

## Teachers' Department.

## Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 8th, 1860.

Read—JOHN ix. 18-42: The miraculous cure of the blind man. NUMBERS xxxii. 16-33: The inheritance of the Reubenites, &c.

Recite—JOHN ix. 1-5.

JULY 15th, 1860.

Read—JOHN x. 1-18: Christ the good shepherd. NUMBERS xxxiii. 50-56: The command to dispossess the inhabitants of the land.

Recite—JOHN ix. 39-41.

## MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From July 1st to July 14th, 1860.

Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
1 Su.	4 18	7 49	7 4	2 17	6 3	11 8
2 M.	4 19	7 48	7 52	3 12	6 50	11 39
3 Tu.	4 20	7 48	8 31	4 14	7 32	morn.
4 W.	4 21	7 48	9 25	5 19	8 10	0 55
5 Th.	4 22	7 47	9 26	6 26	8 45	1 44
6 F.	4 23	7 47	9 48	7 32	9 17	2 29
7 Sa.	4 24	7 46	10 5	8 34	9 49	2 55
8 Su.	4 24	7 46	10 25	9 39	10 20	3 53
9 M.	4 25	7 45	10 43	10 37	10 55	4 31
10 Tu.	4 26	7 44	11 4	11 39	11 33	5 11
11 W.	4 26	7 44	11 26	A. 40	A. 18	5 52
12 Th.	4 27	7 43	11 54	1 46	1 15	6 36
13 F.	4 27	7 43	morn.	2 52	2 41	7 23
14 Sa.	4 28	7 42	0 29	3 59	3 51	8 14

\* 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.

## Who are the Cowards?

Cromwell, with that rare knowledge of men which fitted him for great achievements, reformed the Puritan army by disbanding the regiment composed of reckless and dissipated London shopkeepers, and filling the vacancies with religious men from country homes. Of this solid material he formed his famous Ironsides, who were never defeated, and never even received a check in battle. The late revolt in India proved that religious men made the most reliable officers and soldiers also. Here is another illustration of the same fact:

The captain of a ship says: "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea; having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

**THE RING FINGER.**—In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, "and of the Son;" then to the middle finger adding, "and of the Holy Ghost;" finally, he left it as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word "Amen."—Notes and Queries.

**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is manaolana, or the swimming thought—faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when all the waves and billows are going over—a strikingly beautiful definition of Hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

The human mind has a much greater talent at asking questions than at answering them; and many minds have a greater propensity to raise doubts and start difficulties, than to repose in that measure of truth which is already ascertained and infallible.

He that hath called us is love; his Spirit, a Spirit of love; his ordinances, ordinances of love; his followers, a communion of love; and our vocation, a calling of love.

Poor worldlings! what will ye do when the span-length of your forenoon's laughter is ended and when the weeping side of providence is turned to you?

It is the greatest measure of grace that ushers in the greatest measure of joy and comfort into a believing heart.

## Bearing the Cross.

One pleasant summer eve, a poor deformed girl had wandered alone to one of the public squares in P——, seating herself beneath a tree, where she could see the fountain sending up its playful waters. She forgot for a while her loneliness; but presently a party of young ladies came by, and one, in thoughtless merriment, exclaimed:

"Do look at that little wretch's back!" All turned, and with curious eyes gazed upon her. I was seated on an opposite bench; and as they passed on, marked the tears as they overflowed the eyes of the sensitive child. Approaching her I endeavored to speak consoling words. With a slight caress of her little hand, and eyes blinded with tears, she looked up to me and said: "Thank you, ma'am, for being so kind. My Sabbath school teacher says, my cross has been placed upon my back; but oh! kind lady, when people look upon me so proudly, and the boys call me ugly names, and the girls won't let me play with them, than I feel so badly, and I cannot help crying. Do tell me, lady, will Jesus never take my cross away?"

Years passed by, and once more at my boarding house I met the child, now grown to womanhood. Her countenance was spiritually beautiful, but she still bore the burden of her childhood. Being together for some weeks, an intimacy sprang up between us; and one day, as we sat conversing, she alluded to our first meeting. "My misfortune," said she, "was long a source of grievous unhappiness; but, thank God there at last came to me an answer to my oft asked question: 'Shall I never cease to bear this cross?' And, going to her portfolio, she handed me the following lines, observing, 'The last line has been my consolation.' Thinking others similarly situated might possibly derive some little comfort from its perusal, I send it to you, dear——, with the kind regards of

ELLEN.

