

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 3rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE x. 25-42:—Jesus, by the story of the good Samaritan, shows who is our neighbor. GENESIS xlv. 1-7 and 27-34: Jacob and his family go to Egypt, and appear before Pharaoh.

Recite—LUKE x. 23, 24.

JULY 10th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xi. 1-28: Jesus teaches his disciples to pray. GENESIS xlvi. 1-7 and 27-34: Jacob and his family go to Egypt, and appear before Pharaoh.

Recite—LUKE x. 25-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 26th June to the 9th July, 1859.

| | | SUN. | | MOON. | | High Water at | |
|-----|-----|--------|-------|--------|-------|---------------|----------|
| Day | Wk. | Rises. | Sets. | Rises. | Sets. | Halifax. | Windsor. |
| 26 | SU. | 4 19 | 7 41 | 0 45 | 3 19 | 3 17 | 8 3 |
| 27 | M. | 4 19 | 7 41 | 1 15 | 4 34 | 4 18 | 8 57 |
| 28 | T. | 4 19 | 7 41 | 2 0 | 5 50 | 5 23 | 9 57 |
| 29 | W. | 4 20 | 7 40 | 2 56 | 7 2 | 6 24 | 11 2 |
| 30 | Th. | 4 20 | 7 40 | 4 5 | 8 5 | 7 20 | aft. 7 |
| 1 | F. | 4 20 | 7 40 | 5 25 | 8 53 | 8 13 | 11 |
| 2 | Sa. | 4 21 | 7 39 | 6 27 | 9 23 | 9 5 | 2 11 |
| 3 | SU. | 4 21 | 7 39 | 8 11 | 10 1 | 9 55 | 3 6 |
| 4 | M. | 4 21 | 7 39 | 9 29 | 10 25 | 10 44 | 3 57 |
| 5 | Tu. | 4 22 | 7 38 | 10 46 | 10 46 | 11 31 | 4 45 |
| 6 | W. | 4 22 | 7 38 | 11 58 | 11 6 | | 5 31 |
| 7 | Th. | 4 23 | 7 37 | 13 10 | 11 28 | 0 46 | 6 19 |
| 8 | F. | 4 23 | 7 37 | 2 21 | 11 53 | 1 6 | 7 7 |
| 9 | Sa. | 4 23 | 7 37 | 3 32 | morn. | 2 29 | 7 56 |

* 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.

The Ducat and the Penny.

A FABLE.

[Translated from the German for the Evangelist.]

In the mint where the money is made, a gold ducat and a penny were just finished. Clean and bright they lay close together on the table, and the clear sunlight glittered upon them.

Then the ducat said to the penny:

'You ragamuffin, get away from me! You are made only of common copper, and are not worthy that the sun should shine upon you. Soon you will lie, black and dirty upon the ground, and nobody will pick you up. I, on the contrary, am made of costly gold; therefore I shall travel far in the world to great lords and princes, shall do great deeds, and perhaps at last, come into the crown of a king.'

On the stone bench in the same mint lay an old white cat. As she heard this, she thoughtfully stroked her whiskers, turned over on her other side, and said, 'Turning about is worth something.'

And so there happened to these two pieces of money just a 'turning about' from that which the gold ducat predicted.

The ducat went to an old rich miser, who kept it in his chest of gold, where it had to lie idle and useless with others like it. When the miser found that he must soon die, he buried all his gold in the ground, so that no one should have it, and there the proud ducat lies to this very hour—has become black and dirty, and no one will ever pick it up.

The penny, on the contrary, travelled far in the world, and came to high honor; and it came to pass in this way:

It went first to the poor mint boy, as part of his wages, and, because his little sister was delighted with the bright penny, he gave it to her. The child ran with it to the garden, to show it to her mother. Then an old sick beggar hobbled along, who begged for a small bit of bread.

'I have none,' said the child.

'Then give me a penny that I may buy bread,' said the beggar. And the child gave the penny.

The beggar bobbed to the baker. As he stood at the counter, an old acquaintance, clothed as a pilgrim, with cloak, staff, and wallet, came along the street, and gave beautiful images to the children who stood at the counter, who, in return threw money into the box which he held in his hand. The beggar asked, 'Whither do you journey?'

The pilgrim answered:

'Many hundred miles from here, to the city of Jerusalem, where the holy Jesus lived and died. There will I pray at His sepulchre, and will release my brother, who is imprisoned by the Turks. For that object I collect money in this box.'

'Take my mite, also, said the beggar, giving

the penny to the pilgrim, and was going away as hungry as he came, but the baker, who had seen the whole, sent after the poor man the bread that he had wished to buy.

The pilgrim had travelled through many lands and sailed far over the sea, to the great city of Jerusalem. When he had arrived there, he first prayed at the holy sepulchre, and then went to the Turkish Sultan, who held his brother in prison. He promised the Turk a large sum of gold if he would release the prisoner. But the Turk demanded still more. The pilgrim said:

'I can offer nothing more, except this copper penny, which a poor hungry beggar gave to me out of pity. Do thou pity me also, and the piece of copper will repay thee.'

