

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 11th, 1860.

Read—JOHN iii. 19-36: Testimony of John concerning Jesus. LEVITICUS ix. 1-8, 22-24: Aaron offers the sacrifice.

Recite—JOHN iii. 16-18.

MARCH 18th, 1860.

Read—JOHN iv. 1-26: The woman of Samaria. LEVITICUS xvi. : The Day of Atonement.

Recite—JOHN iii. 19-21.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From March 4th, to March 17th, 1860.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at.	
		Wk.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Halifax.	Windsor.
4	SU.	6	32	5 52	2 42	4 36	4 51
5	M.	6	30	5 54	3 59	4 10	5 50
6	Tu.	6	29	5 55	5 23	5 45	6 37
7	W.	6	27	5 56	6 39	6 9	7 19
8	Th.	6	25	5 57	8 3	6 39	7 58
9	F.	6	23	5 59	9 20	6 38	8 36
10	Sa.	6	21	6 0	10 40	7 36	9 11
11	SU.	6	20	6 1	11 55	7 54	9 54
12	M.	6	18	6 3	13 00	8 31	10 39
13	Tu.	6	16	6 4	1 3	9 15	11 31
14	W.	6	14	6 5	2 5	10 5	12 38
15	Th.	6	12	6 6	2 53	11 5	1 54
16	F.	6	10	6 8	3 32	12 8	2 50
17	Sa.	6	8	6 9	4 6	1 10	4 25

* 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.

A short Story

FOR GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS AND THEIR MAMMAS

Mrs. Wylie was dusting the books on the center-table in her parlor. The house was perfectly quiet. She thought, "Why, where can the children be? I have not heard them for some time." She listened, but heard nothing but the ticking of the clock in the next room. Just then she heard a rushing of feet. The door flew open, and two children burst into the room, both talking at the top of their voices at the same time.

"Oh, mamma! Lizzie knocked all my soldiers—"

"No, mamma! he broke my dolly's—"

"No, I didn't. I mean, I didn't do it on purpose."

"Yes, he did," said Lizzie, half crying.

"Oh, Lizzie, you know I didn't!"

"You did!" she persisted.

Their clamor increased so that Mrs. Wylie did not trust her voice to speak to them, but took them both by the hand, and led them up-stairs. The children ceased quarreling, and went quietly along.

"Now, Eddie, you go into your room and stay there till I call you. Lizzie, you can stay in my room."

The children did as they were bid, and Mrs. Wylie went down stairs. After she had finished dusting and arranging the parlor, she went up to see about the children. Lizzie was perched upon a chair, cutting paper dolls, and Eddie she found asleep on the floor. She raised him up to place him on the bed; but the motion aroused him, and he jumped up wide awake, and stood looking at his mother, as if trying to remember something.

"Come, Eddie, I want you in my room."

"Oh, yes; I thought there was something I was to do."

Mrs. Wylie sat down, and the children stood at her side. Lizzie immediately began.

"Now, mamma, I will tell you all about it. Eddie—"

"Hush, Lizzie. Now, before, you tell me tales of each other in regard to what you have done that is wrong, I want you to tell me of something that is pleasant. Lizzie, tell me of something your brother has done that deserves praise instead of blame."

Lizzie hung down her head. She was still angry with Eddie.

"I don't remember anything."

"I'll tell you of something she did," said her brother, more frankly; but then he had slept off some of his bad humor. "I lost my ball—my new ball—to-day, and she gave me hers; because she said, boys liked balls more than girls do."

"Well, but, mamma, it was my fault that he lost his ball; for I told him to fling it at the pine trees, and he said he was afraid he would lose it. I coaxed him, and told him he wouldn't; so he threw it; and sure enough he lost it. So wasn't it right I should give him mine for it?"

"Yes, perfectly. Now you may tell me about the doll and soldiers."

The children looked at each other.

"Mamma, I don't want to tell it now; for it was my fault, partly," said Lizzie, quite softened towards her brother.

"But it was my fault, too," said Eddie.

"Well, now, my little children, if you both feel that you were to blame, I am sure you can forgive each other."

Eddie flung his arms around his sister's neck. "Yes, indeed, we can."

"Hereafter, Lizzie and Eddie," said their mother, her eyes filled with tears, "when you tell tales of each other, let them be of each other's good behavior—something that will please your parents, not grieve them."—Banner.

On Sleeping.

