

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1857.

Subject.—THE RETURN OF PETER AND JOHN TO THEIR OWN COMPANY.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

Acts iv. 18-20.

Acts iv. 23-37.

FEBRUARY 8th, 1857.

Subject.—THE MELANCHOLY DEATH OF ANNANIAS AND SAPPHEIRA.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

Acts iv. 33-35.

Acts v. 1-10.

Ephraim Holding's Homely Hints to Sunday School Teachers.

ARE YOU PATIENT AND PERSEVERING?

Did you ever notice an angler, who had been for hours standing or sitting under an old tree in a quiet nook of the brook, without ever so much as catching one fish? There he stands, and there he will stand by the hour, though he may hardly get so much as a single nibble to afford him encouragement! There comes on a drizzle, and everything around him is dark and uncomfortable; no matter—there he stands. The drizzle turns into a shower, and he is half-drenched to the skin; but neither the drizzle nor the shower drives him from the brook; once his bait has been carried off by the finny tribe, to say nothing of his having dropt his fishing-rod into the brook, but these accidents he regards not. The very image of patience, and steady to his purpose, he still keeps his tranquil eye fixed on the soft gliding or rippling waters. It is not, perhaps, till near the close of the day that he succeeds; then, all at once, he pulls out a fish weighing a full pound.

Ephraim Holding is no angler, but that is no reason why he should not look about him in the world, carefully observing the manners and customs of those around him, and drawing from them, when he can, an apt illustration or lesson of instruction.

The temporal and eternal welfare of only one Sunday scholar is worth more than the sport of years, and all the fish that ever swam in water.

Willingly would I suppose that with the best of all motives you became Sunday school teachers, and that these best of all motives are now urging you on in the conscientious discharge of the duties you have undertaken; but the experience of age, and some knowledge of the human heart, tells me it is much more likely that your motives were mixed with infirmity. Where one of you, with a single eye to God's glory, and the eternal welfare of your scholars, commenced your teaching career, in all probability, ten of you mingled with these motives others of a less praiseworthy kind. Some of you became teachers because you were asked to do so—because others whom you knew were teachers before you—because if you did so, many of your friends would respect you—because you thought that you should like it, or because you considered it to be your duty. But even supposing that love and gratitude for the Redeemer, and unfeigned desire for the spiritual good of your young charge, were the main spring of your actions, it is none the less necessary that you should be warned, and assisted, and encouraged, and urged onwards. Good motives often change their character: they are strong and weak, awake or asleep, as the case may be. At one time they fly like an eagle; at another they creep like a tortoise. At one time they are all life and animation; at another they are comparatively dead.

Love often hangs her head, and sings A faint and languid lay; And faith and duty droop their wings, And loiter on the way.

Holy scripture abounds in pictures. Who can look on the following one, without hating sloth? "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."—Prov. xxiv. 30-34.

Who can gaze on the following portrait of the drunkard, without shrinking at the thought of excess? "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who

hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii. 29-30.

I want to know, that, not as I once said—"when you feel strong; when your school prospers, and your scholars are grateful; when you are listening to some eloquent speech, or reading some talented essay wherein Sunday school teachers are spoken well of; when the sun shines on your heads and in your hearts; but rather in the dull, dark, dabling day, and in the hour of disappointment and despondency"—I want to know that then, in that dark hour, each of you has sufficient zeal, determination, principle and piety, to "look upwards and go onwards," and depending on heavenly aid to say, I have engaged myself in a good cause, and on I will go.

How abundant are the lessons of patience and perseverance with which we are surrounded! The industrious ant appears always to be busy, continually and untiringly occupied. The spider diligently weaves his web, and when it is woven, he assiduously watches for his prey. The bee roves from flower to flower, gathering through the livelong day, without intermission, his honied sweets: the bird labours incessantly to build her nest, and then tends with unwearied care her eggs and callow-brood:—so that if you lack patience, and if you are not persevering, the ant beneath your feet, and the bird above your head, the spider in his web, and the bee on the wing, are all monitors to reprove you. A want of patience and perseverance will sink you in your own estimation and in that of others, while it will effectually prevent your being useful.

