

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 2nd, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 1-17: Birth of John the Baptist predicted, and GENESIS i.: The creation of heaven and earth.

Recite—2 John 8, 9.

JANUARY 9th, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 18-38: Annunciation of the birth of Christ, and GENESIS ii. 1-17: The manner of the creation.

Recite—LUKE i. 13-17.

NOTE.—For the ensuing year, we purpose taking the Series of Scripture Lessons as given in the CONNECTIVE UNION QUESTION BOOK.—Gospel according to LUKE. In addition to the New Testament Lesson, we commence a Series of Old Testament History.

THE QUESTIONER.

Key to Bible Questions in our last.

- 44.—1. A KINGDOM.—Matthew xxv. 34. 2. PARADISE.—Luke xxiii. 43. 3. A CITY.—Heb. xi. 16. 4. THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.—Heb. xii. 22. 5. THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—Heb. xii. 23. 6. THE HOLY CITY.—NEW JERUSALEM.—Rev. xxi. 2. 45.—1. DESTRUCTION.—Matt. vii. 13. 2. HELL.—Matt. x. 28. 3. PRISON.—1 Peter iii. 19. 4. THE BLACKNESS OF DARKNESS.—Jude 13. 5. THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.—Rev. ix. 2. 6. THE LAKE OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.—Rev. xx. 10. 7. THE LAKE OF FIRE.—Rev. xx. 14.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From December 29th, 1858, to January 8th, 1859.

New Moon, January 4, 1. 11 morning. First Quarter, " 12, 3. 8 " Full Moon, " 18, 7. 34 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 25, 4. 31 "

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for Dec 29-31 and Jan 1-8.

*For the time of HIGH WATER at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

*For HIGH WATER at Annapolis Digby, &c. and at St. John, N. B., add 3 hours to the time at Halifax.

*The time of HIGH WATER at Windsor is also the time at Parrsboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

*For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

Christmas Address.

OF THE PRINTER'S BOY TO THE PATRONS OF "THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER."

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Hail to our Patrons; patrons of the press, The Editor, Compositors; and no less The patrons of the Printer's Boy, who comes Week after week to your well-furnished homes, To bring the news, and tell how times are going— What's from abroad and what at home is doing; Who has been married, and where, and who is dead; The price of turkeys, butter, beef and bread; What vessels have arrived, where from, how freighted; What "houses" have gone down what new ones created; What news from India—how the war goes on— What battles fought, and where: what victories won; How "stocks" and "consols" rise and fall "at home"; What news from Hungary, Turkey, France and Rome; The news—Religious and Political, And "General Intelligence" withal; How many chapels have been built, by whom, How high, how long, how many pews, what room For trees around, how high the steeple, What colour painted, how many people They will seat, and whether they're in debt, And whether all the pews are "sold" or "let"; What ministers have been ordained, and when; What ones "removed" or "recognized"; and then The interesting stories from "One Present" Of the Donation Visits, and the pleasant Time they had there bringing in their baskets Well-filled with eggs, and sausages, and "caskets," And woolen yarn and apples, and potatoes, And pumpkins, parsnips, pancakes and tomatoes, And all that kind of thing—and money too, To cheer the minister, and "help him through"; News of the Tea-meetings, Picnics, and Bazaars, And Sunday Scholars, riding in the cars, And what a splendid time they had, and how They were all dressed, and addressed; what a show They made, and what they did, and, tried to do; And "MENNO'S" Letters, dated "From my Study," About the Baptists, and those bloody Times of old, and every "Period." In reading which you cannot well get wearied; And "Night Lamp's" letters, with their condensation Of all the news, of every place and nation; With "Stories for the children," and brief rules To aid the teachers in the Sabbath Schools; With "Mental Pictures" to arrest attention To Bible History, and excite invention, And other things, "too numerous to mention," As Editorials, Memoirs, and Revivals, And Public Meetings, Lectures, and Arrivals, And Cherry Pectorals, and Pills and Plasters, "Remedies" for all ills and all disasters. And every sort of thing, that fills "our pages," To suit all tempers, tastes, and states, and ages, A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, and may You still receive the MESSENGER, and pay "All hands," who furnish it; and now remember, Our yearly labor, closes with DECEMBER, A happy, happy, NEW YEAR, may it be, With plenty crowned and LIBERALITY. Halifax, December, 1858.

A Word for the Closing Year

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"Casting all your care on Him, For He careth for you."

THE great measure of the worth of any religion is its ability to help men. Religion is the son of want and weakness. Moses in old times put the worship of Jehovah to this test, when he said, "For what nation is there so great, who hath God so high unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for?" Now, if the old Jewish religion had this privilege, certainly the Christian dispensation has not less. We in the Gospel are nearer to God than were the old Jews, not further off. And if the Lord their God was near unto them for all that they called on him for, certainly he is not less near to us.

The present is a time for testing the practical worth of one's religion. There has been a season of calamity—a period of "hard times." Anxiety, sorrow, want, perplexity, are inmates in many a dwelling where before they were strangers. Now is the time to discern between him that hath and him that hath not an Almighty helper. Now is the time when some men, who seem to the eyes of the world to have lost all, may glorify their Father in heaven, by a cheerful serenity of demeanour, which seems wonderful to those who know not its hidden source.

Whatever doors may be closed on them, whatever reliances may have failed, there is one door which is open wider than ever now—the door of that secret place where they may find their Father to cast their care on him. They must go not in formal phrases, learned by rote, but in genuine heart-openings, such as one friend useth with another. Like the disciples, when they had buried their dead friend, they must "go and tell Jesus."

