

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 19th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ix. 43-52: Christ rebukes the love of pre-eminence. GENESIS xliii.: Joseph's further conduct to his brethren.

Recite—LUKE ix. 23-27.

JUNE 26th, 1859.

Read—LUKE x. 1-24: The sending out of the seventy. GENESIS xli.: Joseph's policy.

Recite—LUKE ix. 57-62.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 12th to 25th June, 1859.

Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
12 SU.	4 20	7 40	5 38	1 49	5 16	9 59
13 M.	4 20	7 40	6 46	2 20	6 17	10 51
14 T.	4 19	7 41	7 47	2 56	7 8	11 44
15 W.	4 19	7 41	8 40	3 41	7 55	morn.
16 Th.	4 19	7 41	9 17	4 34	8 38	0 37
17 F.	4 19	7 41	9 56	5 39	9 18	1 28
18 Sa.	4 19	7 41	10 25	6 38	9 53	2 16
19 SU.	4 19	7 41	10 44	7 41	10 30	3 2
20 M.	4 18	7 42	11 8	8 48	11 4	3 45
21 Tu.	4 18	7 42	11 24	9 48	11 42	4 26
22 W.	4 18	7 42	11 43	10 52	0 1	5 6
23 Th.	4 19	7 41	morn.	11 53	0 43	5 47
24 F.	4 19	7 41	0 2	A. 58	1 24	6 29
25 Sa.	4 19	7 41	0 22	2 6	2 17	7 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.

The breath of Prayer.

AN ALLEGORY.

I was as in a dream, and methought I looked upon the world (as the author of the Pilgrim's Progress did in his dream) and saw the number of people pursuing their daily business in it. There were of all ranks and all ages—rich and poor, old and young, pursued their daily calling. But as I looked down upon them, I could see pressing on each, some pain, sorrow, sickness, anxiety, disappointment; I could fancy that I saw the wound in their heart which this daily trouble made. In some, it was less than in others;—and these methought were those who in Holy Scripture's words 'cast their care upon God,' but no one was entirely exempt. While lamenting in my own mind the sorrows and troubles of this lower world;—I seemed to see ascending up from many, many corners of the world, little pure white clouds of soft sweet vapor—and a voice told me this was the 'breath of prayer,' prayers offered for others; which came up even as we were told of old (2 Chron. xxx. 17.) that when the Levites and Priests arose to bless the people, 'their voice was heard, and their prayers came up to His holy dwelling-place even to heaven.' Then I gazed more earnestly upon the soft white clouds; and I saw that when they had ascended to Him whose grace alone gave them power, and whose holy spirit had suggested them, they were sent down again to fulfil their mission on earth.

Then I prayed for sight to be given me to understand these things;—and for a few passing moments it was granted me, as in the vision of a dream. I saw the larger of the clouds, which were the breath of the prayers of a whole united congregation, descend as a blessing on thrones, nations, principalities and powers, dispelling sickness and famine from their lands, forming a shelter over them that 'the sun should not burn them by day, neither the moon by night;' but I turned from these to watch what was even more interesting to myself—the prayers of individuals:—of solitary weak creatures like myself.

I saw the earnest prayer ascend from the depths of a heart of a grateful child; and fall as balm upon the distant parents' wounded heart. I saw the prayer of the mother fly to her child in a distant country, and shield him from some danger he could not see, some temptation he could not anticipate.

I saw the prayer of a friend wing its heaven-directed way to the heart of a distant friend—the wound in that heart was large and recent; gold and jewels and precious things, even all that are in the earth, could have no effect upon that wound; but the precious little white cloud dropped like a balm upon that heart; and when an approaching hour of heavy trial came (likely to re-open the wound, and especially mentioned in the prayer of the friend) the soft balm spread more and more over the heart; and its healing began.

I saw one walking carelessly in the joy of his heart; and on the very brink of yielding to a strong temptation. I trembled as I watched him, for I saw that he was not looking out for 'the way to escape,' which God has told us that He has made 'with every temptation;' and therefore would not be able to find it. I felt as if it was now too late for all hope, and was turning away, that I might not see the sad sight of one running heedlessly into grievous sin; when I beheld a soft bright cloud hover before him, and he looked on it, and raised his eyes up to it; and from it methought up to heaven; and he prayed to 'Our Father,' and the temptation passed away, and the field was won.

And the little cloud was the breath of a prayer, which was put up for him by the grateful heart of one whom, as a child, he had loved and tended; at the very hour when he was in danger of falling away from the good path. That heart that had put up many prayers for him; and now this one had come in the hour of need.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good!

Some hearts I saw more constantly soothed by a great many clouds hovering over them; these I knew were those who had made themselves loved by many, and won the prayers of the poor; others had quite a flock of very minute clouds winging their way to them, and these tiny clouds were ever brighter and sweeter than the others. These were the prayers of the little children, for those who had taught, protected, and loved them.

