

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 6th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ii. 21-40: Presentation of Jesus at the temple. GENESIS vii.: Noah's entrance into the Ark.

Recite—LUKE ii. 10-14.

FEBRUARY 13th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ii. 41-52: Christ with the Doctors of the Law. GENESIS viii.: Noah's departure out of the Ark.

Recite—LUKE ii. 25-32.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 30th to February 12th, 1859.

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

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include dates from 30 SU to 12 SA.

**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.

ANNIVERSARIES OF REMARKABLE EVENTS IN FEBRUARY.

- 1. Archbishop Leighton died, 1684.
5. Galvani died, 1799.
6. Charles II. died, 1685. Dr. Priestley died, 1804.
7. Joseph Caryl (author of a Commentary on Job, in nine quarto volumes) died, 1673.
Kingdom of Oude annexed to Britain, 1856.
8. Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded, 1587.
9. Bishop Hooper burnt, 1555.
10. Queen Victoria married, 1840.
Battle of Sobraon, 1846.
12. Lady Jane Grey beheaded, 1554.
13. Massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe, in Argyleshire, 1691.
Schwartz the missionary, died, 1798.
14. Captain Cook murdered, 1779.
Sir William Blackstone died, 1780.
Naval victory off Cape St. Vincent, 1797.
Lindley Murray (author of many School works) died, 1826.
17. Michael Angelo died at Rome, 1563.
18. Martin Luther died, 1546.
19. Rev. Joseph Crandal died, 1858.
Galileo, the astronomer, born at Pisa, 1564.
21. William Parkhurst, the Lexicographer, died, 1797.
Battle of Gojjerat, 1849.
Robert Hall died, 1831.
22. French Revolution, 1848.
Washington born in Virginia, 1732.
23. Louis Philippe, King of the French, abdicated his throne, 1848.
24. Battle of Pavia, 1525.
25. Sir Christopher Wren (architect of St. Paul's Cathedral) died, 1723.
Napoleon escaped from Elba, 1815.
27. John Evelyn died, 1706.
28. Patrick Hamilton (one of the earliest Scotch Reformers) burnt, 1527.
Rev. Edward Bickersteth died, 1850.

The two Pictures.

NO. I.

"Fannie?"
"Pa is tired; can't you bring him a drink of water, dear?"
"I suppose I'll have to."
Down goes the doll, slam goes the door, and out flirts the "darling Fannie" for the wished-for beverage.

he goes—perhaps to a saloon—or to stand by the counter till his brain reels and he looks more like a corpse than a live man. And for whom? A thing which sits in the parlor and plays on the piano, and gives him to understand that "she wasn't brought up to be a woman," and didn't "marry him" for the sake of "stooping" to be "his wife."

PICTURE NO. II.

"Fannie?"
"Oh, Pa has come, sis!" And down patter little feet, and pa's neck is encircled with warm, soft kisses.
"Now, will Fannie bring father a drink? He is tired."
"Yes sir."
And away twinkle the dainty feet, and a minute more, and dimpled hands are handing it. And then the hat is carried away, and the cap-set in the corner, and pa looks so happy that Fannie taxes her active little brain to its utmost to think of something more to do for him.
Years have flown.
Twelve. Hurry, Nellie. Set up the chairs while I bring a pitcher of water. Father will be here in a few minutes, now.

Click—slam, tramp, tramp, trip!
"Fannie?"
"Well, dear?"
"Is dinner ready? I am in a great hurry."
"Just this minute ready, Harry."
I knew it would be. Clatter, clatter, clatter! Bread good, vegetables good, meat good, all good, but wife the best of all."
"Fannie, I am in trouble."
"About what, pray tell?"
"Oh, my wife is the great torment of my life. The little-minute runs so fast that it keeps me all the time in a sweat to keep up with her. The fact is, she wilts me with her unnumbered little kindnesses. It isn't so very comfortable to feel lost, like a speck in the blaze of—oh, dear, how red our Nellie's cheeks are to-day! Been using some of mother's cosmetic—helping to get dinner, ay?"
Wife laughs, and husband looks pleased in spite of his sorrow. Away he goes to his humble work. But he forgets—fatigue, for he is blessed with a loving wife and a happy home.—Life Illustrated.

