

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 6th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xix. 1-21: The parable of the nobleman and his servants. EXODUS xii. 29-51: The departure of the Israelites from Egypt.

Recite—LUKE xviii. 24-27.

NOVEMBER 13th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xix. 28-48: Christ's entry into Jerusalem. EXODUS xiii.: The passover instituted.

Recite—LUKE xix. 8-10.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 30th October to the 12th November, 1859.

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, and Windsor. Rows include dates from 30th Oct to 12th Nov.

* 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 World we live in.

"HURRAH!" shouts Charlie, just let loose from school, as he tosses up his cap, then pitches it into the middle of the street, and follows it, with a bound, purely instinctive in frolicsome young blood—"Hurrah!" and he thinks within himself—"This is a very good sort of a world, especially the fun part of it."

"This is a most delightful world," says the blooming Miss, just out in her first season, as flushed with fancied conquests, and dazzled by the glare of pleasure's gorgeous lamps,—she sees, she lives not in the real world, but moves about rapt in soft visions of a dream-land of her own.

"What a vexatious world," says the same maiden, when twelve or fifteen months have taught her their stern though silent lessons. She has discovered what!—why, perhaps, that she has caught the wrong bean and missed the right one; that people don't always mean what they say, nor say what they mean; and—and—the glamour is dissolving; she begins to see realities.

"What a tantalizing world this is," sighs poor little orphan Nellie. Plain in person, but of a painfully susceptible temperament, she looks out from her drudge's corner, admiringly, yearningly upon the world of light and beauty around her, but nobody sees, nobody heeds her. She beholds sympathy, admiration, and love—those boons so dear to childhood, aye, and womanhood too—bestowed on all about her, but there is no portion for her; and so the sad little heart seems to shrink and crush itself into the innermost recess of her body, while from it rises a faint and sickening wail—"Will anybody ever love me?"

"This is a corrupt, treacherous, villainous world," says the politician, "where ambitious knaves are always striving to climb over the heads of honest men, and while clamouring loudly about the public weal, said knaves are seeking only their own interest and emolument." Well, who knows but the political world is as the politician describes it, for who so likely to decide correctly on its merits as he who forms a part of it.

"This is a cold, selfish world," says the man who never did a good turn for anybody, unless, while he was working with one hand, he was receiving his pay in the other.

"This is a world of probation," says the true Christian, "where men work out their eternal destiny—a world which, though sin-defaced, has yet much that is bright and beautiful in it; and when oftentimes evil clashes with good, and wrong appears to be rampant, I believe that over all God presides, and that He will cause the wrath of man to praise Him." With regard to himself, the Christian says—"My lot is of my Father's

appointment, and though, betimes, my cup seems filled only with bitterness, and I mingle the draught with my weeping, yet will I not murmur, nor mistrust the love which prescribes the painful regimen. Life is short, be it weal or woe; but my highest hopes are fixed beyond its bounds; so that, if sometimes the light of my earthly joys is almost extinct, and my path is dark—all dark—of this one thing I am ever assured—"What I know not now, I shall know hereafter."

MAY MAPLE LEAF.

Seeking a Situation.

The last Presbyterian has a very good article headed "Sharp practice in getting a pastor." A prominent church "up-town, and wealthy," wants a minister, invites candidates for the situation to come forward and make a rival exhibition of their skill, and promise to pay the expenses of the trip which may be incurred by the successful candidate. And so a goodly number go forward to no purpose, and at a heavy cost to their own pockets. So far as the church is concerned, this is all wrong. The particular church which desires and advertises for such prodigious competition, has the benefit of it, and ought to pay for it. But this aside, we are a little inclined to say, "served 'em right." It ought to be a living principle every where acted out among ministers, that they will not set themselves up as candidates seeking situations. Every minister of the gospel ought, we think, inflexibly refuse to preach anywhere on the face of the earth as a candidate, making an exhibition of his powers for criticism. It degrades him and his mission. Let him but discharge his whole duty by preaching the gospel where he is, and such a situation as he is best qualified for will seek him. If no church has employed him, rather let him go into the woods, and organize and build one up. His support will be none the less certain. And his encouragements in the conscious and visible rewards of doing good will be far greater. If the salvation of souls is his aim, he will see more and enjoy more the fruits of his labors. The truth is, the hardest of all fields for ministerial labor, are our old and gospel-hardened churches. He is to be pitied who will run after such a place merely for the emolument, or the honor of it. And it ought to be a rule with churches, that they who will run after situations shall not have them.

