

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 6th, 1859.

Read—LUKE iv. 16-32: Christ in the Synagogue.
GENESIS xiii. 1-18: Parting of Abraham and Lot.

Recite—LUKE iv. 14-15.

MARCH 14th, 1859.

Read—LUKE iv. 33-44: The possessed man healed.
GENESIS xviii. 1-8, 16-33: Abraham's hospitable entertainment of the angels.

Recite—LUKE iv. 16-19.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From February 27th to March 12th, 1859.

D. M.	Day	SUN.			MOON.			High Water at		
		Wk.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.		
27	SU.	6	33	5 27	4 18	A. 20	2 58	8 10		
28	M.	6	31	5 29	4 55	1 21	4 31	9 8		
1	Tu.	6	30	5 30	5 26	2 36	6 2	9 55		
2	W.	6	28	5 32	5 52	3 30	7 4	10 40		
3	Th.	6	27	5 33	6 13	4 35	7 45	11 23		
4	F.	6	25	5 35	6 32	5 38	8 22	12 4		
5	Sa.	6	24	5 36	6 52	6 44	8 52	0 46		
6	SU.	6	22	5 38	7 9	7 49	9 21	1 28		
7	M.	6	21	5 39	7 29	8 55	9 49	2 11		
8	Tu.	6	19	5 41	7 53	10 5	10 19	2 59		
9	W.	6	18	5 42	8 19	11 19	10 51	3 50		
10	Th.	6	16	5 44	8 57	morn.	11 23	4 45		
11	F.	6	14	5 46	9 42	0 31	—	5 45		
12	Sa.	6	13	5 47	10 41	1 44	0 22	6 47		

* 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.

There's work enough to do.

The black-bird early leaves its nest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn.
The busy bee that wings its way
Mid sweets of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon his tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer's breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free!
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sordid drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
"Is work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's uncertain too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

—Christian Witness.

Little Annie's Prayer.

One Sabbath afternoon, I had been talking of prayer to the sixty dear children who gather in my infant school. I said that "It is not praying, unless we mind the things we say;" and that "God, for our Saviour's sake, listens to the wants of even his little children." Then, with folded hands, closed eyes, and low voices, we all said, "Our Father who art in heaven"—and I dismissed the school.

As the scholars, one after another, left their seats, all paused to say, "Good-by, teacher," till it came to little Annie's turn. She lingered one moment; then pressed close to my side, and looking up in my face with earnest eyes, said—
"Miss A—, if we ask God for anything

that we want very much, will he give it to us?" I had only time to answer, "Yes, dear," and she was gone.

Another six days, and the bright Sabbath afternoon found teachers and scholars assembled once more in the school-room. The hours passed quickly by. Each child had received a ticket, for they were all good, and of course happy. In our schools, every little boy and girl who is quiet and attentive, gets a ticket, and after they have four blue ones, a large pink one; and then after four pink ones, comes a beautiful book, full of pictures and stories, to keep for their own.

This day, as I was about to say "Good-by," to little Annie, I thought she looked rather sorrowful. I asked her if she were not well. One second she was silent, and then said, with tearful eyes, and quivering lips—

"Yes, ma'am. But you did not tell me true last Sunday. God will not hear me when I pray." I put my arm around the dear child, and after the others had gone, I took her on my lap, and said—

"Now, my darling, tell me all about it."

"Oh, Miss A., you know next Sunday—the books are to be given out; and I have only three pink tickets and three blue ones—because one Sunday I was not here, and did not get any; and I want the book so much. So, last Sunday, I ran home as fast as I could, took off my bonnet quick, ran up-stairs, and when I had shut the door, I knelt down by a chair, and turned all the white sides of my tickets up; and then I prayed to God as hard as I could to make one of my blue tickets turn pink. But when I looked, they were all the same color yet. Then I thought perhaps, I did not mind enough the things I said. So I put the white sides up again, and prayed. I told God how much I wanted the book, how happy it would make me; and I said—what you told us, to 'ask and ye shall receive.' But it is not of any use; for here they are now—three of each color;" and she opened her little hand, while the tears streamed fast down her rosy cheeks.

I quietly took one of her blue tickets, and in its place I put a new bright pink one, on which were these words: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake;" and said, "Annie, that ticket is yours. Has not God answered your prayer, dear—though not in the way you expected?" The little face was quickly up-turned to mine, while a happy smile took the place of the tears.

