

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 8th, 1858.

Subject.—THE EVIL OF JUDGING PERSONS BY OUTWARD APPEARANCE MERELY.

For Repeating. For Reading. James i. 26-27. | James ii. 1-13.

AUGUST 15th, 1858.

Subject.—FAITH ALONE WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.

For Repeating. For Reading. James ii. 12-13. | James ii. 14-26.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

24.—Give examples from Scripture of Christian zeal being attributed to madness.

25.—What is the sure way to live in the constant enjoyment of peace?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 66. Elisha's last prophecy.—2 KINGS xiii. 14-19.

Psalm xxiii.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

Written for a little boy.

The Lord is my shepherd, and I am his sheep; His flock he from want and from danger will keep; In pastures all verdant by night I abide. And he chooses my path where the cool waters glide.

If ever I wander, as silly sheep roam, He seeks his poor truant, and follows me home; Then shews, by his footsteps, the way I should take, And, true to his promise, will never forsake.

When gloomy my path, the deep valleys I tread, All darkness before, and the rocks overhead; My Shepherd is with me, why fear any ill? His crook and his staff, they shall comfort me still.

My enemies frown, but they can do no more; My wants are supplied till my cup runneth o'er; Surely goodness and mercy my days shall attend, Till I reach the bright mansions of joy without end.

Stealing Melons.

We hope that none of our young friends steal melons or fruit? It is just as bad as any other stealing. You might as well break into somebody's house and steal money, as to go into somebody's garden and steal the things there that it has cost hard work to plant and cultivate. We have just found a good story in Forrester's Playmate, about stealing melons. Some bad boys had been troubling farmer Richards in this way, and the story says:

"The next night John and Robert put on warm coats to protect them against the dews, and taking the heavily wadded gun, secreted themselves in the high corn close by the water-melons, to watch for the rogues who were pretty sure to come again. They waited a long time. The excitement kept them from being sleepy. They spoke in whispers. John said, there are some curious things in this world. Foxes after chickens—boys after water-melons—worms in the apples to spoil them, and so it goes!" Once they thought they heard soft footsteps coming. Robert asked John what he was going to do if they came; John said he should try to see who they were and frighten them some, he guessed. Robert didn't want John to fire at them. But John said a powder-gun would give them a good start. He should try it.

"After a while, sure enough, four bold, bad boys crept along by the fence, and got over and took out their knives and began tapping to find ripe melons.

"John was in a great rage. Robert heard him say that he almost wished he had shot in his gun, or, at least, some salt. John listened very closely to hear them call each by name, so that he should know who they were. It was, 'Here, Joe, pick up this one and take it along.' 'I can't, Tom; can't carry any more.' 'I say, Dick, John won't have to go to market by as much as once for our coming, will he?' 'I wouldn't have come anyway, Ben, if you hadn't told me he was off somewhere now. That John is a wonderful sharp fellow, I can tell you.'

"John acknowledged this compliment by letting off the gun, which threw a flash of light upon the thieves, and made them quake with terror. They scattered in opposite directions, each one believing the other wounded; for John set up the most dreadful howling.

"Farmer Richards had now found out who committed the depredations upon his property. He had the young man in his power. They were liable to disgraceful imprisonment. Should he bring them before the magistrate, or try a different way to reform and punish them?

"When the boys saw the Sheriff's deputy

driving up the next evening, they felt as if they should sink into the earth. They were altogether, and had passed a most wretched day. How bitterly had they regretted going near the melon ground. What would they not give to be innocent again.

"The sheriff asked them to get into his wagon, and they were afraid to refuse or even ask where they were to be driven.

"The horse was turned toward Farmer Richards. The boys would rather have gone straight to jail! But there was the farmer, dressed up as if he expected company, who very kindly invited them into the house. Robert thought that the farmer would take his walnut cane, every minute, and fly at them, but instead of this he was so sociable with them—he asked Joe how his father was getting along with his heavy job, and inquired of Dick about his mother and the baby. The boys were about choked with this conversation. But the wicked farmer never would notice their embarrassment, but talked with each one just as if they were the very best of company. The boys hardly dared to look up, or at each other. Robert and John both wished to be out of doors, that they might speak, for the farmer had worked up such a scene that it was really painful to sit there and look on.

"After a little while Aunt Laura opened a side door and invited the whole party out into the next room. Aunt Laura had prepared a treat of water-melons! She had cut several in points, and laid one large one on a dish in the centre of the table. This, all could see, had been tapped in the field. There were the slovenly gashes of the boy's knife.

