MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From December 30th, 1860, to January 12th, 1861.

Last Quarter, January 3, 9 40 Afternoon.
New Moon, " 10, 11 13 "
First Quarter, " 18, 11 46 "
Full Moon, " 26, 0 51 "

D.M.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises	MOON. Sets	High Water at Halifax.	High Water at Windsor.
30	SU.	7 36	4 24	7 52	9 9	8 50	2 46
31	M.	7 35	4 26	9 6	9 40	9 30	3 36
1	Tu.	7 38	4 30	10 12	10 20	10 2	3 30
2	W.	7 38	4 31	11 24	10 59	10 49	4 17
3	Th.	7 37	4 32	morn.	11 24	11 35	5 6
4	F.	7 37	4 33	0 41	11 45	11 30	5 55
5	Sa.	7 37	4 34	1 59	A. 12	A. 47	6 47
9	SU.	7 37	4 35	3 17	0 43	3 13	7 42
7	M.	7 36	4 36	4 39	1 24	4 23	8 39
8	Tu.	7 36	4 38	5 40	2 4	5 40	9 38
9	W.	7 36	4 39	6 50	3 1	6 32	10 37
10	Th.	7 36	4 40	7 41	3 54	7 16	11 33
11	F.	7 36	4 41	8 17	5 13	7 56	A. 27
12	Sa.	7 36	4 42	8 50	6 21	8 31	1 19

*** 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.

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, January 6th, 1860.

Read—MATT. ii. 1-23: Place and circumstances of the birth of Christ. 1 KINGS xviii. 17-46: Elijah's sign to determine the true God.

Recite—JOHN xxi. 15-17.

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Sunday, January 13th, 1860.

Read—MATT. iii. 1-17: Preaching of John the Baptist. 1 KINGS xix. 1-21: Elijah in Horeb.

Recite—MATTHEW ii. 16-18.

"Search the Scriptures."

1. Refer to an epistle, the oldest in existence, which stands a dreadful memorial of a wicked deed, and a righteous retribution?

2. Where is the *second* letter (in point of date) which perpetuates the infamy of a deed of most hideous wickedness, disdaining disguise, and reckless of justice?

He swore at his Mother.

BY L. H. O.

I had on my finest clothes—a handsome crimson-colored merino, tucked muslin apron, and drab-colored gaiters. It was growing dark. The rooms were already getting lighted up. The small tea-kettle mounted upon an elevated oven, poured forth its humid breath, mantling the windows of the warm, light room in dewy vapor. The table neatly set, occupied a prominent position in the room. There were only two children, Charles a lad of eight or nine years, who in all the ecstacy of boyish pride was relating his adventures in skating, while he dwelt with rapture on the greater elasticity of limb which he possessed over the other boys; and myself the other, seated by the window, eagerly watching. Presently my father entered.

"Where is Mary going," said Charley coming along, brimfull of his roguish fun, and drawing out a handful of my fine curls, to their full length.

Charley's question received no answer. It was, however, soon repeated by my father.

"The boys and girls of the school are to have a sleigh ride to-night," said my mother, as she remarked very pleasantly on the fine sleighing and beautiful moonlight.

The family were seated at table. The tea was being poured; still I lingered by the window. My father seeing my place unfilled at table, enquired of whom the party was to be composed. The names of half a dozen girls and those of as many boys were mentioned.

"Ah, ha," cried out Charley seemingly struck with a new idea, "that's what George Moral came here for this morning."

"George Moral," said my father, as if the name had become suddenly electrified. "If George Moral is of the party Mary can't go."

"But my dear husband," said my mother calmly, "what can you have against George Moral? Is he not a fine looking, well-behaved lad?"

"He is all that, my dear, but I chanced one day to hear him swear so bitterly at his mother, who is too kind and tender in her nature to reprove with any degree of firmness, that I can never think well of the boy since."

Soon I heard the sound of bells. The fine, spacious sleigh was drawn up before the gate. A dozen happy faces looked out from the warm furs; while the sharp, cold air resounded, with their merry voices. Charley was sent out to inform the company that I could not go. Then away went the whistling, creaking sleigh; while I went to my room to think over my fate and shed a few tears.

It is no easy matter for a little girl to resign a long looked for pleasure, just at the moment when it is at hand. The nature of my training, however, had been such that young as I was, I felt at once convinced that it was right that I should remain at home, that it was better, as my mother kindly told me, to suffer disappointment than associate with an evil companion. Happily the sorrows of children are of short duration. As the dew upon the grass on a bright Summer morning is soon absorbed by the sun's beaming rays, so my tears were quickly dried, and I soon joined my brother in the pleasures of the evening.

——In time there arose amongst our village people a mania for Western lands. Several of our neighbors, among others the Moral family, moved to the West.

