

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 18th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxii. 1-23: The last passover. Exodus xvi. 13-36: Manna given from heaven. Recite—LUKE xxi. 34-36.

DECEMBER 25th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxii. 24-48: The agony in the garden. Exodus xvii. 1-16: The people murmur for water. The Amalekites defeated. Recite—LUKE xxii. 14-18.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From December 11th to December 24th, 1859.

First Quarter, December 2 9.35 Morning. Full Moon, " 9, 10.58 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 16, 5.1 " New Moon, " 24, 1.33 Morning.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, and Windsor. Rows list days from 11th to 24th of December.

* 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 Parreboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

* For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

Worrying the Angels.

"Mamma, don't it worry the angels to see you fretting about so?"

It was a blue-eyed, curly-haired little Georgie who said this to a mother, as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step, and anxious, frowning eye, which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence.

"Why, George! what ever put the thought in your head?" the mother answered, taken by surprise.

"O, mother—I guess. It just happened in there, as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how everything seemed to be smiling except you, mamma, and you looked so troubled. Was it naughty for me to say so?"

"Not at all, my dear. I was the naughty one but do you know why I felt so fretful and troubled this morning?"

"Yes, I heard you say that Uncle and Aunt and Mrs. Cheever and a young lady were to come in the noon train, and that your wood was poor, and there was no rice at the grocery, and Hannah had gone off besides. I suppose, as pa says sometimes, you are in 'a pack of trouble.'"

"Why, George, I did think I was, but since you come to name it over, and specify the causes of my trouble, they seem rather small after all."

"Well, that is just what I thought, only that I did not know that I ought to say so. But it seems to me that such things must look so trifling to them—the angels I mean, mamma, if they can see our actions—and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles."

"They are indeed trifles, darling—the very least of trifles! and a woman like me ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole forenoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now George have I scolded myself enough?"

"Well, I should think you had, mamma. Your forehead don't scold as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone the raisins and peel the pie plant, and wash the potatoes, and flour the tins for you to bake; and what else can I do? something, I guess." And George rolled up his apron-sleeves, and went to work with good will.

George's mother, too!—the change that had come upon her countenance was but the reflection of the brightened spirit within, and though she might not regard the idea of "angels worrying" in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her thoughts from the turbid current of household vexations into noble channels. And when, at one o'clock, she seated her guests at her neatly spread table, then helped them to nice, juicy ham of her own curing, the welllooked vegetables, snowy bread, and delicate rhubarb pie, no one would have imagined she had been half the morning ready to shed tears for the want of beef-steak and a little rice or tapioca. Would that all the Marthas of our land might learn the secret of true household nobleness!

Old Candace and Mrs. Marvyn.

One of the most striking and truthful passages in Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing, is that in which she introduces the faithful old negro-servant Candace, to soothe the inconsolable and frantic spirit of Mrs. Marvyn, after she had heard of the death of her son. The simple and glowing words of the honest-hearted old Christian, about Jesus, brought peace which the hard theological theory of Doctor Hopkins had no power to impart. The picture here presented is worth studying:

Mrs. Marvyn's eyes grew wilder—she walked the floor, wringing her hands—and her words, mingled with shrieks and moans, became whirling and confused, as when in autumn a storm drives the leaves in dizzy mazes.

Mary was alarmed—the ecstasy of despair was just verging on insanity. She rushed out and called Mr. Marvyn.

"Oh! come lu! do! quick!—I'm afraid her mind is going!" she said.

"It is what I feared," he said, rising from where he sat reading his great Bible, with an air of heartbroken dejection. "Since she heard this news, she has not slept nor shed a tear. The Lord hath covered us with a cloud in the day of his fierce anger."

He came into the room, and tried to take his wife into his arms. She pushed him violently back, her eyes glistening with a fierce light. "Leave me alone!" she said—"I am a lost spirit!"

These words were uttered in a shriek, that went through Mary's heart like an arrow.

At this moment, Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door for an hour past, suddenly burst into the room.

"Lor' bless ye, Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis yer way," she said. "Do talk gospel to her, can't ye?—if you can't, I will."

"Come, ye poor little lamb," she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, "come to ole Candace!"—and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. "Honey darlin', ye a'n't right—dar's a dreful mistake somewhar," she said. "Why, de Lord a'n't like what ye tink—He loves ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how I loves ye—poor ole black Candace—an' I a'n't better'n Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said, 'Father, forgive dem'? Say, honey!—wasn't it de Lord dat made ye?—Dar, dar, now ye!' cryin'!—cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim—loved him and died for him—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross!—Laws, jes' leave him in Jesus's hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o' de nails in his hands now!"

