

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 24th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST COMFORTS HIS DISCIPLES IN VIEW OF HIS SEPARATION FROM THEM.

For Repeating. For Reading. John xiii. 33-35. | John xiv. 1-14.

AUGUST 31st, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST CONTINUES HIS FAREWELL DISCOURSE WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

For Repeating. For Reading. John xiv. 1-3. | John xiv. 15-31.

Selections.

[The following extract of a letter by Archbishop Leighton to his sister, will be recognized as peculiarly appropriate to many others who have had their Johnnies and Willies taken away, we must not say by the rude hand of Death, but by Him who has the keys of death and the grave, even by Jesus who has loved them and given himself to purchase for them a place in his kingdom. To a believer, death is only a conquered foe; and can act only under the direction of Jesus, who submitted for the purpose of overcoming and rescuing from his grasp, those for whom he died. It occurred to us as if it were written almost expressly to suit a case of recent occurrence.]

Johnny's Death.

"Indeed, it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your pretty Johnny was dead. Sweet thing! and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he. Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor being sick, nor of dying; and hath wholly escaped the troubles of schooling, and all other sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of riper years; this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed by us all. John has but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children used to do, and we are addressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down. It shall refresh me to hear from you soon."—Archbishop Leighton.

Small Beginnings, Terrible Endings.

About ten o'clock on Saturday evening, September 2nd, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's shop, near to the spot on which the Monument of London now stands. In its commencement it was but a little fire, and every one who saw it said it would very soon be extinguished. Notwithstanding these favourable predictions it continued to spread. Adjoining houses were soon enveloped in the devouring flames, and by noon of the next day, John Evelyn, who was a spectator of it, writes, "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking thunder of the impetuous flames,—the shrieking of women and children,—the hurry of people,—the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day." Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, several hospitals, schools, and public libraries; a very great number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, and upwards of four hundred streets, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Holland, as is well known, is a country a considerable part of which is lower than the sea which surrounds it, and which is kept out by large embankments, called "dykes." Many years ago it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water had begun to ooze through, although in small quantity. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood was called, to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon any-

thing, because it was considered such a very little evil; nothing would hurt, they said, as the quantity of water that came through was so small, and some future time would do very well to remedy the evil. Not very many weeks after that meeting, one beautiful Sabbath evening, when a more than usual calm serenity rested upon everything, without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by the apparently insignificant evil, destroyed several considerable towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and more than one hundred inhabitants. A small beginning but a terrible ending!

Reader, beware of the small beginning of sin, for even a sinful thought indulged may have a terrible ending. A single glass may prove the seed of drunkenness. An impure look may be the prelude of a ruined character. The acquisition of a penny by questionable means may be the first step towards Sadlier's crime and end! Being a mere spectator at horse-racing, may be the beginning of a course like Palmer's! Wherefore, crush your sins in the bud, and "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—Appeal.

An aged Baptist Minister in the Pulpit

The Rev. Ebenezer Burt is one of the oldest Baptist ministers in Massachusetts. He was born in Norton, 1766; experienced religion when fourteen years old; commenced preaching in 1794, and was ordained in 1797, standing upon a great rock, in Hardwick, Mass. It was here he collected a Baptist church, and continued pastor of the same until 1846, at which time the church removed to Ware Village to form a new interest there. The whole number of sermons preached by Father Burt are 4966. Whole number of Baptisms 197. Married 1941 persons, and attended 322 funerals. The aged father in the ministry preached recently in the Baptist church in Athol Depot Village. Text, Acts 26: 22; "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come." He considered 1st, God's providential care of his creatures. That it was by His watchful care over us who are present to-day, that we have been continued. 2nd. What is the state in which we have been continued? Is it a state of love and obedience, or a state of hatred and disobedience? 3rd. Witnessing to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come. Here the speaker remarked that the day in which his text was uttered, was an important day to Paul, inasmuch as he was that day to give an account of himself to King Agrippa, &c. He then observed that this day was an important day to him, not because he stood before an earthly monarch, but because he stood before the King of Heaven, to whom he must soon give account of himself. Here he refers to his age, saying, that this day I am ninety years old. He then gave an interesting account of his Christian experience and call to the ministry. He spoke for an hour and twenty minutes to a full and attentive audience, closing with a solemn exhortation to the unconverted. It is the prayer of the writer, that the earnest appeals, which this aged and faithful servant of God, made to sinners, may not be lost, but be as good seed, which shall spring up and bear fruit.