Gird up, then, the loins of your minds, and resolve meekly to sustain, and energetically to overcome, the difficulties in your Sunday school path. Do good to your scholars and yourselves, by a diligent attention to your common duties; and in holy things "be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Selections.

Some of the Honors of a Country Pastor.

He is stationed among a people, who are scattered over a large territory. They can hardly support him, yet his whole time is both needed and demanded by them. To be instrumental in keeping religion alive among them, he must study and contrive to make the best possible use of every day. For instance, on Monday morning as he is about engaging in his domestic affairs, a stranger raps at the door, enters, inquires for the pastor and addresses him thus: "Sir, Mr. L— who lives in the town of M—, has lost a child and wishes you to preach the funeral sermon, tomorrow at 10 o'clock A. M." The call must be obeyed. Instead of attending to the wants of his family, he must look up a team for the morrow. On the appointed day, the engagement is fulfilled, and most likely on Wednesday morning he has another call. A messenger is sent to tell him that Mr. R— who lives in the town of M—, has lost his wife and wishes him to attend the funeral to-morrow at 1 o'clock P. M. The minister engages to go, and the day in a measure, is spent in making preparations. Thus after these labors are over and two whole days are spent, he is again home.

At the close of the morning service on the next Lord's day, he is met by a man from the town of D—, who says that Mrs. S— is dead, and we have no minister, and I have come to have you go this afternoon and attend the funeral at 3 o'clock, and I was requested to say that you must not disappoint me. It is fourteen miles to the place, but the demand is so positive that the poor minister cannot refuse; and away he goes, leaving his own people to depend entirely upon the promise, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak."

He reaches home, hungry, faint and exhausted. And after attending these funerals, at very considerable expense to himself, both in time and money, aside from robbing his own people, he receives nothing more than "Thank you," and seldom that. This is only a specimen of what is repeated month after month.

The writer has within a few years past traveled 220 miles at his own expense, and spent much time in attending funerals out of the limits of his own society, for which he never received a farthing. Not however, because the people were poor. Is it owing to their ignorance, or

is it because they think it his duty and honor? Would they think of sending out of town for a school teacher, a physician, or a lawyer to spend both time and money in their service without offering him a reward? No professional men on earth place so high a value upon time as those in the ministry. Why then should they be expected to give it away?—W. & R.

Selected for the Christian Messenger.

Animals of Ancient Britain.

Recent discoveries and examinations in Great Britain have rendered it absolutely certain that *feræ natura* of that island were, in times gone by, larger and more dangerous than the fallow deer and the fox. The natives, long before the days of Caractacus and Julius Caesar, hunted wild beasts as large and ferocious as any to be found in the tangled and luxuriant forests of Ceylon. Elephants and hyenas, at a period of which tradition says nothing, were not confined to the Zoological Gardens of London, but roamed over the hills and through the great oak forests of Great Britain. Geologists and naturalists have, by an intelligent examination and study of old bones dug up in various parts of the kingdom, rendered the fact, certain. Bones, recently exhumed at a great depth, by labourers digging gravel in Oxford, have been found at a great depth below the surface of the earth, in all portions of the Island. In 1806, the entire bones of an elephant, with stratifications of we know not how many centuries above him, were found near Hoxton, in England; an elephant's skull, tusks and all were dug at Kingland some years ago forty feet beneath the surface of the earth. The Druids, no doubt, three thousand years ago, may have "seen the elephant," to whom these bones belonged, while they celebrated the mysterious rites of their religion, in the recesses of the primitive forests of England. That these huge animals disappeared long before the Britons invaded Great Britain, is demonstrated by the circumstances that the bones of the Roman soldiers are found much nearer the surface of the earth—three times nearer than those of the elephant.

In digging on the Great Western Railway from Oxford, the "Boswell Bone Caves," were found containing the most astonishing evidences of the existence at one time in England, not only of the elephant but of the rhinoceros and the hyena. They were discovered in sinking a shaft into a hill. In these caves an incredible number of bones were found, of the elephant, the bear, the rhinoceros, the hyena, and the ordinary domestic animals. At a period perhaps almost coeval with the deluge, these animals may have been as numerous in Great Britain as they now are in the regions of the Tropics. The eighth volume of "Household Words" contains a long and curious article upon this subject.—Richmond Christian Adv.

