

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xiv. 15-31: Christ continues his farewell discourse. 1 KINGS iii. 1-15: The Lord appears to Solomon at Gibeon.

Recite—JOHN xiv. 1-3.

OCTOBER 7th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xv. 1-15: The Vine and the Branches. 1 KINGS iv. 20-34: Solomon's Court and Officers.

Recite—JOHN xiv. 15-19.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From September 23th, to October 6th 1860.

Last Quarter, September 8, 6.52 Morning. New Moon, " 15, 1.54 " First Quarter, " 21, 7.10 Afternoon. Full Moon, " 29, 9.25 "

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Rows include dates from 23rd to 6th of the month.

* 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 Child's Story.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and used to seem very long when he began it and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with the child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimney, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick like down from the breast of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and geni and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons; and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But, they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and at games of ball; at prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays too, and Twelfth cakes and parties where they danced till midnight, and real theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver

rise out of the real earth, saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he had lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was teased sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarrelled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy as under, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But, the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stay for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing large as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished. Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, when the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning grey. But they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall. So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it, when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called." They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. Sunset is very near, I pray not yet!"

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who as already drew raw into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon the wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said, with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So the traveller sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.—Charles Dickens.

Tall Corn.

We grow "tall corn" in America. The world is beginning to find it out. Every year brings the fact more and more to the perceptive and digestive faculties of all civilized humanity. Like all great truths, it did not gain credit at once. True, everybody sees it here with his own eyes, but not so on the other side of the water. The first accounts of the productiveness of our Western prairies were read by our Buckinghamshire farmers with about as much respect as the fish stories of the siflor Sindad. It took even the highest dignitaries of the land a long while to get fairly up to a level with the actual fact. Even at this day there is an ear of corn in the British Museum which enjoys a very distinguished consideration as a curiosity. It divides attention, we do not say equally, but certainly fractionally, with the Nineveh bull and the great Kobinoor. It is a perfect marvel to our good cousin John Bull; and yet it is not a very extraordinary ear of corn after all. It reached its present distinction something in this wise.

In the month of January, 1757 at a certain dinner party in London, at which Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth, and many other distinguished men were present, the conversation turned upon the Irish famine; and the remark was made by Lord John that he rejoiced that so good a substitute for the native breadstuff had been found as Indian corn. Turning to Mr. Bates, the American partner in the house of Baring Brothers, his lordship went on to say:

"Why, Bates, some of the cobs have twelve or fourteen rows of grain on them."

Mr. Bates coolly replied:

"Yes, my lord, I have seen from twenty to twenty-four rows on a cob."

"That is a rare Yankeeism," was the pleasant retort of the Premier; and the whole company shouted in approval.

The burst of merriment over, Mr. Bates bought his peace by a wager of a dinner for the company all round that he could produce such an ear.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord John; and the bet was clinched.

The dinner passed off. Mr. Bates returned home, but not entirely at ease. He had done a strange thing; for the first time in his life he had made an engagement he was not absolutely certain of his ability to fulfil. He had misgivings that he had rashly pledged the honor of his country. It had been long since he looked upon an American crib; and however patiently he winnowed the cornucopia of his memory, he found that the cobs of his early days had gone glimmering through the lapse of time among the things that were, and were now so far off that he couldn't count the rows. He was, as Plautus would say, redactus ad invitus—in Yankee parlance, "hard up." But fortune favors the brave. It happened that a friend of ours dropped in the next day at the counting house of the Barings. Mr. Bates, with brightening face, hailed him, and made known his difficulty.

"You are safe," was the response; "if I live to get home, you shall have even a bigger ear than you have promised."

Our friend G—soon returned, and straightway wrote to Messrs. Rogers & Reynolds, of Lafayette, Ind., telling the story, and begging

them, for the honor of the country, to come to the rescue, and turn the tables on Lord John, showing them what Yankeeism could do.