A HEARER.

What is your Life?

Life, in some, is a cry of wonder, and exclamation of surprise, an expression of amazement at this mysterious universe, and their own mysterious being. Life, in some, is a cry of pain, an outburst of sorrow and anguish; "a groaning that cannot be" fully "uttered," the agonizing accents of grief, grief from physical suffering, grief from adversities of their lot, grief from social pressure on the heart's affections. Life, in some, is a cry of joy, a voice of gladness, the rapid, incoherent speech of ecstatic feeling. I do not ask which of these your life is; nor does it much signify in relation to the most important of all matters. Be it the expression of wonder, pain, or joy, it may be sad or glorious; it may be the wonder of a believing or a skeptical spirit; it may be the pain of a patient or angry spirit; it may be the joy of a spirit whose portion is the world, or whose portion is the Lord.—But I do ask you, what is the temper and form of your life? With many, it is

but an oath; the irreverent display of evil passions, of disaffection, hate and levity; a taking of all things in vain; a revelation of enmity against God and godliness; a proof and a gratification of irreligion; a forgetfulness of all that should be remembered, a neglect of all that should be cared for; a dislike of all that should be loved, a disobedience of all that should be submitted to. But there are many with whom life is a prayer; its exclamations are like ejaculatory supplications; the pouring out of the heart in adoration, petition, praise; the expression of dependence, desire, devotion. Their experiences and acts have the nature of worship, homage, intercession. Their feelings are wrought into song and service. Not only when they speak, not even only when they think, but evermore, their life is a practical form of a believing, loving, resigned spirit; and when it shall have passed away as a cry, that spirit will still retain its vitality and vigour, and find more worthy utterance, and a more worthy audience.—Rev. A. J. Morris.

BAPTISM: A Parable.

MR. WALLACE, in his "Christian Baptism," says:—"Baptism is one of the parables of Christ. It is a picture parable—a parable or symbol of salvation. 'The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.'—1 Peter iii. 21. Baptism in England was originally practised by immersion. It was afterwards changed to pouring or sprinkling. There was no scriptural authority for this change; but the power of custom or convenience obtained, and has continued up to the present. Several of our protestant divines, flying into Germany and Switzerland during the bloody reign of Queen Mary, and returning home when Queen Elizabeth came to the crown, brought back with them a great zeal for the protestant churches beyond the sea, where they had been sheltered and received; and having observed, that at Geneva and other places that baptism was administered by sprinkling, they thought they could not do the church of England a greater service than by introducing a practice dictated by so great an authority as Calvin."

Refrigeration.

We are glad to learn that this safe and almost painless anesthetic agent is rapidly gaining favor among surgeons. By freezing the part, more or less, according to the case, many of the minor surgical operations, such as the removal of tumours, the extracting of teeth, the destruction of morbid growths and abnormal surfaces, can be performed with almost entire immunity from suffering, and with none of the danger attending the use of chloroform.

One of our city dentists is now extracting teeth in this way, to the great delight of those who have not the fortitude to endure pain, and who fear chloroform and other narcotic anesthetics. Nothing is easier than the application of the freezing mixture. Two parts of snow or pounded ice to one part of common table salt, makes a convenient frigorific. The ingredients may be mixed and placed in a linen rag, a piece of fine gauze, or a bladder, or in a hollow brass ball constructed so as to fit the part or surface, and held in contact a few minutes, or until the requisite degree of congelation has taken place. The gums are so thin that they are frozen by a few moments' application, when the rotten tooth, decayed stump, offending prong, or other remnant of "odontology," may be taken out before the gums recover their sensibility. As many deaths have occurred in persons apparently in good health, while under the influence of chloroform, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, we commend this plan to all who have teeth to be pulled, or who delight in dental surgery.—Water Cure Journal.

