

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 17th, 1859.

Read—LUKE vi. 37-49: Sundry social duties. GENESIS xxviii. 10-22: The vision of Jacob's ladder.

Recite—LUKE vi. 20-23.

APRIL 24th, 1859.

Read—LUKE vii. 1-18: Healing of the Centurion's servant. GENESIS xxxv. 1-15, 27-29: Jacob's departure to Bethel.

Recite—LUKE vii. 11-16.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 3rd to 16th, 1859.

New Moon, April 3, 6. 3 Morning. First Quarter, " 10, 7. 6 " Full Moon, " 17, 4. 51 " Last Quarter, " 25, 0. 31 "

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at. Rows for days of the week and moon phases.

** 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.

"Please buy Dorcas."

A week or two since, the largest sale of slaves that has been made in the country for several years, took place near the city of Savannah, Georgia.

"Jeffery, marked as a 'prime cotton hand' aged 32 years, was put up. Jeffery, being a likely lad, the competition was high. The first bid was \$1100, and he was finally sold for \$1310.

Be that as it may, Jeffery was sold. He finds out his new master, and, hat in hand, the big tears stand in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that master and tells his simple story, praying that his betrothed may be bought with him.

"I loves Dorcas, young mas'r, I loves her well an' true; she says she loves me, and I know she does; de good Lord knows I loves her better than I loves any one in de wide world—never can love another woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, mas'r. We're be good servants to you long as we live. We're be married right soon, young mas'r, and de chillun will be healthy and strong, mas'r, and dey'll be good servants,

too. Please buy Dorcas, young mas'r. We loves each other a heap—do, really, true, mas'r." Jeffrey then remembers that no loves or hopes of his are to enter into the bargain at all, but in the earnestness of his love he has forgotten to base his plea on other grounds till now, when he bethinks him and continues, with his voice not trembling now, save with eagerness to prove how worthy of many dollars is the maiden of his heart:

Young mas'r, Dorcas prime woman—A I woman, Sa. Tall gal, Sa; long arms, strong, healthy, and can do a heap of work in a day. She is one of the best rice hands on the whole plantation; worth \$1200 easy, mas'r, an' fus' rate bargain at that."

The man seems touched by Jeffrey's last remarks, and bids him 'fetch out his gal, and let's see what she looks like.'

Jeffrey goes into the long room and presently returns with Dorcas, looking very sad and self-possessed, without a particle of embarrassment at the trying position in which she is placed. She makes the accustomed courtesy, and stands meekly with her hands clasped across her bosom, awaiting the result; 'The buyer regards her with a critical eye, and growls in a low voice that the 'gal has good pints.' Then he goes on to a more minute and careful examination of her working abilities. He turns her round, making her stoop and walk; and then he takes off her turban to look at her head that no wound or disease be concealed by the gay handkerchief; he looks at her teeth and feels her arms, and at last announces himself pleased with the result of observation, whereat Jeffrey, who has stood near, trembling with eager hope, is overjoyed, and he smiles for the first time. The buyer then crowns Jeffrey's happiness by making a promise that he will buy her if the price isn't run up too high. And the two lovers step aside and congratulate each other on their good fortune. But Dorcas is not to be sold till the next day, and there are twenty-four long hours of feverish expectation.

Early next morning is Jeffrey alert, and hat in hand, encouraged to unusual freedom by the greatness of the stake for which he plays, he addresses every buyer, and of all who will listen, he begs the boon of a word to be spoken to his new master to encourage him to buy Dorcas. And all the long morning he speaks in his homely way with all who know him that they will intercede to save his sweet-heart from being sold away from him forever. No one has the heart to deny a word of promise and encouragement to the poor fellow, and, joyous with so much kindness, his hopes and spirits gradually rise until he feels almost certain that the wish of his heart will be accomplished. And Dorcas, too, is smiling, for is not Jeffrey's happiness her own?

At last comes the trying moment, and Dorcas steps up on the stand.

But now a most unexpected feature in the drama is for the first time unmasked; Dorcas is not to be sold alone, but with a family of four others. Full of dismay, Jeffery looks at his master, who shakes his head, for although he might be induced to buy Dorcas alone, he has no use for the rest of the family. Jeffrey reads his doom in his master's look, and turns away; the tears streaming down his honest face.

So Dorcas is sold, and her toiling life is to be spent in the cotton-fields of South Carolina, while Jeffrey goes to the rice plantation of the Great Swamp.

