

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 27th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vii. 19-32 : Opinions of Christ's character. NUMBERS xxi. : The brazen Serpent.

Recite—JOHN vii. 14-18.

JUNE 3rd, 1860.

Read—JOHN vii. 33-53 : Christ discourses with the disciples. NUMBERS xxii. : Balak's message to Balaam.

Recite—JOHN vii. 27-31.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From May 20th, to June 2nd, 1860.

		May 20,		23 Afternoon.	
New Moon,		May 27,		3. 50 "	
First Quarter,		June 3,		0. 31 "	
Full Moon,		June 11,		8. 50 Morning.	
Last Quarter,					
Day	SUN.	MOON.	High Water at	Halifax.	Windsor.
Wk.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	
20	5 26	7 25	4 2	7 26	7 18
21	5 26	7 26	4 45	8 33	7 57
22	5 25	7 27	5 41	9 33	8 41
23	5 24	7 28	6 55	10 37	9 29
24	5 23	7 29	8 11	11 22	10 15
25	4 22	7 30	9 24	11 34	10 53
26	4 21	7 31	10 28	morn.	11 43
27	4 20	7 32	11 43	0 14	morn.
28	4 19	7 33	A. 59	0 39	0 43
29	4 18	7 34	2 11	0 59	1 54
30	4 17	7 35	3 26	1 25	3 11
1	4 16	7 36	4 42	1 50	4 25
2	4 16	7 36	5 58	2 18	5 23
3	4 16	7 37	7 11	2 52	6 15

* 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 Lost Child and the Lamb.

A little child wandered from its mother's cottage, on the prairie, in search of flowers. Pleased with the pursuit, and finding new pleasures the more she sought, it was nearly night before she retraced her steps. She was lost in the pathless meadows. The thick clumps of trees that she had passed were no guide, and she could not tell whether home was between her and the setting sun or not.

She sat down and wept. She looked in all directions, in hope of seeing some one to lead her homeward, but no one appeared. She strained her eyes, now dim with tears, to catch sight of the smoke curling from the cot she had left. It was like looking out on the ocean with no sail in view. She was alone in the wilderness. Hours had passed since she had left her mother's arms. A few hours more, and the dark night would be around her, and stars would look down upon her, and her locks would be wet with dew.

She knelt on the ground and prayed. Her mother in the cottage was beyond the reach of her voice, but her heavenly Father, she knew, was always near, and could hear her feeblest cry. Mary had been taught to say, "Our Father," and in this time of sorrow, when friends were far away, and there was none to help, she called upon him who has said to little children, "Come unto me."

Mary had closed her eyes in prayer, and when she opened them, comforted in spirit, and almost resigned to her fate, willing to trust God for the future, and to sleep, if needful, on the grass, with his arm around her, and his love above her she espied a lamb. It was seeking the tenderest herbs among the tall grass, and had strayed away from its mother and the flock, so that Mary saw at a glance she had a companion in her solitude, and her heart was gladdened as if she heard the voice and saw the face of a friend.

The lamb was happy also. It played at her side, and took the little tufts of grass from her hand, as readily as if Mary had been its friend from infancy.

And then the lamb leaped away, and looked back to see if its new-found playmate would follow. Mary's heart went out after the lamb, and she followed her heart. Now the little thing would sport by her side, and then would rush forward as if about to forsake her altogether, but soon it would return or wait until she had come up with it. Mary had no thought, no anxiety whatever, as to whether the lamb was leading her. She was lost—she had no friend to help her in her distress—the lamb had found her in loneliness, and she loved it, and she loved to follow it, and she would go wherever it should go. So she went on, until she began to be weary of the way, but not of her company.

The sun was just setting—a summer sun, and her shadow stretched away before her, as if she were tall as a tree. She was thinking of home, and wondering if she should ever find her way back to her mother's house and her mother's heart, when the lamb, of a sudden, sprang away over a gentle knoll and as she reached it, her sporting playmate had found the flock from which it had strayed, and they were all, the lamb and Mary, within sight of home. The lamb had led Mary home.

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household. They will be found of incalculable value especially to young mothers.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

A Shepherd's Dog.

A friend of ours, who owns a large ranch and several hundred head of sheep, is the fortunate possessor of one of the best of dogs. The intelligent creature was brought up among the sheep, nourished upon ewes' milk, his whole life being passed with the flock and devoted to its defense. He has been taught to open and shut the fold into which they are driven at night, and he cares for them with all the apparent thoughtfulness that a human creature could display. In the morning, when the flock is driven to the field, he goes with it, selects some commanding place, and watches the sheep during whole day, driving up the stragglers, and allowing no one but those with whom he is acquainted to approach them. Should a ewe drop a lamb and pass on with the herd without noticing it, as she sometimes will, he has been known to take it up, and carrying it after her, compel her to take care of it. At night he drives the sheep into the pen, fastens the door after him, and seating himself in their midst, lies there watching them all night. In the morning he unfastens the door, drives out his charge to the pasture, and keeps watch and ward until night comes. In fact, so faithful is he, that his master frequently absents himself from the ranch for days together, with perfect reliance upon his dog, to find all safe when he returns.