Time passed on, years rolled away, and I grew to womanhood. During this time, of course, many changes took place. The little boys and girls, my companions, also grew to be men and women. Some became wise and good, and lived the life of virtue and usefulness. Others I saw pursuing hazardous paths.

But what of George Moral?

One fine day, in early Spring, as I was quietly entertaining my mother by reading from a pleasant book, my father entered, followed by an elderly gentleman, whom he introduced as Judge B——, one of our old neighbors lately arrived from the West. As a matter of course, various topics of conversation were introduced; the incidents and accidents related, which had transpired during Judge B——'s absence. Presently my mother enquired after the Moral family.

"They are all doing well," said the Judge sadly, "except George, he is in the States prison."

Ah, indeed! that was a sad tale to relate. But it did not surprise us. It was but the end of the path upon which he had entered, in early boyhood. What happier fate could one foresee for a boy who swore at his mother?—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

"Very proud to-night."

It was a very cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath the cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, nothwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick evercoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the new-fallen snow, against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother,

"Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her,

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me? she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride, that made his mother love him, if it were possible, more than ever; and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure He that commanded children to honor their father and their mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May He bless dear William, and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and "a staff" to his mother. —*Independent.*

Thou God seest me.

Miss A. said one day to her class of bright, intelligent boys in Sabbath School, "I am going to give you a verse from the Bible to think of during the week. There are but four words in it, and therefore you will all be able to remember it."

The boys looked up earnestly into their teacher's face, while she repeated slowly and distinctly, "Thou God seest me." "Now let me hear," said she, "If you can repeat it correctly."

They all repeated in concert, though in a more low and serious tone than usual, the four solemn words.

"Now," said the teacher, "I hope you will all remember it and think of it many times every day. I want you to think of it particularly when you go to bed at night, and when you get up in the morning. Think in the morning that God's eye will be on you all day. He will see everything you do, and hear every word you speak. At night try to think what you have done and said wrong during the day, and remember that, though no one else may know of it God knows for his eye is always on you by day and by night."

A few days ago as one of the boys was on his way to school, he met another of his class and said, "John, do you remember what our teacher told us to think of?"

"Yes indeed," replied John, "I don't believe it has been out of my mind an hour since she told us."

Another of the class, when his mother praised him for something which he had done, replied, "Why, mother, I did not dare to do any other way, for I remembered, 'Thou God seest me.'"

Good children always love to think, "Thou God seest me."—*Tract Journal.*

☞ Indemnity for the past—*pay up.* Security for the future—*pay down.*

A Scrap from Gough.

I WAS lecturing in a small town once, and when the lecture was over, persons came up to sign the pledge. A number of young ladies were standing by and looking at the signers with interest. Directly some of them came to me—'Mr. Gough, go out there at the door and get Joe to sign the pledge." "Why, I don't know Joe." "Well, he is standing out by the door." Out I went, and standing there was a poor fellow, with an old tattered cap on his head, torn shirt, dirty clothes, old boots, and a woe-begone look. Says I to myself, this must be Joe. "How do you do, Joe?" said I. "How do you do, Sir?" "Joe, I want you to sign the pledge." "What for?" "Why, Joe, those ladies in there sent me after you." "What, who? why, I didn't think I had a friend in the world" "Come on, Joe, come on," said I. He stopped and said, "Look here, some fellows told me to bring a bottle of liquor to the meeting to-night, and get up and drink, and say, 'Here's to your health'!" They said they would give me fifty cents if I did. Them's 'em all along the gallery up there; there they are. I ain't going to do it." He went to the door, and we heard him smash the bottle on the steps. He came in and went up to the table and commenced to write his name, but he couldn't do it; so he braced himself, and caught hold of his arm, but he could not. Says he "Look here, that's my mark." Then the ladies came up and shook hands with him, but he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and now and then wiped a tear away. "Stick to it," says one. "All right, Joe, all right."

Some three years after that, I was in that same place, and whilst going along the street, I saw a gentleman coming along dressed in a good suit—nice black hat, boots cleaned, and a nice shirt collar, with a lady on his arm. I knew it was Joe. Says I, "You stuck to it, didn't you?" "Yes, Sir, I stick to that pledge, and the girls have stuck to me ever since,"

Some people think when they have persuaded a drunkard to sign the pledge, they have done. It's a mistake; it's then he wants your help. He is at the bottom of the hill, lower than the common level; he must climb; it's hard work; he commences tremulously, feeble, doubting; he raises his feet, he gets a little way, and becomes faint; you see he's about to give way; run, and put a little peg right under his feet; there, see he rests, he's tired; he starts again, fearing as he goes higher, he gazes around him and looks wearied; he has worked hard and stops; put another peg right under his feet; he rests; help him up; peg him right up; and when he gets up, he'll look and see those little pegs all along, and he will not forget them, but bless and remember you.

