

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 30th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

For Repeating. For Reading.
John xxi. 1-5. Acts i. 1-14.

DECEMBER 7th, 1856.

Subject.—MATTHIAS CHOSEN TO THE APOSTLESHIP.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts i. 1-5. Acts i. 15-26.

THE DEW.

"Mamma," said little Isabel,
"While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep ;

"For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.

"I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad,
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad.

Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

"Mamma, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God's watchful love and care
Through the dark midnight hours,

"I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep ;
And then perhaps they'd bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down,
Each morn and evening new.

"The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers,
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

"Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love hath made ;
O'er all his watchfulness and care,
Are night and day displayed."

Can God see through the Crack ?

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her ; skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than was common. The mother could not account for this manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door ?"

"Yes," said his mother.
"And can he see when it is all dark there ?"
"Yes," answered the mother, "God can see every where and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and he'll tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake ; and I am sorry, very sorry," and bowing his head on his mother's lap he burst out a crying.

Poor little boy ; all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made them afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother. You see how his wrong doing separated him from her. He was no longer at ease in her sight. His peace was gone. This is the way sin divides us from God. We don't love to be in his sight. We are not happy there. We hide away from Him, and try to forget Him.

How did George get back to his mother ? How did he get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame ? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him, no doubt, and he tasted again the sweets of nestling close beside her, and loving to be in her dear society. He was restored to her confidence and love.

THE following anecdote is told of Rev. Albert Barnes. Being sometime, (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time. "Well then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about ?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about an hour and a half too long !"

In the Irish language the electric telegraph is called "Sgeal abata bolta," the literal translation of which is, "News upon stilts."

Select Tale.

CARNHAM.

THE RECORD OF A DAY.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

In the "best kitchen" of a large farm-house in Shire, there sat, not many years ago, a pale but smiling girl. Bending over a book which she had found in rambling as a privileged guest over the old dwelling, she ever and anon suffered a merry laugh to ring out on the air, as some quaint picture or some old-time story attracted her attention. It was a pleasant thing to hear that mirthful sound, and mark the down-cast lids, the head-supporting hand, the parted lips, of her who gave it utterance. She was not tall, nor fair, nor had she "chiselled features," yet any poet in the world would tell you she was beautiful. And as she looked up, after a while, to mark the gathering clouds that told of coming storm, her deep eyes shone forth lustreously, and brightened all her face. For a moment darksome tresses floated on the breeze, as their possessor flung the casement wide to mark the cloud-shade climbing up the hill ; while, all the poet-nature she could call her own aroused within her, the colour came and went upon her cheek ; then shutting out the rain-drops, she turned quietly—oh, strange descent !—to listen to the murmurs of a rough domestic, whose morning plans had been disturbed by the unexpected shower.

"Ah, Susan," she exclaimed, in a voice as sweet as it was earnest, "it is well for us that God does not give us all we wish. He is wiser than we."

What the girl might have replied will never be known, for just then a stalwart form appeared in the doorway, and a hearty voice exclaimed, "Hurra ! three splendid showers this morning ! Coming down as hard as it can pelt ! Oh, Mary, just stand on the threshold a minute, and smell the freshness ! We shall soon bring the roses here !" and the speaker lightly laid his hand on the soft cheek of "Cousin Mary."

She looked up with a smile and said, "Ah, Walter, you can only try. God pour His blessings on your efforts, if it be His will !"

"Right, little lady ! I am a blunt fellow, but I feel all you say ; and it's a good thing, Mary, when the heart, at the hearing of prayer, can always say, 'Amen !'"

A fresh breeze came just then, and played with the dark tresses of the listening girl. She thrust back the heavy bands and looked up once again. "Thank you, dear Walter, for those words. They comfort me. I have been here some hours—nearly twenty-four—and you have not, in all your welcome, spoken anything I love so well."

Walter looked out into the rain, but did not speak. Mary stood watching him with a strange interest. And, indeed, in the powerful frame, the broad deep chest, the noble, if not handsome, features, and the brown curls of short but glossy hair that clustered round his ample brow, even a stranger might have found a subject for deep study. Yet it was in the eye that Mary Varnall read the things most pleasing to her, and, as she stood beside him on the threshold, the color came and went upon her cheek once more, and tears began to glisten in her own calm watchful orbs. Suddenly Walter turned towards his cousin.