How to do Good.

It is, first of all and principally, to be good—to have a character that will of itself communicate good. There must and will be active efforts where there is goodness of principle; but the latter we should hold to be the principal thing—the root and life of all. Whether it is a mistake more sad or more ridiculous, to make mere stir synonymous with doing good, we need not inquire; enough, to be sure, that one who has taken up such a notion of doing good, is for that reason a nuisance to the church. The Christian is called a light, not lightning. In order to act with effect on others, he must walk in the Spirit, and thus become the image of godliness; he must be so akin to God, and so filled with His dispositions, that he shall seem to surround himself with a hallowed atmosphere. It is folly to endeavour to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets, and argue with them till the final day, it will not make them shine; there must be light in the sun itself, and then they will shine, of course. And this, my brethren, is what God intends for you all. It is the great idea of the gospel, and the work of His Spirit, to make you lights in the world. His greatest joy is to give you character to beautify your example, to exalt your principles, and make you each the depository of His own Almighty grace. But in order to this, something is necessary on your part—a full surrender of your mind to duty and to God, and a perpetual desire of this spiritual intimacy; having this, having a participation thus of the goodness of God, you will as naturally communicate good, as the sun communicates his beams.—Bushnell.

Kindness is known to be a specific for many forms of disease, and kind nursing for many more. Christ's whole ministry was one of personal kindness. Charity is the great lever of Christianity; by it the messengers of the Gospel can open the eyes of pagan blindness; by it the ears of the most obstinate and hardened man can be unstopped; by it reason can be restored and life saved; by it every human ill can be alleviated; by it all obstacles to the progress of Christianity can be removed or diminished.

THE COINAGE OF SOCIETY.—Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

God never promised to save by miracles those that would not save themselves by means.

The Frozen Guest.

In the winter of 1855 I was travelling in Minnesota. I had crossed a prairie,—sixteen miles it was said to be from the point where I had started,—and put up for the night at a small log cabin, with two rooms on the floor, an unusual luxury in that part of the country at that time, for most cabins contained but one; but then this was reckoned as a sort of tavern, and was kept by an Illinois man, who seemed to understand the practical business of "roughing it" in a new country pretty well.

Any one who has passed a winter in Minnesota may know something of what is usually denominated there a blue day, which signifies nothing more nor less than an exceedingly cold day, such as is rarely if ever experienced in Massachusetts. Its true that people get used to it, and do not feel it, or seem to feel it, quite as much as they would here.

I will give you an extract from a letter received from an esteemed friend in the vicinity of the town of Redwing, although the town was neither built nor contemplated at that time. He says:

"I have been carting fencing stuff to-day, a distance of four miles, over a light crust of snow which fell last night. It has been a comfortable cold day—not what we call a 'blue day' here, by any means, but you might, if you had it east; it was only 22 degrees below zero this morning, but it rose twelve degrees from that before noon. You see I cannot do without my thermometer, although I am content at present with a log cabin. . . . What would you think of getting up and feeding your cattle at 35 degrees below zero? What do you say? I have done it once or twice, though, since I have been here! . . ."

But in spite of this seeming bravado of the cold the people do sometimes get frozen, as the little incident I am about to relate will show. As I previously remarked, I had crossed a fifteen mile prairie, and put up at a log tavern containing two rooms. It was an exceedingly cold morning when I started, and I think I was advised, then, not to leave till the weather moderated; but I was anxious to get on, and so I started, in spite of their friendly protestations. I was warmly dressed, and wore a pair of boots tanned with the hair on, which gave me courage to believe that I might safely contend with the cold.

Instead of the weather moderating, as it had been prognosticated, it grew colder and colder every moment. I never saw such a blue, still, stinging cold day in all my previous experience of the weather. It seemed, actually, as though my breath froze before it escaped from my nostrils, and I was compelled to brush the pendant icicles from my nose as often as once in five minutes.

When I reached the log-cabin tavern before mentioned, every joint in my body was numb and stiff as though my whole frame had suddenly become petrified. I should have perished, I think, had another mile been added to my journey. As it was, I felt thankful when I reached a place of warmth and shelter.

