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BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 13th, 1866.

CONCERT: or Review of the past months' subject and lessons.

Sunday, May 20th, 1866.

JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ teaches humility. 1 Kings xii. 25-33: Jeroboam's idolatry. Recite-1 CORINTHIANS ii. 9-11.

For the Christian Mossenger.

Scripture Puzzle.

Y placing these names as in order they stand, You will find a great truth taught by

Nature so grand. 1. The man who threshed wheat by a winepress to hide it from the Midianites.

2. The fifth son of Azel.

between Ramah and Bethel.

three years.

5. The man who was killed by Heber's wife. 6. The first polygamist.

he saw an angel.

8. The queen who was disinherited for disobeying her husband. 9. The priest whose two sons were slain in one

STELLA.

Brookfield, Col. Co., April 14th, 1866.

The one-eyed Servant.

A SHORT STORY FOR A GOOD CHILD.

site sides of the common? How bright their and whey set every night for you on the hearth, windows are, and how pretty the vines trail over and nobody should ever look when you went them. A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and came." and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy woman.

her arms tolded, as it she were in deep thought. house is not what one would call very clean. though to look at her face one would not have No offence, I hope?" supposed she was doing more than idly watch. Bella blushed deeply. "Well, but it should her casement, which had once been fresh and snow, and the windows cleaned." white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she | "Well, then," said the cobbler, seeming to looked poor and torlorn.

when all of a sudden she heard a little noise, your neighbor's; but it may be several days belike stitching, near the ground. She looked fore I can; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a down, and sitting on the border, under a wall-dish of curds." Mower bush, she saw the funniest little man posmible, with a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat, and Bella, full of joy. red boots; he had got a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away at it with all his them in his leather apron, walked behind the might.

"Good morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be

looking so earnestly across the common?"

said the young woman.

Polly, she used to be called; and a very pretty blossom on the hearth. cottage it is too! Looks thriving, doesn't it?"

is always good to her." terrupted the little cobbler, without stopping, in her rocking-chair, with her baby on her " Reach me my awl, mistress, will you, for you knee, working. seem to have nothing to do; it lies close by your foot."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very the door, and cried out: good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed my house! for the worse, and bers for the better; and then, look how she thrives. Only to think of our both "I declare, I should hardly have known it; the being married on the same day; and now I've sun can shine brightly now through the clear nothing, and she has two pigs and a-"

"And a lot of flax that she spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; " and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief come?" for an apron; and a red waistcoat for her good man, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and "I've got her with me." a flitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of

"O, she's a lucky woman !" exclaimed Bella "Ay, and a tea tray, with Daniel in the lion's den upon it," continued the cobbler; " and a fat baby in the cradle."

":O. I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella, pettishly. "I've little enough for myself and my husband, letting alone children."

M.Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cobbler.

"No; he's at the ale house." "Why, how's that? he used to be very sober.

Can't he get work ?"

he was so shabby." groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your his crib, and the dark eyes looked sleepy. From neighbor opposite thrives wonderfully; but no his silver mug and a homelike plate the little

busy, and must go."

should thrive I"

ing one, too-who is always beloing them."

MESSENGER

"A servant!" repeated Bella-"my neighbor has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler, " a one-eyed servant—but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mistress, I must go." "Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently

-" where did she get this servant?" "O, I don't know," said the cobbler; "serv-

well, I can tell you."

" And what can she do for her?" "Do for her? Why, all sorts of things; I strong. think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge, she never refuses to do anything, keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful of them turned away in scorn; others smiled; order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both her hands; " well, she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to curly head was pillowed on his mother's arm. have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, 3. The prophetess who dwelt under a palm tree, stitching busily; "they are all so-one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and hearts unused to praying in the hardness of 4. The prophet who walked naked and bare foot Polly's servant has some cousins who are blind their older lives. One man seemed to brush -stone blind; no eyes at all; and they some times come and help her. I've seen them in the the time when he had not forgotten to pray. cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good 7. The man who hid with his four sons, when deal of her money. They work for her, and kept Howard in peace and security all the night she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry prayers. with vexation; "and I've not got a soul to do anything for me; how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her. "Well you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, " and if I were not in such a hurry—"

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say you could help me? I have heard your people are fond of curds and whey, and fresh gooseberry of this article-the "Amateur Scavengers." syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me The members of this corps are numerous—in Do you see those two pretty cottages on oppolithat there should be the most beautiful curds

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in She was once sitting at her cottage door, with short, about cleanliness, mistress; and your

ing the swallows as they floated about in the be always clean if you would—every day of hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, my life I would wash the floor and sand it, and shoes down at the heels; the little curtain in the hearth should be whitewashed as white as

consider-" well, then, I shouldn't wonder if I She sat some time gazing across the common, could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too, ' replied

The cobbler then took up all his tools, wrapped wall flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. At noon her husband scarce ly knew the house, she had made it so bright and "I was looking at my neighbor's cottage," clean; and by night she had washed the curtain. cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sand-"What! Tom, the gardener's wife's? little ed the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in

The next morning Bella kept a sharp lookout was the young wife's name;) "and her husband house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But no-

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to

"O do, p ay, come in, sir. Only look at

"Really," said the cobbler, looking round; glass; and what a sweet smell of hawthorn! her any wages-have you met with one that will of life's picture.

