

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 26th, 1860.

Read—JOHN ii. 1-25: Christ's first miracle.
Exodus xxxv. 1-29: The offering of the people.

Recite—JOHN i. 43-46.

MARCH 4th, 1860.

Read—JOHN iii. 1-18: Christ's conversation with Nicodemus. *Exodus* xxxvi. 1-7: The work of the Tabernacle begun.

Recite—JOHN ii. 13-17.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From February 19th, to March 3rd, 1860.

Full Moon, February 6, 10. 20 Afternoon.
 Last Quarter, " 13, 2. 36 "
 New Moon, " 21, 3. 25 "
 First Quarter, " 29, 3. 40 "

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
19	SU.	6 55	5 33	6 2	3 18	6 28	10 40
20	M.	6 54	5 35	6 27	4 21	7 2	11 24
21	Tu.	6 49	5 36	6 47	5 25	7 35	A. 4
22	W.	6 48	5 38	7 5	6 27	8 8	0 46
23	Th.	6 46	5 39	7 24	7 28	8 33	1 26
24	F.	6 45	5 40	7 42	8 24	9 0	2 5
25	Sa.	6 44	5 42	8 2	9 30	9 30	2 46
26	SU.	6 43	5 43	8 22	10 36	10 3	3 28
27	M.	6 42	5 45	8 49	11 43	10 42	4 16
28	Tu.	6 41	5 46	9 24	morn.	11 21	5 6
29	W.	6 40	5 47	10 5	0 48	morn.	6 0
1	Th.	6 38	5 48	10 58	1 54	0 27	6 58
2	F.	6 36	5 50	A. 4	2 55	1 53	7 58
3	Sa.	6 34	5 51	1 20	3 52	3 27	8 58

* 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.

Take care of your Eyes!

One of the most eminent American divines, who has for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes will never get well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too free use of eyesight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it will be well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:—

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together, on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A person having occasion to visit an old couple at Durham, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both; and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power; but was cut short by being informed that that was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which afflicted them still more deeply, the cost of her funeral; and to his astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to nightcap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of "the undertakers," when the bright thought suddenly struck the husband and he exclaimed, "Well, Janet, lass, ye may not die after all, ye ken."

"Deed, and I hope not, Robert," said his helpmate, in a low, feeble voice, "for I am quite sure that we canna afford it."—Sunderland Herald.

The Viceroy of Egypt has sent Mr. Rarey an offer of twenty-five blood horses, as good as can be bought in Egypt or Arabia, if he will come to Cairo and give instructions in his art of horse taming.

A Drunken Man's arguments.

The speaker was a well formed, and fine-looking man, who had on the clothes of a mechanic. He was one of the best mechanics in our country, and whilst sober, had laid up property. In an evil hour he yielded to the temptations of an old habit of drinking rum. He descended from one stage of degradation to another with great rapidity, and his best friends despaired of his reformation.

One day I met him in the office of a lawyer. Although in the forenoon, he was quite tipsy. He was such a bright man, so superior in many respects, that I was pained to see him going to ruin. My feelings were indicated in my countenance, and, perhaps, anticipating an admonition, he said, "I see you want to talk to me about my habits."

I admitted it. "I thought so," said he, "and now, as I want you to confine yourself to things new, let me tell you some things which you are disposed to say but which you need not say, for I know them already a great deal better than you can tell me."

"You were just thinking what a shame it is that a man whose mechanical skill is sought after at high price, and who could make himself independent in a short time, should sacrifice all this to his drunken appetite, and reduce himself to pauperism. Be candid. Was you not thinking so?"

I said he had hit the nail on the head.

"I thought so," said he; "now you need not say anything on this point, for I am already convinced; I know what a fool I am in this respect."

"Then you were thinking of my trembling nerves," he continued, "and were amazed that I dare pour this distilled damnation down into my stomach, when I am on the verge of delirium tremens all the time. Confess now, if you were not thinking this?"

I was not disposed to deny it.

"Just so," he said. "Now, sir, I know about this matter better than you do. I have felt all that Gough or Dr. Jewett has described. I have seen the devils who haunt the victim, and I know he who has this disease, for the time, is in perdition. You can't tell me anything on that point, so when you speak, please omit this!"

