

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 10th, 1860.

Read—JOHN viii. 1-20: The Scribes and Pharisees rebuked. NUMBERS xxiii.: Balaam blesses Israel.

Recite—JOHN vii. 37-39.

JUNE 17th, 1860.

Read—JOHN viii. 21-38: Christ continues his teaching. NUMBERS xxiv.: The remonstrances of Balak.

Recite—JOHN viii. 12-18.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From June 3rd, to June 16th, 1860.

Full Moon,	June 3,	0. 31	"
Last Quarter,	" 11,	8. 50	Morning.
New Moon,	" 19,	1. 9	"
First Quarter,	" 25,	8. 21	Afternoon.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
3	SU.	4 16	7 39	8 18	3 33	7 1	morn.
4	M.	4 16	7 40	9 12	4 24	7 45	0 21
5	Tu.	4 15	7 41	9 55	5 24	8 25	1 18
6	W.	4 15	7 42	10 37	6 31	9 5	2 13
7	Th.	4 15	7 43	11 1	7 31	9 43	3 4
8	F.	4 15	7 44	11 22	8 41	10 20	3 51
9	Sa.	4 14	7 44	11 44	9 46	10 58	4 34
10	SU.	4 14	7 45	morn.	10 48	11 38	5 16
11	M.	4 14	7 46	0 11	11 44	A. 18	5 55
12	Tu.	4 14	7 46	0 22	A. 48	1 18	6 35
13	W.	4 14	7 46	0 39	1 53	2 29	7 16
14	Th.	4 14	7 47	1 1	2 55	3 28	7 58
15	F.	4 14	7 47	1 28	4 0	4 31	8 44
16	Sa.	4 14	7 48	1 58	5 8	5 27	9 31

* 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.

A Story for Boys.

It is related of a Parisian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver for his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said:

"Go, my son; I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgement."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jeffed. Another asked the same question. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I had forty dinars sewed up in my garments."

The chief ordered the garments to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and art thou insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue," and taking the boy's hand they took an oath of repentance on it.

A trick that ended well.

HERE is a good story which we have just heard. A young man (a brother to "Sly Boots" perhaps, for like her he enjoyed a good joke,) was studying in college. One afternoon he walked out with one of his instructors, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes laying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor old man at work close by. "Let us have a little amusement, at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we hide these shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich, and suppose you put a silver dollar in the toe of each shoe and then we will hide." The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise, when he stooped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and found it to be a hard dollar, and then his absolute perplexity and astonishment, when he found still another in the other shoe. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding-place deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears? Young friends, and you, Miss "Sly Boots" when you want to enjoy real fun, real pleasure at witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot in some way imitate the student. Such tricks are worth performing.

A cunning Slave.

THE Petersburg, (Va.) Express tells a story of a slave-dealer, named "Black-Matt," on account of the darkness of his complexion, who purchased a bright mulatto by the name of Sam, at a very low price, on account of his numerous bad qualities, such as thieving, lying and drunkenness. Sam was intelligent—could read and write and appear like a most polished gentleman. He was so far removed, too, from the pure African that he could scarcely be distinguished from a white man.

Matt made up his gang and shipped them to New Orleans. In order that Sam might bring a good price, he was dressed in fine cloths—calfskin boots and silk hat, and kid gloves, and allowed to go on shore to show himself off. While strutting along, bearing a portly gentleman remark that he wished to purchase a good body servant he went up to him with an independant swagger, said:

"My dear sir, I have got just the boy that will suit you."

"Ha!" rejoined the planter, "I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been looking for one for several days. What do you ask for him?"

"Nine hundred dollars," replied the mulatto, "and cheap as dirt at that. He has every quality—can shave, dress hair, brush boots, and is besides polished in his manners. I could have got fifteen hundred dollars for him, but for one fault."

Ho!" ejaculated the planter. "and pray what kind of a fault is that?"

"Why, sir, a ridiculous one. He imagines himself a white man."

"A white man!" exclaimed the planter, laughing, "that is a funny conceit, indeed; but I can soon cure him of that—I've had considerable experience in training and managing a gentleman of colour."

"Oh! sir," continued Sam, "there is but little doubt that he can be cured—though you may find some trouble at first."

"Well, sir, you appear to be a gentleman," said the planter, who was rather too anxious and confiding. "I will take him on your recommendation. Where is he now?"

"On board the barque—yonder at the wharf, you can see him at any moment," replied Sam.

"Good," exclaimed the planter; "I am much pleased with your honesty and candor, and in order to save time—here are nine hundred dollars—please give me a bill of sale."

