

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 20th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vii. 1-18: Christ goes to Jerusalem. NUMBERS xx.: Water brought from the Rock.

Recite—JOHN vi. 53-56.

MAY 27th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vii. 19-32: Opinions of Christ's character. NUMBERS xxi.: The brazen Serpent.

Recite—JOHN vii. 14-18.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From May 13th, to May 26th, 1860.

Full Moon,	May 5,	2. 47 Morning.
Last Quarter,	" 12,	3. 2 Afternoon.
New Moon,	" 20,	2. 32 "
First Quarter,	" 27,	3. 50 "

Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
13 SU.	4 34	7 18	1 19	A. 1	1 26	6 40
14 M.	4 33	7 19	1 39	1	2 26	7 20
15 Tu.	4 32	7 20	2 0	2	3 32	8 0
16 W.	4 31	7 21	2 21	2 59	4 26	8 40
17 Th.	4 30	7 22	2 38	4	5 14	9 21
18 F.	4 28	7 23	3 0	5 9	5 58	10 5
19 Sa.	4 27	7 24	3 30	6 15	6 38	10 53
20 SU.	5 26	7 25	4 2	7 26	7 18	11 44
21 M.	5 26	7 26	4 45	8 33	7 57	A. 39
22 Tu.	5 25	7 27	5 41	9 33	8 41	1 37
23 W.	4 24	7 28	6 55	10 37	9 29	2 36
24 Th.	4 23	7 29	8 6	11 22	10 15	3 34
25 F.	4 22	7 30	9 24	11 34	10 53	4 29
26 Sa.	4 21	7 31	10 28	morn.	11 43	5 21

* For the time of HIGH WATER at Picot, 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 Parraboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.
 * For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the sun's setting.

A word to Boys.

Some one has said: "Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age—boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The kings, presidents, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future, all are boys, whose feet like yours cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages."

A Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben!" cried Mark, "that I really must—"
 "Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.
 "No, look over my Book of Thanks."
 "What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing, in a round text band.
 "Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud; "March 8. Ben lent me his new hat."
 Here again: "Jan. 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly."
 "Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all!"
 "What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.
 "All the kindnesses that ever are shown me, you would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do, if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful, and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again, if I only look over my book."
 "I wondered what sort of things you put down," said Cecilia. "Let me glance over a page."
 "Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy, indeed."
 "Mrs. Philips gave me five shillings."
 "Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."
 "Why do you put father and mother at the head of the page?" asked Cecilia.
 "O, they show me so much kindness, that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names to remind myself of the great debt of love. I know that I can never pay it. And see what I have put at the beginning of my book:

'Every good gift is from above;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time, would find it a capital plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down, yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindnesses in their hearts.

The Eyes.

An eye can threaten like the loaded gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its altered mood, by beams of kindness can make the heart dance with joy. The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the vision is fixed, and remains looking at a distance; in enumerating names of persons or countries—as, France, Spain, Britain, or Germany—the eyes wink at each new name. There is an honesty in the eye which the mouth does not participate in. "The artist," as Michael Angelo said, must have his measure in his eye. Eyes are bold as lions—bold, running, leaping. They speak all language; they need no encyclopedia to aid in the interpretation of their language; they respect neither rank nor fortune, virtue, nor sex, but they go through and through you in a moment of time. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk with him whether your arguments hit, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man tells you he is going to say a good thing, and a look which says when he has said it.

Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye.—How many inclinations are avowed by the eye, though the lips dissemble! How often does one come from a company in which it may easily happen he has said nothing; that no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet in his sympathy with the company he seems not to have a sense of this fact, for a stream of light has been flowing into him and out of him through his eyes. As soon as men are off their centres the eyes show it. There are eyes, to be sure that give no more admission into the man than blue berries. There are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; there are asking eyes and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, full of faith, and some of good and some of sinister omen. The power of the eyes to charm down insanity or beasts is a power behind the eyes, that must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be suggested to the organ; but the man at peace or unity with himself would move through men and nature, commanding all things by the eye alone. The reason men don't obey us is, that they see the mud at the bottom of our eyes.—Whoever looked on the hero would consent to his will being served; he would be obeyed.—R. W. Emerson.

Negro Marriage Ceremony.

The "reporters" have gone South and one of them, gives the following as the exact phraseology of the negro minister in marrying a dark couple at Live Creek, Georgia:—

"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be joined in, and through love and wishing dem daf have anything twixen dem come forward and speak now, if not, let them hold their peace now and forever more. I want every ear to hear and every heart enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thompson, whosoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your dearly beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving? Do you love her father? Do you love her brothers? Do you love her sisters? Do you love her master? Do you love her mistress? Do you love God the best?"

Answer.—"I do."
 "Miss Mary Thompson, whosoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dearly beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through confusion, safe and be safe, holy and be holy? Do you love his mother? Do you love his father? Do you love his brother? Do you love his sister? Do you love God the best?"

Answer.—"I will."
 "I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and I shall pronounce you both to be man and wife, by the commandments of God. We shall hopes and trusting through God that you may die right, now and forever more. Now, Mr. Jim, stee your bride.

"Let us sing a hime:
 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
 Ye wretched sinners are,' etc. Amen."

Paying for money and getting cheated.

The love of money is said to be the root of all evil. So great is that love in a majority of cases that almost any price is paid for it. We propose briefly to discuss the matters, and show that money, like other things, is often bought too dearly.