Some men I watched doing wrong, and walking widely in wicked ways; towards a few even of these I saw clouds of the 'breath of prayer' coming gently. They little thought any one was praying for them;—they did not think about prayer at all; yet some one to whom they had done some kindness long since forgotten by themselves, or some perhaps who had loved them 'not wisely, but too well'—prayed for the wanderers now—and by degrees one or two of those wanderers did turn from their evil ways; and I thought (though I could not be sure) prayer might be one of the ways of 'saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins.'

Wonderful things I thought I saw, and far more wonderful things I might have seen;—but the visions of thought vanished and was gone.

But the tale of it shall not have been told in vain, if one only who reads this, old or young, rich or poor, the oldest person or the very weakest and least child amongst them, shall understand what I want to teach; that God has put into their hands, a powerful means of doing good to others.

They can pray for them. Pray then, O reader. Pray for your parents,—for your friends, for your clergyman,—pray also for your enemies and for those that 'despitefully use you,' pray for those who are ignorant and untaught, pray for those who you think are committing sin.

Pray for all these—but remember while you pray you must strive to be good yourself, for 'He heareth the prayer of the righteous.' Prov. xv. 29.

Pray when you are happy for your sorrowing brothers and sisters;—for then you should especially strive to cheer and comfort those less fortunate than yourself.

Pray when you are sad for all such as are like yourself, suffering under the 'changes and chances of this mortal world,' for then should your heart be humbled and softened by adversity, and ready to sympathize more deeply, with the feelings of others.

Pray at all times and seasons, 'pray without ceasing,' and may God Almighty hear and grant your petitions.

The Mother's Prayers answered.

Trials of faith are among the things promised to all true Christians. It is useless to hope to escape them. Indeed, they belong so clearly to God's method of perfecting his children in holiness, that nothing can supply their place. The scene of these trials of faith lies most frequently in the sphere in which the affections find their appropriate exercise. These affections are, perhaps, as strong and as pure in the maternal relation as in any other. A mother's love pours itself out on her offspring without stint or measure. With its first breath, if she be a Christian parent, there goes up to heaven a prayer for a blessing. Maternal solicitude follows it through infancy, and childhood, and youth. While God has given many rich promises to awaken hope, and stimulate energy in the mother's heart, in her efforts to train up her children in the ways of piety, He also reserves to Himself to decide when and how prayer shall be answered. If delay will lead to greater importunateness, and

drive the soul to a deeper conviction of dependence on God, so that the cry shall come up from the depths of the heart, "My soul, wait thou only on God, for my expectation is from Him," then there will be a delay in the bestowment of the coveted favor. Let mothers still cling to the plighted word of God. In due season they shall reap if they faint not.

There lived in a town in one of the Southern States, a pious lady, the mother of two sons. She had been sorely stricken by the hand of affliction, and was a widow. Her sons, growing up towards manhood, had left her side to seek their fortune at a distance from their home. With a mother's prayers and a mother's benedictions she had dismissed them, sorrowing most of all, that they were not the disciples of the Saviour whom she loved. Whatever religious principle might have been instilled into the hearts of the young men by the instructions of their affectionate parent, was seemingly, in a brief period, dissipated, and casting off the restraints of home, they became thoughtless, and even professed to be infidel in their sentiments. Time passed on. Years even rolled away before the mother was permitted to welcome them to her home. At length a letter came, announcing that they would shortly visit their widowed mother. At the appointed time they came, passed a few days with her, and then fixed a day for their return. The stage would pass the house where they were visiting on a certain night, and they proposed on that night to take their leave of their mother. How her heart yearned over her two sons, and how fervently she prayed that they might be brought to the Saviour's feet. She had learned that the stage would not reach the village until a late hour in the evening, and she besought her sons to attend a religious service with her that evening, and remain until the sounding of the stage-bell should announce its arrival, when she would bid them adieu, with her blessing. With some reluctance they consented. The discourse to which they listened, was blessed by the Spirit to their conviction. They were thoroughly aroused to a sense of their condition as sinners. As the service was drawing to a close, the notes of the stage-horn were heard, and the young men hastened from the house of God to take their places in the stage. On reaching the office, they found that every seat in the stage was taken up, and it was impossible for them to go on that night, and being thus detained, they could not leave until Monday night. The hand of a God who had heard a mother's prayers was in this, and was leading them in a way which they knew not. The Sabbath came—a day of deep, solemn interest. The impressions made on the minds of the young men had been increasing in depth and power, and when, in accordance with the custom of the place, those who desired prayers were invited to come forward, that the special blessing of God might be implored on their behalf, two young men were found kneeling near the desk. Away in a distant part of the congregation, the movement had awakened the interest of an elderly lady, who with tearful eye, beaming with emotion, stood up, and leaned forward to witness the scene that was going on. The mother beheld her long prayed-for children bowing themselves at the altar of prayer. The sight of this only person standing in the house arrested the attention of the congregation, but no other than feelings of the most intense sympathy were indulged towards her. It was not long before both the sons were rejoicing in hope. With what joy did they now hang on the neck of her, who, in all their waywardness, had never forgotten to plead with God to have mercy on them, and with what honest, maternal pride, did the mother look upon the children for whom she had for so many years wept and prayed. The trial of her faith, more precious than that of gold tried in the fire, had been found unto praise, and honor, and glory.

