

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 3rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE vi. 1-19: The Sabbath and its claims. GENESIS xxiii. 1-20: Sarah's death and burial.

Recite—LUKE v. 27-32.

APRIL 10th, 1859.

Read—LUKE vi. 20-36: The beatitudes. GENESIS xxv. 7-11, 28-36: The age, death, and burial of Abraham.

Recite—LUKE vi. 12-16.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From March 27th to April 9th, 1859.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
27	SU.	5 49	6 11	2 53	11 9	1 9	7 1
28	M.	5 48	6 12	3 27	A. 13	2 17	7 49
29	Tu.	5 46	6 14	3 54	1 16	3 50	8 34
30	W.	5 45	6 15	4 17	2 21	5 18	9 18
31	Th.	5 43	6 17	4 36	3 26	6 26	10 0
1	F.	5 42	6 18	4 56	4 30	7 9	10 42
2	Sa.	5 40	6 20	5 15	5 35	7 43	11 21
3	SU.	5 38	6 22	5 33	6 43	8 15	aft. 8
4	M.	5 37	6 23	5 57	7 53	8 46	0 55
5	Tu.	5 35	6 25	6 23	9 7	9 18	1 46
6	W.	5 34	6 26	6 57	10 21	9 50	2 40
7	Th.	5 32	6 28	7 40	11 36	10 24	3 40
8	F.	5 31	6 29	8 36	morn.	11 2	4 41
9	Sa.	5 29	6 21	9 43	1 42	11 45	5 43

* 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.

For the Christian Messenger.

To those who have been Teachers in a Sabbath School, but who have resigned their office.

Permit me to ask, why have you resigned it? Have you grown weary of it? Did it become a burden to you? Then my friends whoever you may be I fear you never loved it; or, at least that you did not love it for its own sake, but for some other consideration, which having ceased to operate you have ceased to labour. Is it, that you do not see the importance of it now as you once did? Why? Are *Souls* less precious than they once were? Is *eternity* less *awful*? Is the Bible less important and the knowledge of its truths less necessary to salvation? But it may be you have changed your situation in life, and this prevents your attendance. But is your change such as to warrant the cessation of your labours? Some may have formed connections in marriage, and therefore cannot attend or ought not to attend the Sabbath School. But why? If the partner of your life be a lover of the *Saviour* surely your hands will be strengthened rather than enfeebled, in such a work as this. If domestic arrangements seem to demand the presence of the wife at home, during the time of the Sabbath School, need they also detain the husband. But alas for the most part where this good work has been neglected and abandoned (except in cases of ill health or the existence of some cause equally sufficient,) there is reason to suspect the state of the heart, and to apply the solemn admonition of the *Holy Spirit* to the Ephesian Church. "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works."

Z. P. A.

East Portmedway, March 14th, 1858.

Universalist S. S. Celebration.

The following is from a notice of a fete of the 'Sabbath School connected with the First Universalist Church in Chicago.'

Among the inviting things offered in the programme, are a touching and very effective DRAMA, in two Acts; a beautiful OPERA, where great attention is paid to Scenic Effect; a FAIRY PIECE, performed by twenty-five little girls; SONGS by little girls; dressed in swiss and other costumes; DIALOGUES and SONGS by children not four years old.

The prominent parts were sustained by young ladies of eighteen or more. Some of the costumes would vie with the New York "Stage." Glitter, gauze, very short dresses and "tights," action, intonation—everything was theatrical. The large hall was crowded to excess; and so popular and profitable was the performance, that it is to be repeated next Saturday evening.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

An Earth-bath.

My uncle, an old clergyman, had lived many years in a damp parsonage in the New Forest, and was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. He was advised to consult Doctor Graham, who was then all the fashion. He did so, and was persuaded by him to take an earth-bath; he actually took one, and thought it did him good, and was likely to be of great service. My uncle often regretted that he had not resolution enough to persevere; but it was exceedingly unpleasant. The patient was led into the doctor's garden; there he took off his clothes behind a screen, stripping himself stark naked. He was then placed in a hole in the ground, just large enough to contain him; in what posture I do not recollect, but I think standing. Earth—finely sifted vegetable mould—was gently filled in quite up to the collar-bone, the head and neck being free, and remaining out of the ground; the arms were buried, being placed close to his side. The patient being fairly in the bath, the screen was removed, and he commonly saw other persons around him in a like situation with himself; and he passed the time, as well as he could, in conversing with them—for it was necessary to remain three or four hours in the earth.

