

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 26th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xii. 20-36: Miraculous testimony to Christ's divine character. JOSHUA iii.: The people pass over Jordan.

Recite—JOHN xii. 12-16.

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1860.

Read—JOHN xii. 37-50: Christ declares his divine authority. JOSHUA iv.: The twelve stones set up.

Recite—JOHN xii. 35-36.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From August 19th to September 1st, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, and Windsor. Rows include dates from 19th to 31st August.

* 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.

A Case of Conscience.

"Why were you so cross to David Miles this morning?" asked Juey Easmouth of her brother Leonard, as they sat before the study fire one winter evening.

"I wasn't cross to him," answered Leonard, quietly.

"Yes you were; or at any rate, you weren't pleasant. He came up to have a frolic, and you just turned away from him just as if you didn't want to have anything to do with him."

"Well, I didn't—he's a right down mean fellow."

"Well, I don't think he is—I think he's right handsome."

"Now, Juey, what a goose you are!—did I say he was ugly? That's just the way with you girls; if a fellow is handsome, you think he is everything."

"Well, but what has David done that is mean?"

"Why, yesterday, at school, he took the ink-well out, and set it on the desk, which is against the rule; and I didn't know it was there, and tramped against it with my elbow and knocked it off, and away went the ink, and I got a copher for breaking the rules, and had to stay in from recess, and scrape the ink-spots besides; and he was mean enough to let me."

"I don't think that is quite fair."

"Fair! It was—I wouldn't—there! I'd kill myself, if I thought I'd ever be such a sneak."

"Oh, pshaw! know you wouldn't; what's the use of getting angry and staying so, for such a little thing? I should be vexed, of course, but then I wouldn't not play, and snub him forever and all that."

"Why, Juey, I tell you that's just what it is. It's because it is such a little thing, that I despise him for it. If he'd got into a scrape now, and something awful was going to happen, and then skirped, I should not have minded so much; but here I had lent him my pen and ink, and he only had to say a word and 't would have all been right and that 'sneak wouldn't say it, and so crawled himself out."

"Well, you ought to forgive him, any way."

"Forgive him! Why, he don't want me to forgive him. Never said a word about it, any way—I dare say he thinks it is a good joke."

"But it doesn't make any difference how he feels, whether you ought to forgive him or not—you ought to do that, you know, whether he is sorry or not."

"I think it does make all the difference in the world, how he feels. Catch me forgiving him till he makes an apology! I suppose you think I ought to treat him just the same as I did before—pay, and laugh, and joke, and all that?"

"Of course you ought, if you're a Christian."

"I don't pretend to be very much of a Christian, but if I were the Angel Gabriel I shouldn't do that—no, nor he doesn't, nor Christ doesn't, nor God doesn't."

"Why, Leonard, what do you mean? Doesn't the Lord's prayer say—'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?' And what's the use of doing that, if we don't forgive our debtors?—isn't it just praying God not to forgive us at all?"

"No, not a bit. I am perfectly willing to forgive David Miles, just as God forgives gives us. But God doesn't forgive us till we are sorry for what we have done, and ask Him to forgive us, and promise not to do so any more."

"Now when Dave comes to me and says he's sorry and won't do such a thing again, I'll forgive him—that is, I shall think he was downright mean about it, just the same as I did before—but I'll play with him and all that, and if he's fair and above-board afterwards, why, I shall forget all about this after a while. But as for forgiving a fellow, and being friends with him all good, when he's shown himself such a scamp to you, I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe the Bible tells you to do that, and what's more, I don't believe it wants you to do it—'tisn't right."

"Not right?"

"No; because it isn't fair to the good fellows to treat the scamps just the same as you do them. When a fellow does a mean thing he ought to be sent to Coventry, right off; then he'll be more likely to mind his p's and q's."

"Then you really think that when a boy has done you a wrong, you ought to be cross?"

"Indeed I do; that is, till he caves in."

"'Caves in'—what do you use such expressions for?"

"You know what I mean—make an apology."

"I don't know about that—I don't think the Sunday School books think so."

"Pshaw! half the Sunday school books are twaddle. They do well enough for girls—but"

"Hold your tongue, impertinence. I guess if they are good enough for girls, they are good enough for boys. They are better than you can write—you needn't talk."

"I know one thing, if I couldn't write better than some of them I wouldn't write at all."

"I suppose you'd like to have a boy's Bible, too. It is too girlish to forgive injuries—'tisn't brave and manly."

"Oh, now you hush up!—didn't I say I'd forgive when I was asked? Doesn't the Bible say 'repent and be forgiven?' You are not going to be forgiven till you repent. Do you want me to be better than God?"

"But didn't Christ pray on the cross—'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do?' They had not repented."

"Well—no—I don't suppose they had exactly; and Leonard gave the forestick a vigorous kick by way of shaking up his ideas. 'But then Christ didn't say He forgave them Himself—He only asked God to forgive them.'

"Oh, my! now you know, of course, He wouldn't have asked God to do what He wouldn't do Himself."