What a heart-eating word is that one little word, Care. It has in it an indefiniteness, an uncertain fearfulness; it pertains to a creature who cannot see a step before him—who is every moment exposed to unforeseen calamities and reverses. It has in it all of man's poverty—a poverty which is born with him, and lives with him, and is the twin and intimate companion of his soul, and which none of the things that are called riches or honour can alleviate or lessen in the smallest degree. In all the great straits and necessities of our condition here, an emperor is as poor as a slave: he can no more know the future; he can no more control the forces of nature; he can no more send off death; he can no more redeem his loved ones from its power. Hence care sits as close to the skin under ermine and jewellery as under rags.

No religion but the Christian ever had a sentence like this, "Casting all your care on him—for He careth for you." Many prophets and wise men of antiquity would have leaped for joy at such a message, but none such came to them. The lilies of the field and the fowls of the air were just the same in their day as in any other, but it was not till Christ explained their higher significance, that the world understood that a Father's protection and care were written even in the inflexible course of nature.

The papers lately have teemed with accounts of suicides. Poor souls, crushed and smitten in the distresses of these times, have sought a desperate remedy. But we who have a God to care for us, should show that we have so great a refuge—we must cast our cares on him. We all know what this means in earthly language. A man says, "I have put all that care on so-and-so;" it means he has discharged his mind of it—he is free to give his thoughts to something else—he has for the present done with it, for he has secured its being properly attended to. So, when we go to God and cast our care on him, if we really cast it on him, we lift it from our own souls, and come away from the interview as one who had left a weight behind. But there are times of relaxed nervous energy—times of weakness, when though we say in words, "Lord, I believe," yet the burden still remains on us. Just as in weakened bodily tissues the blood congests, and the relaxed fibre has no power to throw it off; so there is a congestion of care about the brain and heart. This must be treated as a disease. We must say to ourselves, as David did, "This is my infirmity, yet I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Having gone to God and spread our care, whatever it is, before Him, we must, by a firm exercise of will, resolve to treat it as a thing disposed of—we must divert our mind from it—we must resolutely resolve not to allow ourselves to brood over it—and when the shiver of anxiety comes on us, we must divert it by a resolute filling of the mind with duties.

Though God seem long to delay to appear for us—though the difficulties, far from seeming less, grow more—the storm darker, the hail and rain

more blinding, still we must with resolute will believe that God has heard us, is hearing us, and is now doing all that is best to be done, and all that, if we stood where he does, we should ask him to do for our relief.

There is something sublime and magnanimous in this blind faith in God. We have not many chances of showing magnanimity God-ward. Generally speaking our intercourse is all receiving, and there is no chance to give. It is only in this matter of faith that there is a chance for man to be generous and magnanimous. Yes, he may say, I will believe only the largest, noblest, and most beautiful things of my God. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him. He has said he will care for me. He has bid me cast my care on him, and I have done it; and though I see no ray of light, nor know not from whence help is coming, yet I know he is helping me, and will help me; and though I should even die without seeing my prayer answered, I will bind his word to my heart, I will profess my faith in him with my last breath, I will take his promise into eternity and claim its fulfillment at the foot of his throne.

"Firm as his word his promise stands, And he can well insure What I've committed to his hands, In the decisive hour."

The Mirage of Wealth.

A STRIKING NARRATIVE.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."—1 Tim. vi. 17.

William Beckford was born towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a wealthy West Indian proprietor, who dying when his child was ten years of age, left an income of more than £100,000 a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the emigrant Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. How vast were the capacities of usefulness placed before him! The great talent of promoting human happiness was placed within his reach: but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth here was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal, he visited under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which his dinner was prepared is thus described: "A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river-fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheat flour finer than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance." The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries." Confectionery and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa filigree, containing the rarest, and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey.

Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of £263,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that, phoenix-like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the

West of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar: "Go to, let us build a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, almost every cart in the country was employed, so that at one time agricultural labour was well nigh suspended. Impatient of delay, night was not allowed to impose obstacles to the progress of the work. Torch-light was employed; fresh bands of laborers relieving at evening those who worked by day. In the dark nights of winter, the distant traveler was startled by the blaze of light from Fonthill, which proclaimed at once the resources and the folly of the man of wealth. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol; the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world around. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching even a transient glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give, to produce effect, were there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments, which decorate the room we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. Who would have ventured to have styled all this splendor evanescent as the mirage? And yet it was so. A sudden depreciation of West Indian property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrassment poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven with the shattered fragments of his fortune to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place; there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point the oft told moral of the vanity of human pursuits. He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant productions of the man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.—The Mirage of Life.

Agriculture.

To make Apple Trees.

Get a tree from a nursery, (no matter what kind,) such as they send out, or if so large as to be unsalable, just as good. Let it be straight and thrifty. Cut it square off at just the height you want the top, and splice or whip graft on it, one scion, with three buds above the waxed paper with which it is wound. To make it more sure not to get displaced, tie a strip of bark around over the waxed paper, as tight as you can; set your tree, and it will make a beauty. Get the nurseryman to do it for you if possible, as he will do it better than you can. I have trees made last spring, that put out strong shoots two feet in length, precisely alike. This spring I cut back to six inches, and when the new shoots start allow six to grow, saving those well placed to make a handsome top. Next spring, shorten them one-half; after that, use your judgement. I have trees grown three summers, that look like miniature nature trees—very fine. I perfect such a tree, to one from a nursery ready to set. If your friend at the jumping off place send you a scion in a letter, you may have a tree better than one of the same sort got at a nursery.—Rural New Yorker.