Sam got the clerk to draw a bill of sale, signed the name Samuel Hopkins, pocketed the money, and told the planter to ask the captain for Black-Matt; he would himself be on board as soon as he had closed a bargain with another gentleman who was desirous of purchasing one of his field hands.

The pury planter made his way to the barque and demanded from the captain to see the boy Black-Matt. The officer pointed to Matthew Hobson, who sat on the quarter deck, superintending the debarkation of his slaves.

"Are you Black-Matt, my fine fellow?" asked the planter, addressing the slave merchant.

"Folks call me so at hum," was the reply, but here my name is Matthew Hobson. What do you want?"

"I'll tell you, Matt, what I want. I want you. You're a likely-looking fellow, and will just suit me."

"Look'ye here, stranger," said Matt, firing up, "may be you don't know who you are speaking to?"

"Yes, I do, though—you're my property; I bought you of your master, Samuel Hopkins, just now, and—"

"You bought me!" exclaimed Matt, standing up at full length before the planter. "I am a white man."

"Come, come, now, calmly said the man it won't do—I know you—you can't humbug me with your conceits—I'll whip it out of you, sir—I'll teach you—"

Here Matt drew back and aimed a blow at the planter, who seized him by the throat, and called for the police. An officer happened to be on the levee—he, at the instance of the planter, seized the refractory slave and bore him to the calaboose, where he remained until evidence could be procured identifying him as a free-born white citizen of the United States.

Sam, in the mean time, got on board a ship that was just weighing anchor for an European port, and has never been heard of since.

A WEALTHY WOMAN.—There is something very beautiful in the reply which the poor woman gave to a Christian visitor, who, on seeing the poverty of her room, asked, "Is this all you have got?" "No, not all," was the answer; "but all this, and Christ!" Happy woman, what a blessed portion was hers! Having Christ, she was unspcakably rich.

The Child's Prayer.

About twenty-four years ago, a little girl of nine years, the daughter of a skeptic and a drunkard, was connected with one of the classes of my Sabbath School. The teacher was a most devoted and faithful laborer. The deportment of this little girl was such as to win the affection and kindest care of the teacher, who on one occasion presented her with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures. The little girl could hardly contain her joy. She hastened home with the treasure, with a glowing, throbbing heart. As soon as she entered the house, she rushed to her father, exclaiming, "O, see what my teacher has given me!" holding up the beautiful Bible. The father was sitting by the stove at the time, and was under the influence of liquor. In anger he seized the book, and crammed it into the fire. The child stood in amazement for an instant, unable to say a word. Then she dropped upon her knees, and with tears gushing from her eyes, implored God to have mercy on her father.

That prayer, offered in the innocence of childhood, and gushing right out from that dear little heart, was heard. The mother began to weep, the other children were overcome, and that father's heart was pierced by the arrow of conviction. From that hour to this, the result of the child's prayer has been gathering and increasing for the glory of God. The father now lives, and for four-and-twenty years has been a consistent communicant in the church. The mother also is in the church, and every member of the family has been converted to God.

USELESS TO ARGUE.—When Dr. Lyman Beecher was instructing a class of theological students and one of them put to him the question "What if an atheist should say that there is as much proof of the existence of several Gods, as there is of the existence of one?" he replied, "Don't enter into an argument with him, for quite likely you might fail to convince him but tell that if his theory is true, and there are more Gods than one, so much the worse for him!"

Agriculture.

Transplanting Corn.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to say a few words to the readers of your paper upon the subject of transplanting corn. In the northern parts of New Hampshire and Vermont, and more specially in the Canadas, the season is too short for the corn crops. The deep snows of winter are slow to melt away, and the winds of spring, blowing from the frozen regions of the north-west, are so cold that the ground cannot be safely planted, until quite late in the season. This makes the corn crop late, and exposes it to the early frosts of autumn, which in those regions usually come in August. For this reason, it often happens that the hard labor of the farmer in plowing, planting, hoeing, &c., is almost lost, and his fond hopes of a full storehouse of golden ears of corn for the support of his family and stock are all blasted. It almost always happens that his crop is injured to some degree.

