

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 29th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 22-34 : Christ is the Bread of Life. NUMBERS xv. 1-36 : Instructions concerning various offerings.

Recite—JOHN vi. 1-4.

MAY 6th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 35-52 : Christ's discourse with the people. NUMBERS xvi. : The rebellion of Korah.

Recite—JOHN vi. 27-29.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 22nd, to May 5th, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter, and daily moon phases.

\* 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 Young Voyagers.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

"COME, Anne, come Jenny—sisters—come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly nice sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain like my father, and show how he sails that great packet-ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Anne you shall be my mate, and little Jenny shall be our cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked boy, with bright, laughing blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during his address, was lustily engaged in rigging the mast and sail to a ship's launch which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves or inlets, with which the South shore of Long Island, between Fire Island and Rockaway is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little girls, of eight and six years, beautiful as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed like perfect copies—all but the long sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Anne, the elder girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenny—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet-meats, and fruits, which they had brought from a beautiful cottage not far off, for a little pic-nic dinner—hesitated in silence, till her brother urged her again to get into the boat, when she began to argue with him thus:

"O, Willie, don't let us go in the boat to-day! there is so much wind, and we might—"

"You're a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain impatiently. "It's the pleasantest day we have had for a month, and if we don't go to-day, I am sure we shall not have another chance this year. Come, Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in."

"O, I'm not afraid, brother," and child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks glowed for a few moments with a deeper vermilion tint at the implied question of courage by her brother. "I'm not in the least afraid, Willie; but you know mother has so often told us we must not go in the boat when the wind blows hard. All I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat and have no fear, sisters, for mother told me I might sail this afternoon, not five minutes before we left the house."

"I know that, Willie; but that was two hours ago when it was calm. It blows a great deal harder now, and I'm sure mother would not let us go away from the shore in a boat when there is such a high wind."

"O, nonsense, Jenny, I have been all over the cove when it blew a great deal harder than this. Mother, you know, says I am the best sailor along the coast, and just as able to judge when the weather is fit to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we can't get drowned,

for the water is so shallow at ebb tide, and with this wind, that we could wade anywhere about the cove."

"Thus persuaded, Jenny passed the basket to her brother, and then clambered into the boat herself, and took a seat beside Anne in the stern sheets, and soon the launch was under way.

She was a great, heavy, clumsy boat, as all her class usually are, with a single lug-sail of heavy canvass, altogether illy calculated for a pleasure boat.

But little Willie Walton managed it with consummate skill for so young a commander, and they had made several stretches across the cove, when as they were passing the inlet that opened out sea-ward, Annie's eyes rested upon the bright, blue waters of the Atlantic, far away out beyond the discoloured water along the coast, and clapping her hands with sudden ecstasy of infantile joy, she exclaimed:

"O, Willie, Willie! Let us go out there and sail upon that beautiful blue ocean! Won't it be grand? So much prettier than this dirty little cove, with the bare sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and gazing at the offing, his bright eyes lit up with the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words, and replied:

"We'll go out there and have a glorious sail—just like the great ships and steamboats that we see go by."

"O, don't go out there, brother!" said little Jenny, her cheek growing pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie, mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will do no such a thing, Jenny. She will be proud of us to think that we have been out on the ocean all alone. I can easily come back with the flood tide that is setting in."

And without further argument, the reckless boy put up his helm, eased on his sheet, and away through the inlet, toward the line of blue water outside, went the launch, hurried along before the strong breeze which added to the strength of the last quarter ebb, bore her away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow ridge to a mere line along the margin of the wide ocean, and white cottages with venetian blinds into (by houses dotted with bright green specks. The coloured water—which appeared from the cove only a narrow strip dividing the white strip from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—expanded into a broad belt of several miles in width. But with the fine breeze and strong outset of the tide, the boat sped on; while the novelty of their position, and the natural excitement induced by it caused the time and space to fly unheeded by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread came upon them, as having gained the blue water, they looked back towards the shore and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards, blending and growing indistinct, and fading away in the distance. There was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness, suddenly shadowing their bright vision; and there was a world of pathos in little Jenny's sweet, low voice, as she laid her hand upon her brother's arm gently, and looking up in his eyes whispered:

"Oh, Willie, let us go home. Mother would feel very bad if she knew we had come away out here."