"No, but then—why, I might pray to-night that God would forgive Dave Miles, and make him a fair and square sort of boy, understanding that when he gets to be that, I shall take him in again. But that implies that he must apologize to me first—I wouldn't believe he was fair and square till he had done it. I wouldn't take advantage of him now. I would help him out of a scrape; if I saw him drowning I'd throw him a rope, and I'd help him off with his wet clothes, and get him dry and warm; but then I'd let him go. I'd be just the same as I was before. I wouldn't be good, and intimate, and confidential—not I; and I think it's right—and I know it's right! And there, it's nine o'clock, and we must go to bed."

"Little friend, what do you think about it?—and large friend, too, for that matter; for I think we are all somewhat 'in the mist' about this thing—Little Pilgrim."

"AT THE LAST."—An old man named Quinn was recently condemned to the Chain Gang, for thirteen days, in Memphis, Tenn., on account of drunkenness. He began life, the pastor of a church in one of the villages of New England, with brilliant prospects, but "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

"Aunt E"—was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen goes with them." Aunty tried no more argument with him.

THE Anti-tobacco journal of Rev. George Trask declares that the clergy of the United States cost annually six million dollars; the criminals, nineteen millions; tobacco, forty millions; and rum one hundred millions. These figures speak amazingly.

Missionary Intelligence.

[From the Missionary Magazine, August, 1860.]

Toungoo Mission.

LETTER FROM DR. MASON.

Paku-dom, Jan. 24, 1860.—Here I am, preaching to hundreds of "wild men," who hang on my lips as the Ethiopian did on those of Philip, anxious to understand the word of God. "There is but one thing in this world that I want," said a young preacher to me to-day, "and that is the means to understand the Scriptures." Another, addressing the people on the importance of studying the Bible said, "Read the Bible, whether you understand it or not. Look at the eunuch. He went on reading Isaiah without understanding a word of it; but while he was reading, the Spirit of God took Philip and led him up to this ignorant man, so that the Scriptures might be explained to him. In like manner, if we are diligent in the perusal of God's word, He may provide some way unknown to us, by which we may be taught to understand it truly."

Paku Association—Karen Liberty.—The Paku Association has just closed here, after a very pleasant session of three days, besides a Sabbath which intervened. We have five more stations this year than we had last; and although there has been much sickness, and in some villages large numbers have died from cholera, still the subscriptions for the Normal schools have increased from five hundred rupees last year, to five hundred and sixty this; besides an extra effort recently, of two or three hundred rupees, to assist Mrs. Mason in putting a wooden roof to the female Institute.

When I left town, an old chief gave me his elephant to carry my baggage, and walked himself a distance of two days' journey, though in poor health. These are the people for whom I work!

Henthada Mission.

JOURNAL OF MR. CRAWLEY.

Tour in Tharrawadi District.—Yay-gin, Feb. 19, 1860.—I have long intended to make a tour among the towns and villages of the Tharrawadi district. For various reasons, heretofore, however—among others, the frequently disturbed state of the district, rendering unarmed travelling dangerous,—the project has been deferred from year to year. But this traveling season, every obstacle seeming to be removed, I have decided to execute the long projected tour. Accordingly I took the steamer on the 14th inst reaching this plain the following day. The difficulty in procuring conveyance for myself has detained me here until now. At one time, too, a more serious obstacle seemed to threaten defeat to my purpose. While sitting in my zayat, awaiting the result of a search for some means of getting to the jungles, the chief civil officer of the district, at the head of a large company of armed police, passed by in hot haste. On inquiry I learned that he was in pursuit of a party of robbers, of whom he had just learned by telegram that they purposed attacking a neighboring town. This news led me, at first, to fear that my tour must again be given up. But as people arriving from different parts of the district bring no bad accounts, and as a conveyance has at last been secured, I have decided to set out to-morrow morning.

20.—Arrived at Yua-taya late this evening; nevertheless, though it is but a small village, as a "teacher" has never been here, curiosity soon brought around us a company of hearers. I was enabled, to a late hour, to make known, with much tenderness of feeling, the way of salvation and was glad to see that the solemn earnestness with which they were urged to lay hold of the hope of the gospel, produced at least the outward effect of profound attention. Many asked and received tracts.

21.—Koonay-uah.—Every day's experience confirms the assurance of the utter inefficiency of mere human effort. Preached to-day, reasoned, besought the people to be reconciled unto God through Christ, until from sheer exhaustion it became necessary to desist, and leave the rest with the "faithful Promiser." I used to think the day would never come when I could be so fatigued from talking merely. But the noisy arguers are not those of whom we feel hopeful. The few who, with earnest, attentive expression of countenance, listen and say "but little,"—they give us hope that they will seriously reflect upon what they hear. But all our help is from Thee, O, omnipotent, ever present, though invisible Witness of these poor, weak efforts to lead men to acknowledge and adore Thee.

