

## Teachers' Department.

## Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 14th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiii. 1-22: The parable of the barren fig-tree. EXODUS i. 15-22: The oppression of the Israelites by the Egyptians.

Recite—LUKE xii. 47, 48.

AUGUST 21st, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiii 23-35: Christ warns the people to enter in at the strait gate. EXODUS ii. 1-15, 23-25: The birth, hiding and discovery of Moses.

Recite—LUKE xiii. 1-5.

## MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 7th to the 20th August, 1859.

First Quarter, August 5, 11. 17 Morning.  
Full Moon, " 13, 0. 31 Afternoon.  
Last Quarter, " 21, 9. 31 Morning.  
New Moon, " 28, 0. 59.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
7	SU.	4 52	7 8	3 35	11 35	1 43	7 35
8	M.	4 53	7 7	4 28	morn.	2 44	8 28
9	Tu.	4 54	7 6	5 20	0 28	4 3	9 20
10	W.	4 55	7 5	5 59	1 20	5 29	10 10
11	Th.	4 57	7 2	6 21	2 21	6 40	10 57
12	F.	4 59	7 1	6 58	3 15	7 31	11 42
13	Sa.	5 0	7 0	7 22	4 28	8 12	morn.
14	SU.	5 2	6 58	7 37	5 28	8 47	0 23
15	M.	5 3	6 57	7 56	6 35	9 18	1 4
16	Tu.	5 4	6 56	8 13	7 36	9 47	1 44
17	W.	5 6	6 54	8 30	8 39	10 15	2 24
18	Th.	5 7	6 53	8 51	9 44	10 43	3 5
19	F.	5 8	6 52	9 16	10 51	11 14	3 51
20	Sa.	5 10	6 50	9 48	A. 1	11 48	4 38

\* 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.

## Parlor Pastime.

Procure a clean oil flask and fill it about three parts with water; now drop in half a drachm—one-sixteenth of an ounce—of phosphorus, then hang up the bottle in such a manner that you can place a lighted lamp under it. As soon as the water is warm, streams of fire will dart from the bottom of the water resembling sky rockets; some particles will adhere to the side of the glass representing stars and will display brilliant rays. These appearances will continue till the water begins to simmer, when a beautiful aurora borealis begins, and gradually ascends till it collects to a pointed flame; then blow out the lamp, and the point formed will rush down, forming beautiful clouds of fire, reeling over each other for some time, and as these disappear, a beautiful hemisphere of stars presents itself. After waiting a moment or two, light the lamp again, and the same will be repeated. The stars may be increased by alternately lighting and blowing out the lamp several times consecutively. The liquid in the flask will allow several repetitions of the experiment.

If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul full bent.

Run for it! for he that will have heaven must run for it. The devil, law, sin, death, hell, are all making after thee? Run for it?—Bunyan.

Why was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.—Old Author.

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of my great sea—the love of Christ.

When you send your letters [so he calls our prayers], be sure and direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they'll never miscarry.—Matthew Henry.

How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggars wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicts wish they had tarried! Single or double, life's full of trouble—riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

NO TIME.—We complain that we have "no time." An Indian Chief of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied Red Jacket, gruffly, "I suppose you have all there is?" He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into now.—Emerson.

## A Perilous Adventure.

While working with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys, we had on one occasion to fasten a lightning conductor, which had sprung, near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a handcart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or a cradle. Having blown the kite, and dropped the line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

We were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away without slackening speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of the windlass, the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling-line, and the main rope, with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out: "Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?" and so I said, very solemnly, "Sit down, Jem; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down."

The color of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward, and forward, so that I felt certain he must topple over.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him; "it's bad enough, but it can be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm round the rod—maybe it will steady you." "Where are you? and where is this rod?" he asked in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was, only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with the fright; and self-preservation said, Don't go near him; but I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course, I durst not get on my feet; but working myself on my hands I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected every minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard, and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away toward the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterward that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us; and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus we were left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly; who began making cat-calls, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black, and sooty, and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerable less height than we were. Then Colly—he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, he began working himself toward me.

I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair on my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most heinous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea into his muddled head that I was fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he cowered down like a

whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom, and by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead-pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Get us down—Colly's gone mad;" this I shut in my tobacco-box, and was fortunate enough to drop at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine-house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack line fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea till they got another cradle up to us. Then, having got him in, I scrambled in myself and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a mad house for some months, and then he went to scavenging, for he never could face any height again; and I never had the same clear head since that adventure.—Chambers' Journal.

## Is War right?

Some years since, a Dissenting minister riding on a stage-coach found himself sitting by the side of a sturdy member of the Society of Friends. A warm discussion had been carried on for some time on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of war, the Quaker, of course, stiffly maintaining his traditional principles. At length, the minister, who had sat silently listening, turned to the man of peace, and, after expressing his own infinite abhorrence of war, begged to propose a practical case of conscience:—"You are a settler in the backwoods, and have been out in the forest, carrying on that defensive warfare which we all consider justifiable against the wolves and the bears. You return just in time to see your log-but in flames, and your wife and baby in the hands of a wild Indian, whose tomahawk is raised to strike. You are a crack shot—you have but to put your rifle to your shoulder, and he is a dead man and your wife and child are saved. Now, sir, what would you think it right to do?" The Quaker writhed in a very uncomfortable manner at this sudden appeal, and after a struggle between his abstract creed and the natural verdict—some would say of the old ADAM within him, we should say of common-sense and conscience—he replied, "I tell thee what, friend, thee hast no right to ask me such questions."