And to-morrow, Jeffrey and Dorcas are to say their tearful farewell, and go their separate ways in life, to meet no more as mortal beings.

In another hour I see Dorcas in the long room, sitting motionless as a statue, with her head covered with a shawl. And I see Jeffrey, who goes to his new master, pulls off his hat and says, 'I see very much obliged, Mas'r, to you for trying to help me. I know you would have done it if you could—thank you, Mas'r—thank you—but—its—berry—hard'—and here the poor fellow breaks down entirely and walks away, covering his face with his battered hat, and sobbing like a very child.

He is soon surrounded by a group of his colored friends, who, with an instinctive delicacy most unlooked for, stand quiet and with uncovered heads about him."

The Funeral.

And this is all! The long procession's pride, The plumed hearse, the hatchment and the pall! One tear of sorrow doth outweigh them all— One drop o'erflowing from affection's tide, Such had been here. The last of a long life In the dim chamber of the tomb was laid; The seeming of regret had been displayed.

Coldly—most coldly, o'er his burial place. The mourners passed and smited; but one was there, Her pale face in her mantle almost hid, And her heart swelling with a voiceless care; She dropped a flower upon his coffin lid; Thus, the true sorrow o'er that stately dead Was that young orphan's whom his bounty fed.

God's Watchful Care.

The month of January, 1853, was very stormy and cold. The winter had set in early, and soon after the opening of the New Year, heavy falls of snow had obstructed the roads and suspended business in the farming portions of the Empire State. In many places, families were fairly blockaded in their own dwellings. Those who had stores of food and fuel, suffered nothing from the discomfort of the season, but those whose daily supplies depended upon daily labor, watched with anxiety the fantastic play of the elements, and desired less rigorous weather. The month drew to a close, and the morning of the 31st promised a warmer day. The masses of snow had already settled into a more compact body, but instead of sparkling in the rays of the sun, dull, heavy clouds, banging near the earth gave them a dingy hue.

Soon the rising wind and falling rain added their undesirable variations, and everything upon which it fell was soon encrusted with a case of ice.

In the outskirts of a little village resided a poor widow woman. The house might once have been attractive to the passer-by, but now the climbing vines which had adorned its walls in happy summers that were passed, had broken loose from their fastenings, and were swaying in the storm, making dismal sounds with the creaking of their branches. The dilapidated blinds evidently missed the care that had warded off the ravages of time, and told of the Poverty whose heavy hand had fallen upon the lonely inmate of that desolate dwelling.

Never had a sadder day dawned upon her, not even the one on which her threshold was crossed by the foot of them who bore to his last resting-place him who called her wife. God had taken him, and she comforted herself with the promises made to such as she, and set herself earnestly to labour for and train her infant child.

Bravely had she struggled, praying and hoping that the God of the widow would be an ever-present help. Daily had she seen the number of her comforts diminishing, but had been spared absolute want. Often had timely supplies from kind-feeling neighbours awakened her gratitude to them, and to Him who moved their hearts. But now, in the midst of winter, a wild storm raging without, and not a dollar at her command, Faith and Hope alike seemed to fail her, and her mind became a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. All the long hours of the dreary day she nursed bitter fancies, and revolved the agonizing question, How shall I live? She doled out with miserly reluctance the scanty fuel which the devouring flame swallowed, imparting scarcely warmth enough to dry the dampness of the accumulating frost upon the walls. She served the meagre dinner, but the thanks offered for it brought not the wanted heavenly fire to warm her heart.

An evil spirit was fast taking possession of her heart, and instead of expelling it by wrestling in prayer, she listened to its evil suggestions, and began to doubt the "mercy that endureth forever." She grew impatient to the timid little one who was oppressed with the surrounding gloom and loneliness. She wrote hard things against those who had once welcomed her with loving pride. With growing impatience she trod the bounds of her little room, adding fuel to the mental fire that consumed her, by gazing on the cheerless scene without.

She tried to check the maddening thought which ran rioting through her brain, but she might as well have stayed the mythological steeds of Pegasus in their fiery course. Throwing herself into a chair, she gave free course to "thick-coming fancies," until the day had waned, and the dusk of night was falling around her.