A congregation soon came together, and engaged us until we retired for the night. They left saying every thing we told them was perfectly new and strange to them; and as they were "not learned in the books," they could not say that what they heard was "true or false," but that it "seemed to be true." They added, moreover, that there was an old man in the town who had once been a priest, and was very learned in the Bedagat. Him they would call to-morrow, and while he and I argued, they would listen.

25.—The old "learned man," by name Ko Mbin, came after breakfast, and in a few minutes the zayat was filled with eager expectants of the contest. I dislike exceedingly this sort of pitched-battle way of making known the gospel, though it is often, as in this case, unavoidable. The "learned man" must either sustain the mortification of a defeat before a crowd of his admirers or else, to avoid that, he gets angry, and, covering his retreat with a shower of hard Pali words, which neither he nor any one else understands the meaning of, he goes away. Of course it

is always my aim to avoid, as much as possible, everything which could lead to such an unpleasant result, and it was my good fortune to-day to be in the main successful. At first Ko Mbin held his head high, and was inclined to look disdainfully upon the "K'ir mike," or "reign fool" the complimentary term with which they are accustomed to designate all who are not of Burmah. But kind words and a conciliatory manner soon unbent him, and he gradually assumed the attitude of a listener. Objections to offer and questions to ask, of course he had in abundance. But beneath the hard and obstinate exterior, which his peculiar situation, as defender of the faith of his townsmen, made him assume, I could discern that the great truths of revelation were making their due impression upon him.—With the stipulation that the act was not to be construed as signifying assent to the doctrines he had heard, (so much the prejudices of his followers demanded,) he asked a book, and, the discussion having been long protracted, returned to his house, saying he would come again in the evening.

Evening.—Ko Mbin did not come, probably because he was fearful of losing his popularity. He has, however, a book, and is, I am sure, too thoughtful and intelligent a man not to read and reflect for himself. Although Ko Mbin did not come, we had a crowded zayat all the evening, and some sincere and apparently anxious hearers.

March 1.—Early this morning another "great teacher" came to present his difficulties. He is a man with whom I became acquainted soon after my arrival in the country. He possesses real mental power of no ordinary stamp. Hence, as might be supposed, he sees the absurdities of Buddhism, and, indeed, has been gradually loosening himself from a system which presents no firm foundation for rational faith. I was much pleased to find that he has come at last to rest firmly upon the great fundamental truth of a self-existent God. He continued with us until the hour for our departure had arrived, and then he requested us to hold a meeting and worship God according to the Bible, as he had never yet witnessed Christian worship. We gladly did so and earnestly sought the Spirit's blessing upon the new inquirer. During the whole time of worship, he paid most solemn and respectful attention. He possesses great influence among his townsmen, and his conversion would undoubtedly be instrumental in leading a great many to serious reflection and inquiry.

2.—Reached home late last night. A retrospect of the missionary tour from which I have just returned, gives me only encouragement, and new hope for the salvation of Burmah. The faithful and prayerful laborer shall surely be grieved by what his eyes shall see, and by what his ears shall hear, and shall never be left to feel "there is no hope for Burmah."

Agriculture.

Turkeys.

Gov. Brown:—My little boy wants me to put into the Farmer an account of the wonderful feats of our turkeys, and accordingly I submit the facts to your disposal. We have had white turkeys, for several years, the color, like the Caucasian complexion being transmitted by descent. Sometimes in the autumn a flock of them on the hill-side look like a shepherd's charge. Well, now for the wonder. One of turkeys laid fifteen eggs and went to setting. The eggs in the nest still went on increasing in numbers, so that we supposed another turkey laid to her, and took care to shut her out of the barn. Eggs, however, continued to be laid till they reached about thirty, when the turkey hatched the fifteen eggs she began to set with. Meanwhile it turned out that the other turkey had a nest of her own in another place, and she had gone to setting; so we were forced to the conclusion that the setting turkey must have kept on laying. This was fully verified after hatching for she has still kept on laying, and has a nest where she may soon be expected to set again.

What, then, some reader may inquire, will become of her little turkeys? Why, Mr. Gobbler will look after them and brood them at night. He is a very tender parent, I can tell you. Last year a little turkey got lamed, and had much difficulty in getting over walls with the others. The mother with the ninety and nine would move on despite his cries, but the old gobbler would fly back and forth, never deserting the lost lamb till some place was found where he could get over.

Turkeys are easy to raise if you are careful for the first five or six weeks. They should then have eggs boiled hard and chopped fine and soaked in milk, afterwards some dough. They must be kept in during storms, and while the dew is on, during this early period. Afterwards the summer flies and grasshoppers will relieve you from feeding, and furnish the turkeys sumptuous repasts. They are useful in clearing the fields of insects. They are sad strollers, constantly perambulating, like the restless spirit who sing,

"We'll wander this wide world over, And then to another we'll go." But if you have ample space, they are profitable fowl to raise.—F. in N. E. Farmer.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on a piece of soft leather or linen. Cut away as much of the corn as you can with a knife before you apply the plaster, which must be renewed in a fortnight, if the corn is not by that time gone.

A small piece of gine dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.