Then I tried to explain to Annie—as I would love to explain to you, dear little readers—that our heavenly Father does hear the prayers of his children, and that it is right that you should go to him with all your little sorrows and troubles, just as you do to your father and mother in this world—though oftentimes he will see fit to deny your requests for your own good, and, again, oftentimes answers them in the way you least expect. God does not work miracles any longer upon earth. He did not turn the blue paper pink. But he put it into the heart of little Annie to tell her teacher of her wants, and the longed-for ticket was hers, and next Sabbath she received her new book; and I trust she will never forget, when she turns over its pages, that it was a gift from her heavenly Father, who sent his own Son into the world to die for little children.

You, too, my young readers, remember that God's ear is always open to the prayers of even the tiniest one who reads the "Youth's Sunday-School Gazette."—*The Sunday School Gazette.*

A Special Sermon.

TEXT—MALT.

The Rev. Dr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many by frequent preaching against drunkenness. Several students meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the roadside. They accordingly told him that, having preached against them, they would give him a text of their own choice, and it should be malt. He remonstrated on the short notice. They would take no denial. He then commenced: "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at short notice, to preach a short sermon on a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation.

Beloved, my text is Malt: I cannot divide it into two words, it being but one, nor syllables, it being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four—M-A-L-T.

M, my beloved, is moral; A, is allegorical; L, literal; T, theological.

The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text.

The allegorical is when one thing is spoken,

and another thing is meant. The thing spoken is Malt, which you make M, your master; A, your apparel; L, your liberty; and T, your trust. The literal, is according to the letter, M, much; A, ale; L, little; T, trust.

The theological is according to the effects it works; and these I find to be of two kinds; first, in this world; and secondly, in the next. The effects it works in this world are, in some, M, murder; A, adultery; L, looseness of life; T, treason. The effects it works in the next world are, M, misery; A, anguish; L, lamentation; T, torment.

And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this, first, by way of exhortation: M, masters; A, all of you; L, leave off; T, tippling;—or, secondly, by way of excommunication; M, masters; A, all of you; L, look for; T, torment;—thirdly, by way of caution, take this; a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the inn-keeper's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, and the monster of a man. He then concluded the sermon, and the young men, thanking him, profited more by that short discourse, than from any they had ever heard before.

Aerial Navigation.

The efforts of our daring aerial pioneers, to reduce the hitherto unsubdued realm of the winds to the service of man's will and pleasure, are now more earnest and hopeful than ever. Mr. John La Mountain, according to the *Troy Times*, has obtained capital from a wealthy gentleman of Boston, to construct a balloon of silk, with which he proposes to cross the Atlantic next summer. It is to carry a life-boat, stocked with provisions and four passengers. It is to be propelled by a gun-cotton engine. Trial trips are to be made over land, starting from Western cities.

Another adventurer, rejoicing in the title of "Professor" Steiner, has a still grander scheme, in which he hopes to engage Congress as capitalist. It is to make a cigar-shaped air ship, 300 feet long and 86 feet in extreme diameter, of thin sheet copper. Its capacity will be near three million cubic feet, and its buoyant power, 86½ tons. Of this, 37½ tons are taken up by the gas-holder, 18 tons by the platform, machinery, stores, cabin, &c., to be suspended beneath; and twenty-one tons of passengers, freight and ballast, can still be carried. There is to be a paddle-wheel on each side, the blades of which close up parallel with the course of the ship, during that part of every revolution in which they would act against its motion, and open again at right angles and exert their full force, during the backward part of the revolution. There is also to be a stern-screw, and an ingenious arrangement said to be perfectly effective for steering. A copper float, on the surface of the water, is to be connected to the air-ship by a coil of wire rope.

Selling New England.

The *Cleveland Plaindealer* proposes to get Cuba by swapping off New England for it. But this proposition, however at first sight it might be supposed that the South would jump at it, could not, in that section of the Union, be entertained for a moment. New England, thorn as she is in the side of the South, is altogether too valuable and useful, says the *Tribune*, to be parted with for a dozen Cubas. Difficult and uncomfortable as our Southern friends find it to live with New England, they would find it still more difficult and uncomfortable to live without her. Not only is the South entirely dependent upon New England for ice, hay, potatoes, brooms, plows, hoes, rocking-chairs, and Yankee notions without number; it is only by means of constant importations from New England, that the South is able to keep up its supply of teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, editors, and even of politicians. The peculiar institutions; and the special policy of the South, would have lacked some of its most puffy and alkaline, yet, in spite of the alkali, the sourest of its defenders, had not New England so liberally supplied the dough out of which they have been kneaded.

