

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1859.

Read—LUKE iii. 1-23: John's ministry.
GENESIS xi. 1-9, 27-32: The confusion of tongues.

Recite—LUKE ii. 40-52.

FEBRUARY 27th, 1859.

Read—LUKE iv. 1-15: The temptations of Christ.
GENESIS xii. 1-9: The call of Abraham.

Recite—LUKE iii. 1-6.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From February 13th to 26th, 1859.

New Moon, February 2, 8. 50 Afternoon.
First Quarter, " 10, 3. 25 "
Full Moon, " 17, 6. 27 Morning.
Last Quarter, " 24, 10. 7 "

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
13	SU.	6 54	5 6	5 58	3 56	2 36	8 58
14	M.	6 53	5 5	5 57	2 13	4 54	10 2
15	Tu.	6 51	5 9	5 55	3 40	5 47	11 2
16	W.	6 50	5 10	5 54	4 58	6 22	11 58
17	Th.	6 48	5 12	5 52	6 19	7 58	morn.
18	F.	6 47	5 13	5 51	7 36	8 45	0 51
19	Sa.	6 45	5 15	5 49	7 46	9 28	1 41
20	SU.	6 43	4 17	10 5	8 8	10 8	2 29
21	M.	6 42	4 18	11 15	8 29	10 46	3 16
22	Tu.	6 40	4 20	morn.	8 53	11 22	4 4
23	W.	6 39	5 21	0 26	9 20	11 58	4 53
24	Th.	6 37	5 23	1 33	9 55	0 16	5 44
25	F.	6 36	5 24	2 36	10 34	0 56	6 35
26	Sa.	6 34	5 26	3 31	11 23	0 43	7 27

* 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 Swearer and his Boy.

A man who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began whipping them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of the most blasphemous oaths. The oxen, breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner, in a passion, pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began whipping them again and swearing as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this, than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keea reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect that he never was heard to utter an oath afterwards.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A correspondent of the London Builder thinks that the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire. In the rotunda of the Woolwich barracks there is, he says, a clock moved by machinery, which has been going for thirty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who has had a watch in his possession more than thirty years, hermetically sealed, where there is no means of winding, that tells the hours, minutes, seconds, months, and, he believes, years, and how far you walk in a day. It cost about two thousand dollars, and was made by a French artist in Paris.

Science is the interpreter of nature. It reverently inquires; it listens to know; it seeks; it knocks to obtain communication; and then all that it does is reverently to record nature's processes, and accept them as true. And it demands that religion shall proceed on similar exegetical principles.

A striking spectacle was lately afforded to the street public of Washington. A string of slaves, with a white man at their head, loaded pistol in hand, and another in the rear armed in like manner, marched from some private slave-pen to the depot, to take the cars for Baltimore, where they will be sold.

Mister Sexton, says a correspondent of the Christian Register, open all the pew doors as soon as the fires are lighted, else the church-goers will have cold feet. Hot air, as is well known, ascends, and though the house may be comfortably warm elsewhere, if the pew doors are kept shut, the heat will be in a great measure kept out of that part of the pew, where it is most needed.

A bill is again before the N. Y. Legislature to exclude youths from theatres when unaccompanied by their parents.

An afternoon at the Church of the Deaf Mutes.

We have rarely occupied an afternoon with equal interest, to that which we experienced last Sabbath, at the service held at the Historical Society's rooms in Second Avenue, next door to the Tabernacle Baptist Church. It may not be known to many of our readers, that there is a church composed of the deaf and dumb, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, which holds a regular service at this place. This gentleman, so long identified with this noble and touching charity, has taken orders in the Episcopal Church, for the purpose of administering spiritually and preaching to that interesting class, which has engaged his sympathies and labors for so many years. He considers the Episcopal form of service best adapted to their circumstances, so considerable a part of it consisting of reading exercises.

The mother of Mr. Gallaudet, it will be remembered, was a deaf mute, as is his wife. We had the pleasure of greeting the latter lady, at the place of worship, where, after the service, her sweet face, and gentle, lady-like manners, rendered her the centre of attraction. Nothing is more touching than to see the affection with which the pastor and his wife are regarded by the little flock.

A few strangers were present, but the greater part of the audience consisted of the regular hearers—or rather witnesses, of the service. They could be easily distinguished by their attitude of eager and profound attention. A sleepy auditor—it is difficult to escape from our usual nomenclature—would stand little chance, in this solemn, still, and affecting pantomimic service.

