

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 28th, 1856.

Subject.—PETER'S SERMON CONTINUED.—CONVERSION OF THREE THOUSAND PERSONS.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts ii. 32-36. | Acts ii. 37-47.

JANUARY 4th, 1857.

Subject.—THE LAME MAN HEALED.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts ii. 41-45. | Acts iii. 1-16.

The "Christian Messenger" to its Youthful Readers.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, young friends and A HAPPY NEW YEAR, when it comes. Although we cannot hear you return the wish to us, yet we will take it for granted that you desire in your hearts, that we may partake of some of your joys.

We have the happiness of being the Family Newspaper to a large number of firesides in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and other parts of the world, we shall therefore consider ourselves if not one of the family circle, entitled to a place amongst you, as a friend and brother, and should be glad to shake hands with you all, from the little wee bairn that reaches out to get all the playthings, up to the boys and girls, the young men and women, father, mother, grand-father and grand-mother, and exchange with you all the pleasant family greetings of the season.

We have many things we would say to you about this pleasant time,—some things occur to us which should make us serious, and some might even cause us to feel sad, but we will not allow them to prevent us now from thinking of our mercies and getting some of the pleasures of your happy society.

If we could only tell you of half the presents which have been brought home, and put away carefully, to be taken out on Christmas day morning, the list would fill up all our space. We will only congratulate you that you live in these days when such great improvements have been made in this respect. How many useful playthings are now made so as to give you lasting pleasure—how many beautiful pictures and books are published so as to please at the same time that they instruct. No doubt many of you have some of the books which were given for Christmas presents years ago and are not tired of keeping and reading them now. This is some inducement for your friends to select again for you.

Some people think that the pleasure of this season consists principally in eating and drinking. Well, it is a mercy if we are allowed to take what is necessary, with a good appetite, indicating that we are in the enjoyment of vigorous health, but there are things sometimes taken at this season which are highly injurious—the youthful readers of the Christian Messenger will not require our advice to touch not, taste not, handle not, those things which are causing so much sorrow and misery to the wives and families of the drunkard. The only safety is in *totally abstaining*. As this is, with many, a season of feasting we will just offer a word with regard to that.

We wish you to enjoy the greatest amount of happiness in this world as well as the next and advise you to be guided by your best friends in this particular, and submit with cheerfulness to their requests.

As you are now free from the usual attendance at school, and are allowed to spend more of your time in amusements, than when you have lessons to prepare at home, we would say something about the best way of making these more pleasant, but as it would take up so much room, we will only now give you three rules which will help you to derive all the pleasure and benefit which these can give. Let, then, your amusements be—First, At a proper time: Second, With suitable companions: Third, In a becoming manner. With these limitations we may encourage you to partake of the cup of pleasure without danger. In all, however, you must expect disappointment, and remember that the highest pleasure to be known on earth is in loving and serving God and doing good to others. Endeavour rather to give pleasure to others, than get it yourselves. There can be no happiness without LOVE. Where this binds the hearts of all together around the fireside, whether the Christmas dinner consists of a scanty supply of the commonest fare or is composed of the best productions of many climes and distant countries, there will be as much of happiness as can reasonably be expected in a world where so

much sin exists. And now young friends, again we wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and hope that we may be spared to meet again and enjoy many more such greetings whilst we remain,

Your old friend,
THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

How to make a School interesting.

BY B. C. HOBBS.

THE TRUSTEES, PATRONS and VISITORS of a school can add to its interests by an occasional call, to see how cheering little boys and girls look when engaged in school, and at play out. It adds interest to a school to have a visitor, at a suitable time, pass quietly around the room, notice the writing, and the book, and make a pleasing remark, now and then, that will at the same time serve for a home hint. Visitors thus interested, will be listened to with much interest, should they speak in a collected capacity of some important objects, to which their attention should be turned, whilst forming their manners and character in early life. No one can thus be engaged in school visiting without feeling the goodness of the human heart warmed up, and this interest will ever be reciprocated.

Again, when the hour for play arrives, to inspect the propriety of their conduct and language, and even to teach them by example how to play, would be no mean thing. For the old and the young to mingle together in blythe animation, is often calculated to win the heart of the young alien, and

"It stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye."

The man who feels and acts thus, can ever have a strong influence over the young, without lessening his dignity by his familiarity.

