

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 12th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ix. 23-42: The transfiguration of Christ. GENESIS xlii. : Joseph's conduct to his brethren.

Recite—LUKE ix. 18-22.

JUNE 19th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ix. 43-62: Christ rebukes the love of pre-eminence. GENESIS xliii. : Joseph's further conduct to his brethren.

Recite—LUKE ix. 23-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 5th to 18th June, 1859.

New Moon, June	1,	2. 56 Morning.
First Quarter, "	7,	6. 33 Afternoon.
Full Moon, "	15,	6. 3 Morning.
Last Quarter, "	23,	10. 17 "
New Moon, "	30,	10. 26 "

Day	Wk.	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
5	SU.	4 23	7 37	9 10	11 34	10 49	4 22
6	M.	4 23	7 37	10 33	11 55	10 41	5 14
7	Tu.	4 22	7 38	11 44	morn.	0 8	6 3
8	W.	4 22	7 38	A. 53	0 22	1 6	6 48
9	Th.	4 21	7 39	2 7	0 45	2 7	7 34
10	F.	4 21	7 39	3 19	1 3	3 9	8 20
11	Sa.	4 20	7 40	4 29	1 23	4 14	9 8
12	SU.	4 20	7 40	5 38	1 49	5 16	9 59
13	M.	4 20	7 40	6 46	2 20	6 17	10 51
14	T.	4 19	7 41	7 47	2 56	7 8	11 44
15	W.	4 19	7 41	8 40	3 41	7 55	morn.
16	Th.	4 19	7 41	9 17	4 34	8 38	0 37
17	F.	4 19	7 41	9 56	5 39	9 18	1 28
18	Sa.	4 19	7 41	10 25	6 38	9 53	2 16

* 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 Secret of Happiness.

The most common error of men and women, is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found, when thus sought; and never will be, while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned, the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they the idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be.

Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune, or misfortune, to know, they were the most wretched who retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves. Why, the slave at his enforced labor, or the hungry toiler for bread, were supremely happy in comparison.

Earnestly would we press upon young minds, the truth we have stated. It lies at the foundation of all well-doing and well-being. It gives tranquility and pleasure to the youth just stepping across the threshold of rational life, as well as to the man whose years are beginning to rest upon his stoop-shoulders. Be ever engaged in useful work, if you would be happy. This is the great secret.—Arthur's Magazine.

Oddities of Advertising.

The following instances of 'putting the cart before the horse,' in the way of antecedents, were taken from a single copy of a newspaper:

—Among the advertisements we find the ensuing remarkable announcement of facts, which fairly come under the head of phenomena, viz.:

—We are told in one place that there may be had 'An airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long and fourteen wide.' The bed-room ought indeed to be 'airy,' to accommodate a gentleman of such formidable dimensions! Again we read of 'A house for a family in good repair, which is advertised to be let, with immediate possession.' A family in good repair, means, no doubt, one in which none of the members are 'cracked.' The last oddity is an announcement of there being now vacant 'A delightful gentleman's residence.' The 'delightful gentleman' must be rather proud of his delightful qualities to allow himself to be thus strangely advertised.

—London Town Talk.

Secret Religion.

God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. 'Enter into thy chamber,' said he, 'and shut thy door about thee.' 'Shut thy door about thee' means much; it means shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—Cecil.

The Sacrifice.

"There, Mary—now don't you think I deserve to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man, as he dropped down in the lady's palm half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes, you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face, beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you, for the very flattering words. And now, dear, I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to see how you will look in it."

"But, Edward," gazing seriously at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No, it is not, either. You deserve the cloak, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then it'll last you so many years, that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no farther attempt to refute her husband's arguments, and her small finger closed over the gold pieces, as she rose up, saying "Well, dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a book-keeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the city for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt, also, the peace which God giveth to those who love Him.

Mrs Clark came in the sitting-room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young, bright face, her modest yet dignified manners, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly, "Wont you tell me what is troubling you, Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort which she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate, you know, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve, because of your distress."

And so with kind words, and half-caressing movements of the little hand, laid on the seamstress's arm, Mrs. Clark drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan, supporting herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been for some time a kind of under clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer, by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and, at last, a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the doctor had no hope of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him again, Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away there, among strangers, in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls from the forehead which mamma used to be so proud of. O—George—my darling, bright-faced little brother George," and here, the poor girl broke down in a storm of sobs and tears.

"Poor child, poor child," murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming in tears. "How much would it cost for you to go to your brother, and return?" she asked at last.

"About thirty dollars. I haven't so much money in the world. You see, its nearly four hundred miles off; but I could manage to support myself after I got there."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still a few moments, her blue eye fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well, my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you!" and the warm, cheerful tones comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her ivory porte-monnaie. There was a brief, sharp, struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she

thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going out to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then, there's that dying boy lying there with strange faces all about him, and longing, as the slow hours go by, for a sight of the sister who loves him, and would not this thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old broadcloth is not so bad, if it's only turned. And, I'm sure, I can bring Edward over to my way of thinking. No, you must go without the cloak this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of the shadow of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the porte-monnaie resolutely, and went down stairs.

"Janet, put up your work this moment—there is no time to be lost. Here is the money. Take it, and go to your brother."