"The Logic of our Institutions."

A good story, all the better for being undoubtedly true, is told of an interview between a very distinguished American and the present Pope. His Holiness, designing a special compliment, had expressed his desire that the American should visit him, at a fixed hour and in a familiar way. This was accordingly done. The Pope met his visitor most graciously, and very soon expressed his great gratification that Catholics enjoyed such unrestricted liberty in the United States. Without waiting to calculate the embarrassment which his remark would occasion, following hastily the first impulses of his nature, the American accepted the compliment to his country and expressed the hope that His Holiness would reciprocate this privilege of liberty to his own spiritual children, by granting an equal liberty to Protestants in the Roman States. The embarrassment of the Pope was instant, and the American discovered the uneasiness which he had occasioned. Following, then, his next impulse to remove this embarrassment, the American added, "But we each carry out the logic of our institutions." "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Pope, lifting and dropping repeatedly his hand, as if extravagantly gratified by a happy deliverance, "yes, yes, we carry out the logic of our institutions—we carry out the logic of our institutions!"

And so we do! That is the difference. Protestantism carries out its logic in freedom; Romanism, its logic in despotism;—the one has made the United States; the other has made Rome.—*Examiner.*

Fast day in new England.

The following account of a fast day seems more like a burlesque on the term than an actual statement of facts. We copy it from the New York Chronicle. It would seem that the New Englanders are fast people to allow such a misappropriation of terms to continue.

Following the habit of their Puritan predecessors, the New England Governors yearly appoint a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer—generally one of the early spring days. But although the the pious custom continues, the pious observance of it is fallen into as great and notorious disuse as the "blue laws," which had a similar origin. A few elderly persons obey the Governor's proclamation by going to church to hear the minister's fast-day sermon, and a still farther diminished number follow out the letter of it by an actual fast. The majority of the descendants of the Puritans celebrate the day in a way to surprise their pious progenitors. This is the day of all days for sport. In the country, while the select few are listening in the church, on the village green the boys and young men are enjoying with zest games of base-ball and quoits. And in the cities a variety of pleasures engage the people. In Boston, in accordance with an innovation upon the ancient observance of the day, the Fire Companies of the city meet upon the common, around a high liberty pole, for a trial of skill. This, of course, occupies a large crowd of pumpers and lookers-on. After this fast-day amusement is over, the gallant firemen retire to a hall, and partake of their fast-day dinner, as the Boston papers speak of it, and which is not as some persons might imagine a feast of dry herbs, bread and water, but a sumptuous repast, with an admirable "bill of fare." Various other methods of enjoying the day prevail, but this is a fair sample of them. The incongruous dinners and banquets are not at all rare, and the managers of the theatres and operas lay themselves out to present unusual attractions on fast day night.

A New Hampshire paper, under the head of "Fast-day Exercises," describes the way the day was observed in Nashua in that State. It says that the usual programme and other things were successfully gone through. "First in order was the display of the fire department," at which the hook and ladder company, the hydrant companies, and the engine companies were all present to show the citizens "how admirably" they are protected against the ravages of fire. "Then" says this report, "there was the gathering together of the precious few who feel that they owe anything to the Almighty, either of thankfulness or penitence, for blessings or sins, or who seem to ask any favor at His hands—and we believe two churches held them all, with ample room for more. The preachers preached and the singers sung, and then they went—to dinner." After these unimportant services were over, and a good dinner was eaten, "the Governor's Horse Guards tried the mettle of their chargers on the fair ground;" while, for those who preferred indoor diversions, a performance was given by "somebody's improvised Ethiopians." "The fair ground," however, proving too small a field for the "aspirations" of the equestrians, we next find them parading the streets of the city, "with horses prancing, bugles sounding, dolmans waving, and sabres gleaming," on their way to the Pearl Street House—query, their place of worship?—to partake of a "very rich entertainment." In the evening, the City Hall was crammed full, on the occasion of an instrumental and vocal concert. And thus ended, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the annual religious (?) festival of Fast Day in Nashua."

Agriculture.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answers to the Enquiries of "Novice."

MESSRS. EDITORS,

In answer to your Colchester Correspondent's enquiries, I will just say,

1. That I have raised two orchards partly from seed and partly from the nursery, and experience has taught me that the time to prune fruit trees is after the leaves have fallen, when the sap of the tree has returned to the roots. There is no danger then of destroying any of the blood of the tree. After pruning you should be very careful to grease the part where it has been cut from, and wrap it up snugly with something that will shed the water, till the following autumn, then remove it if you please.