"How could he must have been!" a lady remarked.

"On the contrary, the sensation of heat was most oppressive; there was an unpleasant feeling of suffocation, and the perspiration was profuse. When the time prescribed had expired, the screen was placed around him, the bath was taken out of his grave, and well rubbed, and was allowed to put on his clothes and depart. It was so disagreeable, that my uncle could never summon courage to undergo the operation a second time; but several of his friends had taken an earth-bath frequently, and they thought that the process was of great use to them.

I have seen persons in the earth-bath myself. I well remember going with my uncle the first time he consulted Doctor Graham. A man-servant, in a splendid livery, received us, and conducted us into a garden, and we saw there what seemed to be a bed of cauliflowers. It was the age of wigs—of powdered wigs—and there were several old gentlemen buried up to the neck in the ground, with the head only to be seen above the earth, and a well-whitened wig upon it. The footman led my uncle up to one of the most considerable of the wigs, and introduced him to his physician: "This, sir, is Doctor Graham." For the doctor took a bath every morning himself, to encourage his patients, and shone forth on the surface of mother-earth as the biggest of the big wigs. He could not feel my uncle's pulse, for his arms were interred as well as his body; but he looked at his tongue, and asked him very many questions, in exact accordance with the practice of the college, and finally he prescribed an earth-bath, which shortly afterwards my uncle took.

"How dreadful!" all the ladies exclaimed, with one voice; "it must be just like being buried alive! Were there any women there?"

"Not when I was present, certainly; and I rather think that females did not take these baths; and yet I recollect that the advertisements strongly recommended them."—*Life of Shelley.*

Silvio Pellico in Prison.

In a gaol at Milan, a prisoner knelt, one evening, weeping great tears.

"O my God," he cried, "I had abandoned Thee! I see Thee again: I love Thee. I repent that I have so insulted Thee!"

On a shelf beside him lay a Bible, covered with dust. For six or seven days he had not opened it; and instead, he had taken to amusing himself with 'foolish pleasantries,' singing with a pretended merriment.

One morning the gaoler's child came in, and Silvio Pellico caressed it and smiled. "Since you have left off reading that villain of a book," said the child, with an artless simplicity, pointing to the neglected Bible, and repeating some epithets which he had heard probably from the priest, "you do not look so sad as before."

Blushing with shame, he took the book from the shelf; and, brushing away the dust with a napkin and opening it, his eye caught the words—

"And He said to His disciples, it is impossible but that offences will come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh; it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

"What!" thought he with himself; "does this child suppose, by the dust on my Bible, that I have become more sociable and pleasant through forgetting God?"

Then, turning to his little visitor and kissing him, he said, half playfully, yet completely deso-

late at having so scandalized him—"You little rogue! that is not a villain-book; during the several days that I have neglected it, I am become much worse. My singing, which you have heard, is only a force-put; and my ill-humor, which I try to drive away when your mother lets you in to see me, comes all back when I am alone."

The child had scarcely gone out, when, 'with indescribable emotion,' Silvio placed his Bible on a chair—knelt down upon the earth to read—and, though unused to weep, burst into tears. For more than an hour, he read and lamented, ashamed of his grievous sin, and vowing never again to separate from God, for ever. At length, he rose, full of confidence in the thought that God was with him, and that he had 'pardoned his delirium!' And now he was girded for any trial. 'Yesterday,' said he, 'my misfortunes, the torments of my impending trial, the probability of torture, seemed like huge, frowning precipices; now they appear to me a very little thing. I can rejoice in suffering, since I may fulfil a sacred duty, which is, to obey the Saviour in suffering with resignation.'—*Memoir of St. Augustine.*

Adulteration of Liquors.

Prof. C. A. Lee, of New York, has furnished statements, which are quoted by Mr. E. C. Delavan, in his late letter to the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, and which will be new to some readers.

A cheap Madeira, he says, is made here, by extracting the oils from common whisky, and passing it through carbon. There are immense establishments in this city where the whisky is thus turned into wine; in some of which the whisky is rolled in in the evening, but the wine goes out in the broad daylight to defy the closest inspection.

A grocer assured me that he had often purchased whisky one day of a country merchant, and before he left town, sold the same whisky back to him, turned into wine, at a profit of from four to five hundred per cent.

The trade in empty wine casks in this city (New York,) with the Custom House mark and certificate, is immense; and some casks replenished again and again, and always accompanied by that infallible test of genuineness, the Custom House certificate.