Besides the usual occupants of the cabin, there were three or four persons present, who, like myself, had been forced to discontinue their journey to avoid the intense cold. They were talking with the host in relation to some person whom they called Steers, who was supposed to be on his way from Central Point with a load of grain, or lumber, or something—I forget what; at all events, he was expected with an ox team. One remarked that any other man but Steers would be frozen, if he undertook it. Another suggested that he would be a fool if he started at all. A third, wishing to be facetious, no doubt, added that he reckoned he would be a "lump of ice." It grew colder and colder as the day advanced, and I began to think there might be danger of freezing even in the cabin, although the guests kept cramming the fuel by armfuls into the big cooking stove till it was red-hot in every spot which came in contact with the fire.

About an hour after sunset, and while we were yet seated around the table, eating our pork and potatoes, we heard a team approaching over the frozen crust. Did you ever observe how far you could hear the slightest crack of the surface incrustation on one of those terribly still, freezy nights?

The approaching team drew nearer—came opposite—paused, crushing down the crisp snow as though it had been so much glass.

"That must be Steers!" cried most of the company, and in spite of the shuddering cold, which you could almost fancy you saw creeping through the solid logs, there was a general rush for the door. There stood the cart and oxen, and there sat the driver. Neither moved. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, ran out to the cart and seized the new comer by the shoulder. The next instant he started back with a look of horror. "Heaven preserve us!" he exclaimed, "but the man is dead! frozen to the wagon!"—W. & R.

Thrilling Escape.

A gentleman who witnessed De Lave's attempt to cross the Genesee River on a rope, just below the falls, with a man on his back, on the 29th ult., thus describes their narrow escape from a horrible death. After crossing once, and being lost to view in the spray, he partook of some refreshment, and started for the opposite shore with a man upon his shoulders, in the person of a sailor, weighing about 140 lbs., which, with the balancing pole weighing thirty, was more than the little Frenchman could well stand up under. It was feared when he first stepped upon the rope, that he could not cross it. He made his way carefully nearly half across, but when over the yawning chasm, and nearly enveloped in spray, his feet slipped, and for a moment they were supposed lost. Down, down they went, the sailor clinging with both hands around De Lave's waist; but De Lave catches the rope with his arm, and they hang thus suspended nearly a 100 feet above the foaming waters beneath. Dropping his balancing pole, De Lave seized his fellow-traveler by the clothes upon his back, and threw him, with one hand upon one of the guy ropes, which they fortunately were near, then climbed up himself. De Lave, in doing this act of placing his companion in comparative safety, and then mounting the rope himself, showed wonderful coolness and nerve, and exhibited almost superhuman strength. As they fell, the impulsive crowd, with one accord, rushed nearer the river's bank. Some few ladies fainted; and for an instant all was still. But when they reached their places upon the rope, cheer upon cheer rent the air. After resting a while, they made their way, "hand over hand," to shore—(the sailor showing himself quite at home in this branch of the performance)—glad and lucky to gain terra firma.

Old Grudges.

A writer in The Congregational Journal says: "I take this opportunity to say, that, according to my acquaintance and prayerful observation of many of our feeble churches, the greatest cause of decline, and of the withholding of God's blessing, are old grudges among the brethren and sisters, and a destitution of family religion. Old grudges are like old ulcers within the body, unseen except by their effects, wasting away the moral and spiritual life of a man, and imparting to it an effluvia that poisons the whole atmosphere of Zion. Those who harbour them never act in character as Christians for they are always under a more potent influence than that which proceeds from the love of Christ and his cause, yet they take no open stand on the side of the world."

Value of Religious Papers.

A friend gave his testimony as follows: "I have been pastor of a church several years, and have noticed that all men who have been troublesome in my church, who have been easily offended at small things, who have been crooked, set and ugly—have been men who did not take a religious newspaper. And you will find that almost all church difficulties come from men who do not read religious journals."

The following is attributed to the celebrated Rowland Hill:

"Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door the preacher said—"But I will tell you a story."

This arrested the strangers, and they paused, turned again and listened.

"Once there was a man," said the speaker "who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world were made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the Gospel, and stop to hear a story."

The strangers thought they heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street.

The Methodist preachers take it for granted that their people need a religious paper, and that their papers need their support, and so they go to work and "circulate the documents," hence the immense circulation which their papers acquire. The New York Chronicle says: "Probably not more than one third of our Baptist families in the country, who are able to take a Baptist paper, have yet subscribed for one." Would it not be a mutual advantage to publishers, preachers, and members, if all our pastors would imitate their Methodist brethren in their laudable zeal in introducing a religious paper into those families which do not take one already?—Ch. Sec.

[Yes, would it not?—Ed. C. M.]