

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 26th, 1859.

Read—LUKE x. 1-24: The sending out of the seventy. GENESIS xlv. : Joseph's policy.

Recite—LUKE ix. 57-62.

JULY 3rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE x. 25-42:—Jesus, by the story of the good Samaritan, shews who is our neighbor. GENESIS xlv. :—Joseph makes himself known to his brethren, and sends for his father.

Recite—LUKE x. 23, 24.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 19th June to the 2nd July, 1859.

Full Moon, June 15, 6. 3 Morning. Last Quarter, " 23, 10. 17 " New Moon, " 30, 10. 26 " First Quarter, July 7, 1. 39 " Full Moon, " 14, 8. 39 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include dates from 19th June to 2nd July.

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.

An Impatient Mother.

Two children, a boy and a girl, were playing happily together, and had been playing in the most perfect harmony for over an hour.

John was ready for paper dolls, or anything else his little companion might propose.

"O dear!" said Amy, affecting a tone of annoyance. "All my Flora's dresses are out of fashion. She must have one of the new trims before she can go walking again."

Nothing could have pleased John, at the time, better than this proposal. He went singing off up stairs for his paint box, while Amy tripped away, in the happiest mood possible, to her mother's room.

"What do you want there?" the mother spoke, in quick, angry tones. Amy started, and drew back a step or two from the basket, her face flushing, and a cloud darkening the pure brow on which the sunshine rested only a moment before.

"I want the scissors," answered the child. "Well, you can't have them. So go away with you."

"I want to cut some new dresses for my Flora," urged the child, again approaching the basket, and diving her hand in among the labyrinth of spools, tape, muslin and cord which it contained.

"Didn't I tell you that you couldn't have them?" exclaimed the mother, still further losing temper, and, at the same time, catching Amy by the arm, and jerking her, with considerable force, from the basket.

The child did not complain. She was not one of the kind that make a loud outcry every time their wishes are thwarted. Yet she did not feel this unkindness of her mother any the less.

When Amy returned to the room in which, only a few moments before, she had parted with her brother, her mood of mind was entirely changed. He was already there, with his box of paints, and a sheet of white paper, from which to cut the new dresses for Flora.

"Did you get the scissors," he asked. "No," answered Amy, pouting her lips, and looking very unamiable.

"Why?" "Mother wouldn't give them to me." John looked disappointed. He stood, for a little while, looking now at the paint-box and sheet of paper in his hands, and now at the altered face of his sister—the sister with whom he had been playing so sweetly for an hour.

"Never mind," he said at length, in a comforting voice. "Flora will have to wait for her new cloak. She must wear one of her old dresses to-day. Here is a handsome one."

And stooping to the box on the floor, he lifted therefrom a green plaid walking dress. "Flora will look handsome enough in this," said he, in a cheerful voice.

"I don't want to play at paper dolls," Amy looked still more unlovely. The frown on her brow was heavier, and her lips pouted to a degree that sadly marred her childish features.

"Don't do that!" said Amy, curtly. "You'll spoil the bonnet." And she came quickly forward, and reached out her hand to take the small piece of painted card-board from her brother.

"Give it to me, John!" The child's reddening face marked her quickly rising anger.

"I'll tell mother, if you don't give me my doll's bonnet!" cried Amy, with increasing ill-nature.

"Tell her! I don't care!" replied the boy. "Give me the bonnet!"

"I won't until I please." "Mother!" Amy turned to the door, crying out in an imperative voice.

"What do you want?" The tone in which this query was uttered, showed the mother's state of feeling to be quite as much disturbed as that of her children.

"John won't give me my doll's bonnet!" "John?" the mother called to him, sharply.

"Yes, he is, mother. He's bending it all up, and spoiling it." "It's no such thing, mother," responded John.

"John!" called the mother, sternly. "Ma'am!"

"Give Amy her doll's bonnet this instant!" "There! take the bonnet, you mean, selfish thing!" And John threw the bonnet upon the floor.

"Mother! He won't give it to me!" called out the now thoroughly exasperated little girl, as she saw the bonnet tossed upon the floor.

At this the mother threw from her hands the work upon which she was engaged, and starting up in a passion, came, with quick step, and a resolute air, into the room where her children were in dispute.

