

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1857.

Subject.—THE APOSTLES ARRAIGNED THE SECOND TIME BEFORE THE COUNCIL AND PUNISHED.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

Acts v. 17-20.

Acts v. 29-42.

MARCH 1st, 1857.

Subject.—THE CHOICE OF SEVEN DEACONS. THE FAITHFULNESS OF STEPHEN.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

Acts vi. 1-15.

Acts v. 29-32.

Heaven a place of activity.

The following remarks were made by Dr. Lyman Beecher, to his Theological Class in Lane Seminary. Closing the book from which he had been reading, and jerking off his spectacles, he rose and exclaimed:

"Except freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven, did I believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, and never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints unclogged by cumbrous clay, forever feast on a banquet of thought—rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on, you will never get through. An eternity of untiring thought is before you, and the universe of thought your field."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

How did he die?

Great stress is laid by some, on the manner of a person's dying. It is certainly a great favor to have our friends die happy and easy; but the dying of good men varies. Some die tranquil, some triumphant, some in such dreadful bodily agony and delirium, that we rejoice to see their sufferings end. Christ died in agony, physical, mental, crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And, if a Christian passes to eternity, through such a gate of suffering, is that any evidence against the salvation of his soul? We think not. It is far more important *how we live*, than how we die. It is not always the case, that those who die happy have lived well. A very inconsistent professor of religion, for whom scarcely any one had any charity, was taken sick and died. Strange to say, she died happy. And when her pastor offered this as a source of consolation to her friends, one of them remarked in reply—"Yes, she wanted to die, and I do not know of any body who had any objections!" Reader, it is comparatively of little importance how you die, but see to it that you so live, that it shall not be said among all who knew you, that *not one* had any objections to your dying.—*W. & R.*

A happy disappointment.

The pious John Newton was once in much perplexity about providing for his family, being thrown out of employment. A friend of his tried to obtain for him an office, but failed. Quite unexpectedly, he received an appointment he had not sought. Speaking of the occurrence, he says: "I found afterwards the place I missed would have been very unsuitable for me, and that this, which I had no thought of, was the very thing I could have wished for, as it afforded me much leisure, and the liberty of living in my own way. Several circumstances, unnoticed by others, concurred to show me that the good hand of the Lord was as remarkably concerned in this event as in any other turn of my life."

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

Every eye loves beauty, and there is no countenance, not flushed or deformed by guilt, that may not—indeed does not—brighten and gladden some devoted soul.

Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron into any shape needed.

Selections.

The "Reform School for Boys."

One of the most munificent and noble evidences of true civilization may be seen in the above Institution at Westboro, in Massachusetts. It was founded by the civilized and magnanimous heart of the Hon. Theodore Lyman, whose name we love to repeat, and whose memory it is pleasant to cherish. A few days since, it numbered within its walls six hundred and one boys, between the age of five and twenty years. Alas! for our civilized age, that there should be so many! A large proportion of these are sent there simply for the offence of obstinacy and disobedience.

Last evening we had the pleasure—and the pain, too—of being with them, *five hundred and seventy-four* of them, and this is what we saw there.

In the ample and sweet kitchen were large kettles heated by steam; two of these contained about *four barrels* of boiled rice. And now, at 4 o'clock, P. M., comes a peal from the great bell in the belfrey of the east wing, and before its echoes have died away over the adjacent hills, the merry peals of hundreds of voices burst upon the ear. From the shoe shop, and the chair shop, the laundry and the sewing room; from the farm, the barn and stables, from kitchens, and bed-rooms, and galleries, with a whoop and a call, come the juveniles into the great central yard. And now see the gymnastics, the ground and lofty tumbling, racing, wrestling, and jumping. One prefers standing on his head awhile and swinging his heels in the air, while another has a Sinbad on his back whom he cannot well shake off. They shout, leap, laugh, and rush to and fro, just like a parcel of healthy boys who have been restrained, and have got their legs and lungs again, and then rush into two immense bathing-rooms, for a wash, where the water flew in jets, in spray, and in dipper and buckets full, and presto, in a moment they all stood in a line, like a flight of stairs, the tallest at the top, before the great dining hall. No church-yard could be more quiet now than this. Step, step, step, softly and quietly, they file into their places. At a single shrill note, all turn to the tables, and with the ends of the fingers of the right hand resting upon them, and the head slightly inclined forward, they repeat a formula—"Merciful Father, make us thankful for this food, and for all our blessings; may it strengthen and refresh us. For Christ's sake. Amen." Then, with military precision, all sat down. Boiled rice with molasses, and plenty of cold water, makes their frugal meal; but they ate, as they played, with a will.