The Sultan was moved with pity, and set the prisoner free, and took the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the piece of copper in his pocket. It happened that the Emperor came to Jerusalem and carried on the war with the Sultan who fought bravely, and was never wounded.

Once, however, an arrow was hurled directly at his breast, which hit him indeed, but bounded back from his clothing without harming him. The Sultan wondered at this, and when, after the battle, his clothing was searched, in his pocket was found the copper penny, against which the arrow had struck and rebounded. Then the Turk held the penny in high honor, and had it fastened by a golden chain to his crooked scimitar. Afterwards, the Sultan himself was taken prisoner by the Emperor, and gave up his sword to him! and with the sword, the penny also came into the possession of the Emperor.

Once, as he sat at table, and his cup of wine in his hand, the Empress said that she wished to see the Turkish scimitar. It was brought, and while the Emperor showed it to his wife, the penny dropped from it directly into the cup of wine. The Emperor noticed it and took out the penny before placing the cup to his lips. As he looked at it more closely, he saw that the penny turned green; from which they all knew that there was poison in the wine. A wicked servant had put it there to kill the Emperor. The servant was sentenced to death, and the penny was placed in the Emperor's crown.

So the penny made a child happy; furnished bread to a beggar; released a prisoner; defended a sultan from danger; and saved the life of an Emperor. Therefore it was set in the Emperor's crown, and, indeed is still there. If one could only happen to see the crown!

Scientific Butchery.

Whether the numerous improvements in weapons of death will serve to diminish war, is yet to be known. The making cannon rifle-fashion—so to carry five miles, and other changes in the art of killing, are of recent introduction, and the effect on the warlike tendencies of mankind have not yet been developed.

Dr. Lardner, lately deceased, proposed some improvements (?) which will be both cheap and effective. He speaks contemptuously of our present contrivances, as merely 'piercing vital parts, tearing off limbs, and mangling the body.' He proposes to do up that kind of business after a more scientific fashion. He would project bombs, charged with such stench, as to smother the whole crew of a man-of-war! He calls them 'kakodyles.' He tells us how to project into a beleaguered city, metallic bottles, which, bursting by the fall, will diffuse such exhalations as to render respiration impossible, and kill off thousands at once. He offers a still more deadly agent—'cyanogen.' A shell, charged as he directs, will on bursting, distribute itself over a large space, in alternate layers of arsenious and prussic acids; and lay down a whole busy population in tranquil death.

Certainly, if men kill each other, the cheapest, easiest, and most extensive way of doing it, is the best. The art of war is now mere bungling. It costs more to kill a man in war than it does to kill fifty sheep, and when killed, one sheep is worth fifty men. Dr. Lardner's plan deserves a fair trial.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

'Steer straight to me, Father.'

Last week we attended, at the house of a friend, the funeral of a little child that, after suffering for many weeks, had taken its departure to the 'better land.' The pastor offered a few words of consolation to the bereaved parents. He referred to the often in explicable dealings of Providence in taking away our innocent prattlers, when we can see no reason for the dispensation. One reason given was, that it is often necessary to remove our most prized treasures to heaven that our hearts may be turned thither. An illustrative incident he gave, though he said he had read it, was new to us, and left a deep impression.

A fisherman was accustomed to go out in a boat with his family and spend the day at a distance from the shore. As there were frequent fogs, one of the number was usually left at home to ring a bell as a signal. On one occasion a little son remained on shore. During the day a thick fog settled down upon the water, and the fishers attempted to reach the land. But the mists grew deeper and darker and after rowing vainly in all directions, despair had nearly suspended their efforts. Just then a little voice came through the darkness, 'Father! steer straight for me, Father, and you will get home.'

The father renewed his efforts, and by steering straight in the direction of the oft-repeated call reached the desired haven. Not long after the little lad was taken away by death. The father, a wicked man, having no hope in this life or that which is to come, was filled with despondency. Clouds, mists and darkness seemed to close in around him on every side. While thus situated he seemed to hear from heaven-ward, 'Father! steer straight for me, Father, and you will get home.'

He obeyed the admonition and turned his frail bark, tossed upon life's boisterous billows, towards the haven of eternal rest. So, said the speaker, it is probable our little ones are often taken away to that higher sphere, whence we may mentally hear their cherub voices calling 'Father, Mother, steer straight towards me, and you'll get home.'—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Study, Digestion, Exercise.

We have very rarely seen more good counsel in the same space than the following conclusion of a medical essay:

Avoid study as much as you can during the first periods of digestion. The eyes and stomach are both supplied with nerves from the same branch, and the employment of the eyes in reading or writing soon after eating deranges digestion, and throws the whole system out of gear.