"Didn't I tell you to give your sister her doll's bonnet?" she exclaimed, seizing the now frightened little boy by the arm, and holding him with a tight grip. "Say, didn't I tell you? What do you mean by such conduct?"

"I did give it to her," said John, as soon as he could find his voice. "There it is lying at her feet now."

"You didn't give it to me. You only threw it at me," was indignantly answered by Amy.

The mother saw that Amy had partly deceived her, and that she had been too quick to punish.

"You are a naughty, story-telling girl!" she said, turning with a new indignation towards Amy, and raising her hand to punish her also.

"Naughty children, she said, as she regained a little self-possession. "Naughty children, to be always quarrelling with one another! I'm surprised, and ashamed of you! What will your father think, when he hears of this? How will he feel when he learns that his little boy and girl have been angry with one another? It makes me sick and sad to think that my children should act so wickedly!"

Very little of a right impression did the

mother's censure make upon the minds of her unhappy children, the sunshine of whose pleasant day her own darkening anger had clouded. They stood with partly averted faces; silent, moody, and with unkindness in their hearts. Their apparent want of penitence fretted their weak mother's mind. She looked for, or at least required, an obedient yielding on their part. She expected them to "kiss and be friends again," at her word, as if love and kindness were vassals that came and went at another's bidding. But she could not command the sun of love to shine, nor scatter, with a breath of her lip, the shadows that were around their young spirits.

"I must separate you!" she at length said, with a sternness of voice and manner that showed more of angry indignation than love. "Amy, you go over into my room, and stay there alone, until I call you; and you John, go off to the garret, and don't let me see your face until your father comes home. I shall tell him of all this."

As if any place would be more agreeable than that in which their mother's presence smote them; the two children, at this command, went quickly away; Amy into her mother's room, and John up into the lonely garret. Both, the instant they were entirely alone, abandoned themselves to grief—Amy sobbing to herself as if her burdened little heart would break, and John standing still in the centre of the garret floor, with scalding drops falling rapidly over his burning cheeks. To the boy, there was a cruel mystery in the sudden change towards him which his sister had manifested. He understood that her mother had refused to let her have a pair of scissors to cut out dresses for her paper dolls, and he could understand how this would fret her mind; but he was too young and unskilled in the philosophy of mental transitions to comprehend how the disappointment should have wrought in her so great a change of feeling toward himself, and caused her to act with selfish unkindness.

If John's mother had not punished him, he could have forgiven Amy. But the blows, though felt only for a moment by his shrinking body, still smarted on his spirit as painfully as when they were given in sudden anger. In a little while, the boy's tears ceased to flow. Sitting down on an old chest, and in the shadow of an unhappy mood, he brooded in loneliness and sorrow over the early mystery of life, and learned one of his first lessons of hate towards those by whom he felt that he had been wronged.

An evil seed had been sown in the earth of his young heart, and, already, its latent principle of life was moving with a vital force.

"I'll lock up all my picture books," he said to himself, spitefully. "Amy shan't look into one of them again as long as she lives. I won't play with her any more, nor paint another doll's dress for her. I'll throw her kitten from the window, and let her canary out of the cage—and I'll burn every one of her playthings that I can put my hand on!"

Now, though John never executed any of these direful threats against his little sister, he was really in earnest when he made them, so full of bad feelings was his heart. And though, on the very next day, he passed hours with her in sport, he did not feel right toward her, and was not so willing to yield his wishes for her pleasure as he had been in times past.

As for Amy, poor child! She was wretched enough, alone in her mother's room, when, but for that mother's angry refusal to let her have a pair of scissors, she might still have been playing happily with her brother, who had been separated from her, and sent away up into the garret, where she was afraid to stay all by herself even for a single moment.

An hour after the mother had punished her children, she laid aside her work, and went over into her chamber to see what Amy was doing.

"Into some mischief, I'll warrant!" she said to herself, as she thought how very quiet the child had been. But she found her asleep on the floor, with the tears yet undried upon her cheeks. A sudden tenderness came over her feelings, and lifting the beautiful sleeper in her arms, she laid her upon the bed, and smoothing back the moist hair from her forehead, stood and looked for some moments into her still sad face.

She sighed heavily as the mother's love came rushing back into her heart, and bending down to the little one, she kissed her tenderly.