The tear will fall, O Father,  
When I see  
Those curious glances  
Fixed on me.

How long this cross, my Savior, must I bear?  
"Until thine eyes no more can shed a tear."

The flush will rise, O Father,  
When I hear  
Those rude, insulting words—  
The bitter jeer.

How long, O Lord, must I, with trembling, fear?  
"Till thou these mocking words no more canst hear!"

Sad are my thoughts, O Father,  
Well I know,  
Oft times neglects are mine,  
For this deep woe.

How long, kind Parent, must I check each sob?  
"Until thy heart no more with pain can throb."

Then, all my life, O Father,  
Teach me how  
Beneath this galling cross  
To humbly bow.

Oh! shall I never cease to feel thy rod?  
"All trials cease in heaven, at home with God!"

S. S. Times.

## Forgive us, as we forgive.

In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him.—It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up.—The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said,

"My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?"

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior,

"Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself taught to His disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Then the duke was silent.

"My lord duke you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare to do so?"

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"I cannot," replied the duke.

"Well, God cannot forgive you, for He has said so. He himself has given us this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to

pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins.—Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish my prayer: My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.

## The Stickleback Family.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has a correspondent who writes as follows:

"In the account of my salt-water aquarium, which you deemed of sufficient interest to publish, I mentioned that in about 15 days I expected to have a shoal of sticklebacks. They came sooner than I expected.—The nest was disturbed accidentally on the fourteenth day after the female spawned, and your correspondent anticipated that his experiment had resulted in failure. Better luck awaited me, however. I perceived on the morning following the accident that the male stickleback still hovered around the spot, and that his gorgeous colors were increased in brilliancy, and that he was extraordinarily excited and vigilant. If even a stray snail came near his shattered nest, he would seize it by the fleshy part, carry it across the tank, and angrily throw it into the most distant corner, and we to the luckless shrimp that dared to come within six inches of his demolished domicile; while to touch the outside of the glass wall with the finger was to throw him into a phrenzy of pugnaciousness.

"I therefore took a magnifying glass, and began a careful examination of the locality of the broken nest, and I confess to sharing somewhat in the excitement of my little friend of the crimson and emerald vesture, when I discovered a school of young sticklebacks, which, on the dispensation of the glass, I could barely distinguish with the naked eye. They were congregated in a cave or basin close to the damaged nest and for the first day were permitted to stray the eighth of an inch from that locality. On the second day they were permitted—now clearly visible to the naked eye, but infinitesimal in their proportions—to spread into a shoal of about an inch and a half in diameter. If one straggled away from the rest, Mr. Stickleback very promptly took it into his mouth as a cat would a kitten, and deposited it close by the nest in such a manner as plainly to say, 'Stop there for punishment, until you learn obedience and good behavior.'

"What most interested and surprised me however, was, that toward sundown their vigilant guardian gently drove them all into the remains of the nest and carefully covered them over with sea weeds, literally put them to bed and tucked in the clothes, as carefully and tenderly as ever a fond mother performed the same office for her darling child, which, considering the sex of the guardian, struck me as highly honorable to his paternal character. On the third day—I write when they are only four days old—they were permitted a wider range, liable always to be brought back when they strayed too far, and were put to bed a little later. They were stirring, too, a little earlier this morning than they were yesterday morning. Thus I have been enabled and thus may any of your readers be enabled, to increase the knowledge of natural history in those of its most interesting phases which have heretofore been secluded from human observation. Permit me once more to say that there cannot be a purer and more instructive home pleasure than an aquarium."

## The Sultan and the Bible.

A missionary in Turkey writes in a recent letter:

"The splendidly bound Bible presented to the Sultan some three years ago, has been in frequent use ever since. The Sultan is reading the Bible constantly, not only at home, but also when going abroad making visits. The Bible well packed in a splendid box, and oriental reading desk, such as they use in reading the Koran, are carried after the Sultan wherever he goes to stay a couple of hours. (It is customary to carry everything that it is supposed he will call for.) Last week he went to see Kisa Pasha. The Pasha had business ready for his sovereign, but the Sultan called for his Bible, and after reading for two hours he rose and went off, leaving the Pasha to manage his business as best he could. The Pasha it is said, became very angry when the Sultan was gone, exclaimed, 'It is too bad; the Sultan is poring over that book continually, and cares nothing more for the affairs of the State.'

