

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 25th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xvi. 1-18: The parable of the unjust steward. Exodus vii. 1-25: God commissions Moses and Aaron.

Recite—LUKE xv. 20-24.

OCTOBER 2nd, 1859.

Read—LUKE xvi 19-31: The parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Exodus viii.: The plagues of frogs, lice, and flies.

Recite—LUKE xvi. 9-12.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From September 18th to October 1st, 1859.

Last Quarter, Sept'r. 19, 5. 59 Afternoon. New Moon, " 26, 9. 41 Morning. First Quarter, October 3, 4. 17 Afternoon. Full Moon, " 11, 7. 37 "

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days of the week and months.

* 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.

Charlie Bell's first Prayer.

All through the days of autumn, little Charlie Bell contrived to meet Mr. Green often, and always asked him, "when the good law was going to be made, which should prevent his father's getting drunk, and make a good man of him."

"When the law is made," said he one night, "there will be more happy children than me. There's poor Mike Runson's little boys, wont they be glad, though?"

"And how long will it be before the good law comes? I'm almost tired of waiting," said Charlie.

"I don't know. I'm afraid it will be longer than I thought it would. Dr. Wentworth says if we get a law to suppress the rumtrade in the spring, it will be as soon as we can expect."

"In the spring!" exclaimed Charlie. "O dear; O dear! must we poor children, who have drunken parents, suffer through another dreary winter? Must we go half clothed, cold and hungry, so long? O, it is dreadful! I wish the men who make such laws could know how hard it is for us, and then they wouldn't wait till spring, indeed they wouldn't; they'd put a stop to it right away. But they don't know, and can't. They have nice houses, warm clothes, and good things to eat, so they don't mind much about them that are suffering and dying all around them."

"Charlie," said Mr. Greene, taking the boy by the hand, "you say just as I used to, but it is all wrong. There are many noble men among the wealthy and influential of our land, who are laboring hard for us, who are exerting all their powers to get this law of which we have talked so often. And we must help them all we can. It is but little we can do, it is true, but we can pray, and if we pray earnestly, we have the assurance that the Lord will hear our prayers and answer in his own good time."

"What, pray! Me pray!" said Charlie, giving a low, short laugh, and drawing his hand away.

"Yes, why not?" said Mr. Greene.

"Why, I don't know how, I never prayed in my life. I guess I'd make queer work asking the Lord for anything, wouldn't I though?" and again the boy laughed.

Mr. Greene could not for the life of him, suppress a smile at the boy's oddity, but he said seriously.

"Didn't your mother never learn you to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven?'"

"No."

"Nor, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"No, is that they the way to pray?"

"One way," said Mr. Greene. "But wouldn't you like to learn to pray?"

"O yes, but I've no one to teach me," replied Charlie.

"Poor child, I will teach you," said the man, and taking the boy's hand again, he led him into a corner of the fence, and the two knelt in the dim starlight. Then there was a moment's pause,

and when in low, solemn tones, the reformed inebriate pronounced the Lord's prayer, the child listened eagerly. His little hands were clasped, his eyes upraised, and his young heart thrilled to the music of the beautiful words. He scarcely breathed till the "amen" was said—then laying his little hand on Mr. Greene's arm, he whispered.

"Did God hear that, up in the sky?"

"Yes, I hope so," replied the man.

"Then please say it again. It is beautiful to talk so to God."

And the man complied with the child's request, and though there were some long words which he did not quite understand, the general meaning of the petition was plain to him as day.

And all the way home he kept saying to himself, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

There was a world of holy music in the words, and they awoke a responsive melody in the child's heart, which was new and strange. As he climbed the old stairway in the darkness, and entered his little room, he said half aloud, "If it makes folks feel like this to pray, I wonder that they don't pray always," and dropping upon his knees beside his low bed he repeated, almost word for word, the beautiful prayer.

And I love to think how the glorious angels must have thronged around the little boy, while the dear Jesus smiled a blessing upon him, above them all.

Never had Charlie laid his head to rest with such a glad heart before. It seemed almost as though a window had been opened in his bosom, and a holy light, right from the realms of glory, shone in upon his soul. He thought he heard music, and lulled by its gentle harmony, he lay for a long time in a delicious, half-dreamy reverie, and his last waking thought was.

