

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 28th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiv. 1-14: The Sabbath a day of mercy. Humility taught. Exodus iii.: God's remembrance of his people.

Recite—LUKE xiii. 34, 35.

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiv. 15-35: The parable of the great supper. Exodus iv. 1-17: God's commission to Moses.

Recite—LUKE xiv. 12-14.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From August 21st to September 3rd, 1859.

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include dates from 21st to 31st.

* 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.

VARIETIES.

Some one says:—"Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censur."

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF GREAT MEN.—Hadyn and Newton worked so nervously that they required to be alone. Gluck was miserable unless in the open air.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A friend writing to us of a siege of trouble that had been long endured and had ended well, makes this reflection:

But, had we only known all, we might have taken our troubles as the plants take alternate cloud and sun. I read a good text, the other day, in the verse, where "Mary stood without weeping at the sepulchre."

STARVING THEM OUT.—There is a good story told of Moolraj, the native East India General. His followers took from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions, in tin cases, and not having seen anything of the kind before, he mistook them for canister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, thus supplying the British camp (which he was trying to starve into a surrender,) with a shower of the freshest of English provisions.

A LUXURIOUS CAR.—An American writing from Paris to the Commercial Advertiser, thus speaks of his travelling experience:

We arrived here last Sunday morning after travelling all night, in a more delightful railway carriage than as an American you ever dreamed of. It was lined with blue broadcloth, stuffed to the last degree of softness.

A COLUMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The wish of Johnny Briggs.

"I wish I was a kitten," said little John Briggs.

How sad he did look, poor John Briggs. Before him was a blazing fire. The snow fell without—many a child was crying with cold.

"What would you like to be a kitten for, Johnny?" spoke up his mother, her shining needles click clacking through the bright, red yarn that was fast growing into a stocking to make Johnny's toes warm.

"Kittens don't have to go to school, nor go to bed at seven, nor get up at six, nor—nor—"

"Say their prayers," said Mrs. Briggs, trying to help him out.

This struck Johnny as being quite ludicrous, and he burst out in a loud laugh, that made the white kitten open her grey eyes, and sit winking and blinking at him—as if she too, were pondering on the strange thoughts that would come into Johnny's head.

"Nor be kissed by father and mother, nor have Christmas presents of new sleds, new books, new boots, new balls, nor pleasant cousins come to play with them, nor have nice rides in sleighs, nor kind parents to get them all they want, nor a Bible to read, a Christ to save them, a heaven to go to—why, what a delightful thing it must seem, to be a little kitten; and sit and sleep by the fire from morning till night!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Johnny, blushing as red as his new stockings, "I didn't think of all that. Come here, kitty—I s'pose you'd like very well to be a little boy, and have all the nice things I have, but you can't possibly be anything but a kitten, or at best a great cat, while I can grow into a man, and be a teacher, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or even, perhaps a minister—who knows?"

"I hope my little boy will never make any more foolish speeches," said his mother gravely. "You cannot possibly be anything better than you are—except a better boy. Ask God dear Johnny, to give you a thankful heart."

So the mother gathered together her shining needles and bright red yarn, and went to get supper for little Johnny, who thought, as the kettle sang and the toast grew brown, that he would never wish to be a kitten again.

And when he knelt at his mother's knee that night, he asked God to forgive him for being ungrateful.

Counsels to the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

"Troubles never last forever. The darkest day will pass away!"

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air. A sunshiny morning will come without warning!"

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something startling that will stay When gold and silver fly away!"

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest; The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day, Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindnesses will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that it compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest and sings while he works, is the man for me—

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick; A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray, To drive all evil thoughts away."

Sabbath Physiology.

THE Almighty rested one seventh of the time of Creation, commanding men to observe an equal repose, and the neglect of this injunction, will always, sooner or later, bring mental, moral and physical death.

Rest is an invariable law of animal life. The busy heart beats, beats ever, from infancy to age, and yet for a large part of the time, it is in a state of repose.

William Pitt died of apoplexy at the early age of forty-seven. When the destinies of nations hung in a large measure on his doings, he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to affairs of state. Sunday brought no rest to him, and soon the unwilling brain gave signs of exhaustion, but his presence in Parliament was conceived to be indispensable for explanation and defence of his policy. Under such circumstances it was his custom to eat heartily of substantial food, most highly seasoned, just before going to his place, in order to afford the body that strength, and to excite the mind to that activity deemed necessary to the momentous occasion. But under the high tension both brain and body perished prematurely.

Not long ago, one of the most business men of England found his affairs so extended, that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbath to his accounts. He had a mind of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive, so far seeing, that wealth came in upon him like a flood, and he purchased a country seat, at the cost of four hundred thousand dollars, determining that he would now have rest and quiet, but it was too late, for as he stepped on his threshold, after a survey of his late purchase, he became apoplectic, and although his life was not destroyed, he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

It used to be said that a brick kiln "must" be kept burning over Sabbath; it is now known to be a fallacy. There can be no "must" against a Divine command. Even now, it is a received opinion, that iron blast furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago, an Englishman determined to keep the Sabbath holy as to them, with the result, as his books testified, that he made more iron in a given time, in proportion to the hands and number and size of furnaces, than any establishment in England, which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.