In the July following, Mr. G—received by express from Lafayette a nicely arranged box containing six ears of horse-tooth corn, two of which had twenty-nine rows, two thirty-one, and two thirty-two. The box was forthwith addressed to J. Bates, Esq., care of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., shipped by the Black Ball Line. It reached its destination, and Lord John Russell (first Lord of the Treasury, third son of the late Duke of Bedford by the second daughter of George Viscount Torrington, and lineal descendant of Lord William Russell, the martyr of liberty) "acknowledged the corn."

The dinner was won. Joshua Bates did not perpetrate a "Yankeeism," and the British Museum holds the trophy. Vive la Republique!—Exchange.

Agriculture.

Land and Manure.

MR. EDITOR:—When will our farmers learn that, to farm with profit, they must cultivate no more land than they can manure well? Being in one of the towns in New Hampshire a few months since and having an opportunity to learn something of the farming operations of several of the largest cultivators of the soil in the town, I learned that a large majority of them manured only at the rate of from ten to twenty loads to the acre, and this upon uplands that have had the same treatment for many years, which of course is entirely insufficient to have any lasting benefit. The consequence is, that many of the farms from which two tons of hay to the acre were cut years ago, now barely produce one-half that quantity, and very many farms of from one to two hundred acres, and which ought to be a large source of income to the owners, barely afford them a support; and this in land naturally productive.

Now there may be various reasons for this state of things, but in my opinion, the principal cause arises from the miserable policy of cultivating more land than they can manure sufficiently to keep it in its original state of productiveness. I believe it is just as impossible to keep an upland farm in a state of cultivation that will remunerate its owner for his labor and capital, without sufficient manure, as it is for a man to labor without sufficient food to nourish and strengthen him. If farmers will look into this matter, and act up to its truthfulness, my word for it, you shall hear less about farming as being so very unprofitable. Some fifteen years ago, in one of the hilly towns in New Hampshire, a man purchased a farm of about 150 acres, which was pretty well worn out, but naturally productive land, paying but a small portion of the cost down, as he had but a few hundred dollars to begin life with. One of the first things this man did, was to go to the village, and engage manure, and draw it full two miles to his farm, and up hill at that. The farmers about said to one another that neighbor Jones could not afford to buy manure and haul it such a distance, as he was yet in debt for his farm, and they prophesied speedy bankruptcy for him. But neighbor Jones still continued to buy manure, and the consequence was that he got the best crops of any man in town, and to-day he has the richest and most productive farm in that vicinity, all paid for, and his neighbors say it is worth at least ten thousand dollars, and I believe still continues to buy manure as occasion requires.

It was my privilege to visit this town in August last, and from an eminence I could overlook some twenty-five farms, and where almost every other one was parched and dried up, neighbor Jones's was green and luxuriant, showing plainly the effects of high cultivation.—C. C. H. in N. E. Farmer.

USEFUL RECEIPT.—The Scientific American advises the ladies, when they wish to wash fine and elegant colors, to boil some bran in rain water, and use the liquid cold. Nothing, it is said, can equal it for cleaning cloth, and for its revivifying effects upon colors. Try it, ladies.

AN EXCELLENT USE FOR DOGS.—An exchange says the most profitable use that nine-tenths of all the dogs in this country could be applied to, is to mix about five dogs with a barrel of lime and ten cartloads of muck in a compost heap. A barrel of wood ashes may be added to help the decomposition of the bones. We believe that a dressing of this compost, applied to sheep pastures, would greatly enhance the production of wool.

LAND MEASURE.—Every farmer should have a good measure, a light stiff pole, just sixteen and a half feet long, for measuring land. By a little practice he can learn to step a rod in five steps, which will answer very well for ordinary farm work. Ascertain the number of rods in width and length of a lot you want to measure, and multiply one into the other, and divide by one hundred and sixty, and you have the number of acres as one hundred and sixty square rods make a square acre. If you wish to lay off an acre, measure thirteen rods on each side, and you have the thing very near.

CAMPION is the most powerful agent to drive away mosquitoes. A camphor bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as a perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.