"The boys had anything but a good appetite, but nothing would satisfy the farmer short of their taking sharp hold. It was not enough that one, or even two pieces were eaten by each one of the conscience-stricken fellows. It was piled upon their plates, while the farmer kept saying, 'I'm afraid you don't like water-melons! Now some are so fond of them, that they are willing to run great risks to steal them.'

"The boys could not swallow another morsel. But the farmer urged them to eat away. He laughed aloud, and said that he was almost tempted to think that they had had water-melons before quite lately, they seemed to relish them so little. The boys wore crimson-faces redder than the ripe melon before them. Aunt Laura had to put her handkerchief to her face, while the officer looked at his horse out of the window.

"At the conclusion of the visit, which the boys were not desirous to prolong, Aunt Laura gave each a large water-melon, which had been tapped! and hoping that the evening would be long remembered she bade them good night.

"Farmer Richards had no more melons stolen, and some noble ones ripened for the Cattleshow now quite near."

Walking with God.

How simple, magnificent, and comprehensive is that brief memorial—"Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." We are not told where Enoch lived, nor what he saw, nor how far he entered into the pursuits of his times. The crowning glory of his history was that he "walked with God." By that he was known among his contemporaries, has been known through all the intervening ages, and will be known until time shall be no more. The spirit which animated him, and the principles which governed him were of God. Like a child clinging to a parent's hand for support and guidance, so Enoch confided in his Heavenly Father. In Him and for Him he lived, and labored. And he did so for a long time—for at least three successive centuries, and in centuries when God is represented as looking down from heaven and seeing that "all flesh had corrupted His way on the earth;" when violence, and impiety, and cruelty filled the world, and rendered the race unfit to live. In such times, when all was "earthly, sensual, devilish," Enoch rose higher and still higher in the fellowship of God, until he became as a solitary and brilliant star in a night of the deepest darkness. Yea more. He walked with God until the heavenly chariot came to bear him from the earth to heaven—the city into which none can enter "that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Christian reader! Are you walking with God? You excuse yourself for not doing so because worldliness abounds, and spiritual declension prevails. But this good man, who lived before the flood, seemed to find in the fearful wickedness of his times an argument of overwhelming power for his living the nearer to God. The spirit of the world was always and ever will be adverse to Christian advancement, and the more intensely active are our ad-

versaries, the greater the need of the whole of every Christian's influence for God and the truth. By the love of Him who died for us, and lives to intercede for us—by all that is momentous in our obligations, to ourselves and our fellow-men, may we not urge one another to follow the illustrious example of that eminent saint, who "walked with God," when there were few to keep him company.—N. Y. Examiner.

"Sticking to a Text."

At a recent monthly meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, J. H. Trumbull, Esqr., gave a full description of a curious and valuable collection of sermons in short hand, by him discovered, and in part deciphered. A very singular item was the extraordinary number of sermons which were in old times preached in succession from one and the same text. Mr. T. mentioned instances, among others, where fourteen, nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-four discourses were thus successively developed from the same text. And he added, orally, an anecdote of two candidates for the Chaplaincy of one of Cromwell's regiments. These gentlemen were put to preach to the regiment on probation, before being voted for. The first took for his text, the single word "Pomegranate," from the description of the priestly robes of Israel; and said he would proceed to unfold the divine truths therein contained, seed by seed. He preached eight hours "without turning a hair," postponed the remainder of his discourse to the next day, and was unanimously elected Chaplain.

Silenced.

Carrington was a famous infidel speaker in the West, and quite a terror to preachers in his argument. He was in the habit of interrupting discourses in the churches, and was most noted for his general contempt of religion. He met his match, however, in the Rev. Mr. Quickly, who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense. He was speaking of the soul's destiny, when the infidel arose in the crowded house, and said he knew the Hebrew and Greek, and the word that is translated soul in the Bible, might just as well be rendered wind, smell or smelling-bottle; and it was all nonsense to talk about immortality.

"Well, well," said Mr. Quickly, "let us try how it will read; here is my text:—'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his smelling bottle?'"

The people took the illustration, and an outburst of derision followed the scoffer's retreat.

Right but Drawbacks.

"Glad to see you, Monsieur Cuvier," said one of the forty of the French Academy; "we have just finished a definition, which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we would like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and have explained it thus: 'Crab a small red fish, which walks backward.'" "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, "only I will make one small observation in natural history: the crab is not a fish—it is not red—and it does not walk backward. With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."—English Paper.

Death from Imagination.