The girl lifted up her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then, as she comprehended the truth, a cry of such joy broke from her lips, that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

"George! George!" The words leaped from her lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where the youth lay, his white, sharpened face, gleaming death-like from amidst his thick yellow curls.

He opened his large eyes, suddenly—a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms; "O Janet! Janet! I have prayed God for the sight of you once more, before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it's been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue," said the doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visit through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday, and watched with him," answered an attendant, glancing at the young girl, who hung breathless over the sleeping invalid.

"Ah, that explains it. I'm not certain but that young man has recuperative power enough left to recover, if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months, which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two, George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself by his couch, his nurse and comforter.

Three years have passed. The shadows of the night were dropping already around. Mrs. Clark sat in her chamber, humming a nursery tune, to which the cradle kept a sort of rhythmic movement. Sometimes she would pause suddenly, and adjust the snowy blankets around the cheeks of the little slumberer, shining out from their brown curls as red apples shine amid fading leaves in October orchards. Suddenly the door opened, "Sh—sh," said the young mother, and she lifted her finger with a smiling warning, as her husband entered.

"There's something for you, Mary. It came by express this afternoon," he said the words in an undertone, placing a small packet in her lap. The lady removed the covers with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder and watched her movements. A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark descried a small, elegantly chased hunting watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring, the case flew back, and on the inside was engraved these words: "To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she saved."

"O, Edward, it must have come from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady, and the quick tears leaped into her eyes. "You know she's been with him ever since that time, and she wrote me last spring, that he'd obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for myself, either."

"Well, Mary, you were in the right then, though I'm sorry to say, I was half vexed with you, for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've not had one yet."

"No, I've not had one, but I've never regretted it." She said the words with her eyes fastened admiringly on the beautiful gift.

"Nor I, Mary, for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O, say those words again, Edward. Blessed be God for them," added the lady fervently.

The husband drew his arm around his wife, and murmured reverently, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed."—W. & R.

Agriculture.

Clay as an amendment to Sandy Soils.

Soils void of clay, or containing it in too small a relative proportion, are materially improved by a top-dressing, and particularly when the clay finds its way to the soil through the compost heap. In such case it exercises its peculiar power of absorbing ammonia and other products of decay, and afterwards yields up to plants the materials thus absorbed. While the clay is thus performing a useful office, itself is changed in condition so as to lose its greater tenacity, only holding this property in a sufficient degree to add firmness to sandy soils after its addition. The quantity of clay required to amend a sandy soil incapable of retaining manures, and indeed when even blowey, is not as large as many suppose. One thousand bushels per acre is sometimes quite sufficient, if evenly spread and left on the surface for a time, before being plowed in, so that rains and dews, assisted by sun and air, may cause the division to become more perfect. It is not the clay alone which corrects blowey sands, but in addition to its own effects directly, the roots of crops, grown by its assistance, lend their aid. When clay and vegetable mould can both be added to sandy soils, as in the vicinity of muck deposits, then the amendment is still more perfect.

The value of this kind of amendment is its permanency; for as the clay is not appreciably used by plants, it continues forever to imbue the sand, and each year to re-perform its function of retaining gasses, abstracting valuable constituents from solutions, in addition to its mechanical use in giving the necessary solidity and adhesiveness to the soil.

Many are not aware that some sandy soils, notwithstanding the peculiar light condition of the dry surface, are still more difficult to disintegrate deeply by a sub-soil plow than heavier soils, settling by rains like a sea beach; in such sands many kinds of clay seem to act as a lubricator to the surface of their particles, and after being clayed, they may be the more readily plowed.—Working Farmer.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice.

Plants when drooping are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c., from insects.

Lard never spoils if cooked enough in frying out.

In feeding corn sixty pounds ground goes as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn meal should not be ground very fine, it injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have.

Money expended in drying lands by draining or otherwise, will be returned with ample interest.

To cure scratches on horses, wash their legs with warm soapuds, and then with beef brine; two applications will cure the worst case.—Ohio Farmer.

MILKING YOUNG COWS.—It is said that young cows, the first year they give milk, may be made, with careful milking and good keeping, to give milk almost any length of time deemed desirable; but that if they are allowed to dry up early in fall, they will, if they have a calf at the same season, dry up at the same time each succeeding year, and nothing but extra feed will prevent it, and that but for a short time.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The Detroit Advertiser, after conversing with parties in different sections of the State, comes to the conclusion that the wheat crop never looked so promising at this season, as it does now. The Rochester Union is informed by old farmers of Western New York, that the growing wheat is now forward, and is looking remarkably well. It has suffered little or none from the winter exposure. The Cincinnati Gazette says reports of the wheat crop continue favorable.

SQUASH CAKES.—Squash left at dinner may be made into griddle cakes in the following manner:—To one tea-cup full of winter squash, put two tea-cups of milk. Stir in flour enough to make a batter of the right thickness for griddle-cakes, and, if you like it, a spoonful of Indian meal. Add a little salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, and one egg. It is not necessary to observe this rule exactly. Use more eggs, if you choose. The cakes may be made very good without any.

LOAF PUDDINGS.—Tie up a pound-loaf of baker's bread in a cloth, and put it into boiling water with considerable salt in it, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat with cold sauce.