

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 20th, 1859.

Read—LUKE v. 1-17: The miraculous draught of fishes. GENESIS xix. 1, 12-26: Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed.

Recite—LUKE iv. 42-44.

MARCH 27th, 1859.

Read—LUKE v. 18-39: The paralytic healed. GENESIS xxii. 1-19: Abraham's faith and obedience.

Recite—LUKE v. 12-15.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From March 13th to 26th, 1859.

Full Moon, March 18, 5.31 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 26, 5.13 Morning. New Moon, April 3, 6.3 " First Quarter, " 10, 7.6 "

Table with columns: Day, SUN. (Rises, Sets), MOON. (Rises, Sets), High Water at Halifax, Windsor.

* 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.

The Black Lamb in the Fold.

Nellie Haven's mother had long been sick. When the cold north winds began to blow, they left their pleasant home and went to the far South, hoping the balmy breezes might bring back the roses to her pale cheeks.

One day, she saw a funny little black girl lying in the hot sand, and singing merrily to herself. This was Patsy, whose duty it was to scour all the knives. Nellie told her to ask if she might come and play with her dolls.

"You're a mighty good little lady," she said: "last summer there was a pert little miss here from your place, up dar, and she cry a heap, she so feared o' me! An' after she find I no hurt her, she wouldnt touch me, feared de black would come off! Who larn you be so kind to black chillen?"

"My mother, Patsy.—Have you got a mother?" replied little Nellie. "No, miss; my mammy she done dead four year ago; and daddy, something comed of him, I neber knowed what. Who telled your modder be kind to black folks?"

"Jesus taught her; and she teaches me all his lessons," said the artless Nellie. "Jesus! why my mammy knowed him! When I lib wid her and daddy in our cabin, she used to tell me heaps o' words to say to him. Mammy's missus she loved him too; and when mammy got sick she come and read de good book, and talk to Jesus in our cabin. But quick as one die, den de oder die too; and I heard dey both gone to lib wid him togedder. I haint heard nothin' 'bout him since I come to lib wid dese people. Do you 'spect it's my mammy's Jesus dat your modder knows? I don't b'love he's in Florida now!"

So gentle and winning was the poor child, that when Spring came with health on its wings, Mrs. Haven resolved, as a thank-offering to Him who had spared her to shelter her own little fold, to gather this black lamb among them. With

the consent of the family with whom she lived, Patsy came to the North with them. She has now learned that Jesus lives in Florida, as everywhere else; and often does she "talk," as in the days of her infancy, "to mammy's Jesus." Before many years, the little one for whose soul no one cared will be ready to impart to others the knowledge she is now gaining; and if God spares her, she will do a great deal of good among the colored people. Now, dear children, you see how much was done through the kindness of one little girl. Had Nellie, when lonely, tossed her head, saying, "I won't play with a black child, nor let her touch my playthings!" where would Patsy have been to-day? One-kind word to the despised may lead to great results; therefore never turn scornfully away from any of God's creatures.—The Young Reaper.

The Hard Way.

"FRANK, I have got one more errand for you; then you may go and play all the rest of the afternoon."

"Yes, father, thank you, what is it?" Frank's father went around behind the counter and drew out a little drawer from under it. In the meantime Frank had come up to the opposite side of the counter. His father handed him a silver dollar, saying:—

"You may carry this to Widow Boardman. Be careful not to lose it."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Frank, and then went out doors. It was the first day of vacation. Frank felt very happy as he trudged along the road. He was thinking of the fine times ahead—two weeks and no school! Perhaps the pleasant day, the fresh air, and the sunlight, had something to do with making him happy. Sunshine generally makes us feel more pleasant than clouds. But something else helped to make Frank happy, although he was not thinking about it. He had been a good boy. He had done right and was doing right. It makes a wonderful difference with a boy's feelings whether he knows that he is doing right, or whether there is the uneasy feeling of sin in his heart. He can have no quiet satisfaction with this feeling.

Mrs. Boardman lived at some distance up the road. Frank had already got by the school-house, and the little pond, and was just passing the willow grove, when, all of a sudden, it came into his head to make himself a whistle to blow along the way. So, putting the dollar in his jacket-pocket, he climbed over the fence and cut several of such willow twigs as he thought would be suitable for his purpose. He did not make the whistle there, but went along with the twigs in his hand, till he reached a log lying on a grass plat by the road-side. Here he sat down and made two whistles. They sounded admirably.