PARENTS can add greatly to the interest of the school by co-operating with the teacher in providing suitable books comfortable seats, good wood, and keeping the house in repair. Parents can teach a teacher to live in hope, and labor with good zest, by making prompt payment when his services are performed.

A TEACHER can make his school interesting by preserving an even, happy temper, and firm discipline in all he does, and by seeking, to make his students happy, rather than the contrary. He can suspend all study at a suitable hour, and relate some amusing anecdote about a chesnut burr, an acorn, a bad boy, a good girl, a boy who loved his book at school, spiders, snakes, mice, insects, fish, hawks, the sun, moon, comets, how to learn fast, or any thing else; or if he can not tell a story to his notion, let him cull from juvenile books and papers a variety that may be read. A pleasurable sensation will be felt throughout the school on such occasions, and when books are again to be taken, study will commence with great spirit. Familiarity without nonsense will ever increase the respect a school may have for a teacher, and add to his influence and dignity.

He should secure maps, apparatus, and other means for interesting his school, and facilitating their instruction. Monotony and dullness will leave, as fast as these things come in, and an interest will be awakened that will not be easily destroyed.

Should a teacher think that his school will not justify much expense for apparatus, he may soon hunt up quite a variety of a home-made kind, which will put half the boys in the neighborhood to work in imitation. A love for natural science will soon manifest itself, and some Liebig or Lavoisier will soon discover a latent power of mind that has heretofore been with the "desert thistle."

Selections.

Falling from Grace.

Several years ago, when the Rev. Abel Pearson, D. D., was travelling on a preaching tour through East Tennessee, he stopped to spend the night with a relative in Sevier county.

"Cousin John," the name he familiarly applied to his kinsman, was a Methodist, and it was not long until the Doctor and Cousin John were conversing very earnestly on the subject of religion. Cousin John remarked that he was a Methodist from experience—being himself a living witness of the truth of Mr. Wesley's doctrine of falling from grace. And he proceeded to relate to Dr. Pearson that part of his history which he regarded as conclusive on the subject in question. He had, he said, experienced a change of heart many years previous—and although he had run well for a season, enjoying the undoubted presence of God, yet he had unhappily fallen—lost the last vestige of religion. By-and-by the grace of God sought

him out again, and he was converted a second time, and then he was confident he was a child of God. Thus, in his own experience, had he the clearest proof of the truth of the doctrine of falling from grace.

Having concluded this triumphant argument in favor of his favorite doctrine, he paused for Dr. Pearson to reply; but the Doctor only looked solemn, and ejaculated, "What a pity!"

Silence ensued for some minutes. At length Dr. Pearson asked—"Are you perfectly sure that you experienced a change of heart that first time?"

Cousin John was quite sure. There could be no mistake. He believed in a religion that he could feel. He always *knew* when he had religion, and when he had it not; and he always *knew* when he got it, and just when he lost it. There was no room for mistake.

"And are you quite sure," continued the Doctor, "that you lost all the religion you got that first time?"

"Yes, quite sure," replied Cousin John. He was perfectly conscious of having lost his religion—indeed he had become worse than he had ever been before.

"What a pity!" again sighed Dr. Pearson. "What a pity!"

For the second and the third times, the same questions were put, and the same answers given, Dr. Pearson only responding, "What a pity, Cousin John, what a pity!"

By this time Cousin John was thoroughly nervous, and asked impatiently, "Why do you say so, Dr. Pearson—why do you say 'What a pity?'"

"Because," replied the Doctor, in that peculiarly solemn manner which so distinguished him, "because if you are not mistaken, you are a lost man, a lost man! Paul says, 'If a man fall away, it is impossible to renew him again,' and if you once had religion, and have lost it, it is a hopeless case with you—there remains nothing in your case, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, that devoureth the adversaries. A lost man! A lost man!"

Cousin John sat silent for some time, evidently in no very enviable state of mind. At length a ray of hope beamed upon his countenance. "Dr. Pearson," said he, "I hadn't thought of the subject just in that light before, and on reflection, I may have been mistaken about having religion that first time; but I thought I had."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Parity of Reasoning.

Lately, at a distribution of prizes in a German village, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their lodgings, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied—
"Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent."

As then, so now.

Suppose a person deeply perplexed about the state of his soul, continually fluctuating between hope and fear, and overwhelmed with grief, were to repeatedly utter this wish: "O that I certainly knew that I should be able to persevere." He might be answered thus: "And what wouldst thou do, if this certain knowledge were bestowed upon thee? Do now, that which thou wouldst then do, and rest secure of thy perseverance."

