

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

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.

OCTOBER 14th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xv. 16-27: Christ's discourse with the disciples, continued. 1 KINGS v. 1-20: Materials for the Temple prepared.

Recite—JOHN xv. 1-4.

MESENGER ALMANAC.

From September 30th to October 13th, 1860.

Last Quarter, October 7, 6 50 Afternoon. New Moon, " 14, 10 22 Morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Wk., Rises, Sets, Rises, Sets, Halifax, Windsor.

* For the time of HIGH WATER at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

Gems for Little Folks.

- 1. KEEP a list of your friends; and let God be the first in the list, however long it may be.

We gave not long since, a specimen of the magniloquent language in which our "colored brethren" are so apt to indulge.

My colored friend, George Fitz Augustus, walked up to the wagon of a countryman, and after peering for some time at his stock, inquired: "Are those good taters?"

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary, with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said: "Good morning, Mr. Price."

Appreciating Preaching.

The Monthly Religious Magazine (Unitarian) gives the following incident of Rev. William Ware, sen., one of the most learned and accomplished ministers of that denomination:

Dr. Ware used sometimes to relate amusingly his experience as a parish minister. One week he had made special preparation for the pulpit, bestowing almost all his care and thought upon the morning discourse; and the result was what he considered one of his very best sermons.

Parishioner. I must thank you, Doctor, for that sermon: it has edified me more than I can tell you.

Doctor. I bestowed much care upon it, and am glad that my labor was not lost.

Parishioner. I assure you it was not. It has cleared up my doubts and difficulties.

Doctor. I presume you refer to the morning discourse.

Parishioner. No, sir—the afternoon. The morning discourse—I don't particularly remember about that.

This reminds us of a story which Rev. Dr. T., a Baptist pastor in one of the New-England cities used to relate of himself.

He had noticed for several successive Sabbaths a stranger of somewhat intellectual appearance in his congregation, who, at the commencement of the sermon, would place himself in the corner of his pew, and fixing his eyes upon the preacher, apparently listen with the utmost interest to the sermon.

A Compliment.

Many years ago there was a preaching station some distance from Princeton, to which it was usual to send the licentiates of the Seminary to preach, and they, very properly, performed the duty assigned them with a due regard to the great importance of preaching well prepared sermons.

On inquiry it was found that Sam's ignorant old preacher was Dr. Archibald Alexander and when the Dr. heard the criticism, he said that it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

The Right side of Fifty.

If Christians oftener cherished the hopes of the Apostle, and felt like him, that to die is gain, they would talk like Mr. Venn, in the following anecdote:

It is said of the humble Mr. Venn, in one of his excursions to preach for the Countess of Huntington, that he fell in company with a person who had the appearance of a parish clergyman.

"Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty."

"On the wrong side of fifty?" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir, I am on the right side of fifty."

"Surely," replied the clergyman, "you must be turned of fifty."

"Yes, sir," added the christian veteran, "but I am on the right side of fifty, for I am nearer my crown of glory."

Happy that person who can thus feel; who has the right to believe he is nearer his crown of glory. How feelings like these would cause us to rejoice as year by year passes away, and our salvation becomes nearer.

Visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii.

[In a late number of the Independent, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gives the following description of her recent visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii]

About an hour's drive brought us to the village of Portici, which is built over Herculaneum. We alighted and went into a common-looking house, where an old man provided us all with candles, and then opened a door which appeared to go down into the cellar, and we began to descend.

On our right and left we could see the marks of the pickaxes which had cut the passage down which we were treading, through a bank of solid lava, hard and glassy. Down lower, the damp dripped and oozed along the walls, and the rumble of carriages overhead sounded strangely in contrast to the ghouly darkness and stillness into which we were descending.

Besides the two equestrian statues of "Balbus," are several marble ones, called the "Mother, Wife, and Daughters." The statue called the "Mother" is a most striking one.

Our party was a large one—many of them young and full of spirits, and trod the desolated way with many a gay word and light laugh—yet even the fair young faces and the thoughtless laughs had a ghostly, unnatural look and sound in that depressing stillness.

We arrived at Pompeii at about twelve o'clock and went into a little caravanserai to get a lunch, before entering on our explorations.

The character of these Neapolitan airs strongly reminds me of the gayer class of negro melodies—the same strongly accentuated rhythmical character and sharp expression of time—the same careless abandon of gait.

"Now this is so, as weel ye know, And frost and snaw on lika hill, And Boreas wi' his blasts so bauld, Was threatening a' our chiefs to kill;

When my gudewife wha lo'es no strife, Gait up and plainly did declare, Go to the druggist, John, and buy The Pectoral o' Dochter AYER.

Now this is so, as weel ye know, To cross the lasses will na pay, So aff I slid as I was bidd, And bought the PECTORAL that day.

Our health increased, our coughing ceased, No frown the gudewife's brow did wear; So every time we brew the malt We drink the health o' Dochter AYER.

Lang be his life an' free from strife, May bairnies' bairnies climb his knee, And ne'er may they to their last day For gold or silver wanting be; May he ne'er lack a trusty friend— May he ne'er feel the clutch o' care, O' blessings may our Father send, To him the eldest brother's share.

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Agriculture.

Horses.

We usually feed our horses too much; that is the food is disproportioned to the labor they perform. We speak more particularly of our best horses—fancy animals, that stand in warm stables, blanketed, and taken out only occasionally for exhibition, rather than use.

The excess of oxygen in the Arctic atmosphere requires an excess of carbon, otherwise the oxygen would consume the lungs, and produce pulmonary disease. If the food (or carbon) exceeds its due proportion, or is disproportioned to the oxygen, it is unconsumed, and is stored away in the form of fat, which induces acute diseases and premature death.

Facts for poor Farmers.

Those farmers who have most difficulty to make both ends meet, always plow most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and bring little.

Buld high Stables.

That is, high between floors. Most stables are built low because they are warmer. But such people forget that warmth is obtained at a sacrifice of the health of the animal and pure air.

HORSE OIL.

Report says that the Kauians are procuring an excellent oil from the fat of horses. Some horses, when tried out, will produce a barrel of oil, but the average is about half a barrel.