You enter a large apartment, which is almost as still as a tomb. An eager company—many of them leaning forward, as if to be as near as possible—fix their eyes, with intensity of attention upon the preacher. He, standing upon an open platform, that every gesture may be visible, expounds to them by signs, the word of God. His gestures are expressive and graceful. You fancy, often, that you can understand him. His subject is prayer. The gesture of supplication, frequently occurs, and is intelligible to us. The gesture which indicates the name of the Deity—a reverent upturning of the eyes, or an up-pointing of the index finger, as if the preacher would say, 'One God'—we think that we also apprehend. But what is that fluttering of the fingers, sometimes hastily with one elevated hand, as if in the progress of a sentence, and sometimes solemnly and deliberately, with both hands gradually and widely outspread and elevated, as if the sentence was closed by the sign?—It is the sign which indicates glory—or effulgence, and often recurs.

How impressive! The speaker is himself as one deaf and dumb. He forgets that he has language, and now thinks in signs, as they think who watch his graceful motions. Otherwise he could not be so intelligible to them. He has engrafted himself into their family, and has become one of them for humanity's sake and for Christ's sake. God bless and speed him!

The signs used are not, as many think, signs of letters, or always even of words. There is, indeed, an alphabet, which must be used in spelling proper names, or scientific or technical words of unusual character. But these are probably avoided, as much as possible. Often whole phrases, or sentences, or even paragraphs, are indicated by a single sign. The art of sign language was invented by a French Abbe and derived from the gestures which he observed were made by the mutes themselves. These were carefully observed and classified. It was soon apparent that certain gestures were used by all, to indicate the same thought or feeling. These were adopted, of course, and constituted the first class of signs, so universal in their character that no one needs to learn them—they are understood by deaf mutes everywhere, without instruction. Next come in their order, gestures which are less generally observed to be employed, and so on; until, at length, arbitrary signs are introduced to indicate words or thoughts which are indispensable to the progress of education.

The rapidity of ordinary conversation is about equal to the spoken language. But the sign process in preaching, requires more time than by the voice—perhaps nearly half as much more.—We observe that the hymns are read regularly. What is that unknown and silent harmony, with which they entertain poetic feeling—'making melody in their hearts unto the Lord?' We enter, in imagination, into their silent praise—an attractive, unthought mystery. In His ear who weigheth the thoughts and intents of the heart, it may come up with a sweet harmony, to which the harmony, to which the clangor of instruments and multitudinous voices, is an empty sound.

As soon as the benediction is pronounced, the

scene changes as if by magic. The statuesque audience is instantly transformed into the most active, gesticulating, cheerful, quick glancing, stirring little circle, that ever was seen. Every hand is in motion, and the nimble fingers gleam in the light, like birds flying in the air. Every one is signaling his neighbor, or endeavouring to attract the attention of some one more remote. A group forms round the pastor's wise—all talking at once. She, with admirable power and self-possession, sees and comprehends them all, glancing from one to another, swiftly and with a grace peculiar, dropping from her finger tips a reply, or a recognition in turn, with a beautiful smile, and faultless intelligence. Another group surrounds the pastor. One man flourishes his fingers in his face, another tugs at his coat tail, a third punches his side. He, too, sees and disposes of them all, with kind, loving glances, and fingered phrases of recognition, of answer, of congratulation, or admonition. The two circles draw together, and are presently united, and then, all interchange greetings. The sexton, who seems to be a humorous fellow, indicates impatience. By an unmistakable series of signals, he indicates that, First, he is hungry; Second, he has a long way to go; Third, he has to come back here this evening, and open the room. One or two he takes by the shoulder, and shoves them good humoredly towards the door. They resist with equal pleasantness, and appeal to the pastor. He rather takes the sexton's part, and so they move off.

What a noble work, and what a ceaseless wonder it is that human art has been enabled to remove in so great a degree, the disabilities under which this interesting class of our fellow-beings labor! We went our way, with a softened heart, thanking God, their Father and ours.—N.Y.Chron.

Gratitude.

A missionary, one Sabbath evening, went to the dying bed of one of his converts from heathenism. "I understand," said the convert, "that you have been preaching to-day about heaven. To-morrow I shall be in heaven, and I shall go right to the Saviour and thank him for leading you to leave your home in a Christian land, to come and tell us poor darkened heathens about him and the way to heaven. Then I shall go and sit down by the pearly gate, and wait till you come. Then I shall take you by the hand and lead you to the Saviour, and tell him, 'This is the man that taught me the way to this happy world.'"

Anecdote.