To sleep well, a man must be regular in his hours of retiring and rising, and avoid sleeping in the day-time. Nature will take healthfully a certain amount of sleep, as she will take healthfully a certain amount of food, and no more; all over tends directly to disease and ends in premature death. In the desire to avoid eating too much, men have weighed their food, but some have eaten too little and died before their time in consequence of an error of judgment. There need be no mistake in this regard as to sleep in ordinary health, for if a man retires regularly after judicious and usual eating and exercise, he will, if let alone, be waked up by nature the very moment he has had enough of repose for the needs of the system. Men who live temperately and regularly wake up within five minutes of the same time morning after morning. If we go to sleep again, if we take a "second nap," nature is thwarted, and the result is, we go to sleep later the following night, sleep more unsoundly and later in the day; or if we get up early, we become insupportably sleeping during the day-time, and this goes on until we have no refreshing, sweet, connected sleep, day or night, when the general health begins to wane and the spirits droop. The laugh is less joyous; the countenance less cheerful; the eye less bright, and the road is downward! If at this phase of affairs medicines are given to promote sleep, it is only an artificial repose; it does not build up the system, but soon begins to clog the whole machinery, and in due time, the wheels of life stop forever. For let it be remembered, that every form of anodine, whether of hop or poppy, such as morphine, laudanum, or paregoric, will if continued beyond a very few doses, constipate the bowels, take away the appetite, torify the liver, and derange the whole digestive machinery.

The general rule is, that persons require seven hours of sleep in summer, and eight in winter. There are, however, occasional exceptions. Women require less sleep than men; possibly because they are less in the open air, the soporific effects of which are seen in infants speedily going to sleep when taken out of doors.

Children require more sleep than those in maturer life. Old people seem to require very little sleep except in extreme age; but then it is rather a doze, or in short naps. Much of the credit given to elderly people for early rising is not deserved. They get up early because they can't sleep any longer; nature does not want any more, and they feel better when up and about than when in bed.

We earnestly advise that all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard to take all the sleep they can get, without medicinal means.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain-fever or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures or in any way wound a child's feelings, as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bedtime, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.—Hall's Journal of Health.

One of the speakers at the late American Unitarian Convention at Boston, uttered this strange and certainly suicidal sentiment: "The Bible, unquestioned and unexplained in the Sabbath schools, would render them little better than nurseries of orthodoxy."—N. Y. Chronicle.

Temperance Column.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES.—The Legislature of Ohio in March, 1855, directed Dr. Hiram Cox, a distinguished chemist of Cincinnati, to make a thorough examination of such liquors as are in the market. The following extracts from the result of his investigations, we advise every man who uses intoxicating liquors to read carefully, and then think before he drinks.

Although the Cincinnati liquors are villainous in the extreme there are other large cities equally culpable. For example, a gentleman of our city a druggist, that he might have pure liquor as a medicinal article, and that kind for purity, &c., that he could recommend to his customers, went to New York and purchased two half-pipes of splendid "Seignette Brandy," one pale the other dark. When passing, one day, he called me in to see his "beautiful pure brandy," just from New York! I stopped, looked at it, smelled it, but before tasting it, happening to have some blue litmus paper in my pocket, I introduced a small piece—it came out red as scarlet! I then called for a polished spatula, put it into a tumbler containing, perhaps, half a gill, and waited on it 15 minutes—at the expiration of which the liquor was as black as ink. The spatula corroded, and when dried, left a thick coating of rust, which when wiped off, left a copper coat almost as thick as if it had been plated. I charged him, on the spot, under the penalty of the law, not to sell a drop of it; took samples of it to my office, and the following is the result of the analysis: viz:

1st sample (dark), 55 per cent. alcoholic spirits by volume, and 41 per cent. by weight; specific gravity, 0.945. The tests indicate Sulphuric Acid, Nitric Acid, Nitric Ether, Prussic Acid, Guinea Pepper, and an abundance of Fusil Oil—base—common whiskey, not one drop of wine.

I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor also is kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there and called for some whiskey; and the first drank. The moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak, he said to his companion:

"Och, Michael—but this is warming to the stomach!"

Michael went through like contortions, with the remark, "Wouldn't it be foine in a cowlid froshy morning?"

After they had drank, I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 40 per cent to be proof, and the difference in per centage made up by Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Pellitory, Costic Pottassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nucle Vomica, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man. I had the manufacturer indicted."