A story is told in a late number of Nouvelle Zeitung, of a physician who tried an experiment on a criminal capably condemned, illustrating the power of imagination. The man was permitted to see a dog bleed to death, and to see all the symptoms of failing life as detailed by the physician, till the moment of the animal's death. Immediately after, the criminal's eyes were banded, and his arm pierced with a lancet, though no vein was opened. The physician went on describing the same symptoms witnessed in the dog's case and finally pronounced the words, "now he is dying." The man did really expire under these operations, although he had not lost a tablespoonful of blood.

Packing Thought.

Do not assume that because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon-ball, and like the projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts close together, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression.

'Ye who write for this busy age,' says a late writer, 'speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word, but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water.'

Yarmouth.

We find in the Yarmouth Herald an interesting historical account of that town and county, from a lecture delivered by the late Dr. Farish in 1848. The closing passage is a fine summing up of advantages possessed by its people, which we believe will be read with pleasure and profit by our patrons in other counties as well as those in Yarmouth.

On completing the survey, our first and deepest feeling should be thankfulness to that kind Providence who guides and controls all the efforts of men. We cannot but be affected also with some degree of honest pride and self-satisfaction at the steady and rapid advance of our affairs in every department. But while indulging this sentiment let us be cautious lest the favours bestowed on us make us vain and rash, and engender in us a boastful intemperate zeal, which character, I regret to say, Yarmouth too often bears abroad. I think, however, we shall not be overstepping the bounds of modest humility if we do impute some portion of our prosperity to the spirit of rational enterprise and persevering industry with which it has pleased the Giver of all Good to endow the inhabitants of this town. If I am right, the reflection lays us under an obligation to prove ourselves worthy of our advantages. These advantages deserve our grateful consideration and with an enumeration of them, I will draw my subject to a close. A particularly favourable geographical situation, being the first port on the English shore of the Bay of Fundy—a fertile soil and healthful climate, both above the common average of the earth—a teeming fishery on our shores—a flourishing unrestrained commerce—the ocean, whether desired for the pursuits of navigation or for other purposes, washing the coasts at our very doors—no man so rich as to be a source of reasonable jealousy to his neighbour, and none so poor as to be utterly destitute, unless persevering indolence or natural infirmity make him so, and a kind and charitable disposition linking all classes together in the bonds of good will—a total absence of civil or political disabilities, and a freedom in religious matters not surpassed in any other part of the world—a door open for talent and assiduity to arrive at distinction in any pursuit—proverbially fine roads—improving schools—a propensity to intellectual improvements, and facilities for attaining it—a population orderly, sober, moral, and enterprising—no taxes but those light rates which we choose to impose upon ourselves for the support of our domestic institutions—no mistake of licentiousness for liberty—no mob power but what, on showing its head, decent public opinion, frowns down at once—our good laws, mildly administered yet so effectually as to preserve us from anarchy and its baleful effects—no shadow of tyranny to oppress us, either of one or of the many—no cares to molest us, save such as are inseparable from human nature—but each man "at night returning, every labour sped, may sit him down the monarch of his shed"—every one may repose under his own fig tree, and there is none to make him afraid. If we contemplate this picture without being filled with gratitude, I hardly think we deserve the blessings we enjoy. \* \* \* \* \*

CHRONOLOGY.

- 1492 Columbus discovered the Bahamas.
1497 Sebastian Cabot landed in Nova Scotia.
1498 Columbus discovered the Continent at Paria.
1604 Port-Royal, in Nova Scotia, (now Annapolis) settled.
1607 Jamestown, in Virginia, settled.
1614 New York settled.
1620 Plymouth, Cape Cod, settled.
1628 De La Tour made settlements in Nova Scotia.
1749 Halifax settled June 8th.
1755 French Acadians banished.
1761 Yarmouth settled June 9th.
1763 Acadians returned.
1767 Date of the Grant of Yarmouth.
1787 Division and Plan made.
1836 County of Yarmouth formed.

STATISTICS.

Table with 7 columns: years, houses, people, horses, cattle, vessels, tonnage. Rows for years 1761, 1762, 1767, 1790, 1808, 1818, 1828, 1838, 1848.

[The Tonnage now, in 1858, amounts to 36,000.]

Wait.

Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt; whether by the fulfillment of a promise, or the arrival of a 'shipload of money,' waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue. Young Hopeful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows.—Tell people to wait, and they answer that life is all waiting; that they have waited long enough, and waiting makes fools.—Yet waiting is the school of moral strength. The grandest achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always fizzing and leaking; so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty.—London Times.