When a man in the pursuit of money sacrifices moral principle in order to insure success, he gets cheated.

When he pursues a business, however remunerative, which he knows is undermining his health, he gets cheated.

When he habitually devotes so many hours to labor that he has no time to give to his family and friends, to reading and mental and moral culture he gets cheated.

When he makes money by rum-selling, or any traffic which works mischief in the community, he gets cheated.

When he ignores all "outside matters," and is determined to make money anyhow, leaving religion, politics, friends, benevolent objects, and every body "to take care of themselves" he gets cheated.

Don't therefore pay too much for money. It will not furnish you all you desire. It will not insure you good health. It will not enrich your mind. It will not enrich your heart. It will not deliver you from danger. It will follow you beyond the grave. It will not save your soul.—Don't therefore, we pray you, in getting gold, sacrifice your principles, your health, your friends, your good name, the best interests of your family or your soul; for if you do you are cheated for time and eternity.

Prim People.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well-versed in all the catalogue of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—Dr. Chambers.

Avoid Deception.

Persons who practice deceit and artifice, always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

THE TERRIFYING SURMISE.—Nothing save the essential truths of God's word can give comfort and true peace, either living or dying. Whilst living, if men are not resting on the word of God, they can at least have no rest in denying it. The very fear last the Bible be true is enough to mar all earthly enjoyment. A celebrated infidel said one day to a friend of his who had imbibed the same principles. "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life." Indeed! replied his friend, what is that? He answered, *I am afraid the Bible is true!* If I could know certainly that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me. This is the sword that pierces my very soul. *If the Bible is true I am lost for ever!*

A PORTION FOR GOD.—The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest before it is moved from the threshing floor, take out the portion for their God. However poor, however much in debt, or however much the crops may be, the god's portion is first given. A good example for christians.

FAITH.—Faith just purifies the heart, empties it of the love of sin, and then fills it with the consolation of Christ, and the hope of Glory.

Honor, like the shadow, follows those that flee from it; but flees from those that pursue it.

Agriculture.

SOAKING SEED WHEAT.—Mr. Walter R. Neal, of Maysville, Ky. writes to the Rural American, that in the fall of 1858 he prepared 20 acres of land for wheat, and at the same time his brother, whose farm adjoined his, prepared ten acres. The land, seed and mode of preparation, and time of sowing were the same. The only difference was, he says, my brother soaked his wheat before sowing, in strong brine, and then rolled in lime; while I sowed mine without either. Now mark the result. At threshing time my yield was 13½ bushels to the acre, which was about an average yield in the neighborhood, while my brother's averaged 22½ bushels to the acre. Still further, my wheat was damaged with the smut, while my brother's wheat was entirely free from smut and all foreign seeds." *lb.*

Hints to Farmers.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, says that he can set posts better and far more rapidly by driving with a maul or iron sledge when the ground is just free from frost and still wet and soft, than by digging holes. His posts are sawed seven feet long, and four by five inches in size, and then carefully and regularly sharpened so as to put the top end down. The posts are held steady or turned when necessary, by using a long handled iron wrench, made just large enough to slip over the top of the post. On loamy or clayey land, free from large stones, posts can be driven with great expedition and will stand firmly, the earth around them being well packed by the crowding of the post.

A black lead pencil is said to produce an indelible mark upon zinc for labeling fruit trees.

A very successful dairyman writes to the New England Farmer, that one of the greatest essentials in the management of cows is good milking: Each cow should have a steady milker, be milked as fast as possible, and all the milk drawn. There is a loss of one-third in many dairies, by the lazy, haphazard way in which cows are milked. I have known persons sit down in the milking-yard and go through with some long yarn, and be from ten to twenty minutes milking one cow, when it should be done in less than five.

It should be the object of every tiller of the soil to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain as remunerating returns as possible.

Never boast of a "bank account" if it is obtained at the expense of your farm!

Oats.

QUANTITY OF SEED PER ACRE.—I see by your paper that you would be pleased to hear from correspondents their experience in regard to the quantity of seed sown per acre in oats culture. Two of my neighbors had each one acre of land, which they wished to seed down with oats. Their farms join, and the soil was the same, and treated alike, except that one neighbor sowed one bushel per acre, and measured up forty, of as handsome oats as I ever saw, as the result. The other man sowed three and one-half bushels per acre, and measured up but thirty-three bushels. But he had a much larger quantity of straw. If these results were to decide the question, I should think that where the largest quantity of fodder was the most of an object, the heavy seeding would be the best. The man who has practiced seeding with but one bushel per acre, has received nearly the like results for the past two years.—GEO. D. FORISTELL, in *Country Gentleman.*

About Corn.

What becomes of the corn crop? According to the last census, the corn crop of the United States, in the aggregate, amounted to about 600,000,000 bushels annually. How and in what manner is such a vast amount of grain consumed profitably for the producer? Of the crop of 1850, about 4,500,000 bushels were exported, and more than 11,000,000 bushels were consumed in the manufacture of *spiruous liquors.*

The balance was used at home, as food for man and beast. Since that time, the amount consumed in the manufacture of alcohol and high wines must have largely increased to keep pace with the growing demand for alcohol in the manufacture of burning fluid.—*Prarie Farmer.*

CUTTING BUTTER IN COLD WEATHER.—To cut a slice of butter from a large roll in cold weather—first dip the knife in hot water, and all trouble of breaking the butter will be avoided.

In 1627 there were 30 plows in Massachusetts.