

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 28th, 1858.

Subject.—LOVE IS OF GOD. HE IS ITS AUTHOR,
AND THOSE WHO EXERCISE IT ARE LIKE HIM.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

1 John iv. 9-11. | 1 John iv. 12-21.

DECEMBER 5th, 1858.

Subject.—THE WITNESSES OF OUR FAITH IN
CHRIST.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

1 John iv. 18-21. | 1 John v. 1-9.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

40.—What proof have we in the Bible that angels are concerned in human affairs?

41.—Do the dispensations of God's Providence always appear just? If they do not, what passage of Scripture will help us to reconcile this inequality with his strict justice?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 73.

PHILIP, the Evangelist, with the Ethiopian Eunuch.—Acts viii. 27-40.

The Dream.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty;
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

PULPIT ANECDOTE.—RAILING.—A minister, preaching on the subject of misrepresentation and slander, said: "When professors of religion so far degrade themselves and their profession as to attempt to injure others by lying and misrepresentation, they should remember that, when the devil was disputing with the archangel about the body of Moses, the Lord would not permit the archangel to bring a railing accusation against the devil; and until they can prove that the individual they wish to injure is worse than the devil, and that they themselves are better than the archangel, the Bible requires them to hold their tongues and mind their own business."

A GREAT EVIL NOT REMOVED.—A Conference preacher one day went to the house of a Wesleyan Reformer, and saw, suspended on the walls, the portraits of three expelled ministers.

"What!" said he, "you have them there?"
"O, yes, they are there," was the answer.
"But one is wanted to complete the set."
"Pray, who is that?"
"Why, the devil, to be sure."
"Ah," said the reformer, "he is not yet expelled from the Conference."

A gentleman had a bad memory; a friend knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over! and being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

DEATH AND LIFE.—Directly after the "Marriage" head of newspapers comes "Obituary." Typical of the wedding of happiness and griefs in this life. The shouts, and song, and glee of merry ones to-day will be broken by wails of sorrow to-morrow, for the sod will be piled on the breasts of some we thought not so near the grave. We read who are married, and wish them joy; a line below is the records of deaths, and we say mournfully, Peace to their ashes! Sorrow treads on the heels of joy; songs are hushed by the footfall of death; laughs are broken rudely; voices, no matter how musical, are still in a moment.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When engineers would bridge a stream they often carry over at first but a single cord. With that, next, they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footing, and from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.—Rev. H. W. Beecher.

LIBRARY FOR FEMALES.—A number of public spirited citizens of New York have inaugurated movements with the view of promoting the mental culture and improving the condition of the women of the city. It is proposed to establish a first-class Library for Females, and to reduce the hours of labor, during the winter season, from ten to nine hours a day, thus making the contemplated library available to those who most need its benefits. The movement is encouraged by Messrs. Douglass and Sherwood, the extensive skirt manufacturers, who employ seven or eight hundred girls, and by some thirty other houses and firms, who give employment, in the aggregate, to several thousands of female.

Home Soon.

The most insignificant word-coquet—"all aboard," uttered thousands of times every day in depots and docks, is always the precursor of a long psalm of sorrow. Of itself it is a mere business behest; in its bearings it involves regret, suffering, and oftentimes despair. If your heart has become dissatisfied with its treasures, and you are supposed to group among the shadows of despondency, go where friends are parting—go mount the deck of your majestic steamers, and witness the adieus of husbands and wives, of fathers and children, of brothers and sisters, who separate with but a faint hope of meeting once more on earth; listen to the oft-repeated and tremulous, but earnest "Good-bye" and "God bless you," uttered by lips that tremble with the freightage; and if your heart does not swell with unutterable thankfulness to the Giver of all good, for the privileges and bounties you enjoy—if you are not cured of your despondency—if you do not follow them with a blessing of your own, Heaven forgive your wicked ingratitude.