The old bass Viol.

Have you never heard of good Father Train,
Who schooled so soundly and preached so plain,
And fought the devil with might and main?

Small hire he got, yet he always throve,
For he gave his heart to the trade he drove,
"He taught for a living, and preached for love."

Noble and bold were the words which rung
In council and kirk from his godly tongue,
And noble and bold were the psalms he sung.

Long years hath the veteran's grave been made,
But I prize the alter at which he prayed,
And the old bass-viol whereon he played.

It is leaning now by my study door,
And I love its worm face all the more,
That it lightened the burdens a parson bore.

I love to think that far or near,
Though sense be lost to the palsied ear,
There's always a music the *soul* can hear.

I love to think that early and late,
Though the tongue with melody never can mate,
Some thrill of song in the *soul* may wait.

It is muffled away in the breast alone,
A gift, mayhap, to the heart unknown,
Till the joys of heaven unfold the tone.

But many, awake on earlier wings,
Will answer music to all sweet things,
And copy their joy on earthly strings.

And he is one. In his holiest time
He proved the cheer of the viol's chime,
And worshipped the Lord, in psalter rhyme.

So Summer and Winter came and went,
While the songs and the fates grew kindly blent
Of the man and his chosen instrument;

That when the soul of the saint arose,
His track the soul of the viol chose,
And the music pulse in his bosom froze.

All stringless, beaten, and bent awry,
Into a garret dark and high,
They flung the poor dumb prophet by.

There, long in the curves of its shattered shell,
The spider folded her silken cell,
And the death-watch tapped to his mate "All's well,"

And many a Summer the earth-wasp came,
With wings that quivered and flashed like flame,
And glued its nest to the ruined frame.

But for a chance he had slumbered yet,
With the lull of the death-watch's drowsy fret,
And the fly-dirge droned from the spider's net

I heard where the lorn old wizard lay,
And calling him forth from his nook one day,
I won him back to his ancient play.

I burnished his faded form, and wrung
His writhed joints till the old grew young,
And his grand-toned nerves I newly strung.

Then I healed him many a ghastly hole,
And gave him the grace that time had stole
And tunefully back came his aged soul.

By the window I sit when the day-beams wane,
And he leans on my breast and sings his strain,
Till I start at the voice of Father Train.

And I knew that beyond the burial calm,
The saint is leaning with harp and palm,
And joinging his old-time viol-psalm.

Agriculture.

No class of our readers have a larger share of our good wishes than Farmers. To them especially would we come with our congratulations and exchange with them friendly greetings wishing them all a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

In particular do we feel interested in the young men of intelligence who have adopted Agriculture as their profession. They have the welfare of the world to a great extent in their hands. The old notion that mental activity is inconsistent with manual labor, and that especially in connection with the cultivation of the soil, is pretty well exploded. No more honorable condition exists than that of the man who procures our sustenance from the bosom of mother Earth.

At the commencement of the New Year we would be glad to let our friends understand that it is not for the purpose of filling up a column that we devote a portion of each paper to this subject; but because we consider that, of all secular matters, this is of paramount importance.

AGRICULTURE is at the foundation of all prosperity and progress. He therefore who devotes his attention to this subject, even to the extent of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country and his species.

Our interests are those common to farmers, their wives and families. If we can serve them as we journey on together and occasionally be regaled with the flowers they raise, taste the fruits they cultivate, and with them participate in the blessings of a bountiful Providence, we shall labor on cheerfully and feel ourselves abundantly rewarded.

We purpose in the service of our respected readers to keep them advised of all that we find which may be of interest or pecuniary value to keep pace with this age of improvement. Whatever is discovered which seems like sound progress in the cultivation of the soil, we shall lay before our patrons from week to week.

Correspondence for this department of our paper would be particularly acceptable. Whenever one writes on this, or indeed on any subject, he thereby benefits himself more than he does any one else. We hope therefore that some of our intelligent friends will remember that hundreds of young men are rising up who would be greatly benefitted by the results of their experience. *Enquiries* from those desiring information too would often elicit from others valuable thought which would be highly acceptable to many besides those sending them.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

FATTENING TURKEYS.—A writer in the Germantown *Telegraph* furnishes that journal with the following statement: Much has been published of late in our agricultural journal in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritive grains. I made an experiment, and must say that the result surprised me, as I had always been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same brood were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes. They also had a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, when there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

RULES FOR TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.—The London *Builder* gives the following rule for transferring engravings to white paper:

Place the engravings for a few seconds over the vapor of iodine; dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of oil of vitriol, when dry lay a slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under the press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing the black part of the ink upon the engraving, and not the white. This important discovery is yet in its infancy.