There is in the neighborhood of New York an extensive manufactory of wine casks, which are made so closely to imitate the foreign, as to deceive experienced dealers. The Custom House marks are easily counterfeited, and certificates are never wanting.

These facts are for wine drinkers, and are followed by similar statements from Europe, from which it appears, strange as it may seem, that even at Florence, where prime wine can be bought for a penny a bottle, there is still a fraction saved by adulteration. Mr. Mullen, a recent writer on wines, states that in France there are extensive establishments (existing at Certe and Marseilles) for the manufacture of every description of wine, both white and red, to resemble the produce not only of France, but of all other wine countries.

Bad enough for wine bibbers; but when we come to the poor rum drinker, the horrible poisons which his pittance purchase are beyond belief. We are acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who engaged as book keeper with an extensive liquor house, but becoming acquainted with their secrets, resigned his position, in horror. It is his belief, from what he there learned, that the chance of getting a pure brandy or wine, is extremely remote, the immense proportion being spurious; and that the counterfeits are at once so accurate as to defy detection and so deleterious, as to be the source of inevitable death to the consumer. We knew, ourselves, a case of a poor man, who died in a few hours after drinking a pint of whisky, which happening to be drawn from the bottom of the cask, was so saturated by the dregs of the poisons, as to be thus immediately fatal.

A friend and chemist purchased of the importer in New York, a bottle of what was called genuine Champagne, and found it to contain one-quarter of an ounce of sugar lead.

A fabricator of Champagne wine in New York, intending to give an entertainment to his friends, and not wishing to treat them to his own fabrication, ordered from the importers, as he supposed, the pure article. When the corks began to fly at the repast, one dropped near him: to his astonishment he found it had his own mark upon it.

The importer had, through an agent, supplied himself with this fabricated article, and, by forged labels, had sold it back to the fabricator as pure imported. Thus was the biter bitten.

End there is None.

The following passage is from one of Prof. Mitchell's lectures, delivered at the Academy of Music, in New York city. After speaking of the unfathomable distances which no telescope can penetrate, lying far beyond the system in which the earth revolves, and yet filled with independent systems of worlds of infinite numbers, he said:

Light traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their immense magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house." And to his angels who stood about his throne he said, "Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles." A moment, and it was done, and the man stood for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Sometimes on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing of suns around them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and on the left, appeared some constellations. At last the man sunk down, crying, "Angel, I can go no further, let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe; for end there is none." "End there is none?" demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout, "End there is none!" "End there is none?" demanded the angel again, "and is it this that awes thy soul?" "Answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning!"

Agriculture.

Butter in Winter.

I often see directions how to make good butter in your valuable journal. In making butter, I find many obstacles; my cow has been fed on carrots for several weeks; since that time we have churned several hours (with cream at 62°) without making the butter come. Do you suppose the carrots have a tendency to prevent it? If so is there any way to avoid it? Can the cream be churned again by any process?

Jan. 11, 1859.

A SUBSCRIBER.

REMARKS.—We believe the carrots would have a tendency to produce good butter, and not to retard in any way its coming. If you have churned a day or two on your cream, you had better appropriate it to some other purpose than the making of butter.

The first thing essential in making good butter in winter, is to get good milk, and then if the milk is set in some place, cellar or closet, where the temperature will remain at 60° Fahrenheit, cream will rise abundantly, and the butter will come in ten minutes after commencing churning the cream. Some persons scald the milk when it comes to the house—but that is not so essential as an even temperature at 60° for the milk to stand in. We are making 20 lbs. per week without the slightest difficulty.—*N. E. Farmer.*

BUNCH ON A HORSE'S LEG.—Can you or your readers tell me the cause of a bunch on a horse's forward leg, below the knee on the inside; I think it is called a *splint*; and if it can be taken off, or if it hurts a horse? The bunch is as hard as bone.

ANSWER.—I had a bunch form on the inside of the leg of a young horse, caused by the pole striking against the inside of the leg, which I removed by using the Mexican Mustang Liniment.

ROSE INSECTS.—If our lady readers are desirous of keeping their rose-bushes free from the small green vermin that so frequently infest them, the following remedy will be found a most effectual one; To three gallons of water, add one peck of soot and one quart of unslacked lime. Stir it well—let it stand for twenty-four hours, and when the soot rises to the surface, skim it off. Use a syringe for applying it.

"WINE-SAUCE" WITHOUT WINE.—Butter and sugar thickened with corn-starch, and flavored with the rind and part of the juice of a lemon.