GOOD TEMPER.—Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects, a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

COMFORT FOR DULL BOYS.—Lord Cockburn, in his "Memorials," states that, when at school, he was flogged about once every ten days, never got a single prize, and once sat booby at the annual public examination.

Temperance.

For the Christian Messenger.

DIREFUL EFFECTS OF RUM!

"A fact and not a fiction."

BY J. C. HURD.

Earthquakes, famine, pestilence and war have each added their item to the ponderous aggregate of human woe.—Cities have been laid in ruins,—nations deluged with blood, and millions of defenceless victims have fallen by the hands of merciless despotism. But a foe so monstrously incorrigible and malevolent as STRONG DRINK humanity has never known.

Plague and famine are the visitations of an all-wise providence whose retributive justice occasionally resorts to those methods of signal severity to correct and humble flagitious offenders; and war, with all its dread and desolating realities has often been rendered subservient to the prosperity and best interests of nations and men. But RUM is Satan's own elixir, and the deadliest foe of our race. Its effects are beyond all calculation evil—only evil, and that continually.

The following painful, but authentic narrative, will add another leaf to the ponderous volume in which its deeds of darkness, infamy and death are indelibly inscribed.

Situated near the mouth of a beautiful harbour in Nova Scotia, is a small Island, abounding with delectable and picturesque scenery. Nature's skill has richly embellished it with much that is "pleasant to the eye and good for food." Beyond its boundaries you may gaze upon the glassy surface of the deep blue sea sparkling in the sun's bright rays, and dotted with vessels gliding hither and thither towards their respective destinations.

In its centre are fields blooming with every variety of luxuriant vegetation, and delightfully intersected by purling rivulets and streams gurgling along in their gravelly course, and offering a soothing beverage to the sleek animals grazing by their grassy borders. Facing the sea on the eastern side is a forest of oaks, rearing their stately heads above the highest eminences, with an appearance of strength and grandeur which seems to indicate a conscious majesty. Their verdant foliage rustling in the gentle breeze blends with the sweet sounds of their native choristers as they carol forth in strains of unwonted melody.

Opposite on a mound sloping to the edge of the water, is a neatly finished cottage encircled by a grove of ornamental trees, their graceful branches thick with foliage hanging round it like a curtain richly embroidered by nature's skillful hand.

Enclosed is a beautiful garden, cultivated with profound taste, and decorated with the choicest beauties of nature. There flowers of every hue meet you with a graceful smile, and roses unfold their blushing petals, around which zephyrs linger in playful dalliance and fill the air with sweet perfume,—and but for sin would render the little blooming parterre a fac-simile of ancient Paradise.

This Island was the sole property of a Mr. A. B., whose family consisted of a wife and an only daughter. When he chose it as his place of residence about twelve years ago, a more shrewd, active and generous creature could scarcely have existed—the very image of health, cheerful, intelligent, respectable and respected. He was the pride and joy of his family at home;—a general favourite of his friends abroad.—Upright in his dealings, and moral in his deportment.—Though he made no pretensions to experimental piety, yet he was destitute of few good qualities that an irreligious man could possess.

His wife was economical, industrious and prudent. She was naturally of a mild and amiable disposition—capable of reciprocating her husband's tenderest affections—which, combined with profound and exemplary piety rendered her all that was necessary to make her home a scene of exquisite delight. Their daughter at a very early age began to evince a rather more than ordinary degree of mental vivacity, and acuteness of perception, and an intelligent interest in all subjects of conversation. She enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, which combined with unaffected sensibility—modesty and self-possession made her an object of general admiration. Altogether, their home was a scene of real comfort and domestic felicity.

But though we thus describe them—and the