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."—Morning Star.

Trapping a Tiger.

A still more ingenious mode of tiger-killing is that which is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the praus tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and, having well besmeared them with a kind of bird-lime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf sticks to his paw, he shakes it, in order to rid himself of the nuisance, and, finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the ropy bird-lime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth, in his efforts to get free. By so doing he only adds fresh bird-lime to his head, body and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and bird-lime, that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows and spears, and find no difficulty in despatching their blind and wearied foe.—Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.

A Child's idea.

The Rome Sentinel relates that a little three year old girl accompanied her parents upon a visit to her grandparents in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the whitehaired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and of course on the first occasion she was silent with interest and curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying, with stern gravity, "Be still, papa,—grandpapa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon."

SHORT LECTURES.—When a man begins to find fault, note his spirit. If he is bitter, harsh and vindictive, don't listen to him. He will either grieve your heart, or infect you with his own spirit. If he comes cursing like a Shimei, pass him by. But if he comes weeping like a Jeremiah, you may weep with him, and mourn over the desolation of Jerusalem.

How to use the Amen.

Wesley, we think it was, used to say, that all a minister preaches over thirty or forty minutes is a mere waste of ammunition. Forgetting this wise saying the preacher not infrequently hopes to compensate for the quality of his sermon by its quantity, and pitting himself against time he starts off with race-horse speed for his long run, just at the moment when the impatient people are earnestly looking for his final amen. That amen, alas, is a perfect Tantalus to torment expectant audiences. They are tired, the heat or the cold is oppressive, their seats are uncomfortable, the sermon is as juiceless as a baked chip, it gives them nothing to compensate for their endurance; and yet the minister's amen, which is the only thing to relieve their torment, eludes their grasp for another horrible half hour. It is more than flesh can bear. The pillory is a downy pillow in the comparison. Every nerve within within them twinges and cries out with pain; Oh, Oh, when will this tantalizing amen cease to harass us by delay!

The minister, meantime, being the only interested party, spurs up the ribs of his zeal and rushes on as if to show his people how fine a discourse he can give them if he only has time. Or he deludes himself with the feeling that they are as much interested as he, and he speaks on, and they hear on as one who is against his will held by the button. Speaking without enlisting the sympathies of an audience is a repellent force to drive them further and further from the speaker the longer it is continued. And the minister who has not the good sense to see this is regarded as an unmitigated bore. Every body feels that the only eloquent passage in his sermon is its amen. That comes to the ear with the sweetness of a note from angelic harps.

Even sermons of real eloquence and of positive interest to an audience are often marred and spoiled by a too long delay of the amen. When the final word comes to be eagerly thought of, and looked for, the most eloquent passages lose their power. Burning thoughts, under such circumstances, are quenched; winged words fall prone like a bird hit in its flight; and by the time the wished for amen comes, the atmosphere of the audience has sunk from smelting heat to the frigid level of zero.

These facts show how necessary to the preacher is the art of saying amen at the right time. No matter how many great and good things are taught our young preachers at the seminaries, if they are not instructed in the proper use of this one little word, the purpose of their training is to a great extent defeated.—N. Y. Chronicle.

An American Samson.

Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, a young physician, 25 years old, and weighing 143 lbs., is believed by many persons who have examined into the question, to be the strongest man alive. He can raise a barrel of flour from the floor to his shoulders; can raise himself with either little finger till his chin is half a foot above it; can raise 200 lbs. with either little finger; can put up a dumb-bell of 141 lbs.; exercises daily with dumb-bells weighing 100 lbs. each, which he can raise alternately above his head; and can lift with his hands 926 lbs. dead weight, without the aid of straps or belts of any kind. Topham, the strong man of England, could only raise 800 lbs. in the same way; and the celebrated Belgian giant could only lift 800 lbs. With straps it is supposed a person could lift nearly four times as much as by his hands alone. If this is so, Dr. Winship can lift at least 2,500 lbs. Dr. Winship is a thorough gymnast; and when he graduated at Cambridge, five years ago, he was without a competitor.—Salem Observer.

Good advice to Students.