It will be readily seen, that if corn could be so cultivated that it would ripen a month earlier than usual, it would be of great advantage to the corn-growers of those places. I am of the opinion that this can be effected by transplanting. This opinion is derived from my own experience and also that of others. I was led to test the possibility of successfully transplanting corn in the summer of 1857, because the ground where I wished to raise sweet corn was naturally so wet and the season that year was so backward, that I knew it would not ripen if cultivated in the usual way. About a month before the ground would be in a suitable state for planting, I planted the corn in a dry, sunny place, making the hills containing four or five kernels each, a few inches apart, each way. The corn came up and grew slowly, yet with sufficient rapidity, and by the time the ground where it was to be transplanted became dry, it was four or five inches high, about as high as corn is ever hoed the first time. I then prepared the ground, and with the use of a tin shovel or scoop, such as is used in a flour barrel, took up the hills and transplanted them. The result was that every hill lived, that the corn ripened a month earlier than other corn, and was the best piece in the neighborhood. The success of this experiment led me to consider the advantages which would be derived, if corn should be transplanted, and reflection seemed to show me the following

ADVANTAGES.

1. The corn would not suffer from the worms, as it would be too large for them to injure, before it is transplanted.
2. For the same reason, the crows would not injure it.

3. It would save the first hoeing, a very important consideration.

4. The corn would so soon take the strength of the ground, and overshadow it, that there would be but very few weeds.

5. The ground, so recently plowed, (just before transplanting,) would be so mellow, and the roots would strike down so deep, that the corn would be less affected by drought.

6. The corn would ripen before the usual great droughts of August.

7. Hoeing would not interfere with haying.

8. The corn would fill out the last of July, or first of August, before the cold nights come on, which so much prevent corn from filling out well.

9. The corn would be secure against frosts.

10. Corn could be raised upon wet land, which is not so much affected by drought.

11. The corn could be gathered in season to sow winter wheat, if desired.

It is needless to remark that each one of these advantages is great, and that the sum of them all is very great. If the corn crop of New England could have been a month earlier than it was last year, it would have been many hundred thousand dollars greater than it was. If the labor necessary to hoe corn the first time can be saved, then the greatest and most difficult part of the work of raising corn may be dispensed with. It is then a most important question, Can corn be transplanted to advantage? To this the reply immediately suggests itself, that the labor of transplanting would be so great as to render it impracticable. Most would come to such a conclusion at one. But may it not be possible that the amount of this labor is exaggerated by those who have given the subject but little thought? May it not be that some means can be adopted by which it can be accomplished much easier than one at first would suppose? I think so, and will propose my way, in which it seems to me it may be done economically.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSPLANTING CORN.

Proper boxes about 4 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 5 inches high. Make one of the sides so that it can be easily removed. Fill these boxes with loam mixed with some manure. Then prepare some strips of board 2½ inches wide, 5 inches long, and as thin as the blade of a hoe. Put these down endwise into the loam, so as to divide the loam into squares, 2 inches square and 5 inches deep. As these squares are each to contain a hill of corn, it will be seen that the thin strips are to prevent the roots of one hill from interfering with those of another. Place these boxes in a sunny place, well protected from the west-wind, and about a month before the usual planting time, plant 4 or 5 kernels of corn in each one of these squares. By planting time, that corn will be 5 or 6 inches high. Having prepared the ground and opened the hills, put these boxes into a cart, drive over the ground, take the hills of corn from the boxes in the hand, put them into the prepared hill, press the earth around them, and the corn is at once planted and hoed the first time. It would be well to use some phosphate of lime or hen manure, so as to cause the corn to start immediately. In a short time the corn will be as large as usual when hoed the second time.

It will be seen that, by this process, the labor of transplanting is not so very great, not near as great as that of the hoeing, which is saved. The boxes and the thin strips which separate the hills when once made, would last ten or twelve years, and the labor of filling them, planting the corn in them, &c., would come so early in the season, that it would not be of so much consequence. It would not take so many boxes to transplant an acre of land as would at first be supposed. If in every square foot of the boxes, there are twenty-five hills, as there may be, then a rod square of boxes will furnish hills enough to transplant more than an acre and a half of ground, if the rows are four feet apart one way, and three feet the other.

It is very evident that the management of these boxes would require some wisdom and care. The loam should not be very rich, as it is desirable to transplant from a poorer into a richer soil. Sandy or gravelly loam is better, as it is warmer. If the corn manifests a want of sufficient nutriment, then liquid manure should be added sparingly. In very cold nights it should be covered over. The corn will be spindling, because the hills are so near together. But that will be remedied as soon as it is transplanted.

My object in presenting this subject to your readers, is to induce them to consider the subject and, if they think best, to test it by experiments upon their farms. It was tested last summer by several farmers with perfect success, yet not upon a very large scale. I feel that, if I can do anything to enable farmers to produce the most important crop of this part of the country more surely, more abundantly and more economically, I shall do much good.—Cor. N. E. Farmer.