Paul quoting a Heathen Poet.

In Paul's address to the Athenians (Ac. xvii.) he quotes a heathen poet, confirming a sentiment he had uttered:—"For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring." He is supposed to have referred to Aratus the Cilician, and Cleanthes the stoic of Assos. Mr. Lewin has furnished the following translation:—

From Aratus.

From Jove begin we—who can touch the string, And not harp praise to heaven's eternal king? He animates the mart and crowded way, The restless ocean, and the sheltered bay, Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

From Cleanthes.

Great Jove! most glorious of the immortal band! Worshipped by many names alone in might! Author of all! Whose word is nature's law! Hail! unto thee many mortals lift their voice, For we thy offspring are. All things that creep Are but the echo of the voice divine.

Good Advice to Readers.

If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more, you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—Sydney Smith.

Agriculture.

Cabbages.

\$400 and more has been received for the produce of single acres of cabbages the past season. When we take into view, that but little time and no peculiar skill is required in the growing of this crop and that it is certain as any other crop, I know of no culture that returns a better reward for the labor bestowed. I have known a single acre to yield 60 tons of cabbages the present season. What is there that can be plauted that will yield more? Will it be said there is no demand for so many cabbages? I have never known the time when all that were carried into the market would not sell at a fair price, from a half to a cent per pound. What better article can be grown for the feeding of stock? I remember to have heard one of the best experienced farmers in Essex say it was the cheapest article that could be grown for the feeding of milk cows. Will it be said in relation to cabbages, as it is said in relation to turnips, that the milk of animals thus fed will taste of the feed? A little care as to the time of giving the feed will obviate this objection. Who will argue that farming is not profitable, when the culture of a single acre with cabbage will yield a net profit of more than \$200.—N. E. Farmer.

COLTS.

A good colt, I say good, because a poor colt is not worth raising, should be weaned when four or six months old; be put in a warm stable, eight or ten feet square, well ventilated, with a plank floor, and be kept clean—have the best of hay and water, and about a pint of oats two or three times a day. Put a coat of common saw-dust two inches thick all over the floor, and all that gets wet remove at least three times a week, and add saw dust in its place. In this way, the colt will have no lice. Keep a good look out, and if his feet grow uneven pare them, that he may stand square on them. I have seen not a few colts, two, three, or four years old, whose feet and ankles were much out of shape in consequence of their feet breaking off on one side, or wearing off, which might have been prevented by paring their feet occasionally. If convenient let him run out in a warm yard, or shed in the day time, after he has done crying for his mother.

I have learned by experience, that saw dust is the thing for horses to stand on. I had rather they would stand on the clean floor than stand on their manure. I think the best thing to cure a horse that is foundered is to let him stand on saw dust—at any rate, I have cured a number in this way. I take off the shoes, keep their feet pared, and level for five or six months, wash now and then with cold water, and eight out of ten will get well.—Ib. a. v.

BIRDS.—The editor of the Canada Farmer's Journal says, that, aside from the invaluable service of birds in keeping injurious insects in check, they amply compensate the farmer for their share of his grain and small fruits, by eating the seeds of weeds that are allowed to mature, and that those sportsmen who shoot the birds in his fields, are entitled to the same respect as is due to those who rob his hen-roosts.

PROGRESSIVE.—One of our agricultural exchanges says that the time is coming when the pitchfork and cutting machine shall be laid aside, as implements of feeding cattle, for all good farmers will grind their hay into meal, because hay meal will be found much more economical than hay, as Indian meal is more economical than unground corn.

VALUABLE RECEIPT.—Mr. A. Bronson, of Meadville, Pa., says from fifteen years' experience, he finds that Indian meal poultice covered over with young hyson tea softened with hot water, and laid over burns and frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes. If blisters have not arisen before, they will not after it is put on, and one poultice is sufficient to effect a cure.

CORN AND PUMPKINS.—Captain Cook, of this town, has one acre of land that he has plowed but once a year and planted the same with corn and pumpkins for eighteen years in succession, and has had not less than forty bushels of corn every year, and more or less pumpkins; has always put in each hill about half a shovel full of common barn manure, and has applied no other kind of manure in any shape. May be some one that talks about rotation in crops will like to read this.—Ib. a. v.