As he shut the widow's gate, he put his hand in his pocket to take out the dollar, so that he might have it ready for her when she should come to the door. It was not there. Thinking he had felt in the wrong pocket, he put his hand in the other, fully expecting to feel the dollar between his fingers immediately. It was not there. Frank felt a little alarmed. Could he have lost it? He searched carefully every pocket; but it was not to be found. He turned around and went slowly back, looking carefully along the road for the lost dollar. He searched around the log, in the willow grove, by the road-side, every step of the way, but no dollar was to be seen. He went over the road again with no better success. At length he sat down upon the log, feeling very badly, to consider what he should do.

The dollar was lost, there was no doubt of that. His father had told him to be careful, and he had not been. Now what should he do? His first thought was to go back to the store and tell his father all about it. This he felt would be the right way; but he disliked to go, for he knew that his father would blame him and perhaps would punish him. Boys dislike to be punished, whether they deserve it or not. In fact, Frank had a feeling very common, that of drawing back from a disagreeable duty. Was there no other way? He stayed to think. Ah! here was a great fault! Frank knew that he had found the right path, but, instead of pursuing it immediately, he waited and cast about to find another, easier way of getting out of the difficulty. An easier way. O, what a mistake. There was no road easier than the right road. There never is. Frank thought that he would not go to his father then. He would go and play with the boys awhile. Perhaps his father might never know it. At any rate he would not tell him then. So he got up from the log and went slowly toward the school-house green. How differently everything seemed to him! The warm summer day, the blue sky, the grass, the trees, the very air—all were changed. A few minutes ago they all looked bright and pleasant, but now not so

The change was in his own heart. An uneasy feeling of wrong-doing made him unhappy. He was not fit to enjoy the summer day.

Pretty soon he reached the school-house and engaged with the other boys in play. But still the unhappy feeling remained in his heart. Once in a while, to be sure, he would forget his sin and laugh as loudly as the merriest. But the remembrance soon came back to trouble him. There was no peace. At night he went home and sat down at the supper table with the rest. Soon after the blessing had been asked, while his brothers and sisters were talking with each other about what they had been doing through the day, his father turned to him and said:— "O, Frank, did you carry the dollar?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank. The question was asked so suddenly that he had no time to make up his mind what to answer. He felt then less like telling the truth than he had at first. It seemed too hard. He thought to take the easier way by answering "yes." The easier way! Poor boy, he had not learned yet that it was the hard way. He had already, during the afternoon, suffered more than if he had gone to his father at the first and frankly told him all. And now he had made the matter far worse by telling a lie about it. Pretty soon after supper he went up stairs to bed. But when he repeated his evening prayer, he could not help feeling that God did not listen to him, and that he had no right to pray while he kept on in this wrong course. He passed a restless, dreamy night.

In the morning he woke up to find the sun shining broadly into his room. He leaped out of bed in high spirits and began dressing, thinking over at the same time some schemes for the day. But very soon the remembrance of the lost dollar came into his mind and blotted out at once all his happy feelings. It brought-back the old wretchedness.

The day went by slowly and wearily. Frank was continually troubled by the fear of his father's finding out about the dollar, and still more by the consciousness of his own guilt; and yet he found it harder and harder every hour to make up his mind that he would tell all about the matter and bear such punishment as his father might inflict upon him. In the evening he could endure it no longer. The easy way had indeed become the hard way. While sitting by the parlour window he made up his mind to go and confess the whole thing. He started towards the study where his father was. Once on the way thither his courage almost failed him; but he kept steadily on. Every new step toward the right gave him new strength. He opened the study door and came up to the table where his father sat writing.

"Well, Frank," said he kindly, "what is it?" "O father!" said Frank, but he could not go on. He bowed his head upon the table, and bursting into tears, sobbed and wept as though his heart would break. His father, with tears in his own eyes, gently tried to soothe him. In a few minutes Frank raised his head and began again:—

"I want to tell you, father,—but it was too much. A fresh burst of crying interrupted his words, as the thought of his father's kindness and his own wretchedness and wickedness came over his mind.

"Wait a minute, Frank. Let me tell you first," said his father. "You want to tell me that you did not carry the dollar to Mrs. Boardman, that you lost it on the way, that last night you told a lie about it, that you felt very wretched all the time, and wanted to tell me but did not dare to. Is it not so?" "Yes, sir," sobbed Frank. "And now, my poor, dear boy, you have been suffering all this time, and I have been longing to have you come and tell-me about your fault and be forgiven—and all this because you wanted to take a way easier than the right way; and yet you have found it a great deal harder."