The uniform testimony of the students who have spent their vacations in colporteur labours, while preparing for the ministry, has been that the practical training they have thus received, from coming in contact with all classes of men, has been of the greatest value to them in fitting them for their work. Dr. Chalmers well understood the value of such a discipline. When a young graduate asked him how he could best learn human nature, the great and good man replied, "By mingling freely with your fellow-men, going from house to house, and studying them around their own firesides." Colportage affords to students just these opportunities.

CHILDREN.—It is said, man would be a little better than a savage but for women. With equal truth we may assert, both men and women would be hard and selfish beings but for children. These call out and refine, and soften the best feelings of the parental heart. Their little needs are so many, and their simple innocence so affecting, and their very caprices so winning, that love and attention flow out of them almost instinctively. That must be a hardened nature which can remain unmoved by the soft touch and playful childishness and hundred little pranks of a baby.

Agriculture.

Rotation of Crops.

Some crops exhaust the soil more than others, and if these crops be continued for some time the return is but trifling. This sterility of the soil does not arise from the want of all the substances necessary to form plants, but from the want of a sufficient quantity of a particular ingredient to continue the growth of a particular crop. A soil therefore in this position is not barren, but will produce other crops, requiring large quantities of the other ingredients. These suggest the necessity of a rotation by which all the ingredients are brought into action, and have time to accumulate again before the rotation is completed. There are different seasons which prevent the use of root crops in this country to as great an extent as in other countries—as the want of artificial manures to raise, and their insufficiency for maintaining the animal heat, should be done so as to keep the land clean, without the necessity of a bare fallow; for unless the fields are stony, and have many a stump, &c., which require removing, bare fallows are both unprofitable with regard to the fertility of the soil and the loss of the land for one year. The following has been practised and being planned in accordance with the principles of science—as far as the state of the country will admit—is suggested: (1) drill crops of all kind including Indian corn; (2) spring wheat, barley or oats; (3) clover meadow; (4) pasture; (5) peas or beans; (6) fall wheat. The greatest tendency of this rotation will be to exhaust the potash, phosphoric acid and lime; but being "forewarned," the farmer is "forearmed," and can prevent this result.—Can. Agriculturist.

On Cheese Making.

After twenty five years' experience in the business of the dairy, (we having always kept from twenty to twenty-five cows,) I think I can give a very good receipt for new beginners. For ten pails of milk, as soon as milked, while warm, put in the rennet, according to the strength, enough to set it. If it does not set in fifteen minutes, add a little more. When the curd has set, take a long wooden knife and cut through the curd, both ways, carefully. Let it stand about five minutes, then stir with the hand carefully. Place the strainer over the tub, and dip off the whey. Now dip in pans, and set in a cool place over night. In the morning run up your curd in the same way, and after cutting, put in last night's curd after draining and squeeze very carefully with the hand. Dip off one pail of whey, heat scalded hot; if not scalded alike, heat more, and stir continually. Then place a ladder over another tub with a strainer and basket, and dip the curd and whey into the strainer. Do not let it settle together. Then remove it back to the tub, and mix one pint of best salt. If sage is wished, three tablespoonfuls is plenty if dried and sifted. Then put in the hoop, and it is ready for the press. Turn in four or five hours, and let it remain until the next morning; then grease with lard. If the cheese is large, bandage when spread enough. Keep the cheese room dark at day, and raise the windows at night.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—A

writer in a South Carolina paper says, "I have tried the following and find that it works like a charm. Take of gum-campbor a piece about one third the size of an egg, evaporate by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes. One night not long since I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I neither saw nor heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night."

COOKING FOR PIGS.—Samuel H. Clay, of

Bourbon, has been experimenting in feeding several lots of hogs, changing them from raw to cooked, and from ground to unground food, with the following results.—One bushel of dry corn made five pounds and ten ounces of live pork; one bushel of ground corn, boiled, made in one instance sixteen pounds seven ounces, in another nearly eighteen pounds of pork. Estimating corn at 90 cents a bushel, and pork at 8 cents a pound, we have the result of one bushel of dry corn, 45 cents' worth of pork; of one bushel of boiled corn, 115 cents' worth of pork; and of one bushel of ground corn, 136 cents' worth of pork.

PAINT.—For many utensils, common shellac varnish answers as well as paint, and maintains the original color of the wood.—Working Farmer.