

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 20th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXVII, 13-26: Paul's voyage continued.  
1 SAMUEL VII.: The Philistines defeated by Israel.

Recite—PSALM LXXXIV, 4, 10, 11.

Sunday, March 27th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXVII, 27-44: Paul's shipwreck. 1 SAMUEL VIII.: The people desire a king.

Recite—PSALM LXXXIX, 15, 16.

## THE LITTLE GIRL OF GREENLAND.

The little girl of Greenland, or the frozen land, has a strange name: it is Eqrk, and her brother is called Awabtok. They live with their parents in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, which looks like an old brick-oven. A house is called *igloo* in that country. It has but one room, and the people crawl into it through a low long passage on their hands and knees. Within there is no fireplace, no stove, no fire, not a chair, or table, or bed.

Eqrk's father chiefly spends his time in fishing, and carries his canoe or boat on his back to the water; or, when the ice is too thick to break for fishing, he hunts the walrus, a creature of the whale tribe.

How do you suppose Eqrk's mother cooks her food? She boils it in a kettle over a lamp. The lamp is made of the shoulderblade of a walrus, filled with blubber, with a wick of moss. As for baking, she never does that.—Little Eqrk never saw a slice of bread, or a potato, or an apple. She eats a steak of walrus, or some broiled blubber, or frozen liver; or she sucks a bear's paw or the rib of a seal. Never a stick of sugar-candy had little Eqrk. If you gave her one she would say, "Kuyannaka," which means "I thank you."

If Eqrk goes out of doors, what does she see—green grass, and tulips and buttercups? No. A corn-field over the way? No. Currant-bushes and cherry-trees, or oaks and elms branching overhead? No, no. On one side is a great ice mountain, and fields of snow, snow, snow; hardly anything but snow, with grey rocks here and there.

A short time in the summer a little pale grass tries to grow in sunny spots, and a few small flowers smile by the grey rocks. Then the little girl must be happy indeed. She laughs, and has her games of play like you. She has no little carriage to run on the smooth ground; but her father makes her a sledge. He has no wood, for trees do not grow in that cold country; so he takes the bones of the whale and the walrus, and fastens them together with seal-skin; and he makes a back to lean against, because it will go over some very rough places. It runs very swiftly; for who do you think draws little Eqrk? Not her father; he has gone hunting the great *nanook*, which is the white bear; not her brother Awabtok; he has his sledge; but a couple of little brown dogs, who are harnessed to the sledge, they run and draw Eqrk; and very much does she enjoy the drive.

What does she dress in? Hood and cloak and gloves, like our little girls? I will begin with her feet. Nobody knits in that frozen land; so she has no warm *woollen* socks like yours.—Her socks are made of bird's skins, with the soft down inside. Over this she wears seal-skin boots. These keep her feet warm. Then she wears leggings of white bear-skin and a jacket of fox-skin. This jacket has a hood to it; and the garment, jacket and hood together, is called a jumper. This is the fashion of that country. It would look odd enough in our land. At first sight you would take little Eqrk for a stray cub of the white bear. Sometimes she holds a fox's bushy tail between her teeth, to keep Jack Frost from kissing her cheeks with his cold lips.

Oh, you do not know what terrible winters she sees in her country. The sun sets in November, and it does not rise again till March.—Think what a long night that is. We think winter days are short enough; but to have no day at all, how much worse that is. There are the northern lights, to be sure; but there is no light like the bright warm, cheerful sun, which we see in our sky.

Winter is called *okibok*, the "season of fast ice." By March the sun begins to peep up above the icebergs, or ice-mountains, and slips quickly down again. Next day it stays longer, and the next, until June comes, when it stays all day and night. Summer is called *asak*, the "season of no ice," though it is never really iceless, nor can the sun melt the great snow-drifts. It is, however, a pleasant season, for flocks of birds come and build their nests in snug corners and shelves of the rocks, and they are so tame that her brother Awabtok can easily catch a useful to carry home for supper.