An Editor's Trials.

How often we think, when reading the news, An editor could always please if he choose— But such a paper as this, who, all must agree, That a thing of less interest they never did see, But, Sir Critic, reflect ere you make a noise on, That one man's meat is another man's poison; And, lest you persist in your steady denials, We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

No marriages here— I think it quite queer, When there's ever so many, They don't publish any.
Here's poetry, And battles, Sketches, And sieges, And tales, And lawsuits, Without ending, A pending;
But no pic-nics, or concerts, or parties for me, Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Next, a grave politician, who with dignity grows, Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose, Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds, Then opens the paper and leisurely reads
Of breaches, Of Senate, And speeches, Of House, And foreign, Of railways, Reports, And courts.

And says, as he reads the last column of war, What a strange kind of people these editors are, These horrible rhymes and love-stories to print! If't would do any good I would give them a hint.

Now a prim old maid the paper spies, And, holding it carefully off from her eyes, And frequently muttering "La!" and "Da tell!" She manages some way to read very well
The marriages, The robberies, Accidents, Murders, Suicides, All in Deaths, A breath,

And finishes, wonders what sort of a blunder The whole community must now be under, To support a paper whose print is so small, She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next an angry contributor, eager for fame, Rushes into the sanctum to loudly complain, "I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er, So many mistakes were ne'er heard of before; Look here, at this Sonnet Addressed to my Lady— You've made it A Bonnet and Dress for a Baby; Don't talk of my writing."
And say it was that; You're an editor, sir, But no gent—that is flat.

The farmer complains that his crop is neglected, While so much time is spent guessing who'll be elected; The minister says it should be more sedate, And not so much wasted in matters of State.

And thousands of other Complaints are made known, Which the editor's back Has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, in effect, some are saying— Such a paper as this he can print without paying.

A Collection Sermon.

Two weeks ago, I told you that three thousand dollars had got to be raised to pay for the repairs of this house.

The plates were sent round, and about six hundred dollars were raised.

I was heartily ashamed, and have not got over it yet. Last week the trustees came, and asked me if I would name the matter again, and I said: "No, I will not." But this week, upon their renewed application, I have consented to speak once more. If this don't do, you may pay your debt how you can: for I will never mention it again. I'm not going to be a pump to be thrust into men's pockets to force up what ought to come up freely.

When the surgeon comes to a place where he must cut, he had better cut. For more than a year, I've seen that our plate-collections grew meaner and meaner. I didn't want to face you with such things as I've got to say to-day, and I put it off as long as I could. Now I shall speak plainly, once for all, not having the face to bring the matter up again. This debt has got to be paid, and will you meet it honorably, and pay it like men, or will you let it drip, drip, drip, out of you reluctantly, a few dollars at a time? You can take your choice. I'm not going to try to drill money out of you, as I would drill stones.

Our lecture-room holds about three hundred people, and we collect from thirty to eighty dollars there every time we pass the plate. Our best Christians attend the weekly meetings, and they are always the most generous. In this congregation, that numbers over three thousand, we don't average one cent per head in our collections.

While there are, thank God, many of His poor among us, who cannot give Him a shilling without making a difference in all their arrangements for a whole week, there are hundreds of men here who ought to be ashamed ever to give anything but gold, or at least a bill. And they are ashamed to do it. Don't they, when the plate approaches, and they have put their fingers in their pockets and selected a quarter—the smoothest one that they can find—use admirable tact and skill in conveying it to the plate, so that no one shall see what they give? Pious souls! They don't allow their left hand to know what their right hand doeth. If they have two bills, one good, one broken, they'll generally give the broken one to the Lord. The amount of meanness among respectable people is appalling. One needs to take a solar microscope in order to see some men. I'm willing to give my share, to do whatever the trustees desire; I shall say no more.—Life Thoughts.

Pleasing ears polite.

The world is progressive, and the church is in the world, and the clergy are in the church. We suppose they must keep together, in some sort. It was our hap, a little since, to be present in one of our up-town churches, at the performance of a marriage ceremony. It was not Grace church. It was not Dr. Bellows' church. It was an old-fashioned, orthodox, substantial concern, for which we, and every one, have the utmost respect. Not that we have less respect for those above-mentioned. When the officiating clergyman came to the place of joining hands, where we have been accustomed to hear something like this:

"You, Angelina, take this man, whom you hold by the hand," &c., what was our surprise to hear, in dulcet utterances:

"You, Miss Brown, do receive this gentleman," &c! We rubbed our eyes, but there we were; the altar, and the robes, the bride and her train, the groom, the wedding favors, the audience—all regular.