"You are disappointed in me, Mary !"
She started. "Tell me," he said, "be frank with me, my child, my friend, my sister. Are you not ?"

"Yes and no, both," was her reply.
"How so ?"

"Your heart-history is a grand study for me ; I have been absorbed in it for at least ten minutes."

He looked surprised. "What have you read ?" he asked.

"Love to God and man ; but not enough. A seeking after truth, but a lack of great success. A certain degree of self-knowledge, but a dread of further progress. All this, and perhaps more."

"But about the disappointment ?"

"May I speak freely ?" Mary's glance met his, as she waited for a reply, and she felt that she might say all she wished.

"There is no domestic altar here," she said ; "there is no household religion ; your wife looks up to you for teaching, but in vain ; your servants have no instructor."

There was a long silence. Then Walter took the little hand in his, and said with fervour, "May God bless you, Mary, I am glad you have come here."

Carnham was very beautiful. In the midst of breezy uplands stood the quaint farm-house, its chimney pouring out the curling smoke, its windows peeping forth through climbing vines and rose-trees. Behind it, far away, the haze-crowned hills of distant counties met the eye ; and nearer, park and village, farm and forest, varied the lovely scene. And Walter Varnall was a worthy habitant of such a spot. Compelled by circumstances to settle down to the life of a small farmer, he had suffered no false pride to hinder his success. With his own hands he toiled, and, in the toil, a health robust as joyous came to his possession. Gradually the lessons of his earlier life, with the exception of those connected with religion, began to be affected. He no longer cared for refinement and fashion ; and in his quiet seclusion I am afraid that even his love of reading had begun to forsake him. Still he was a noble fellow ; open in hand, open in heart ; respected in his circle, beloved in his household almost beyond expression. Of all his relatives—he had not very many—but one continued to feel an interest in the country cousin of Carnham ; that one was Mary Varnall. An orphan, possessed of moderate competence, she had chosen, in time of health, to secure in various ways the power of doing good by becoming a daily governess in the family of a friend ; but now that sickness had come, she rested from her toil beside the Carnham hearth. Walter was glad to see the child, for child she was to him—he had carried her on his shoulder in her early home, and had been her most effective comforter when first death entered there,—but he felt that he was changed. Ten years ago he had visited her in her city boarding-school, and then, his own heart deeply conscious at that time of the joy of a soul set free, he had listened to the simple story of her conversion to God. But since that hurried meeting, they had only held intercourse by letter. Those letters ; how much good resulted from them. On Mary's part, the correspondence showed an increasing appreciation of all that is high, and true, and holy ; on the part of Walter there appeared little but deep pleasure in the communications of his child-teacher. Perhaps the full revealing of the blessings of that time will be kept until the last great day. And then they met.

The second evening of the visit came, and, as the shadows fell, three figures bent over the wood fire at the farm. Brightly the flame lit up the cheerful room, revealing the high dresser and the long deal table with its arrangements for the evening meal. Strangely it fell upon the faces of the trio, husband and wife, and friend. Walter was the first to speak.

"This life is strange to you, Mary."

"Yes, but very pleasant."

"We are rough, compared to your friends at R—," said Mrs. Varnall, quietly ; "but the scenery can make amends ; that is refined enough for anybody."

"Yes," replied the visitor, gaily, "and so are you, dear Ellen. I would rather have the hearty welcome you gave me, than all the mere commonplace greetings in the world."

"Ellen," said Walter, gravely, as he looked his thanks for Mary's little speech, and then turned lovingly towards his wife, "we have neglected our domestic worship. Shall we not give a pleasure to our Mary greater than any that mere words could impart, if we agree to mark the time of her visit by raising an altar here ?"

Ellen's eyes were full of tears, and she tried in vain to speak. Mary, who had shaded her face with her hand, desired not to break the silence, holy and yet almost painful, which marked the confession of neglected duty on the part of a husband, whose solemn task it was to lead the timid, hesitating partner he had chosen. Ellen had hinted that morning at a lack of sympathy with Walter on the most important of all subjects, but she had not revealed to Mary the deep sadness which a morbid temperament and isolated religious life had brought her. Ah, had but he so strong, and, in her view, of so large experience, advised her, cared for her, prayed with her ; had he but sought her confidence ! But no ; in all else they were one, in this they were utter strangers.

