

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 6th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 35-52: Christ's discourse with the people. NUMBERS xvi.: The rebellion of Korah.

Recite—JOHN vi. 27-29.

MAY 13th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 63-71: Christ's discourse continued. NUMBERS xvii.: Aaron's Rod.

Recite—JOHN vi. 35-40.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 29th, to May 12th, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Includes rows for New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter, and a weekly table from Sunday to Saturday.

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 Young Voyagers.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE. (Concluded.)

NIGHT—dark, wild and gloomy night, came down upon the world of waters, and still the tempest raged; and there, in their frail, open boat, we will leave the young voyagers speeding on and away, right out into the very heart of the Atlantic ocean.

We will bid them adieu, and glance back to their home—to their fond mother, rendered desolate in heart by the dread calamity that had fallen upon her by the loss of her children.

At the moment when the children first embarked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards the cove, and for a few moments watched them with all a mother's fond pride, as she saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet waters of the Bay; and then some visitors called, and she forgot her children until just as the storm came down, when a neighbour rushed in with the heart-rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few moments previous several miles out to sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed her, but soon rallying her woman's energy and mother's love, she rushed from her home, regardless of the furious storm, and aroused her neighbours, and brought them with all the eloquence called up by the deep anguish of her riven heart, to help recover her lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway, or Falkner's Island, and to venture out to sea in such a storm with such small crafts as were kept along the shore, were worse than madness, and immediately dispatches were sent to New York, not only to the owners of the ship commanded by Captain Walton, but the pilots; and within an hour after the news had reached the city, two of the staunchest pilot-boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were under way, and speeding their swift winged course in search of the ocean-lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the city, to urge with her presence and influence more prompt action; but the vessels had been gone an hour when she arrived, and so she repaired to the house of Mr. Alvin, the owner of the ship her husband commanded, to await the return of those who had so nobly gone forth in that mad storm in search of her darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we too will go forth into the wild, yelling gale to look upon the most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour past midnight, dark as the deepest cells of an inquisitorial dungeon, save when the lightning's flash lit up the Cimerian blackness with a glare rivaling that of the brightest noon-day sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, lay, hove-to, a noble ship, inward bound in one of the most terrific gales that ever swept along the coast. The gale had set in just an

hour before sundown, and ever since dark the ship had been hove-to under the shortest possible canvass, heading up west south-west, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at due north west.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or the ship, captain?" inquired one of the three passengers who stood near the commander of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm by the projecting roof of the round house.

"Not in the least, Mr. Kingsley; you are as safe here as you would be in your own house in New York. She is a new ship, and I have had no opportunity to try her hove-to before; but I am perfectly satisfied with her behaviour. In fact, I never saw any craft conduct herself quite as well in a hurricane like this. 'Tis a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out on a smaller craft than ours! For the last hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep a wink to-night. She never can in a storm like this when I am not at home. I was cast away once on Long Island shore in just such a gale as this, and not half a mile from home, only it was south-west. I would give a hundred dollars this minute to be at home, for my wife's sake.—But we must—my God what is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the surrounding space, and as darkness shut in again, a faint but clear and distinct "Ship ahoy!" uttered by a female or a child, came down on the blast directly to windward.

A moment after, the hail was repeated and another flash of lightning revealed a boat driven square down before the gale, and almost under the ship's quarter. Ere one could count five, the shrill, quivering cry again came up from the boat as it shot past the ship, not three fathoms clear of the rudder.

"Merciful Heaven! There are three children in that boat!" yelled Mr. Kingsley, who, with the captain, was peering down over the taffrail as the boat shot past.