Do Eqrk and Awabtok go to school? They do not know what school is. There are no books, no paper, no pens, no slates in their country, except a few spots where missionaries have settled. In all other parts of the land there are no day-schools, nor Sabbath-schools, nor churches—nor one of all those privileges which we have to make our life so improving, useful and happy. Their mother sometimes tells Eqrk and her brother of the "Great Spirit;" but she cannot tell them that "sweet story of old" about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to be the Redeemer, for she does not know it herself. I wish we could tell her; then perhaps she would say, "Asakoteet," which is, "I love," in her language. As for

you, dear Christian children, I am sure you must say:

My God I thank thee, who hast planned  
A better lot for me,  
And placed me in this happy land,  
Where I may hear of thee.  
—Child's Companion.

## MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

O! could there in this world be found  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Where village pleasures might go round  
Without the village tattling!  
How doubly blest that place would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery  
Of gossip's endless prattling!

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,  
And in it she might fix her throne  
Forever and forever;  
There, like a queen, might reign and live,  
While every one would soon forgive  
The little slights they might receive,  
And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove  
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapprove  
What gives another pleasure;  
They seem to take one's part, but when  
They've heard our cases, unkindly then  
They soon retail them all again,  
Mixed with poisonous measure.

And they've such a cunning way  
Of telling tales. They say,  
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;  
I would not tell another."  
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low—  
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

O! that the mischief-making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue—  
That every one might know them;  
Then would one village sure forget  
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
And fall into an angry pet,  
With things too much below them.

For it's a sad, degrading part,  
To make another's bosom smart  
And plant a dagger in the heart  
We ought to love and cherish;  
Then let us evermore be found  
In quietness with all around,  
While friendship, peace and joy abound,  
And angry feelings perish.

## Agriculture, etc.

For the Christian Messenger.

## MORE ABOUT COUGHING HORSES.

Mr. Editor,—

In the very profitable column of the *Messenger*, of February 3rd, devoted to Agriculture, &c., you published a brief extract on *Coughing Horses—Cause and Cure*, on which by your permission I will make a few remarks.

I agree with the writer as to the cause of the Cough, and with him I say remove the racks, but I do not like his substitute for them. In feeding over a breast work on the barn floor the horse is likely to throw his hay from him and in reaching for it to injure himself. It is not uncommon to see horses with swellings on their breasts and knees, who are fed in this way. In feeding thus they have placed before them the sweepings of the barn floor, of which they are usually very fond but which they cannot eat in this dry state without inhaling much of it. This method of feeding prevails largely in this county, and many of our horses are sadly injured by it.

My plan is to build a sung crib over the floor, two feet from the floor, with the bottom sufficiently open to allow the dust and seeds to fall through. Let the hay be well shaken, and if it be very dusty or musty, sprinkle a little water upon it. The dust and seeds gathered up wet and mixed with meal or oats, or separately, will find its way to the horse's stomach and not to his lungs—will do him good, and not make him cough.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16th, 1864.

## METHODS OF UNDERDRAINING.

The following summary of the methods of underdraining is taken from "Norton's Elements of Scientific Agriculture."

First, as to depth; where a fall can be obtained, this should be from 30 to 36 inches. The plants can then send their roots down, and find to this depth a soil free from hurtful substances. The roots of ordinary crops often go down three feet, when there is nothing unwholesome to prevent their descent. The farmer who has a soil available for his crops to such a depth, cannot exhaust it so soon as one where they have to depend on a few inches, or even a foot of surface. Manures, also, cannot easily sink down beyond the reach of plants. On such a soil, too, deep ploughing could be practised, without fear of disturbing the top of the drains. The farmer should not, by making

his drains shallow, deprive himself of the power to use the subsoil plough, or other improved implements that may be invented, for the purpose of deepening the soil. There are districts in England, where drains have had to be taken up and relaid deeper, for this very reason. It would have been an actual saving, to have laid them deep enough at the first.

Second, as to the way in which they should be made, and the materials to be used.

The ditch should, of course, be wedge-shaped, for convenience of digging, and should be smooth on the bottom.