Instead of indulging anxious inquiries into the future condition of our soul, we should apply ourselves wholly to know what was the good and acceptable will of God, as the only principle and perfection of every good work.—*Thomas Kempis.*

The Lord's Prayer.

How many millions and millions of times has that been proffered by Christians of all denominations! So wide, indeed, is the sound thereof gone forth, that daily, and almost without intermission, from the ends of the earth, and afar off upon the sea, it is ascending to heaven like incense and a pure offering. Nor needs it the gift of prophecy to foretell, that though "heaven and earth shall pass away," these words of our blessed Lord "shall not pass away," till every petition in it has been answered—till the kingdom of God shall come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.—*Montgomery.*

Temperance.

The Doings of Rum.

Within the last year, thousands of our fellow men have been buried in the ignominious grave of the drunkard. Thousands of hearthstones have been desolated, ten of thousands of hearts broken, wives, children, parents, scattered, by the lightnings of this infernal traffic.

What a fearful slaughter, that darkening crime! So many have been transformed into fiends; so many hands have been stained in human blood, and their souls with crime. Stains that never can be washed out have been affixed to so many names.

And so for ages, blood has smoked botly from rum's sacrificial altars. The gallows and the dungeon are as necessary to the rum traffic as pest houses to the plague. A heathen people might plead an excuse for the infernal system. But a Christian people have none. Murder riots in its unbroken feasts of blood. Fiendish butcheries are of common occurrence.

God teaches us that man is of more value than many sparrows. Politicians teach us that rum is more sacred than the interests of the two worlds. But the better day comes steadily on. Human fiends shall not always gorge on human blood with authority. Our presses shall not always give record of revolting and blood butcheries.

Where do they come from?

It is truly lamentable to see the mad rule of drunkenness in our country at this time. Great efforts have been made to stay the stream of black intemperance, but it really seems that no power save that of Omnipotence can ever change its course or dry up its destructive current. Old drunkards die and with their last breath shriek the warning cry that drinking had killed them and that hell yawned to receive them at last, but this has no effect upon those who stagger along the same road to destruction. They see a fellow drunkard die and persuade themselves that it can in no wise be thus with them, and so drink and die. From this cause the hosts of Rum always present unbroken ranks. Thousands fall and thousands are ready to stagger into the places reeking with the blood of the slain. Their death has no terror to them, their dying shriek does not ring in their ears, the ghastly spectacle of a dying man wrestling with imaginary devils fades from their vision when their eyes fall upon the rum bottle. They rely upon their own weakness to resist the insidious approaches of the rum mania, and die a sober man. They lean upon a broken reed, fall and are pierced through and through.

In this way the mad pilgrim path to an unholy shrine is beaten smooth and ever crowded with a rioting host of reckless devotees. They fall with every day's sunlight like the leaves fall in the autumn gale, but the ranks are unbroken. Who fills their places? Young men you will fall in the hurrying ranks if you do not dash the poisonous cup from your lips forever! Rely upon this as truth, for if you taste you make a bold step toward the drunkard's grave.—*Spirit of the Age.*

For the Christian Messenger.

A remonstrance against Tobacco.

Friend, think sensibly on the subject and then tell me why you smoke, chew, and sniff tobacco? When I did so, and was spoken to on the subject, I invariably answered; "It is a filthy idle, wasteful, Turkish practice, but I have acquired the habit and it appears almost impossible to break it off, as I have tried twenty times, but without success. The fact was my mind was not made up to it, so when I felt that craving for my accustomed smoke, I yielded to appetite. If you have used it as long as I have you will know the almost irresistible craving it produces for a continuation of the practice. But if we must 'pluck out right eyes,' and 'cut off right hands which offend us;' how much more break off practices which are offensive to our Creator and our Lawgiver. But you may ask, In what way does it offend God? I reply

- 1st. It offends many of his children; consequently the Father.
- 2nd. It wastes the time He lends us for other and better purposes.
- 3rd. It wastes money.
- 4th. In many cases it wastes our bodies to a mere skeleton.

Let us see what time a smoker wastes during a life of three score years and ten. Supposing he commences at 15 years of age. He smokes thrice a day during 55 years, and spends on an average 5 minutes each time, this is 15 minutes per day, which being multiplied by 395 days, and by 55 years equals 209 days 2 hours some