"Hard up your helm, my man," said the captain in a voice as calm as a man's could be, and then calling to the chief and third mates, who were both on deck, he informed them of the fact that a small, open boat, with three children in it had gone past, and gave his orders:

"Mr. Casey, get out the flying jibboom, and keep a look out for the boat, and mind, Mr. Casey, if we come up with it you can lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—larboard, remember, Mr. Casey. Don't for your life make a mistake. Go forward now, sir and if you save those children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward." Then turning to the chief mate, he continued:

"Mr. Windsor, you will brace the yards all square, which will send the ship through the water somewhat faster than the boat is going. Having done this, rig single whips—two of each on the lower yards—on larboard side.—Place the block far enough out for the falls to drop about a fathom clear of the ships, and then receive a good snug sail gear, bring both ends in one deck, and the other along for a coil, stationing three men at each. In the meantime I will get the ship steady before the wind,—and—Frank, my man, keep her so. Don't let her yaw an inch! Steer her as if your very soul depended upon it, and within half an hour after the ship reaches New York you shall have a hundred dollars. And now, Mr. Kingsley, you will please call up the second mate and all the gentlemen passengers. I want them to stand by the ship, in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it, too, without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to them and it in such a sea."

"All ready the whips, sir!" came from the mate, and at the same moment the third mate's voice rang out from the jib boom end, Boat right ahead, steady as you go!"

"Now then, lads, who'll go into these running bowlines with me, and stand by to pick up the children? anxiously inquired the captain.

"I, sir, I, I," came from a dozen ready sailors in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I want only five. I will go into one of the bowlines myself."

The selections were soon made, and there they stood in the fore main mizzen chains—the commander and five noble fellows—with the bowlines under their arms, ready to risk their lives and save the children.

Steady. Stand by now! Here they come! Look out! screamed the officer from the jibboom, and a moment later the dim outline of a boat loomed up by the lee cat-head. A moment of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore chains.

"Stand by the forward whips! Look out, there, in the main chains. Veer away, men.

Now, Harry; now!" and down went the captain and his companions into the boat.

A breath later, and a shout came ringing up, "Look out, main and mizzen chains.—Sway away on deck," and up by the run came the three men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Ay, ay, sir. All right," answered a brave fellow, scrambling in on the deck, with little Jenny grasped tight by the clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping the captain about the neck, Father! Father! echoed back two treble voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved! saved!" and Capt. Lester Walton sank fainting on the deck.

He knew the children were his own, from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self-control had borne him up until they were rescued; but when the reaction came he sank down insensible.

At an hour before sunset the following day, the ship was at her berth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and children there in the cabin of her husband's ship is too sacred a picture to be profaned by pen and ink.

A Sum in Fractions.

A little girl is trying to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Roy though his "Third Part." She sometimes finds a sum so skilfully put together that she cannot analyze it, and it is convenient to step through the side door into my study and ask for help. She is at my elbow now with slate and book. What is the difficulty? A long string of mixed numbers and fractions proper, connected by the preposition of, to be divided by another string linked in like manner. She has worked at it for the last half hour or more, but the case is nothing better but rather worse. Let me see. You have a great array of figures, and many more than are necessary. You have five for the numerator of one fraction, and five for the denominator of another; you may draw a line across them. Again, this forty one, and that forty-one, you may throw away as you would rotten apples. Here you can divide both numerator and denominator by six which makes it much lighter to handle. Now instead of a great unwieldy fraction of more than a thousand we have a neat little one of twenty-five thirtieths, and in a twinkling we make it five-sixths. We have chased it to its last corner; it can now go no farther. Mr. Ray is satisfied and the fraction is worth just as much as if each term were two hundred times as great.

The sum is dismissed, but not the lesson. It will be profitable to remember this hereafter: Keep down your fractions to the lowest terms.

You have been injured. Who has not? The thing said of you was unkind. The deed was not right. But the account of it has come through skilful hands. By unnecessary multiplication it looks terrible. What a sum!—Away up in the thousands. But sit down patiently and keep your temper while you reduce, cancel and divide. There now, how different it looks. A poor, harmless little fraction instead of that great monster that talked of thousands.