A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W.—"If God was willing all men should be saved?" Mr. W.—replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives, in this world?" The man answered, "Yes." Then said Mr. W.—"Do all men live thus?" After a little hesitancy he answered, "No." Mr. W.—then proceeded, "According to your own reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing all men should be saved as that all should live virtuously; but if you mean by will, a design or determination, then I would say God has not determined that all men should maintain good moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all, if he had, all would be saved."

HUMILITY.—An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermon of a Scotch minister, who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. Her auditor ventured to propose a question to her.

"Well, Jenny, do you understand him?" "Understand him!" holding up her hands in astonishment at the question, "me understand him! Would I have the presumption?"

NUTS FOR POOR MEN.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question it so much is worth so little. After all, it is wealth worth the cost—first in acquiring it; next, in supporting it; and lastly, in bearing up under it when you have lost it?

GOSSIP.—'What a world of gossip,' in a Christian community would be prevented, if sewing societies would only remember 'that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.'

A wise pastor savingly awoke the heart of a young mathematician, with the searching request, "I beg you to solve for me this problem; What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman; the next, man; and thirdly, the Berkshire pig.

Agriculture, &c.

Watering Sheep in Winter.

That sheep can do with less water than other domestic animals, is well known. That they should be forced to do with a less quantity than they desire, or compelled to do without any except what is accidentally supplied by melting snow or rain, no reasonable or merciful man can believe for a moment. In some experiments on South Down sheep, at Rothamstead, we found that in the summer months each sheep eat three pounds of clover hay, and drank about six pounds of water daily. Thinking that they drank more than was favorable for the deposition of fat, we confined them to a less quantity of water for one week. The result was that during that time they eat less food and lost weight. This result satisfied us that sheep knew better than man, though he were scientific, how much water they required.

But we need not quote experiments. The common sense of every man tells him that sheep, as well as all other animals, should be abundantly supplied with good, fresh water. Cows and sheep, if possible, should have free access to it at all times. For, unlike the horse, they will not always drink at stated times, however regularly observed. A well, pump and troughs would seem therefore, to be necessary appendages to every well-managed barn-yard or sheep-fold. Kind reader, act on this matter, and your sheep and cows will bless you, if not in words, at least in wool, milk and profit.—Genesee Farmer.

Wintering Cows.

"If I were to have cows wintered just to my liking, they should be fed on corn stalks, and if profit were consulted, these, by all means, should first be run through a stalk cutter. This, in my estimation, is a saving of at least one-fourth their value. My method of feeding is to give each animal a bushel basket full of stalks; they will not eat them clean, but to save all, I throw what they leave in the manger to my colts, who soon dispose of them, and without a remainder. Those cows which are in milk, are fed on a slop of buckwheat bran night and morning, those not yet come in are given two or three ears of corn at each feeding, until they begin to spring bag, when they are fed once a day, the same as the cows which are milked. In this way cows may be kept in a thriving condition, and, I believe, a greater yield of milk and butter can be obtained, than from any other mode of feeding. In regard to the value of different kinds of food for cows, I heard an old dairyman say that buckwheat was the best of any grain for producing milk.

"Corn and cob meal (or corn meal alone) fattens a cow too much for their health, if fed before calving. Two quarts of oats per day is better feed at this time. Corn and cob meal, half and half, is good feed for milch cows, and wheat shorts, scalded and salted, will induce a large flow of milk."—Rural New Yorker.

Progressive Agriculture.

The N. Y. Observer says of progressive agriculture:—"Under its influence, spring up tasty and convenient dwellings, adorned with shrubs and flowers, and beautiful within with the smiles of happy wives, tidy children in the lap of thoughtful age—broad hearts, and acts as well as words of welcome. Progressive agriculture build barns and puts gutters on them, builds stables for cattle and raises roots to feed them. It grafts wild apple trees by the meadow with pippins or greenings,—it sets out new orchards and takes care of the old ones.

It drains low lands, cuts down bushes, buys a mower, houses tools and wagons, keeps good fences and practices soiling. It makes hens lay, chickens live, and prevents swine from rooting up meadows. Progressive agriculture keeps on hand plenty of dry fuel, and brings in the oven-wood for the women. It plows deeply, sows plentifully, harrows evenly, and prays for the blessing of Heaven. Finally, it subscribes for good religious, agricultural and family journals, and pays for them in advance, advocates free schools, and always takes something besides the family to the county fair.

LEAKS SIMPLY STOPPED.—The Lynn News says:—"Some years ago I had a leaking 'L.' Every northern storm drove its waters in. I made a composition of four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, applied it hot with a brush to the part where the 'L' was joined to the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a dormer window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak stopped. I made my water cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, etc., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."