Then a thought of John caused her to turn from the bedside and go out into the passage, and up to the third story of the house. Standing at the foot of the garret stairs, she called him in a suppressed voice. No answer came. She waited for a few moments, and then called once more. But only the echo of her voice came down to her listening ears. A few hurried steps brought her to the room up to which she had banished her offending boy. He, too, was asleep,

lying upon the old chest, where he had at first seated himself. His head was resting upon the hard wood, and the position of his body was, in all respects, a most uncomfortable one.

"John!" She laid her hand upon him. The boy started up with a terrified air. He had been dreaming of his sister—they had quarrelled in the dream, and he had struck her a heavy blow on the head with a piece of iron, and seen her fall bleeding upon the floor. At this moment the voice of his mother had awakened him.

"O, mother! I didn't mean to do it!" he cried out, looking fearfully around him.

"Do what, my child?" was asked in a soothing voice.

For a moment or two, John continued to glance around him in a bewildered manner, and then said, as he leaned his face upon his mother, and burst into tears—

"It was only a dream."

Tenderly his mother drew her arm around him, as she said, in tones of gentle admonition. "Naughty feelings bring naughty dreams."

Ah, if she could have known that for this "naughty dream" she was responsible, and not the child, it might have been better for that child, and for all of her children, in the great future of their lives.

Mothers, be patient with your children. Wrong them not by sudden anger. Mar not the beauty of their young spirit. If they are wont to be angry with one another, to quarrel in their plays, to have the sunshine of good humor suddenly fade, look close to yourselves, and see if the cause thereof does not lie mainly at your own doors. Of one thing you may be very sure; impatient mothers will have impatient, wrangling, unhappy children.

The law of cause and effect is as immutable in this as in all other cases. And so we beg of you, for the sake of your precious children, to receive this lesson into your hearts.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

Large Choir.

The Bowdoin Street choir, (the largest in Boston,) numbers one hundred singers, under the leadership of the organist, who is director and manager of the music. There was no confusion or shuffling of books about the gallery; all was silent, and as the pastor ascended the platform, the organ pealed forth in full and solemn harmony, untrammelled by false progression or mere flourishing; diminishing in tone gradually, until scarce but one soft stop was heard; when, as by impulse, the choir all arose so quietly as to be obvious only to the sight. The concluding hymn was joined in by the whole congregation, led by the choir, with an impressiveness that carried the imagination upward to the throne of the Almighty. Such a choir, and such singing, is worthy of the place and sanctity of such an occasion. From appearance, we should judge that not one singer there came for the purpose of being looked at, and certain we were that none in the congregation came to worship the singing. There was none of that abominable practice of the congregation's whirling around (to the detriment of hoops, and fans, and books,) every time the choir got up to sing.

The above, from a correspondence of the New Bedford Mercury, is suggestive of what can be attained next door to congregational singing. If the latter cannot be had, give us, we say, in lieu of all quartettes, a large, well-trained, and well-behaved choir, just such as is described in the foregoing.—W. & R.

A Candid view.

The Independent, in answer to a question, "What shall be done for an outer-court worshipper, who does not believe in baptism, but wishes to be a church-member?" publishes two or three communications from different contributors. One of them, after giving a very discriminating answer to the question proposed, closes his remark by declaring plainly that a Pledobaptist has no right to ask Baptists to do violence to conscience for his convenience. He says:

On like grounds I justify the Baptists in what we reproach them for as "close communionists." Have they the right of private judgment?—a universal Protestant right. If so, they have a right to believe and profess that baptism by immersion in water is requisite to membership and communion. And if we raise a clamor against them for their belief and consistent practice, we become persecutors of them for conscience sake. We may, if we can, prove them to be wrong, but do not let us compel them to add inconsistency and hypocrisy to error. Let them practice as they believe. In some respects every church holds to close communion! Even the Quakers would not fellowship one who would not say "yea," and "ay," or cut his coat to their fashion.

HUMBOLDT'S LAST WORDS.—The sun shone brilliantly into the room where Humboldt died, and it is reported that his last words, addressed to his niece were: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen! sie scheinen die Erde zum Himmel zu rufen! [How grand these rays: they seem to beckon Earth to Heaven!]"