## Authorship.

The chief difficulty with an author is to get him to begin. He will think about it, talk about it, smoke over it, sleep over it read on it. But, he usually dislikes to commit himself on paper. Once let him get his pen at work, and if only the title is written, it will in a great measure work itself free and clear. With some men, to write the first sentence is half the battle, especially if before this be done, a sharp outline, a well defined plan, the simpler the better, lie clearly in the mind. This ought always to be the case. Be it a book an article for a review, a poem, or a sermon, let these preliminaries be all clearly settled, and the introductory sentence once written, and with nine men out of ten, all the rest will follow and flow as softly and evenly as a river.

Indeed, most persons will write far better the more rapidly they compose, if they have a clear plan in their minds. To write thus with the blood boiling, then lay aside the manuscript and correct it six weeks afterwards, with a cool and dispassionate judgment, will generally produce the best things a man can write on any subject.

## The same, and yet not the same.

The following is the proclamation which Louis Napoleon issued on landing at Bologna in 1840; "I appear among you as a warm and true democrat and republican. I take the shadow of the man of the century as the symbol of the promise which I now solemnly make. I will be as I always was, a child of France. In every Frenchman I will always see a brother. The Democratic Republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. Never will I try to clothe myself with Imperial robes. May my heart cease to beat on the day when I shall forget what I owe to you—what I owe to France. May my mouth forever be shut, if I ever say

a word against the republican sovereignty of the French people. May I be cursed should I suffer that in my name doctrines were taught contrary to the democratic principle and the government of the Republic. May I be condemned, if I should lay a treasonable hand against the rights of the people, be it even with their consent, or against their will by force. And now believe me, as I do believe you, and may this call from me be like a prayer to heaven. *Vive la Republique!*"

## Editing.

The *Index* speaks of being much amused at the relation of a case by the late John L. Waller. He, with his characteristic humor, gave the following incidents:

A plain brother was very anxious to write for the *Western Recorder*—the paper of which, at the time, Dr. Waller had charge—had often expressed his desire, without much encouragement, but was finally told to write, and the article should appear. He wrote, but, said the Doctor, "SUCH A MESS!" But, supposing that one effort would satisfy his correspondent, he put the article in shape, gave it a point, thought and connection, and next week the brother saw it over his signature. He came to the editor under a glow of delight, and said, "Why, brother Waller, I did not know I could write so well! I MUST WRITE AGAIN!"

## Prayer.

"Hungry persons," says a divine, "who come to my door for bread, do not descend on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries; nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God and the excellence of Christian beneficence. "Bread, if you please, do give us bread!" O, when shall we have less of formalism, and more of the spirit of prayer; less of preaching, and more of pleading in prayer; more scriptural prayer, and, as the result, showers of spiritual blessings?"

## Receipts.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—With three parts of fine, ripe, red currants, mix one of white currants; put them into a clean preserving-pan, and stir them gently over a clear fire until the juice flows from them freely; then turn them into a fine hair sieve, and let them drain well, but without pressure. Pass the juice through a folded muslin, or a jelly-bag; weigh it, and then boil it, *fast* for a quarter of an hour; add for each pound eight ounces of sugar, coarsely powdered; stir this to it, off the fire, until it is dissolved; give the jelly eight minutes more of quick boiling, and pour it out. It will be firm, and of excellent color and flavor. Be sure to clear off the scum as it rises, both before and after the sugar is put in, or the preserve will not be clear. Juice of red currants, three pounds; juice of white currants, one pound: fifteen minutes. Sugar, two pounds; eight minutes. An excellent jelly may be made with equal parts of the juice of red and of white currants, and of raspberries with the same proportion of sugar and degree of boiling as mentioned in the foregoing recipe.

BLACK CURRANT JELLY.—To each pound of picked fruit, allow one gill of water; set them on the fire in the preserving-pan to scald, but do not let them boil; bruise them well with a silver fork, or wooden beater—take them off and squeeze them through a hair sieve; and to every pint of juice allow a pound of loaf or raw sugar; boil it ten minutes.

A REMEDY FOR POISONED SHEEP.—Give them a table-spoon twice full of weak lye, and it will raise them in fifteen minutes after given. One morning I found fifteen or twenty sheep poisoned by eating ivy the day before. Some of them when found were flat on their sides; others frothed at the mouth, grated their teeth, and staggered about badly from the effects of the ivy. Those that were not found sprawling were cured by putting a gag in their mouths, which would keep the sheep from swallowing the poison, but let it rise and run out of their mouths. After I had lost three out of six, that could not hold up their heads, and appeared lifeless, one of my neighbors recommended weak lye as a sure cure; it was given them, and in ten minutes one of the sheep was eating rowen. It had the same effect on the other two, and the whole three are now as lively as any of the flock.—*Virginia Farm Journal*.

The application of two to four hundred pounds of salt to the acre has been found to be of great advantage in promoting the growth of all plants and trees. Warm soils of the inland districts, and especially those that have been dressed liberally with animal manure, are the most benefited. A dressing of salt upon a grass lawn will often increase growth and thicken-up the plants far more than a coating of animal manure.—*Scientific American*.