I could not repress a smile at the man's ingenuity and frankness.

"But," said he, "there is another view of my case, which you are disposed to urge. You want to remind me how ten years ago I courted my wife (and no man has a better wife than mine), and how she refused to marry me until she was assured that I had left off drinking. I loved her then, and I love her now. I promised to treat her as a man should treat his wife. You want to remind me that I have, by my drunkenness converted my home into a place of torment, and that I have actually laid violent hands on my wife!"

His voice trembled and his eye moistened as he alluded to his wife.

"And here are my children. You want to remind me of the dangers and sorrows I am exposing them to; but you, sir, cannot tell me anything pertaining to my family. I know all about it. I curse myself as a wretch and a fool. I have no mercy in my self-condemnations. Yes, sir, I know all about this by an experience which may the Lord deliver you from! So you need say nothing on this point."

I could not but admit that he had drawn the case with a bolder hand than I would have dared to attempt.

"But there is one chief argument which you want to try on me. You want to draw a motive for reformation from the future retribution which God will visit on the drunkard. It is a terrible motive, and I believe it to be a true one. I believe there is a hell; nay, I know there is, for I have sometimes felt its fires, and I have seen its tormentors. I sometimes am overwhelmed with agony at the bare anticipation of meeting God in judgement. I admit that I am hurrying very fast in that direction, and present appearances indicate that I shall be turned into hell as a drunkard."

This was not said defiantly or jestingly, but with gravity and feeling.

"And so you need say nothing to me on this point. I know it already; but if you have anything new to urge, I shall be glad to hear it!"

And thus he anticipated, and most forcibly stated some of the general arguments which a person would be likely to use in endeavoring to recal him to a life of temperance. I could not refrain from laughing to see how he had taken the wind out of my sails.

But thoroughly warmed with his subject, my neighbor stated his case still further: "Sir, you know nothing about the appetite for rum. My father taught me to drink it from my childhood.

I inherited drunkenness from him, and I was a drunkard before I was of age. For the love of my wife I made a mighty effort to conquer my appetite, and thought I had succeeded. Time and temptation showed me my mistake. The appetite was not removed. In due time it woke like a raging demon, and filled me with unutterable torments. I would think of my property and my reputation; then of my health and the horrors of delirium tremens; then of my wife, and children and home; and then of the hell into which the drunkard will be cast. I would rush into my business with furious energy, and thus try to overcome the appetite; and yet, in the face of all these motives, I would go straight to the tavern and drink myself drunk. My remorse and shame were added to other motives to keep me from repeating the deed, but all these seemed like the ropes and withs on the limbs of Samson. This, sir, is my case; *have you anything new to add which I am not already better acquainted with than you can be?*"

It was the most impressive temperance discourse I ever heard, because pronounced with that unction which came from a terrible experience of the evil which held him with its death grip.

But there is a bright side to the picture. The half-drunk lecturer, whose discourse I have outlined, in spite of his gloomy anticipations to the contrary, has reformed his life, and for several years has lived a sober life, during which time he has acquired property rapidly.

Within a few miles I knew of two other cases quite similar. Both these men were as far gone as the one described, and were regarded as perfectly desperate cases, but both of them were reformed, and are now in independent circumstances.

I write these facts to encourage all whom it may concern.—N. Y. Independent.

Preaching to the feelings.

The great Apostle declared that his aim was to commend the truth to every man's conscience. All experience, from his day down to our own, shows that this is the only way of accomplishing the great end of preaching. Yet many aim only at enlisting the feelings, as if this were enough. An authentic incident, related by the Rev. Mr. Sayder, of Watertown, well illustrates the folly of such a course. It is to the effect that a clergyman, in the State of Connecticut, once preached on the subject of the death and sufferings of Christ. He was a man of lively fancy and deep sensibility, and he preached so vividly the sufferings of Christ on the cross, that the Saviour was almost vividly crucified before that people. His own heart was moved—he wept—and in sympathy with him, the audience wept also. He thanked God that he had been enabled to plead so eloquently for his Master. He believed that great good would result from that sermon. As he left his pulpit, and was passing out of his church, a young lady of his congregation met him, and with tears in her eyes, taking him by the hand, she said: "Oh! I was never more delighted in my life—not even in a theatre!" The minister had been preaching to the imagination—had aroused the tender sympathies of the lady; she preached to his heart and conscience.