## Agriculture.

## Cattle Disease.

North Brookfield May 9th, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—In obedience to a call from the State Board of Agriculture, I came to this place to examine some of the sick cattle, both dead and alive, and to inquire into the present condition of matters in regard to the disease, and the efforts already made, as well as those in contemplation, to stay its further progress.

I found gentlemen here from various sections of the State, ready to proceed to an examination, and we were conducted about three miles, to the farm of Mr. B. W. Dean, whose herd consisted of twenty-eight head, every animal of which was pronounced to be infected. Two weeks ago, this herd was examined by the Commissioners, and by skillful medical men who had given special attention to the symptoms and character of the disease, and it was then thought to be free from it.

I found Dr. DADD, of Boston, acting with the Commissioners, aided by Dr. TYLER, of North Brookfield. A cow was driven from the barn, led alongside a deep pit, dispatched, and examined. One lung was found enlarged to double its healthy size, and both had the plainest evidence of disease. A heifer, and then an ox were killed and examined, and in each, the evidence of deeply-seated disease was unmistakable. The Commissioners and visitors then proceeded to other herds that had been condemned, to witness their destruction, and to exhibit the disease in its more advanced stages.

The disease presents some singular aspects. In one animal the lungs are greatly enlarged; in another assuming the appearance of liver, or highly discolored, or hardened so as to be nearly solid. In one, a tumor was found weighing more than twenty pounds! In some instances the Commissioners have allowed persons to keep their oxen a week or two, in order to help them out with their spring work. Some of these cattle gained appetite and flesh, but upon opening them, presented tumours on the lungs as large as cocoa-nuts! Up to this time 574 animals have been condemned, and about 400 killed.

All trading in cattle has ceased—on many farms no herds graze on the hills, or low in the stalls, and the farmers stand aghast at the spectacle and the prospect. Their farm work is behind, because they have not yet had time to provide themselves with horses; the manure heaps are not accumulating to stimulate future crops; the dairy room will be desolate, and many families must go half a mile, at least, for the milk for their coffee and tea! The scene is truly a sad one. Fifty head have died of the disease, beside what have been destroyed by order.—SIMON BROWN, in N. E. Farmer.

## How to get a great crop of Potatoes.

When any of my neighbors raise better crops or get them with less labour than I can, I am apt to want to know how they do it. On the other hand, if they have extravagant theories, do a great deal of extra work on their land, fuss a great deal with composting manures, and thoroughly pulverizing the land, and still do not show any better crops than their neighbours, I am not particularly inquisitive to know or practice their theories.

Happening a few days ago to be in the cellar of Cap. S. Hayden, of Hollis, I noticed his bins of splendid potatoes, and had the curiosity to inquire how he raised them. He told me that on ground plowed in the spring he furrowed as deep as he could without turning up the turf. He prepared his manure by putting in the green manure some loam, ashes and brine or salt not very strong. He cut his potatoes so that one as large as a hen's egg would be divided into three or four pieces, and put three pieces in a hill, the skin side up, in a triangle of about five or six inches apart. He then put a shovelful of the manure on the top of the potatoes. The result was that his potatoes yielded at the rate of from eight to twelve bills to the bushel of good market potatoes. He told me he took good-sized potatoes to plant. The potatoes he raised were large enough—would average as large as turkeys-eggs. I shall try it, and if any of your readers would like to do the same, you may give them a chance.—ED. EMERSON, in N. E. Farmer.

**VALUE OF A LOAD OF HAY.**—I send you a method by which, with but little time and trouble any one can tell what their load of hay or straw amounts to, by simply taking the weight multiplied by half the price per ton—for example, say 3,200 lbs. hay at \$18, per ton—3,200 lbs. multiplied by half of 18, which is 9, gives the amount—so too with fractions. You may know this but I can find any amount of men that never heard of it.—RUFFNER, in Country Gentleman.