All who transgress this law, will have a reckoning to pay sooner or later. Avoid the sitting posture as much as possible. This may be done by using a standing-desk for reading and writing, and transferring your work to it now and then. If this cannot be done, get up occasionally, and take a few turns up and down the room, or even stand up and sit down again. If your feet are cold, let your walk be on the toes—springing on them, as is done in dancing—a most excellent winter exercise for the sedentary. If need be, wrap your feet and legs in some warm garment when you resume your seat; an old cloak or dressing-gown will do. It is far better to use a hot-water foot-stool—anything rather than submit to cold feet. You may as well expect to live without air or food, as to enjoy health unless you can contrive to counteract a tendency to cold feet, if you are unfortunate enough to suffer from it.

Never imagine that you are doing yourself justice if you do not walk as much each day as can be done without absolute fatigue. What this may be, will vary according to age, state of health etc.; but as a rule, it may be laid down that a slight feeling of lassitude is about the best measure you can have. The healthy will only increase their debility by attempting long 'constitutional walks' beyond their powers, and without proper training. Great mistakes are made here by young men in their summer excursions, from which they often return with the seeds of jaundice and fever lurking in their constitutions, in consequence of over-heating, chilling and over-exertion. Sedentary persons should feed moderately, and avoid fermented liquors as much as possible, especially if of a naturally sanguineous temperament. Those who are naturally pallid and dyspeptic should use a more generous diet, eating a moderate quantity at each repast, and above all things, avoiding that disturbance of the digestive process which is the result of application to study soon after eating. An excellent drink for such persons is bitter beer, with a dash of soda-water in it, in the proportion of about 'half and half.'

What the Dying See.

The late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, 'Mother, I can see a great distance.' Doubtless, this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with chastened faith, to a calm dying bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in his mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God, the glories of the New world grow brighter and brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus as he dwells with rapture on these enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from your readers, but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of one or two lines not suited to their taste, and you will be sure to hear of it.

Extemporizing.

The father of the late Dudley S. Tyng is among the best of American extemporaneous speakers. A brother clergyman relates the following anecdote respecting his early experience as an extemporaneous speaker. It was discouraging business to him for the first year; so much so, that, during the second year of his settlement at Georgetown, when attempting to speak extempore one day in his pulpit, with distinguished members of Congress present, he became confused, hesitated, tried to regain composure, failed, stumbled on in the midst of embarrassment, finally forgot his text, and after ten minutes broke down completely. That was a hard experience for a young man; and on his way home the oppressive silence was broken by his wife, saying: 'Now, husband, is it not clear to you that you should give up this preaching without notes?' 'These words,' said Dr. Tyng to me, 'roused my whole nature nature.' 'Give up?' I said, 'no, never, with God's help!' And he didn't.

The Rambling Hearer.

He belongs to no Christian church. One minister, however excellent, he thinks, cannot be sufficient. 'A variety, a variety, you know,' he says, 'is always best.' From place to place he wanders, and may just be called 'the strolling professor.' 'O,' says he, 'I have found such an excellent man! I never heard his equal! If you could hear him, you would be charmed, indeed!' But this rambling hearer cannot be a fixed one long. 'Mr. M. is come to town. Such a preacher!' Away he goes; his favorite preacher is deserted for a time; but he returns, and now his favorite minister is rather flat, wordy, uninteresting. In short, this man is everywhere. There is no preacher but he knows; no church or chapel but he is there for a time. Ah! but where is the benefit from all this? 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'

'I take care of my Lambs.'

Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following extract:—'A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens—and with great earnestness he asked to know how he had succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was—'I take care of my lambs, sir.' Here was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep; he took care of them when they were lambs.'

Facts for the Curious.

DIFFERENT AGES.—The average age of people of different nations varies. A new people growing by immigration or natural increase, has a larger proportion of the young, than one that is old and stationary. The average age of all the inhabitants of Scotland, as taken 1841, was 27 years; of England, 26 years; of Prussia, 27 years, and the United States, 22 years. So there is a great difference in the average ages of people living in the old or eastern States, and Western. In New Hampshire and Vermont one-third of all the people are over 60 years of age; whereas in Iowa and Minnesota, not more than one-sixth of the population are over sixty years of age. For every 1,000 children under 15 years of age in New Hampshire, there are 768 persons over 60 years of age; but in Illinois, only 73 and in Mississippi, 74.

So illiterate were even the clergy of England when Alfred began to reign, that 'very few there were,' as he has himself recorded, who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any writing from the latin. The learned men of the past day had almost all perished, to gather with their books; and Alfred had to search all England, and to send literary embassies to foreign lands, in order to secure teachers for himself, and for his new University of Oxford.

MILKING IN SILENCE.—At the Farmers' Club of West Cornwall, Connecticut, one of the members observed that no talking should be allowed while milking was going on. Another said that he had discharged a man because he would talk and interrupt the milking in the dairy and that in three days the increase of milk was equal to the man's wages.

WOMAN AS A FARMER.—We learn, from a Southern paper, that the most extensive plantation in Louisiana is managed by a woman—Mrs. A. E. Flint. During the last year she raised one thousand eight hundred bags of molasses, and four hundred bales of cotton—the largest crop produced on any plantation in that State. If the women can beat us in farming, what can't they do—when there is a will?—*N. Y. Life.*