"You, Mr. Jones, do receive this lady whom you hold by the hand," &c!

We cannot help affirming this to be about the politest officiating we ever witnessed! The force of urbanity could no farther go.

We read in the Bible considerable about "man" and "woman," both in their separate and mutual relations. It occurs to us that a revision of the Scriptures, adapted to the present "distress," would be somewhat ludicrous. "And He said, It is not good that the gentleman should be alone, I will prepare a lady for him. And of the osseous substance which the Lord had taken away from man, made he a lady, and brought her unto the gentleman. And Mr. Adam said: "This lady is now legally united to me in the bonds of matrimony. She shall be called Mrs. Adam," &c.—W. & R.

"Oh, Mr. Hill," said one of the Rev. Rowland's hearers, "how is it you say so many out-of-the-way things in your sermons?" "Ah," said the eccentric divine, "you are such out-of-the-way sinners."

Agriculture, &c.

Decay in Fruit Trees.

I have often heard the practice recommended of driving nails into decaying fruit trees to restore their vigor, but I have never seen the result set forth so strikingly as in a letter to the Southern Planter. A singular fact, and one worthy of being recorded, was mentioned by Alexander Duke, of Abbeville, South Carolina. He stated, that whilst at a neighbor's his attention was called to a peach orchard, every tree in which had been totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm, with the exception of three, and those were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to his host was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of worm-eaten timber into which nails were driven were generally sound.

When his trees were about a year old, he had selected three of them, and driven a ten-penny nail through the body, as near the ground as possible.

Whilst the balance of his orchard had gradually failed, and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, those three, selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner, with the exception of the nailing, had always been vigorous and healthy, furnishing him with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit.

It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nail is offensive to the worm, whilst it is harmless, or perhaps even beneficial to the tree.

A chemical writer upon this subject says that the oxydation or rusting of the iron by the sap evolves ammonia, which, as the sap rises will of course impregnate every part of the foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects.

This writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of this kind have resulted successfully.

Sir Isaac Newton's taste for farming.

When Newton had reached his fifteenth year, he was called from the school at Grantham, to take charge of his mother's farm. He was thus frequently sent to Grantham market, says Timbs, to dispose of grain and other agricultural produce, which, however, he generally left to an old farm servant who accompanied him, and Newton made his way to the garret of the house in which he had lived, to amuse himself with a parcel of old books left there; and afterwards he would entrench himself on the wayside between Woolsthorpe and Grantham, devouring some favorite author till his companion's return from market. And when his mother sent him into the fields to watch the sheep and cattle, he would perch himself under a tree, with a book in his hand, or shape models with his knife, or watch the movements of an undershot water-wheel. One of the earliest scientific experiments which Newton made was in 1658, on the day of the great storm, when Cromwell died, and when he himself had just entered his sixteenth year. Newton's mother was now convinced that her son was not destined to be a farmer; and this, with his uncle finding him under a hedge, occupied in the solution of a mathematical problem, led to his being again sent to Grantham, and then to Trinity College, Cambridge, which thence became the real birth-place of Newton's genius.—Scientific American.

HORSES' COATS.—Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mind, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good one—but he was always annoyed about his coat. It was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get "wouldn't do it no good." My friend, who is a great horse-breeder and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat out of my hand, saying that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks,—and he was right, for in that time my horse had a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible.—Cor. Porter's Spirit of the Times.

FARMING WELL.—The great difficulty in the way of good farming is too much land. Farmers are so hurried in the getting in, and in the harvesting of their crops, that they have really no time to devote to the improvement of the soil. Let any one visit any of the ten-acre farms in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, and the truth will soon become apparent, that more profit can be made from ten acres, properly tilled and manured than can be realized from one hundred acres run over in the usual negligent manner. The occupants of these "ten-acre farms" are growing richer every year, while many who occupy large farms barely "hold their own."—Ohio Valley Farmer.