Where stones are used, the proper width is about six inches at the bottom. Small stones should be selected, or large ones broken to about the size of a hen's egg, and the ditch filled in with these to a depth of nine or ten inches. The earth is apt to fall into the cavities among larger stones, and mice or rats make their burrows there; in either case, water finds its way from above, and washes in dirt and mud, soon causing the drain to choke. With small stones, choking from either of these causes cannot take place, if a good turf be laid, grass side down, above the stones, and the earth then trampled in hard. Cypress or cedar shavings are sometimes used, but are not quite so safe as a good sound turf. The water should find its way into the drain from the sides, and not from the top.

Stones broken to the size above mentioned are expensive in this country, and in many places they cannot be procured; in England, it is now found that tiles, made of clay and burned, are cheapest. These have been made of various shapes.

The first used was the horse-shoe tile. This was so named from its shape; it had a sole made as a separate piece to place under it, and form a smooth surface for the water to run over.

Within a few years this tile has been almost entirely superseded by the pipe-tiles (which are merely earthenware pipes, of one inch bore or larger, and made in short lengths.) These tiles have a great advantage over the horse-shoe shape, in that they are smaller, and are all in one piece; this makes them cheaper in the first cost, and also more economical in the transportation.

All these varieties are laid in the bottom of the ditch, it having been previously made quite smooth and straight. They are simply placed end to end, then wedged a little with small stones, if necessary, and the earth packed hard over them. Water will always find its way through the joints. Such pipes, laid at a depth of from 2½ to 3 feet, and at proper distances between the drains, will, in time, dry the stiffest clays. Many farmers have thought that water would not find its way in, but experience will soon show them, that they cannot keep it out. The portion of earth next the drain first dries; as it shrinks on drying, little cracks begin to radiate in every direction, and to spread until at last they have penetrated through the whole mass of soil that is within the influence of the drain, making it all, after a season or two, light, mellow, and wholesome for plants.

They form a connected tube, through which water runs with great freedom, even if the fall is very slight. When carefully laid, they will discharge water, where the fall is not more than two or three inches per mile. If buried at a good depth, they can scarcely be broken; and if well baked, are not liable to moulder away. There seems no reason why well made drains of this kind should not last for a century. The pipe tiles are used of from 1 to 1½ inches diameter of bore for the smaller drains, and for the larger, up as high as 4 or 5 inches. They are all made in pieces of from 12 to 14 inches in length. An inch pipe will discharge an immense quantity of water, and is quite sufficient for most situations. These small drains should not ordinarily be carried more than 400 to 500 feet before they pass into a large one, running across their ends. Where a very great quantity of water is to be discharged, two large-sized horse-shoe tiles are often employed, one inverted against the other.

Third, as the direction in which the drain should run. The old fashion was to carry them around the slopes, so as to cut off the springs; but it is now found most efficacious to run them straight down, at regular distances apart, according to the abundance of water and the nature of the soil. From 20 to 50 feet between them would probably be the limits for most cases. It is sometimes necessary to make a little cross-drain, to carry away the water from some strong spring. In all ordinary cases, the drains running straight down, and discharging into a main cross-drain at the foot, are amply sufficient.

"Tile machines are now introduced into this country, and tiles will soon come into extensive use. Their easy portability, their permanency when laid down, and perfection of their work, will recommend them for general adoption. It is also to be noticed, that it takes less time to lay them than stones, and that the ditch required for their reception is smaller and narrower. The bottom of it need only be wide enough to receive the tiles. The upper part of the earth is taken out with a common spade, and the lower part with one made quite narrow for the purpose being only about four inches at the point. The bottom is finished clean and smooth, with a peculiar hoe or scoop. This is necessary, because the tiles must be laid on an even smooth foundation."

With regard to these mechanical modes of improving the soil, it may be stated with truth—

1. That except in some cases of naturally deep and well-drained soils, no soil has a fair chance of showing its capabilities without deep ploughing and draining.
2. That many partially exhausted soils may have their fertility restored by these processes.
3. That the deepening and loosening of the soil occasion no waste of manures, but the reverse.