It was over. The gulf was passed, and the wife wept in her beloved one's arms over the soul-divisions of long years, while Mary stole away that there might be no hindrance to the intercourse of heart with heart.

Walter felt deeply. There was something in the very atmosphere surrounding Mary Varnall that seemed to reproach him for his lukewarmness and wandering. His was by no means an uncommon character ; firmness was the thing he lacked. Ardently he desired to be useful and consistent. He could plan, and in the planning evince no small ability ; but until now he had

seldom accomplished anything beyond the negative good at which he hinted.

"Ah, wife," he said, "how much there is in influence ! Mary has taught me many a lesson to-day, and now, even while you ask me for instruction, I am learning from your earnestness to feel ashamed of my shortcoming. Thus can we help one another."

Time passed, and Mary did not return. Then Ellen went to seek her and told her all her joy. And when the household, had been gathered, and the deep voice of its head was heard to utter forth the words of the Book, and lifted in simple child-like prayer, there were few hearts untouched, few eyes, perhaps, unmoistened by a tear. It was an era in that home.

As Mary Varnall passed to the pleasant room set apart for her beneath her cousin's roof, she heard a step behind her, and turning, saw the rough farm-servant of whom we have before had occasion to speak.

"Ah, Susan. Did you wish to speak to me ?" Yes, Susan did wish it ; she wanted to open her mind to Miss Mary, if so be she might make so bold.

"Certainly," Miss Mary said. "Come in and tell me all."

Then in half-broken sentences, the poor girl told of her sincere repentance over the angry complaints concerning the weather to which she had given utterance that morning, and ended by describing the impression which her master's prayer an hour ago had made upon her mind.

"Oh, help me, ma'am," she continued in her simple earnest way. "I want to find the comfort master told about ; I have no Bible of my own."

And Mary gave her a Bible, and preached Christ in few but touching words. They knelt in prayer, and Susan, weeping, went her way. Then a light form might have been seen to pass along the gallery leading to Mrs. Varnall's room.

"Oh, Ellen, I came to tell you of good done already by your hearth-side worship." And Mary gave the history. Ellen was deeply touched. Of all her servants—and she had trained many—not one had ever come to her for comfort under conviction ; and until now not one had been impressed beneath her roof with the importance of religious truth. Her conscience smote her ; and her large eyes filled with tears.

"Mary," she said, "your first day here is over ; but its record is in my heart."

Temperance.

Yarmouth Co. Temperance Convention.

The Yarmouth County Temperance Convention held its seventh Annual Meeting at Deerfield Baptist Meeting House, Oct. 14, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Meeting opened by singing and prayer by Rev. J. A. Stubbart.

The President (Rev. G. Christie,) then addressed the meeting at some length in his usually interesting manner—after which the Rules of Order were read, and also the minutes of the last meeting.

Various Reports were read from the Societies composing the Convention, and Committees were appointed to carry out its objects.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Convention again assembled.

The following resolutions were offered, discussed, (and, we presume, passed.)

"That the Temperance cause is one of vital importance to the present and future well-being of society, and well worthy of our earnest and continual exertions."

Moved by Rev. H. Angell, seconded by Rev. J. A. Stubbart.

Resolved, That the Legislature in refusing the prayer of the petition for a prohibitory law, violated one of the first principles of a free constitution, inasmuch as there is no doubt that a majority of the people in the Province are in favor of such a law, of which they could not have been ignorant.

Moved by Chas. Pinkney, seconded by Wm. Churchill, and supported by Rev. Mr. Christie and others, and after some discussions, pro and con, was passed.

Resolved, That this convention consider the principles of Temperance of such importance that we reiterate the resolution of last year respecting the necessity of sustaining for office tried friends of Temperance.

Moved by J. Shaw, seconded by W. Burrill. The convention then appointed the following officers for the ensuing year.

President—Rev. J. A. Stubbart.

Secretary—Rev. W. G. Goucher.

Treasurer—B. B. Moses, Esq.

At a special meeting of the Temperance Convention held in the Temperance Hall, Hebron, on Nov. 10, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The President, Rev. J. A. Stubbart, in the chair, the following resolution was passed unanimously.

That Wm. Churchill, Esq., be put in nomination, as Warden for the Municipality of Yarmouth, at the coming election of Nov. 18, 1856.