choice of weapons and of ground. He chose broadswords, and the "position" was to be on each side of the St. Lawrence river, where it was not less than a mile wide! The idea was scouted as evasive and absurd, by the sanguinary challenger. "Very well," answered the challenged party; "what do you desire?" "Why, that you should fight with the weapons of a gentleman." "What do you call 'gentlemanly weapons'?" "Why, pistols, of course." "Very well, pistols be it, then; I shall not balk your inclination." "Where shall we meet?" "On the top of 'Sugar-Loaf Hill,' a mile from the village, at six o'clock to-morrow morning; we shall stand back to back, each march forward fifteen paces, then turn, and between the words 'One,' 'Two,' 'Three,' we fire." "All right," and the next morning they did meet, as agreed upon; but the "make of the ground" was found to be peculiar; Sugar Loaf Hill was almost a sharp cone; and when they had marched their fifteen paces, and turned to fire, each was entirely out of sight of the other! The challenger marched back, and roared out to his escaped "victim," who was walking off from the "field of honour," "What new subterfuge is this? You are a coward, sir!" "I know that," was the instant reply, "and so do you, or wouldn't have challenged me!" And so it was, that he held on his way down hill at a rapid pace.—Knickerbrocker.

What I have seen and known.

I have seen men, merely by noise and fluency, lead the conversation in companies, where there were taste, talent and learning, though they possessed neither of the three.

I have seen a brainless fop marry a fine girl and break her heart before the end of the first year, though her hand had been solicited in vain by the wealthy, the wise, and the honorable.

I have known lawyers to gain their cause by sophistry, impudence and vociferation—when neither themselves nor the jury knew their drift.

I have known a rum-seller to deal out his beverage of death to young men on the very brink of ruin, the same week that his own son had filled a drunkard's grave.

A Remarkable Confession.

A late number of the Revue Des Deux Mondes, the principal review published in Paris, makes the following important confession:

"Much may be said of Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain; it is, that nations, where the Bible circulates and is read, have preserved a strong, deep and enduring religious faith, while in the countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principle, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let the learned theologians discuss on certain passages, and the authenticity of such and such texts, what are such miseries compared to the healthful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads wherever it is read, whether in low or elevated classes?"

Shameful Misquotation.

A short time since the Rev. Mr. Garret, Episcopalian minister, was delivering a lecture on the subject of baptism at Brock, when he quoted as triumphant proof of infant sprinkling the following words, as one text: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven: can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized." Either the Rev. gentleman knew better, or he did not. If he did, we have hardly a word strong enough to express our idea of such conduct; if he did not know better, it is time he did. In charity we adopt the last supposition, and inform Mr. Garret that the first part of his quotation is to be found in Matt. 14—the last part in Acts, x. 47.—Toronto Christian Messenger.

Touching.

A few days ago, a bright little girl of probably three or four summers, who recently lost her father, came up to Professor Wise at the Jones House, and said:

"Mr. Wise, won't you take me up with you in your balloon?"

"Why do you want to go, my dear?" replied the Professor.

"I want to see my papa," was the touching response.

A tear was visible in the aeronaut's eye as he assured her that it was impossible for him to take her high enough to see her papa.—Lafayette Jour.

Agriculture.

Doing too much Work.

Our farmers are accustomed to doing a great deal of work,—we think, in many cases, too much, but have not so regular a habit of doing it well. Whether the greater profit is to be found in accomplishing a large amount of work indifferently, or of doing less, and in a better manner, is the question for each one to settle for himself,—for it is the profit we are seeking, not quantity or quality, only as profit is concerned. Any person may decide this question with the slightest arithmetical aid, by ascertaining the precise cost of raising sixty bushels of corn on a single acre, and then of raising the same amount on two acres of the same kind of land. If the corn on the one acre costs fifty cents a bushel, he will find that on the two acres it will cost him seventy-five cents a bushel at least,—making a loss of one-third in producing an equal amount of produce for the market! It will require skilful management in selling to make up such a loss as this.

This is what we mean in saying that we think a great many farmers do too much work. They are anxious to cultivate quite a number of acres, hoping all the time that from such a breadth of land under cultivation they must reap a large reward. But hoping is one thing, and a critical calculation, based upon well-known facts, is another. They must go back to the illustration of the two corn-fields.

In New England, we believe there is scarcely more than one season out of twenty, in which we cannot obtain with certainty, so far as climate is concerned, any of the common crops of our farms, if we but manage the lands according to the light which has now dawned upon every department of farm labor. The experience of thousands of wise men is spread before ever person who can read, so that the profit of the same amount of labor ought to be twenty or thirty years ago.

We are acquainted with farms of twenty acres where the annual income is not less than \$4,000 to £6,000,—and with farms of 100 acres, where the annual cash income is scarcely twice as many dollars as the number of acres! A man on a large farm can raise just as much corn or wheat per acre as a man on a small farm. He ought not to feel obliged to cultivate land merely because he owns it. Herein lies the error. Like the boy with the oranges, he attempts to grasp too much, and loses profit on the whole. Slight manuring and poor cultivation, on an extensive breadth of land, is like the management of the merchant who builds a large store, and fills it with rolls of shelves upon which he places only a few goods. He must remain there and superintend it, and at the call of every customer travel four times as far as he ought to, in handing down the goods wanted,—so that his own superintendence and the interest on the capital united in the store and goods exhaust all the income, and he grows poorer and poorer as each year roll away. While the farmer practices this kind of economy, he laughs at the poor merchant or manufacturer who is daily exhausting his means by it. The phrase has passed into a proverb, "that we undertake too much for our means," and still there are few who do not err in this respect. We forget the actual cost of travel, plowing, harrowing, seeding, cultivating, hoeing and harvesting twice as much land as is necessary for a given crop, and pursue a course which five minutes investigation will show us is fatal to our profits.

Top-dressing Grass Land.

The annual top-dressing of grass land, or even doing it once in two years, will save a heavy item of costs in the matter of plowing and re-seeding. Quite moist lands may be kept in grass, yielding a ton or a ton and a half per acre, for fifty years in succession, if they are frequently top-dressed, and seed sometimes scattered with it, or if the grass is allowed to go to seed occasionally before it is cut.

It is an excellent time to apply composted manure as a top-dressing immediately after the hay is carried from the field, as the young grass will grow up and cover it in a few days. It then supplies the roots with new food, and gives them a vigorous setting for another crop.

Pickled Green Tomatoes.

Puncture the tomatoes with a fork, place them on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for two or three days, then rinse off the salt in clear water; put them in a preserving kettle, cover them with water, which keep scalding hot for one hour; then take them out, let them drain, and put them in jars.

Boil the vinegar, with some cloves, allspice and stick cinnamon. When cold, pour over sufficient to cover them.—Whiddifield's Cook Book.