A few weeks ago we witnessed a parting that affected us deeply. It was between two who were newly wedded, and who, since the day of their nuptials, had not been parted for a day—hardly for an hour. Nothing short of sheer necessity could have called the husband from his idol now, but the necessity came between them, and he must not shrink. We saw the long, wild embrace; heard the clear whisper, "Be of good cheer, I will be home soon;" and in a few moments more, the billows rolled between the hearts that had so lately been joined by God.

"I will be home soon." These were the words—the only consolation left amid so much bitterness. Perhaps the pangs of parting were increased by the vague presentiments that they should never meet again. And so she turned away from the spot, that sad, lonely wife, and went back to a home whose light had departed.

"I will be home soon;" and so he was, before he expected—home, ere yet the tears were dried from the eyes of the weeper he had left behind. But, alas! how did he come? Encompassed in a shroud, embraced in a coffin, cold as the perpetual shroud that crowns the mountain monarch of Switzerland. But, sure enough he was "home soon."

They dug one grave then, but another has since been demanded, and now the young husband and wife sleep together.

We shall all be "home soon." Where that home shall be, rests with us. Yes; on our decision hangs this momentous question—"Where shall my home be?" And that decision must be immediate, for "we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth." "In the midst of life we are in death." Therefore, seeing and knowing these things, let us "strive to make our calling and election sure," for, "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation."

A VISIT TO THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL'S CHAPEL, LONDON.—"My next Sunday was spent very quietly. I went to Mr. Noel's chapel, John Street, Bedford Row, in the forenoon and evening, and greatly enjoyed the services on both occasions. Mr. Noel was, as I believe he always is, dignified, quiet, thoughtful, and impressive in his remarks. A spirit of repose seemed to characterize the whole services. Mr. Noel's people had had a series of very interesting meetings during the previous week. A meeting for prayer had been held every morning during the week, between the hours of eight and nine. The meetings had been well attended and the time seemed to be looked upon as 'a time of refreshing' to both pastor and people. After the ordinary service on the Sunday evening, Mr. Noel referred to these meetings, and to the enjoyment they had afforded, not only to himself, but evidently to all who had attended them; and he intimated that after the benediction had been pronounced, devotional exercises should be engaged in as at these meetings, and he hoped that a large number of those present might be able to remain. He especially desired that they should, as a church, ask the Divine blessings on these meetings of the past week. It was not thought necessary to appoint any one to lead the devotions; it would be left to those brethren who felt moved to do so, either to engage in prayer or exhort. We had accordingly, after a number of the congregation had retired, a most impressive, and at the same time refreshing meeting—a warmth of spiritual life seeming to pervade it such as is but too seldom experienced in more formal meetings. One of the deacons gave a short and very appropriate address and four or five other members successively engaged in prayer (standing in their pews), each prayer being followed either by a few minutes' silence or the singing of a hymn. Mr. Noel sat with the deacons in a square pew in front of the pulpit, but did not take part in the proceedings. The hymns were read out by one of the deacons."—Commonwealth.

Temperance.

The Wine Glass.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?

Who hath contentions? 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 its

color in

the cup;

when it

moveth itself

aright.

At

the last

it biteth like a

serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—Judge O'Neil, in the *Yorkville Enquirer*, tells the following of Judge Wm. Smith, of South Carolina:

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women, whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern, unbending character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it:

"The evening before the return day of the court of Common Pleas for York district, a client called with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—He was on what is now fashionably called a spree—then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in "riotous living." At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to be his work, and with her head upon the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, 'he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived.' 'This promise,' says my friend Col. Williams, 'he faithfully kept,' and said the judge to him, 'from that day everything which I touched turned to gold.' 'His entire success in life,' says Col. Williams, 'he sat down to his faithful observance of this noble promise.'

"No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York district, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given."

Agriculture &c.

A few words on the present season.