A TERRIBLE WARNING.—The Richmond papers of the last week announce the death, in the poorhouse of that city, of Dr. Thomas Johnston, at one time the popular and skilful physician of that metropolis. Dr. Johnston held a professorship at the University of Virginia, at a later period was head of the medical faculty of Richmond and for many years enjoyed a lucrative practice in that city. With talents to adorn any station, possessed of rare professional skill, loved and respected by hundreds, whose lives he had rescued from imminent death, blessed with all the endearments that a loving, trusting and forgiving wife could add to the home circle, yet with these multiplied providences of heaven to render earth happy and desirable he threw them all away, crushed the heart of his wife, drove away by constant degradation, friends, fame and fortune, for the gratification of an appetite, moderate in its first demands, but which, like the serpent, wound closer and firmer round the heart, until all that was manly, noble and elevated, was crushed out forever, leaving but the bloated and degraded, brutalized carcass of him who was once the pride of his profession, and a bright ornament to the social circle.

He who had ministered consolation to many a bleeding heart, healed the sick, and made joy and gladness leap forth in the midst of death, died in the poor-house of the metropolis, a wretched, degraded pauper! Yet he was once but a moderate drinker. Remember, young man, the teaching of experience, and ere it is too late, shun the deadly upas of drunkenness before its poison shall have been ineffaceably rooted in thy heart. There is but one road, "Touch not, taste not, the drunkard's bowl!"

Agriculture.

Forward Spring work now.

Something can be done even at this season, to help on the spring work. The woodhouse is, or ought to be already filled, so that the axe will not need to be lifted to prepare fuel from March to December. A good part of the manure can be carted now, much better than in planting time. The ground is now frozen so that the cart-path to the field to be plowed, is soon worn as smooth as a railroad. It will be a much less tax upon the strength of a team to draw a hundred loads of manure now, than to do it in April, when the team is pressed with plowing and other farm work. It is pretty well established now, that yard manure prepared in the usual way with muck and loam, does not lose much of its value, when piled up in winter in large heaps in the field where it is to be used. From our own experience we do not think green stable-manure would be injured by the same treatment, if it were well mixed in the field with muck or peat. The piles should be made long, narrow, and high, say five or six feet, so as to shed a part of the rain.

If any of the meadows are to be dressed with fine compost, there is no better time than the present to do it. The sward will not be cut up, and the warm spring rains will carry down the fertilizing properties of the manure to the roots of plants. This must not be done, however, on rolling land, or on steep hillsides, where the rains would wash off part of the manure before the frost comes out of the ground.

A large portion of the spring work can be anticipated before winter breaks up, and then the farmer can seize upon the best time to plant and sow, and drive his work all through the season, instead of being driven.—American Agriculturalist

To preserve stakes, &c., in the ground.

Quite recently, while walking in the garden with the Hon J. W. Fairfield, Hudson, N. Y., he called my attention to the small stakes which supported the raspberry canes. The end in the ground, as well as the part above, was as sound and bright as if lately made, but he informed me that they had been in constant use for twelve years; said I, "Of course they are kyanized?" "Yes," he replied, and the process is so simple and cheap that it deserves to be universally known, and it is simply this: One pound of blue vitriol to twenty quarts of water. Dissolve the vitriol with boiling water, and then add the remainder.

"The end of the stick is then dropped into the solution, and left to stand four or five days for shingles three days will answer, and for posts six inches square, ten days. Care is to be taken that the saturation takes place in a metal vessel or keyed box, for the reason that any barrel will be shrunk by the operation so as to leak. Instead of expanding an old cask as other liquids do, this shrinks them. Chloride of zinc, I am told, will answer the same purpose, but the blue vitriol is or was formerly, very cheap, viz: three to six cents per pound."

Mr Fairfield informed me that the French government are pursuing a similar process with every item of timber now used in ship-building, and that they have a way of forcing it into the trees in the forest as soon as cut, ejecting the sap and kyanizing it all on the spot. I have not experimented with it, but Mr Fairfield's success seemed to be complete.

The process is so simple and cheap as to be within the convenience of every farmer, and gardener even, and I therefore thought it so valuable as to warrant a special notice of it.—R. G. Pordes.

WALKING HORSES—A SUGGESTION.—I would like to suggest an idea, which, if you approve, you can prepare an article, or get some of your correspondents to discuss, as to the propriety of a premium being offered at our annual fairs, for fast walking horses as well as trotters. I think horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk. I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained.—Country Gentleman.