Two men, members of the same church or community, have a quarrel. One who considers himself the numerator, and who says his neighbor is attempting to divide him and break him in pieces, will multiply himself by gathering to his side ten or twenty, or fifty of his friends. The denominator does likewise. The whole church is involved and perhaps booked up, simply because the fraction was not kept at its lowest terms. Thus the Great Teacher has taught us, "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." This rule may be applied with great profit to many of the reports that come to us concerning our brethren. It will apply also if one is tempted to speak too largely of his own exploits. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him," i. e., reduces the fraction to its lowest terms.—Jour. & Mess.

The Aquarial Gardens.

Some of your readers, in visiting Boston, have perhaps seen, while passing through Bloomfield street, the sign, "Aquarial Gardens." Animated by curiosity to know what the sign offers to the visitor, let us enter. In the third story, we find a spacious hall, and (after paying our initiatory quarter) we gaze about us. Here are some forty aquaria—glass cases filled with water—in which various animal forms that tenant the waves are grouped appropriately together. Here is the gorgeous sea-anemone, around which the finny fairies are darting. Here, in a little tank, the water is alive with newts. Here is the pipe-fish, six or eight inches long, with a body not

larger than a straw. Here is the inactive sea-cucumber, bearing a grotesque resemblance to his namesake. Here the shapeless lump-fish seeks for something to attach his sucker-like mouth to, that he may cling until torn apart by violence. And here are trout, goldfish, perch, eels, and many another strange or familiar form of finny life. All are grouped according to their natural affinities, and the water is kept aerated by a stream of air passing constantly through each tank. The great tank in the centre, holding several hogsheads, contains sea-fish—the graceful cod, the completely armed lobster, the ravenous shark, which, at his first introduction into this scene, ate up several very valuable specimens. But what sound is that, painfully resembling a human voice in distress? Oh, it is from the tank of the two seals, the pets of all who visit the hall. Clambering up out of the water, they receive their food from the gentlemanly proprietor; at his command they plunge again into the water, or feign to take snuff, or hold with their flippers a toy-gun, and perform many feats betokening a degree of intelligence for which the world has given the phoca no credit. These creatures were taken in a since on the coast of Maine, a short time since. But time would fail me to tell of the various wonders of the Gardens, and I will only say that any one who visits Boston without seeing the Aquarial Gardens, neglects one of the most curious and instructive scenes that New England affords.—Examiner.

Agriculture.

Whitewashing—A Whitewash.

This is a subject upon which our farmers require "line upon line and precept upon precept." Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world, when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthiness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds umber—Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest)—one pound Indian red and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds raw umber, and two pounds lampblack.

This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash.—Germantown Telegraph.

CURRENTS AS TREES, OR AS BUSHES.

Another good way to grow the currant is in the form of a bush—not the kind of a bush generally seen, but with only three, or at the most, four shoots starting from the ground. After bearing two years; allow one or two strong shoots to start from the bottom, to take the place of one or two of the old ones, which should be cut away. One shoot may be allowed afterward to grow every year, to replace an old one; and thus the plant will be entirely renewed every three or four years.—Rural New-Yorker

A destructive disease has made its appearance among the cattle in North Brookfield, Mass., and vicinity, creating considerable excitement among the farmers. The disease was introduced last summer by a calf of foreign breed. It fixes itself upon the lungs and produces a violent cough, and the lungs are finally destroyed. Some of cattle attached with it linger along for weeks, others die in a few days after the attack. None have recovered.

TO CURE GARGET IN EWES.—Rub raw linseed oil on the udder once or twice a day. So say Messrs. Nichols and Dickson, in the Valley Farmer.

A FARMER'S STORY.

At the Woodbury plowing-match a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote: Having drained a field where nothing had ever grown before, I was standing near, looking at a crop I had there, when a neighboring farmer came up. We have one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them, in fact, came from Woodbury; (laughter); but that is not the man I am speaking of. He came up and said to me, "That is a beautiful crop! how did ee get it, sur?"

I replied, Brains. (Laughter.) "What! manure the field wi' brains?" (More laughter.)

The fact was, I had drained the field; so I said, "Yes." (Renewed laughter.)

"He replied, "Goodness, yer honor, where did ee get um?" (Roars of laughter.)—Sherborne Journal.