Willie bent down and kissed his sister's pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go home, Jenny. I was naughty to come out so far from land. But don't cry, sister. I am sorry. Don't blame me, I couldn't help it; I love the sea too much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie, only let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a black cloud coming up in the west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was arrested by a groan of anguish from her brother, whose eye for the first time had been directed towards a bank of dark, murky clouds heaving up in the west, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant his vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zig-zag lightning rose, quivering an instant along its upper edge, and a few minutes later, there came to their ears a low, rumbling, muttering roar of far-off thunder.

The young captain had hailed his little vessel to the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad-off under its ill-fitted sail. Besides the wind, which she had scarcely felt while running on before it, had now increased so much that she keeled over till there was great danger of her capsizing, to prevent which Willie, with the assistance of his two sisters, set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again the boat was steered as close as she would go, which at the best, was a little better than eight points, so that, with her great leeway, Willie soon found that in spite of his utmost skill, his craft was rapidly drifting out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled

legions of black storm clouds; louder came the fearful thunder crashes; more vivid gleamed the red lightning's flash; wilder the shrieking gale swept by howling and screaming dread notes of terror to the young voyagers. The water, which in with the land was quite smooth, began to heave up the foam-crested waves here and there all around them, curling over, and breaking all feather-white in long lines of hissing spray. Great round drops of rain came pattering down in the water, and pelting on the thwarts and gunwales of the boat with a sharp, clicking noise that smote startlingly dismal on the ears of the three ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his mind much of what he had heard his father relate at different times, in regard to the management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge he had thus gained in theory, now stood him in good stead. He had heard of keeping a ship before in a squall and scudding in a gale. The dull-sailing clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which he had learned he proceeded to keep in practice; and when the first mad-gust of the yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was going dead before the wind—otherwise her sail would have been swamped in an instant. As it was she went dashing on through the storm, right out into the mighty wilderness of water.

Ten, or fifteen minutes went by, and still the war of the elements went on in their terrible fury; and still the brave little fellow stood at the helm, bareheaded, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and steady to his purpose, steered his tiny bark on and away before the fierce blowing blast.

Once, only, he faltered; and that was when the launch quivered for a moment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, almost to an end, down into the hissing vortex of the liquid ravine. Then, a single, quick cry of horror, escaped the boy's lips; but the next moment Jenny crept up to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder and spoke in a low soothing tone, that almost instantly called back and strengthened his confidence and elicited from his lips a cry of heroism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke the little angel. "Mother says that God watches over people who live on the seas. And don't you remember, brother, how often our dear mother has told us that Jesus loves little children? If God watches us, and Jesus loves us, we shall be safe. So don't be afraid."

To be continued.

Matthew before Romans.

MANY readers of the Bible, who stumble over doctrinal difficulties, might be relieved by adhering to the simple advice of an untaught African preacher to a troubled inquirer.

A respectable man who had become interested on the subject of religion, and who had begun with some earnestness to search the Scriptures, had read but a few chapters, when he became perplexed with some of those passages which an inspired apostle declared to be "hard to be understood." In this state of mind, he repaired to a coloured preacher, for instruction and help, and found him at noon, on a sultry day in summer laboriously engaged in hoeing his corn. As the man approached, the preacher, with patriarchal simplicity, leaned upon his hoe and listened to his story. "Uncle Jack," said he, "I have discovered lately that I am a great sinner; and I have commenced reading the Bible, that I may learn what I must do to be saved. But I have met with a passage here," holding up his Bible, "which I know not what to do with. It is 'his, God will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth.' What does this mean?"

A short pause intervened, when the old African replied as follows: "Master, if I have been rightly informed, it has been but a day or two since you began to read the Bible, as if I remember right, that passage you have mentioned is away yonder in Romans. Long before you get to that, at the beginning of the Gospel, it is said, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Now have you done that? The truth is, you have read too fast. You must begin again, and take things as God has been pleased to place them. When you have done all you are told to do in Matthew, then come and talk about Romans."