What does this fact teach? Portray to those unconscious of their guilt and peril the love of Christ in dying for their salvation, and the more faithfully you portray it, the more, indeed, you may arouse their sensibilities, but the whole will only be to them a thing of tragic interest. They will listen and be moved, as one in a theatre, and they will come again to hear similar exhibitions of truth, that they may be "delighted, e'en when they weep." The truth is this: if we would have men appreciate the love of Jesus, and feel its power in their hearts, we must first convince them that they are sinners, in peril of perdition—that Jesus must save them, or they are lost.—Christian Intelligencer.

UNDERGROUND—A paper read before the British Scientific Association on "Underground Temperature," stated that, with a thermometer sunk to the depth of three feet, the greatest cold was experienced in February, while at six feet deep the greatest cold was in March; at twelve feet deep the greatest cold was in April; and at twenty-four feet the greatest cold was in July."

A letter was read a few days since in the Old South Chapel Prayer-meeting from a sailor on board the sloop-of-war Hartford, which stated that twenty-one conversions had taken place on board the ship since she sailed from New York. The Commodore and several of the officers were regular attendants upon the prayer-meetings.

To love something more than one's self—that is the secret of all that is great: to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls.

Agriculture.

The Country Child.

Child of the country! free as air
 Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
 Born like the lily, where the dew
 Lies odorous when the day is new;
 Fed 'mid the May flowers like the bee,
 Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
 Lulled on the breast to that sweet tune
 Which winds make 'mong the trees of June;
 I sing of thee:—'tis sweet to sing
 Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

The Garden.

The garden is a bound volume of agricultural life, written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade and hoe, in rhyme. Every flower or fruit-bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acoustic to nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery or savory roots, or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of *belles lettres* of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden, lying on the sunny side of his house, marks with greater precision the degree of the mind and heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and, with an observant eye, they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks, by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful economies in the corn field. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will reproduce the seed-thought he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any taste for reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book-agent without a call, because he saw a blunt negative to this question in the garden or yard.—Elihu Burrill.

Condensed Milk.

The Hartford, Ct., *Homestead*, gives a detailed description of a "milk-factory," which a Mr. Borden, has put in operation "in one of the wildest gorges of the Litchfield hills."

"The long and short of the whole process is, that fresh milk is received night and morning, and condensed to one-fourth its original bulk by evaporation, and in this shape, that is, looking like very thick cream, it is sent to market, requiring only to be diluted with as much water as has been removed from it, to be as perfect and excellent milk as it was at first, and in fact, a little better, as we will explain: The cost in market is 25 cents per quart, or 6½ cents for a half pint, which by the addition of three half pints of water will make a quart of milk decidedly better, more healthy, and less watered than the milk bought of milkmen in our cities; and capable, after being diluted properly, of answering all the purposes of the best milk. The cream will rise as usual, and butter may be made, and the milk will show itself possessed of all the properties of fresh milk."

The writer regards it as a most valuable discovery,—a saving of three-fourths of the expense of transportation is made, and the milk thus prepared remains sweet so long that it may be sent from Connecticut to New York or Boston, and arrive in a condition to keep longer than milk fresh from the cow.

AN APPLE TREE at Woodside, San Mateo county, California, is described as follows: Height of tree from the ground to topmost limb, 10 feet 6 inches; circumference of trunk (two feet from the ground,) 6½ inches; 269 apples on the tree at present, some 15 or 20 having fallen off. A fair average of the circumference of the apples is 9½ inches. On another tree, one apple measured 14 inches round.—California Farmer.

HOW TO CATCH RATS.—Rats are not the only species of tenants that outwit their landlords, they will sometimes shun all baits and traps. As many modes of getting rid of them cause them to die on the premises, and taint the atmosphere, or are dangerous to human life, it may be well to remember that if the centre of a cage is sprinkled with a few drops of the oil of rhodium, (a species of convolvulus from the Canary Isles, fifty pounds of the root of which yield one pound of the essential oil, according to Lindley), multitudes are irresistibly attracted to the spot, to disposed of at will.—Hall's Journal of Health.