Does the eye of a mother, longing for the conversion of her children, rest on these lines? Let him who writes them, himself the subject of a mother's prayers, entreat her not to be discouraged, though the long-looked-for blessing does not come. God is trying your faith. Will you hold on and persevere, though all be dark and discouraging? O, what honor does God put on simple, childlike confidence in Him, and how many proofs has He given that He delights to reward those who still lean on His arm, and confide in His gracious promises.—W. & R.

IMPORTANT PLACES IN AMERICA.—Dr. Holmes, says he has been sometimes lecturing in small towns, and has found the following propositions to hold true of all of them:—1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city. 2. If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled by the inhabitants the "good old town of" (whatever its name may happen to be). 3. Every plection of its inhabitants that come together to listen to a stranger, is invariably declared to be a "remarkably intelligent audience." 4. The climate of the place is particularly favourable to longevity. 5. It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world.

Agriculture.

JUNE

In the months, is like our early manhood in life, crowded with fullness and strength, and flushed with activity and joy. The birds mate and sing, insects flutter from leaf to leaf, or sport in the warm evening rays;—flowers exhale their fragrant odors, and gentle airs waft them to us, and regale our senses as though from Hesperian fields. The plants stretch away from the ground and bathe in the sunlight, spreading their leaves, like so many hands, to catch the condensing vapors, or absorb the softly-falling showers. JUNE is not perfection, it is only the month of progress—the flush and promise of robust youth. A little later in the season will bring maturity in some plants, and that comes so near the next step in Nature's course, decay, as to break the charm. But JUNE suggests no decay—it is all promise—and arouses in any feeling heart, something of that benevolence and love which beams from its great Architect, and kindles and glorifies all.

That Solomon was a close observer of nature, is manifest from his writings, and we can imagine some of the sights and sounds which would greet him as he walked out nearly three thousand years ago, in the country about Jerusalem.

There was the fig-tree covered with young fruit, the odor of the budding grape vine, the song of the lark and the cooing of the turtle-dove, (not the veritable mud-turtle, as we thought in our juvenile ignorance,) the murmuring of the brook Kidron, no longer rushing in a torrent over its rocky bed, but flowing gently, as was its wont in summer—and the olive-trees on Mount Olivet clad in fresh green. Later in the season, he watched for the "Rose of Sharon" and the "lily of the valley." Ninety generations of men have since passed away, and yet such is the uniformity with which nature does her work, that we, of a world then unthought of, can find no words more appropriate than those of Solomon to express our joy when "the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." And until the internal fires of our planet shall burst their shell, we are told "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not cease."

Yet, from this very harmony of nature, so wonderful when we think of it, we are apt to undervalue many of our blessings, as commonplace. The sun rises and scatters the vapors away, bringing life and joy to the animal and vegetable world, yet were it mentioned as a subject of gratitude, many of us would reply in the spirit of the man, who, when his attention was directed to the Falls of Niagara, merely said,—"Why shouldn't it fall—what hinders it?" But hear the exclamation of one who had endured a six months' winter in an Arctic region. "To-day, blessed be the great Author of light, I have once more looked upon the sun."

And this month of June—this gem—this emerald jewel, with which the year adorns herself, how many merely regard it as the same old June they have always known, the month that comes after May—and never give it another thought. But no, it is not the same June, and you may see in it wonders you never discovered before, if you will not insist on walking through the world blindfolded.—N. E. Farmer.

STEEPS FOR SEEDS.—The above subject has for a long time engaged the attention of many experimenters, and with various results. Strong solutions of any of the well-known materials used, are apt to injure the germs of seeds, while weaker solutions, being held by the spongy coatings, frequently not only secure earlier germinations, but by a timely supply of necessary pabulum, secure vigorous plants, which, as a necessity of proper conditions in their early stages of growth, yield larger returns. Among the materials used we would enumerate the following:—Saltpetre, Sulphate of Ammonia, Carbonate of Soda, Soluble Phosphate of Lime, etc. We should be glad to learn from those who have used steeps, what has been their success.—Working Farmer.

STRENGTH OF CAMELS.—The Galveston News states that one of the camels in that city kneeled down and received a load of five bales of hay weighing 1,400 pounds, which it raised without the least effort, and walked away with apparent ease. In their native country the average load for a full grown camel is some 800 pounds, with which they perform long journeys over deserts with but little food or water.

TO CURE WARTS ON CATTLE.—Dissolve potash to a paste, cover the wart with it for half an hour, then wash it off with vinegar. The cure is sure for man or beast.

HOW TO HULL CORN.—Place a strong bag with three pints of wood ashes in it, in a boiler with three quarts of corn in water. Boil until the hulls will slip off by rubbing them with the hand. When rinsed, boil the corn again in fair water till it is sufficiently soft.