Frank now saw that he had. He saw that he might have spared himself a great deal of uneasiness and sorrow and sin, and his father considerable pain and anxiety, by only choosing the right way at first. He told his father so, and decided in his own mind never to choose the foolish course again. His father freely forgave him, and then they knelt together and asked forgiveness of God.

Frank's punishment was that he should earn a dollar as soon as he could, and carry it to Mrs. Boardman in the place of the dollar lost. Accordingly Frank set about earning his dollar, and, before vacation was over, he carried it with a light heart and gave it to Mrs. Boardman. But the strangest part of the whole matter was this. While Frank was returning from Mrs. Boardman's, his shoe struck something hard; he looked down and saw—the very dollar he had lost.

Frank's father had found out about the loss in the following way. After sending Frank, he started on some business for a place beyond Mrs. Boardman's, but went by another road. On his way back he saw his son walking slowly along and looking down, as if searching for something on the road. Thinking it might be the dollar, he stepped into Mrs. Boardman's and asked her if Frank had been there. He had not. He waited all the afternoon, hoping that Frank would come and tell him about it. At night he asked him, still hoping that, when he asked, he would confess the loss. The result has been seen. The punishment was not for the loss, but for the falsehood. It only remains to say that Frank did not after this choose the hard way again.

The Dream of Gold.

THE VOYAGE AND TEMPEST.

I DREAMED that I was on my way to California and oh, how long the voyage seemed! The wind was against us, and it blew a hurricane. The waves broke over our frail bark—the masts were sprung, the sails torn;—everything was against us. The captain talked of putting back, and this filled me with distress, for to reach California was all my desire.

THE APPARITION AND ARRIVAL.

In the midst of the darkness and tempest a dim and shadowy form glided by me, and whispered in my ear, "Which will you do—go on, or go back?"

"Go on," I answered immediately.

"You shall have your wish," he replied, "and at the end I will meet you again." This mysterious visitor, and his mysterious answer, gave me no little uneasiness. What can he mean? I asked myself. I almost wish that I had said, "Go back." But presently the wind lulled, and a fresh breeze sprang up from the opposite quarter, which wafted us quickly to our long wished for port.

In an ecstasy of delight I sprang ashore, and made my way directly to the gold region. Thousands were busy all around me, digging up the glittering dust, washing it, and filling their bags with it.

A GUIDE SHOWS HIM A RAVINE FULL OF GOLD.

I had not been long at work before a man came to me, tapped me privately on my shoulders, and beckoned me away into a retired place, whispering as he proceeded, "I will show you the yellow dust." I was startled at the sound of his voice, for it was like that of the form which glided by me during the storm on the ocean; besides, there was something wild and unearthly in his tones, looks, and gestures. Nevertheless I followed him till we came to a deep ravine, in which the pure gold dust lay by cart-loads. How it glittered in the sunbeams, and how I leaped up and down for joy! "There," said my guide, and disappeared. I stripped off my coat, and went to work, with all my might, filling bagful after bagful as fast as I could shovel it in.

HE RETURNS HOME AND BUILDS HIMSELF A PALACE.

I had soon collected a whole shipload of gold chartered a ship, and returned home. I carried a bag of my dust to the Mint, and it was pronounced to be pure virgin gold.

I thought myself a happy man. Now, said I, I will enjoy my life. I have gold dust enough, and gold will buy all that I need to make me happy. I bought me a magnificent site for building, collected together all the masons and carpenters in the region, and directed them to erect a splendid palace of marble. They were all obsequious and ready to run at my bidding, for I paid them high wages in gold. Oh, thought I, how pleasant it is to have plenty of money; everybody is at my service. Now I will outshine all my neighbours. So I set the workmen to work, and soon a princely palace arose like magic all of the purest marble, adorned with Corinthian columns, and glittering in the sun like new-fallen snow. Within it was furnished in the most sumptuous style, and without it was environed by gardens, and fruit-yards, and parks, all arranged in the best taste, and filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. I bought me carriages and horses, and had a retinue of servants of all sorts. Everybody envied me, and I thought myself the happiest of mortals.

THE FIRST THING THAT CANNOT BE BRIBED—THE MAN ON A BLACK HORSE.

But now came the dreadful change. I was sitting one day in my parlour, thinking over my good fortune, and planning pleasures for the future, when a man of a dreadful countenance, mounted on a black horse, and carrying a heavy mace in his hand, rode up to the front door, dismounted, and knocked violently. I was alarmed at his rudeness; for, now that I lived in a palace in the style of a prince, I was determined that all should treat me with proper deference. So I