In our own New York, the mind of a man who made half a million a year, went out in the night of madness and an early grave, only two years ago, from the strain put upon it by a variety of enterprises, every one of which succeeded.

"It will take about five years to clear them off," said an observant master of an Ohio canal boat, alluding to the wearing out influences on the boatmen, who worked on Sundays; almost as destructive as a life of prostitution, of which four years is the average, while as to the boat and firemen of the steamers on the western rivers, which never lay by on Sundays; seven years is the average of life. The observance, therefore, of the seventh portion of our time for the purpose of rest, is demonstrably a physiological necessity, a law of our nature.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Prayer-Meeting in the Street.

A gentleman stated in a late public meeting in New York city, that last month he stood in the midst of the wonderful revival scenes in the County of Antrim, in Ireland, of which we have read in our religious newspapers. There is no exaggeration, he said, in any of the published statements of the facts of the revival. Indeed, the published accounts are below the reality. No statements can fully make us acquainted with the facts as they are. The spirit of the great awakening cannot be put into print.

One of the striking peculiarities of the work is that all denominations are united in it; Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians, all harmonize in the movement.

He had a brother-in-law, who was a clergyman. He came into one of the villages, to see for himself; as he was walking along the streets alone, a young man came running up to him, and inquired.

"Are you a clergyman?"

"Yes, I am a clergyman," he answered.

"Well, then, will you please pray for me? I am a poor sinner."

"Yes, I will pray for you; but not here in the street."

"O! but you must pray for me, here, in the street. I am going down to hell. O! pray for me, right here."

The clergyman saw that the young man was in such an agony, that he began to pray for him there, in the street. And immediately others came running, equally awakened, equally anxious for prayer, equally distressed for sin, and so a prayer-meeting was extemporized there in the streets, and hundreds gathered for prayer.—N. Y. Observer.

Did it do you any Good?

In the Sansom Street (Philadelphia) morning prayer-meeting, on the Saturday following the death of Mr. Nott, that sad event was referred to, and ministerial faithfulness was made a prominent subject of remark. Rev. J. W. Smith, in his reference to the deceased, mentioned the following incident as illustrative of his character:

A merchant of New York, only one week since, when our brother was in full prospect of a long life, said to me, "He was the first minister that ever touched my heart; and not by his preaching, either. It was after this wise: He called on me at my counting-room one Monday morning—and ministers often called, for my father was a member of the church—and I took his hand when he came in, and complimented him on the sermon he had preached the Sabbath evening before. I told him I liked it very much. But he received it in a different way from what compliments of the kind had ever been received before. He turned, and modestly, lovingly looking me in the face, said,

"Did it do you any good, sir? Are you nearer the kingdom of heaven?"

That question went right to my heart; "and now," said he, "I am a member of his church."

—W. & R.

Temperance.

PREACHERS AND TOBACCO.—At the late Canada Conference, Hamilton, a warm discussion occurred in the case of a young man who was a hard smoker.

He was received on trial with the stipulation that he should renounce the practice, and had failed to do so. A strong anti-tobacco feeling was manifested in the Conference, but there is still a goodly number of old men who cling to their idols, and trifle with every attempt to enforce the law.—But the number is constantly decreasing. In the course of the discussion an interesting case was mentioned of an aged superannuated minister, who had been for many years an inveterate smoker, who had recently fully renounced the practice, with no injury to health resulting from his abstinence. In the case of the young man above referred to, it was finally agreed that he be continued on trial, with the express understanding that he relinquish this habit.

A clever sailor who had lately joined the Sons of Temperance in Philadelphia, after running a course of dissipation, at the time of signing the pledge was indebted to the rumseller one shilling; and to pay this without entering the place of temptation, he got a long pole, attached a piece of money to the end of it and standing on the outside of the door, reached it to the astonished publican, and marched off with a jolly heart.

A Catholic priest at Lewiston, Me., who is zealous in his efforts to break up the liquor traffic among the Irish, recently discovered a five gallon keg at the express office, for one Doyle. He immediately brought Doyle to the office, and it appearing that he was the owner of the liquor, the priest, after paying the express bill, seized the keg and emptied it into the river, while poor Pat stood by in despair.

WHAT WE EAT.—A man in active life requires 36 ounces of solid food per day—say 9 ounces of animal and 27 ounces of vegetable—according to established scales of diet in the English and French army and navy regulations. Of food and drink, a man will consume about 1,500lbs. a year. Of course, many persons consume much more food, but this is the average estimate.

DRUNKARDS SHOULD NOT VOTE.—It is said that in Sweden a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections. This is a righteous law; but we can propose an amendment. We would have no man (nor woman) allowed to vote until one year after the last time of being drunk. Drunkenness within a year should be a cause for challenging his (or her) vote. The oath should be administered: You solemnly swear (or affirm, as the case may be) that you have resided in this district the time required by law, that you have not voted at this election, and that you have not been drunk for one full year.—N. Y. Life.

A POSER.—Ned was arguing in favor of giving women the elective franchise. "Why shouldn't women vote as well as men—are they not as capable of forming correct opinions on political subjects? Many a woman knows more than her husband." "That may be," said Jim, "but do you suppose I'd have rascally politicians come electioneering with my wife?" Ned was silenced.