" All's right," replied the little man, nodding;

"Got ber with you!" repeated Bella, looking round; "I see nobody."

"Look! here she is!" said the cobbler, holding up something in his hand.

Would you believe it?—the one-eyed servant was nothing but a needle.—Jean Ingelow.

"As a little child."

Through the dusk, an express train was rush ing over bridges and long lines of rail, showing through the windows glimpses of lights shining here and there in homes, bare trees, and barren "His last master wouldn't keep him, because fields. A child had been travelling all day, amused by various devices into good humor and "Humph!" said the little man. "He's a happiness. Now the night fell, far away from wonder! Well, I've nothing to do with other boy made a tolerable tea; but the sleepy time people's secrets; but I could tell you, only I'm came of longing to be undressed, and rocked in the familiar room

O, good combler, don't go, for I've nothing to fatigue; the lamps were shedding a dim light; cheerfully add our testimony to that of many half round, through the hole, letting it extend a do. Pray tell me why it's no wonder that she when little Howard was told that he must lie others in favor of this medicine. The Pain Killer few inches below the bottom of the boat, and down in his mother's arms, and sleep. The is invaluable for the diseases for which is recom- all the water will run out without any labor. I "Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, child looked incredulous: "Where is my night- mended. Try a bottle of it, and see if we do think a ship at sea could be kept affort if you you know, but as I said before, it's no wonder gown?" he exclaimed. The mother explained not state correctly .- Roman Citizen.

people thrive who have a servant-a hard-work- that he was going to see his grandmother,-with whose memory were connected all privileges of petting and spoiling,-and that he could be just as comfortable in the warm rug and shawl.

MANUSHINO HIL

The child sat in his mother's lap, looking with large, wondering eyes on the strange prospect, with red lips parted. "But I must say my prayers," he lisped in sweet baby-fashion. In of barometer, called the "John and Joan." ants are plentiful enough, and Polly uses hers might escape the perils of the way.

same sweet voice, the child's faith clear and so turns round a little way, and the strip of

not avoid hearing these childish words. Some with moisture, an opposite effect is produced; one woman with a peaceful face looked lovingly direction, and "Jack" makes his appearance. on the child who did not forget, even in a raillips murmured "God bless papa and mamma, summed up in rhyme the following and make me good for Chrit's rake." Then his Onward the cars swept in the darkness; and still the boy slept profoundly, fearing no evil, while the echo of those prayers lingered in away a tear hastily, as he thought, probably, of

The angels who watch over our little ones long, and brought in safety to his grand mother's arms the boy who remembered to say his

"Amateur Scavengers."

In addition to the official scavenger and the crossing sweeper, regular or irregular, there is a very large volunteer body daily to be seen at work in the streets; and it is to this class that we have ventured to apply the title at the head fact, no one can walk down any of our principal streets without seeing some diligently at work, either during their long promenade, or in the short interval which separates a carriage from a shop door. The work is performed gratuitously, so far as the general public is concerned, the only remuneration required by these amateurs being a little wonderment on the part of the beholders. The operation is very thoroughly carried out; wherever one of the amateur scavengers has passed, a broad clean space may be perceived, from which there have been removed all such unsightly objects as pieces of orange peel, cigar ends, and various nameless abominations of the pavements of our streets. What becomes of these things we know not, and we dare not imagine. In addition to all that has been stated, one further observation can be made. The amateur scavengers employ no common broom. Anxious to do thoroughly what they have undertaken, and to spare no expense, they employ costly stuffs of wool or silk, with which to clean the pavement, and to

make it fit to be walked on. Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?" -London Court Journal.

Future character known to God.

As the eye of the cunning lapidary detects in in the rugged pebble just digged from the mine "She was always lucky," said Bella, (for that both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbor's the polished diamond that shall sparkle in the diadem of a king; or as the sculptor in the rough block of marble newly bewn from the "They were both good husbands at first," in- nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting quarry beholds the statue of perfect grace and beauty that is latent there, and waiting but the touch of his hand; so He who-sees all, and the end from the beginning, sees ofttimes greater wonders that these; He sees the saint in the sinner-Paul the preacher of the faith in Paul the persecutor of the faith .- Archbishop Trench.

> Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends "Well, and my one-eyed servant?" asked in death by the brooding apprehensious of the Bella, "you remember, I hope, that I can't pay sick. We should always look on the bright side

> > We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor: but, in the sight of God, he was gone before; it is only we that have now first discovered it. "He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little."-Newton.

> > Two HARD THINGS .- First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

Throat.

"Great service in subduing Hoarseness." REV. DANIEL WISE, New York. " The Troch s are a staff of life to me." PROF. EDWARD NORTH, Pres. Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

" A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, DR. G. F. BIGLOW, Boston.

Scientific.

The Barometer.

In many cottages may be seen a primitive kind new scenes unconscious of the eyes around him, The contrivance is exceedingly simple, consisthe folded his dimpled hands, and repeated rever- ing of a piece of catgut, fastened to the top of ently the old prayer beginning "Our Father," John's house, or castle, in the inside, and its embracing all our wants and dangers. As he lower end attached to the middle of a strip of prayed, "And deliver us from evil," the mother wood, seven or eight inches in length, which clasped him closer, and prayed too, that they thus hangs suspended. The catgut is acted upon by the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; Then followed the "Now I lay me," in the when the air is dry, it contracts, and in doing wood is moved forward at the end of which The passengers in the seats adjoining could "Joan" is placed. When the air is charged the gut becomes expanded, turns in an opposite

The celebrated Dr. Jenner, in reply to a lady, way car, to say his evening prayer. The rosy who asked him if he thought it would rain,

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow winds begin to blow The clouds look black, the glass is low, The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep. And spiders from their cobwets creep. Last night the sun went pale to bed, The moon in halos hid her head; The boding shepherd heaves a sigh, For see! a rainbow spans the sky. The walls are damp, the ditches smell, Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack, Old Betty's joints are on the rack. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry, The distant hills are looking nigh. How restless are the snorting swine-The busy flies disturb the kine. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings; The cricket, too, how loud it sings. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws, Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws. Through the clear stream the fishes rise, And nimbly catch the incautious flies. The sheep were seen, at early light, Cropping the meads with eager bite. Though June, the air is cold and chill; The mellow blackbird's voice is still. The glowworms, numerous and bright, Illumed the dewy dell last night. At dusk the squaid toad was seen Hopping, crawling o'er the green. The frog has lost its yellow vest, And in a dingy suit is dressed. The leech, disturbed, is newly risen Quite to the summit of his prison. The whirling wind the dust obeys, And in the rapid eddy plays. My dog, so altered in his taste, Quits mutton bones on grass to feast; And see you rooks, how odd their flight, They imitate the gliding kite: Or seem, precipitate, to fall, As if they felt the piercing ball. 'Twill surely rain-I see, with sorrow, Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

A short Scientific lesson for boys, little and big.

Frank was playing about the well-curb with his bright new penknife in his hand, when alas ! to his great sorrow, a slip of the fingers caused his treasure to drop from them, far down into the depths below. He heard it ringing and saw it glancing down the mossy stones, and he was almost tempted to spring down after it, in his great distress and vexation.

As it was, he could only go into the house and tell his grief to his kind mother, who sympathized with him, and very likely took occasion to tell him what a good thing it was to be careful, and all that.

Uncle John sat by the window, and when he had heard the sad tale, he asked a few questions about it. "Was the knife open?" "Yes, sir," said Frank. "I was making a

fiddle out of a shingle." "Well, don't give up until we see what can be done." So saying, he took a little looking-

glass out to the well, and directed a bright sunbeam to search diligently in the bottom for the missing knife. "There it is, uncle, oh, there it is!" shouted Frank, in great excitement; "I see the pearl handle. Now if the supbeam could only fish it

up," he added, more sorrowfully. Uncle John said nothing, but walked into the house, and pretty soon came out with a good horse-shoe magnet, attached to a stout string. Very carefully he lowered the magnet, keeping the sunbeam fixed on the spot, and presently the magnet touched the bright steel. It clung fast to the bar, and was literally fished up by it,

ot all beholders. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Cough You see what a good thing a little science is Lozenges, cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and so you will find all right knowledge a power, in Influenza, or any Irritation or Soreness of the whatever you may be called upon to do in life. Gather precious stores of it now, while childhood and youth are fleeting, so you may never have cause to regret the vanished hours.

to the great joy of Frank, and the admiration

A correspondent of the Scientific American suggests a new way to clear a boat of water without baling. He says: "If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, if you are towing it up stream, all you have to PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER .- " We are not do to keep it dry is this, bore a hole through "Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. The cars thundered on, regardless of childish in the habit of puffing patent medicines but we the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron, could keep her going four miles per hour."