About twenty minutes are occupied in eating, and then they assume what is called "the first position"—that is, each boy sits uprightly, and places his hands in his lap, then all rise and pass out in the same order in which they entered. A few moments were then given to play, and all left for the school rooms.

There are four of these, fitted with modern desks, seats, black-boards and maps. We visited each school, and felt a glow of gratitude that these unfortunates were in such admirable training. At half past six the Chaplain entered—the folding doors being opened and two school rooms thrown together,—and said, "We will repeat the first psalm, which was done slowly and distinctly, and with apparent unction. A portion of Scripture was then read, and the Chaplain closed with a short and fervent prayer. Then all stood, dumb as statues, so that the ticking of the clocks were plainly heard, until a signal, scarcely recognized by the spectator, announced that they might move. They then repaired to the two great halls, or dormitories, each containing three hundred beds. Along one side of the hall are three rows of sleeping apartments, each about four by ten feet; the two upper tiers are approached by stair cases and galleries. The upper portion of the door has an open space, but crossed by slight iron rods; the doors were all thrown back against the ceiling. Each boy went directly to his room, and laid his right hand on the opening at the top. On the other side of the hall were two rows of berths, three tiers high, and those boys who did not go to the small rooms now stood in a straight line in front of the berths. Then, with eyes closed, and head slightly depressed, there arose a whisper which filled the vast room, soft, but articulate and harmonious—"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, the power and glory forever. Amen."

A slight pleasant sound was now heard, like that made by a large bird's wing in motion, and was occasioned by closing the doors of the sleeping rooms; the sharp click of the spring-lock followed, and silence reigned supreme. The boys were left to their thoughts, and dreams, and slumbers, until the great bell should disturb them again at 5 o'clock on the following morning.

The people of Massachusetts may be taunted as "mere pedlers, and publishers, and artizans—as Greeks to do the bidding of the noble Romans," but *her institutions* speak what she is, and have already gained the meed of praise from the civilized and good every where.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mission in Prince Edward Island.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

As it is both the duty and privilege of Missionaries, to give a detail of their labors to those christian churches who support the cause of truth, I forward you a few remarks.

Having been appointed two months mission on this Island, one by our Board, another by a worthy ministerial brother: who himself witnessed the spiritual destitution here, especially among Gaelic Settlements. I proceeded to visit and preach at those settlements which I considered the most destitute; indeed they are some of our *old stations*, but at present entirely destitute of Baptist preaching, except our North River friends who hear an occasional sermon from our worthy brother Burnet. The gathering at some of those stations was much larger than usual and the interest increasing; I must say that for ten years past I have not witnessed a greater appearance of an hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of eternal life than I did during my last visit at the West and Dog Rivers. Three persons in the bloom of life professed conversion, but it was thought proper to delay their baptism for the time being.

It is trying to me to see churches that are connected with our body fast losing their visibility for the want of ministerial aid. It is now about three years since I resigned my pastoral charge at the West River, and settled a distance from them; since which period they have heard but an occasional sermon in the language of their own native glens. The fact of the case is, we want half-a-dozen ministering brethren filled with the Holy Spirit to assist us in laboring among the people.

During my mission I found that death had been making inroads in our ranks, at Cavendish I missed a worthy sister, Mrs. James McNeill, of whom brother Burnett spoke in a late communication, also at Long Creek, a pious Gaelic sister, Mrs. Catherine Currie; I particularly missed her in the sanctuary, as her earnest attention and expressive countenance helped the minister to preach, and she habitually came quickly to meet him with both hands as he descended from the pulpit to bless him for the gospel. In the days of her early christian pilgrimage before she emigrated to this land, she in conjunction with her bereaved husband, were favored with the privilege of sitting under the ministry of the Rev. Malcolm McLearn, a celebrated Gaelic minister, who still lives as a faithful veteran of the cross and who the writer well remembers to have heard and seen in the days of his boy-hood, and it is due to the memory of our departed sister to state that one peculiar feature in her character was love to the followers of the Saviour. She closed her eyes in a good hope through grace in August last.

I would further state that a good man has fallen in our Israel. My last public service was the funeral sermon of our beloved brother, Elder Benjamin Boulter, of Tryon, he died at his own residence, on the 6th inst., your numerous readers will no doubt hear more about his life and death soon.