4. That when judiciously conducted these improvements have proved themselves to be among the cheapest and most profitable that can be attempted.—*Dawson*.

For the Christian Messenger.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

Margaree, N. E., Feb. 3rd, 1864.

Dear Editor,—

Three of our most worthy and aged members of the Baptist Church of this place, have departed to their eternal rest in the few past weeks:

MRS. JANET McDONALD,

Died on the 20th of December last, aged 86 years, a native of the Isle of Skye, Scotland. She made a profession of religion and was baptized while a youth in her native land. With a family of six children and her husband, she came to this country in the year 1829. Although darkness prevailed at the time, and in the place in which she was born, she had the opportunity of obtaining the elements of English education, which she well matured in after life. She was a great lover of good books, and would always consider time well spent in reading them to others as well as for her own edification and comfort. She was well taught in Christian doctrine, and brought up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To keep holy the Lord's day was with her always a matter of importance. When the family first settled here far in the woods, and when no means of grace were near, she made great efforts to keep her children at home, and for their edification and instruction read for them such books as she thought would carry conviction to their young minds. As it is written in the Law of Moses, she would talk of the things of God in her going out and coming in, in the house and in the field. She was among the few that formed the nucleus of the Baptist Church in this place. Shortly after the time of its formation to her great joy, she saw her eldest son, Alexander, taking up his cross and following the Lamb. He became the Rev. Alexander McDonald, and died at Hampton, N. B., 13 years since; "Memento" wrote a short sketch of him in his letters last fall. To her great joy she soon saw all her children uniting with the church of Christ in this place. Now her chief concern was that they would walk worthy of their high vocation. Although her earnest desire was that her children should be comfortable in this life, yet her chief concern was that they should be rich in good works. The ministers of Christ were always welcome to her house and she was never satisfied unless something was done to defray the expense incident to the ministry of the word of God. She was a constant reader of the *C. Messenger* and the *C. Visitor*, for many years taking the greatest pleasure in hearing of revivals of religion, and the conversion of sinners. Having a sweet sonorous voice, she would often edify and comfort her family and others, by singing spiritual Gaelic hymns. A few days before she departed she sang several of them nearly as melodiously as ever. Five or six years before her departure, she was much afflicted with acute rheumatism, and spoke of death as a welcome messenger to remove her from her afflictions to a place of rest. She was beloved and respected by her neighbors, the people of God, and her own family, leaving an aged husband and four children to mourn; but not as those who have no hope.

MRS. ANN BURTON,

Mother of the Rev. William Burton, died on the 25th of January last, aged 84 years, she professed faith in her blessed Redeemer 26 years since, which profession she adorned by her godly and consistent walk. Her steady and unwearied attendance on the ordinances of God's house to the very last, bespoke her inward life and unabated love to the brethren. She was baptized by the Rev. D. V. Dimock, while on a missionary tour on this island, she would be often heard mourning over the wickedness of the land and the low state of religion in the church; still she would not blame any one for it more than herself, and was not a fault finder. She always had a good word to say for the cause of Christ, in the church and out of it. We all loved and respected her as a true child of God. A very large concourse of people of every denomination in the place attended her burial.

MALCOLM LAMONT

Departed this life on the 31st ult., aged about eighty seven years, he was a native of the Isle of Skye, Scotland, in which he and his partner in life Mary Lamont, who died two years since, at the advanced age of nearly 90 years, professed to have experienced a change of heart; which profession they adorned to the last. I am credibly informed, that while in the mother country, they with unwearied kindness and hospitality entertained the ministers of the cross of different denominations, as they itinerated through the country preaching the gospel of the kingdom. Often have we been delighted to hear them talk of the teachings and doctrines of the first pioneers of the gospel of the grace of God as they travelled through the length and breadth of the land, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. On coming to this country they did not leave their religion behind them as is some times the case. Although not baptized in the mother country, they were always strongly inclined to believers' baptism as they saw clearly that none but believers have a right to the ordinances of the gospel. In this belief they grew until fully persuaded that infant baptism is no substitute for the simple ordinance as taught in