2. As to the treatment of the orchard ground after the trees have been set out, it should be tilled for three years, and plentifully manured with stable manure,—long manure if you please—then lay it down to grass, taking care in autumn to manure each tree with about a wheel-

barrow load, on the surface of the soil, close to the stem of the tree, which, in the spring, may be removed and spread out about six feet each way from the tree. If the orchard ground becomes mossy it will need plowing again, but care should be taken not to plow too deeply, for by so doing the life-roots of the trees will be injured and its growth prevented.

3. As to a remedy for wood-borers: prepare yourself with a tree-scraper, made something like a corn hoe, with a half-moon hollow on the outer edge, so that it will fit the surface of the tree. Early in the Spring scrape all the loose bark from the tree, taking care not to go through the life-bark. Then wash the tree with strong soap-suds. If once trying does not destroy the wood-borers, repeat it the second Spring, and their destruction will be accomplished. A preventive to their appearance is generally accomplished by washing the trees with the same solution the first three years after they are set out. When washed in the trees, rub the brush on hard, so that the soap-suds will enter the holes of the borer, which will cause instant death.

4. As respects the setting out of spruce trees for hedges, I know nothing, and must therefore leave that for others.

I remain your most obedient servant,

SAMUEL HUNT, Senr.

Greenfield, Queen's Co., May 5th, 1860.

[We are much obliged to the author of the above for the valuable information he has given in his brief replies.—ED. C. M.]

Experiments—A new Movement.

MR. EDITOR:—The following subjects for Experiment were recently given out in the Concord Farmers' Club. The results will be reported the next winter.

To J. B. Farmer—Winter and spring barley to be sowed on the same kind of land, and the crops compared. Mr. F. sowed a piece of ground with winter barley last fall. To the same—Fowl meadow in comparison with red-top and berdsgrass.

To Willis Bean—Plow the whole field ten inches. On one portion spread the manure on the sod, and plow under. On another portion cover the manure five inches. On another portion three inches; and note the result on hoed crops and on the grain and grass following.

To Joseph Brown—Seeding to grass with rye, oats, wheat and barley.

To Minot Pratt—Soiling cows during the months of June, July, August and September. To keep an exact account of cost in extra labor, &c.

To N. H. Warren—Liquid manure as compared with compost for corn.

To J. W. Brown—Cooking Indian and oil meal for milch cows in comparison with the same used raw.

To A. H. Wheeler—The culture of roots, with the rows at different distances.

To F. Wood, Jr.—Improving pasture land by the use of various fertilizers.

To Hiram Jones—Cultivating squash and other vines by the use of different manures.

To Willis Bean—Warm and cold drink for cows, alternating several times, two weeks at a time.

To Hiram Jones and John Brown, 2d—Poultry—the best feed to produce eggs.

To James P. Brown and Daniel Tarbell—Top-dressing with mud, impregnated with sulphur, to be applied in different quantities.

To Minot Pratt—Corn and potatoes in alternate rows, and carrots and beets in do.

To Simon Brown—Cranberries on high land.

To Charles A. Hubbard and Cyrus Jarvis—Top-dressing grass land in autumn with green manure and with fine compost of equal value; and top-dressing and seeding as a means of improving and preserving the qualities of grass on low land without plowing.

To E. W. Bull—Special manures—their effects upon vegetation and comparative value.

To F. E. Bigelow—Barn manures for cultivating trees in grass land.

Other experiments were suggested, among which were the comparative productiveness of different varieties of corn—Fallow tillage as a means of improving the soil, &c.

I send you this list as a suggestion to other clubs, and to farmers who do not belong to any clubs, to try these or other experiments, and carefully note the results.

Yours truly, J. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

N. E. Farmer.

A PARTIAL SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Take a quantity of barley, and roast it by a gentle heat, till of a light brown color. Stir in among it a lump of butter on taking from the oven. This is to be ground and mixed with the coffee in equal proportions. Infuse in the usual manner. The beverage is scarcely to be distinguished in flavor from pure coffee.

Coffee may be very much improved by the addition of a small quantity of carrots, thinly sliced, and carefully dried and browned in a moderate oven. A handful added to the coffee before boiling, gives more body to it, and greatly enriches the flavor.

WASH FOR APPLE TREES.—As a preventive to the Borer, make nearly a pailful of soap-suds—not too strong—add a little pulverized brimstone, then manure, and enough clay to make it adhesive. This wash should be applied three or four times during the summer months, or as often as it comes off the tree.—S. L. WHITE, in N. E. Farmer.