I have performed four weeks of my mission and received in aid of the Board the following sums:—

At the North River.—from Mrs. Bain, 10s.; her son Francis, 5s. 3d.; Mr. Alexr McKinlay, 10s.; Deacon McKinlay, 6s. 3d.; Mr. Allan McKinlay, 6s. 3d.

At Dog River.—from Mr. Don Livingston, 6s. 3d.; Miss McPhee, 3s.; Collection, £2 1s.

At Cavendish.—from Mr. John McNeill, 10s. 9d.; Jer. Simpson, Esq., 6s.

Long Creek.—from Don. Lamond, Esq., 5s.; Deacon McNeill, 20s.; Collection, £1 1s.—Total, £7 10s. 9d., Island currency.

MALCOLM ROSS.

Bodeque, P. E. I., Jan. 9th, 1857.

For the Christian Messenger.

Encouragements to a Pastor.

MR. EDITOR,

As the religious papers have of late contained several accounts of pastoral donations, this may not be unacceptable. Calling a few weeks ago at a book-store, I was told that a friend had ordered books such as might be selected by me, to the amount of four dollars, to enrich my library. On Christmas Day, a five pound bill was enclosed from a brother of the church. On New Year's Day, a like sum was sent by another member. Thus in a short time the sum of forty-four dollars was received. How cheering are such events to the minister when he looks up to his scanty Library, which, barely presents a skeleton of what it ought to be, and then reads the advertisements of valuable books on biblical literature, which are daily issuing from the press. Such favors are rendered doubly valuable, from the manner in which they are bestowed. They are also enhanced, when, together with personal regard to the pastor, they are prompted by a desire for the prosperity of the church. In connection with the above, a donation purely of this character may be mentioned. A few days ago a member of the congregation, in addition to his pew rent, in a letter to the treasurer, enclosed the sum of four pounds ten shillings to be devoted to the general interests of the church. Such events are like oases in the desert; refreshing to all who love the cause of God. They are sunny spots on which the pastor, turning his back upon the dark aspect of the moral wilderness around, may gaze with pleasure. May they be increased until the whole moral firmament shall be illumined with their brightness.

Nova Scotia, Feb. 9th, 1857.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation Visit at Bridgetown.

MR. EDITOR,

My people have done me the honour of making me another donation visit. On Jan. the 8th, about three o'clock P. M., they began to besiege my humble dwelling in the most friendly and acceptable manner. In the evening more than one hundred persons sat down to tea with the pastor and his family. The tea was furnished by the ladies, and done in a manner worthy of their kind feelings and good taste. Donation visits would lose more than half their interest, and nearly all their charms, if the ladies did not patronize them. After tea bro. Wm. H. Morse was called to the chair, and opened the business with a short, but neat speech. The donations were now presented by bro. Deacon Timothy Rice, accompanied with an appropriate address, expressing the confidence and good will of the donors towards their minister. The amount presented was *Thirty three pounds*, namely:—£7 10 in cash, and the remainder in a variety of excellent articles for family use. This amount has since been increased to £85. The pastor replied as well as he could under the circumstances; but those who have been in a similar position will sympathize with me when I say, my reply was "but a poor expression of the grateful and happy emotions that fill the heart of a minister on such an occasion. Deacon Wm. Chipman then made the longest and best speech he ever made, and in closing it, made a liberal promise to the parsonage in the way of *paint*. He thought a minister's house ought to look about as neat and comfortable as those of other people. In this view I think the Deacon is decidedly right. Deacon Jas. Messenger added a few spirited remarks. Then followed very interesting and impressive speeches from our respected ministering brethren, who were so kind as to favour us with their presence. James Spencer, Nathaniel Videto, and Willard G. Parker. We had a most delightful evening, and prayer having been offered by bro. Videto, our friends returned to their homes.

This is the third donation visit my friends have made me during my residence here—a period not over three years. And though the amount is not so large as it had been in either of the two preceding years, yet considering the state of the weather and roads at the time, it is much greater than the minister expected. Many at a distance could not attend; those who were present fully manifested the liberality they had shown on former occasions.

The friends residing sufficiently near to enable them to do so, I am told, design to repeat the act of kindness, by which they had gratuitously supplied my house with fuel for the two preceding years. This is noble. My people understand how to conduct donation visits; they don't get weary, but with a good will continue them. Donation visits do much good. They