A knock at the door dispelled her visions and recalled her senses. Who could wish to see her at such a time, in such a storm? She opened the door to an entire stranger, storm-chilled and wet, who kindly inquired if she were the widow of Mr.—? Receiving an affirmative answer, he informed her that he had brought her some money, which had, in a very providential manner been recovered from irresponsible men who were indebted to her deceased husband.

Declining any remuneration for his own services, after assuring her of his sympathy and willingness to aid her, he took his leave, and went his way to his own home in a distant country. Humbled and ashamed of her want of faith, the penitent woman drew her wondering child to her bosom, and kneeling poured fourth her thanksgiving to Him who feeds the ravens. She knew that the unlooked-for supply came from God, though sent by the hand of one of his children.

Ever after she strove patiently to wait or do God's will, and whether wanting or abounding, kept firm hold of the unseen Hand.—New York Observer.

Bible Revision.

OBSCLETE WORDS.

Many words used in our common version, have gone out of use, and their meaning is unknown to the ordinary reader.

WIST occurs thirteen times in the sacred volume.

WOT and WOTTETH occur eleven times.

These two examples comprise twenty-four cases, in which the meaning of the holy oracles is not understood by the most of those who read them. Everyone, however, is familiar with the word know, which expresses the meaning of the original.

Which is easier to be understood.

"WE DO YOU TO WIT," as in the common version, or "We make known to you" as in the revision.

DAYS MAN was once in common use. We now employ the terms judge, or umpire or arbiter, to express the meaning.

TROW was once a common word, but has gone out of use. I think is the proper term, whose meaning is clear to all readers.

KINE is not now generally understood. We employ the terms cattle, and cows, to express the meaning.

LEASING was once used, where we now use lying, and falsehood.

EATING was an old Saxon word signifying ploughing. It has become entirely obsolete.

SOD and SODDEN formerly expressed the idea of boiling. SEETHE, SEETHING signified likewise to boil. They are no longer used.

These words, SOD and SEETHE, occur nineteen times in the version, and, of course, pervert or obscure the meaning of nineteen passages of Scripture to the common reader.

Take, for instance, the brief passage: JACOB SOD POTAGE.

How few readers understand what Jacob was doing. No one, however, would be left a moment in doubt, if the phrase was translated,

Jacob was boiling soup.

ESCHER was very rarely used. Shun, or avoid would be far more readily understood.

WENCH is a term not now applied in ordinary language to a servant maid.

BRUIT is understood by very few. The term rumor, or report is far more intelligible.

Such words as PURTEANCE, RAVIN, TACHES, CHODE, MUNITON, WAX for become, or grow, DURETH, MANISH, GARNER, STRICKEN for advanced, CRACKNELS, BESTED, BRAY, ALBERT, ASTONIED, MAGNIFICAL, and many other words could readily be changed for terms familiar to everyone who reads God's Holy Book.

The question is: Why should the common version not be corrected in those particulars, so that it may be intelligible? Why should the meaning of the Holy Spirit be obscured, or perverted?

Agriculture.

APRIL.

Mr. Beecher has been a close observer of the varying seasons, and makes a capital application of what he has seen. He says:—

"APRIL! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice and snow, and storm done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to be in the grave?

"In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in APRIL governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if affection be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-colored boughs again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. So be patient. Wait. When it is February, APRIL is not far off. Secretly the plants love each other."

APRIL is, in a great degree, the Month of preparation. Plans not entered upon and started now, will rarely come to maturity. All the work of the planting season should be mapped out and kept constantly in view, for working by a plan is as important to the farmer as to the man who is to build your house. The work may be done without a plan, but the uncertainties, changes and alterations incident to such a course, are anything but comfortable and economical. As a general rule the farmer has not been accustomed to anything like a rigid plan, and it may at first seem an irksome and unnecessary restraint to have one; but when he enters upon his field, and finds at a glance just how much land he wishes to plow, how deep, and there is no delay as to whether he shall back furrow or go round it; or, if he is to underdrain a piece, and he knows just where to strike when the workmen enter the field, he will realize a satisfaction that he could not without a plan, and his work will go on more systematically and profitably.

Give the Garden especial attention in APRIL. The farmer cannot afford to be without a garden; he should draw large supplies from such a source for his table, especially during the summer and autumnal months.

Spring calls to us from every side—from soft airs, opening buds and expanding flowers—from the springing vegetation, the new life of animals, returning birds, and the new mental charms which every returning Spring unfolds.—N. E. Farmer.