A SINGING MOUSE.—One of these little animals inhabits our office. For several years past he has made his home in it. He has become very familiar with all hands, and in broad daylight he can be seen playing around the feet of the compositors, or dancing about the cases, seemingly as little apprehensive of danger as if snugly away in his nest. The paste-cup is his delight, but he never objects to a bit of cake, or fruit, with which his admirers occasionally supply him. He is most remarkable little animal. A piece of cake puts him in high glee, and when he has devoured it, he gets in a corner and sings like a canary bird, his notes being sweet and melodious. Sometimes he will sing for an hour without intermission. He is a general favorite—does what he pleases with impunity—and is regarded as a sort of fixture in the office. Even while we are writing he is playing on the table, and is so tame that he suffers himself to be handled without any show of fear.—*Cumberland Telegraph.*

Agriculture, &c.

Underdraining.—"It will pay!"

MR. EDITOR:—Last fall I wrote you under the title, "Underdraining—will it pay?"—that I intended to underdrain a piece of wet, cold, unproductive land, and asked your advice in the matter. It was kindly given, for which I would return many thanks.

At that time I had a presentiment that it would not be a paying operation, but as the land was nearly worthless, as it was, I resolved to underdrain it; which I did with stone, sinking the ditches about three and one-half feet deep. The bottom of the drains was constructed like an ordinary culvert, then filled with cobble stones, shavings or evergreen boughs were placed, to prevent the dirt from filling the interstices, then covered with dirt, reserving the sod for the barn-yard.

The result, I will briefly state. The piece drained contained a little less than four acres. Last year it was mowed, and produced but two loads of poor, sour hay and brakes; hardly worth cutting, but it was an average crop for the land. This spring the land was dry, and we are enabled to work it early in the season. We plowed under about twenty-five ox-cart loads of barn-yard manure to the acre, and planted with corn the 15th day of May. The ground was dry and in good condition for receiving the seed, while many pieces considered "dry land" were much too wet. The corn was planted three and a half feet apart each way, hoed twice, and received a top-dressing of plaster and ashes. It was cut up the 10th and 11th of September, when it was found ripe and sound. We husked from the piece 440 bushels of ears, all merchantable corn.

My neighbours concur with me in opinion that this crop is worth more than the aggregate crops that the land has produced for the last fifteen years. It is now in a condition to produce abundantly for a series of years without any extra outlay. This crop has paid me the whole expense of underdraining, and I am so well pleased with the experiment, that I have had a number of ditches dug upon another piece adjoining, and intend to use drain tile instead of stone. The tile drain is cheaper, and from what information I can obtain, I think it much more durable.

JAMES R. WALKER.

—New England Farmer.

A LUXURY FOR ANIMALS.—It is related of Rev. Sydney Smith, that when on his farm, each cow and calf, and horse and pig, were in turn visited, and fed and patted, and all seemed to welcome him; he cared for the comforts of every living being around him. He used to say,—"I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their back bones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratching, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

THOROUGH TILLAGE.—At one of the Irish agricultural meetings, one of the speakers remarked—and the truth may be well applied in this country:

"What brought out the immense agricultural wealth of Scotland? and what enabled the small farmer in Belgium, who, on seven or eight acres of light, sandy land, was able to do better for himself and his family than we can do on twenty or thirty acres of land in this country? It was not by allowing three-fourths of a light tillage farm to remain in poor herbage, and making the other quarter pay the rent. It was because the farmers in those countries he alluded to, made agriculture a study, a duty, and a pleasure, and because the farmers till their land to the best advantage, and because no man there would keep one single acre of land more in his possession, than his capital and his means would enable him to cultivate."

TO MEASURE HAY-STACKS.—"More than twenty years since," says an old farmer, "I copied the following method for measuring hay from an old publication, and having verified its general accuracy, I have both bought and sold by it, and I believe it may be useful to many farmers where the means of weighing are not at hand. Multiply the length, breadth, and height into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Clover will take from ten to twelve solid yards per ton."

A TURKEY BOILED AND THEN BAKED.—Prepare the turkey just as if for baking; then put in a kettle, covering it with water, and closing it with a lid. Boil until quite tender. Then take it out and brown it in an oven for a few minutes. When put upon the table it will be found very tender and juicy instead of dry and tough.