NOVEMBER is now drawing towards its close, and any injunctions for its improvement would be scarcely in time to be of much benefit. Still a few thoughts on the retiring month, and some seasonable reflections may not be out of place. The winter has not yet so far advanced as to put an entire stop to out-door occupations, and prevent the industrious farmer from making yet further preparations for the comfort of those dependent on him, during its dreary bitter months. Everything outside which needs protection by

this time is, of course, well covered. The winter store of provisions is properly housed, and tight warm places are secured for pigs, poultry, and cattle. As they cannot thrive without being kept warm and dry, no expenditure of labour and material is more economical than that which is applied to securing this object.

Now that cattle are shut up and precluded from choosing for themselves the different varieties of vegetation which the pasture presents, they should not be compelled to subsist on what is merely necessary for their existence. A variety in their food is both wholesome and agreeable to them as much as to their master, and a plentiful supply is more advantageous than keeping them on the smallest allowance consistent with mere living.

There is some appropriateness in the practice of our New England neighbours—setting apart a Day for Thanksgiving at this season of the year—although in many cases it may be used rather as a day of feasting, and the original object is frequently lost sight of, yet it doubtless has often the effect of bringing the condition of the destitute before those who have their barns well filled and enough and to spare in their houses. Many of the less favoured may, by misfortune, or their own or their parents' improvidence, on these occasions at least, have their hands filled, and it becomes to them a real Day of Thanksgiving. Although in this Province of NOVA SCOTIA we are not accustomed to such a practice, and no formal Proclamation is made by the Chief Magistrate, yet the very possession of abundance is a louder Proclamation from the King of Kings for thanksgiving and gratitude, than any which can be issued by an earthly Potentate. The blessing He has promised to such as consider the case of the poor will be no less certain than if QUEEN VICTORIA herself, or her representative the EARL OF MULGRAVE, called upon all loyal and dutiful subjects to set apart a day for that special purpose. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he repay him again," is as true in this month of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, as it was when penned by Divine Inspiration three thousand years ago. If any of our readers have doubts on this point let them but try the experiment, and we have no fears for the result.

Having given a word for the farmers' provident feelings, and another for his benevolence, we would venture on another for his domestic relations. These long dark evenings are highly profitable for cultivating the home affections. We know of nothing more calculated to bind together the members of a family than that of one member reading aloud when the others are engaged with some quiet occupation, and can give their attention.

In recommending this as the regular occupation of a part of two or three or more evenings in the week, we would not advise that the exercise be confined exclusively to the one able to read the most fluently. This is an accomplishment which all should have to some extent, but which is possessed by only a very limited proportion of even well educated men. How often do we hear the effect of any document which it is necessary to have read aloud in public, entirely destroyed by the miserable attempts of him appointed to that service? For instance, every Son of Temperance must be able to read distinctly and with proper emphasis before he can, in an efficient manner, fill any of the offices in that highly important organization. This very desirable qualification can be secured only by more general attention being given to the subject at home. It may not be inappropriate for us to recommend the pages of the *Christian Messenger* for this purpose. It is too often the case that one or two members of a family monopolize the weekly newspaper, whilst other and perhaps the younger have to content themselves with so much of its contents as they may gather from an occasional remark from those to whom they have reluctantly yielded the claim, whereas, when all have their fair share, whether by reading aloud or otherwise, the interest felt in the information is vastly augmented, and the pleasure derived by all increased in the same ratio.

VALUE OF CLOVER HAY.—H. Cadron, Illinois, who has been largely concerned in the dairy business, (having sold six thousand dollars worth of milk in a single year,) informs the *Country Gentleman* that he made accurate experiments to test the comparative value of timothy and clover hay. These experiments, extending through a period of two years, were accompanied with an accurate weighing and measuring, and the food was changed, timothy to clover, and vice versa, once a month, and the results were that the clover hay yielded ten per cent. more than the timothy. It will be observed that this was not a single experiment, but a series of experiments extending for a long period. It is proper to state that the clover was well cured.