Having thus answered, the old preacher resumed his work, and left the man to his own reflections. Who does not admire the simplicity and good sense of the reply? Could the most learned polemic more effectually have met and disposed of such a difficulty? The gentleman gave this account with his own lips, and said: "It convinced me of the mistake into which I had fallen. I took the old man's advice; I soon saw its propriety and wisdom, and hope to bless God forever for sending me to him."—Christian Family Almanac.

Agriculture.

Questions from Correspondents

WISHING FOR INFORMATION.

MR. EDITOR,

Will you or some of your readers answer the following enquiries?

- 1. When is the proper season to prune fruit trees?
2. Should fruit trees, in an orchard that is cultivated, have manure put around them, or is the general cultivation sufficient?
3. What is the remedy for trees that are infested with the wood-borers,—what is a preventive to their appearance?
4. When should spruce for hedges be set out?

NOVICE.

[OUR Correspondent has not given the locality from which he writes, in his communication, and we do not therefore feel at liberty to indicate the residence of the writer, further than the name of the county—Colchester. We give this, because we should be glad to see increased attention to fruit growing in the eastern parts of the province. Not only do we believe it profitable, but highly conducive to health and happiness, to use fruit as food. We hope to receive answers from some of our friends, who have had experience to guide them in the formation of their opinions, on the points brought before them in the above questions.—Ed. C. M.]

April work.

The sun has come again with power, the days are longer, birds sing, buds swell, the dancing waters are musical in the valleys, while peeping flowers and springing grass invite us forth to breathe the sweet air of the new-born year.

Thanks, for this change of the seasons! Each new April is a new era in life to the farmer. His general calculations have been made, to be sure; but they are not mathematical, to be worked up to like so many arbitrary rules. The farmer cannot do this. When the ground is laid bare before him, and the influences of the winter are revealed, he frequently finds it necessary to change the plans he had already decided upon. So that April often demands the principal engineering of the year.

PLOWING is one of the most important operations now,—but where the land is wet and sticky, even this prime work had better be delayed until the water has drained away, and the soil become aired and dried, so that when a furrow is turned a portion of it will fall to pieces. If it falls over flat, cold and heavy, it will remain a clog and incumbrance through the entire season, if at all of a clayey nature. Better to wait a little, and allow nature to perform her work in her own way. On thorough drained land there will be no difficulty in plowing as early as you desire.

POTATOES should be planted early, so as to come to an early market.

THE GARDEN, by all means, should have attention now. Make a small patch of soil, very rich,—even if you are obliged to rob the corn or grain field a little,—work it deep and thoroughly, and then sow at proper times, all the seeds of the common vegetables,—such as beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage, onion, tomato, beans, peas, summer squash, egg-plant, parsnip, melon, cucumber, &c., &c. If these are well tended, they will pay four times the profit that any hay or grain field will.

A bed of Asparagus is essential—no farmer should do without it. Add, also, a few hills of RHUBARB.—N. E. Farmer.

SOAKING SEED WHEAT.—Mr. Walter R. Neal, of Mysville, Ky., writes to the Rural American, that in the fall of 1858 he prepared 20 acres of land for wheat, and at the same time his brother, whose farm adjoined his, prepared ten acres. The land, seed and mode of preparation, and time of sowing, were the same. The only difference was, he says, "my brother soaked his wheat before sowing, in strong brine, and then rolled in lime; while I sowed mine without either. Now mark the result. At threshing time my yield was 13½ bushels to the acre, which was about an average yield in the neighborhood, while my brother's averaged 22½ bushels to the acre. Still further, my wheat was damaged with the smut, while my brother's wheat was entirely free from smut, and all foreign seeds."—Jl.

TO SAVE FROZEN HOUSE PLANTS.—When plants are found to have been frozen during the night, they should not be removed to a warm place, but on the contrary, they should be dipped in cold water, and set in some cool place where they will not freeze, and also in the dark. They will then have a chance to recover, if not completely dead.