The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form; as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"Now, honey," said Candace, after a pause of some minutes. "I knows our Doctor's a mighty good man, an' in fair weather I ha'n't no 'bjection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great an' mighty things he's got to say. But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks mus'n't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar just a'n't but one thing to come to, an' dat ar's Jesus. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allers—it's a good place, darlin'! Look right at Jesus. Tell ye, honey, ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' an' tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat He went through all dese things—Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him you was a talkin' about?—Him you can't love? Look at Him, an' see ef you can't. Look an see what He is!—don't ask no questions, and don't go to no reasonin's—jes, look at Him, hangin' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin' 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all de breath he had. Dar's a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace loves Him—poor, ole foolish, black, wicked Candace—and she knows He loves her"—and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping.

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadow of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

A DAY OF RECKONING.—Men may cheer themselves in the morning, and they may pass on tolerably well, perhaps, without God at noon; but the cool of the day is coming, when God will come down to talk with them.

A man passes for a sage if he seeks for wisdom; if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.

Disgraceful proceedings

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST, LONDON.

We find the following in the Manchester Times:—received by last mail

"On Sunday, the disturbances at this now notorious place of worship were worse than ever. The clergy manifested no disposition to abate one jot or tittle of their ceremonial, and the people were fully determined to put an end at least to some of the present practices, especially the intoning and the turning to the east. In the morning the Rev. C. F. Lowder took the service, which was conducted in the usual way. The congregation was unusually large, and the effect of the mass of the people 'saying' the responses while the choir chanted them was exceedingly painful. In fact, the whole affair was a burlesque on public worship. The principal methods of expressing disapprobation were indulged in to an extent which exceeded the disturbances of any previous occasion.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Lowder. He ascended the pulpit in his surplice and hood, with a black stole, on the back of which a red cross was embroidered, and this, on his turning round to invoke the Trinity, was visible to the audience. He took for his text John xiv. 27. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' On this he based an earnest, eloquent, and practical discourse, in which he avoided all those points of doctrinal difference which might have provoked dissension; but his most pathetic passages were, nevertheless, drowned by the awful and universal cough which was now and then set up, and which was varied by a little hissing and hooting, and the violent slamming of the pew doors. At the close of his sermon, the rev. gentleman turned round to the altar and invoked the Trinity, and the congregation yelled again. A vast and excited mob filled the churchyard and street immediately after the sermon. Mrs. King was hissed on her way to the Rectory House, the choristers were mobbed, and Mr. Lowder was assailed with a variety of exclamations, the principal one being 'Rotten eggs,' in allusion to a case in which he was concerned while curate of St. Barnabas, having, as was alleged, incited his choristers to pelt with eggs a man who was carrying a placard asking the parishioners to secure the return of Mr. Westerton, as churchwarden. The police took two boys into custody, and at the station they were charged with using insulting language, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. In the afternoon the scene was disgraceful in the extreme. Such an outrage was perpetrated as baffles all description. Mr. Lowder again officiated, and was hissed, and booed—and mobbed, in fact—on his way to the altar, before which he and his choristers knelt, two abreast, the choristers' seats having been previously taken up by parishioners. The effect of the 'saying' of the responses by the people, while the choir chanted them, was most painful in the Litany, as may readily be supposed.

There was one incident of a very novel and startling nature. At one of the most solemn passages, a sudden howling was heard, which excited loud laughter and produced confusion. It arose from a large black dog which had been treated very freely to some intoxicating beverage, and was rushing madly about the edifice, whining most piteously. Presently the animal dashed right into the very midst of the priests and choristers, upsetting some of the more diminutive, and producing a scene of the most extraordinary character. Mr. Lowder kept on with the service in spite of all these noises, and the profanity of the scene was such as to shock the feelings of every right-minded individual who was present. Presently another dog was introduced, and set up a protracted howl which made most of those laugh who were not afraid that the poor creature was mad. The 'effect' was most painful, and the noise of these wretched creatures was so continuous, that almost anyone but Mr. Lowder would have abstained from going on with the service. This 'dog scene,' which was obviously preconcerted, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The infuriated animals went yelling through every part of the edifice, and altho' kicked out more than once, they returned to the charge with redoubled vigour. One of these canine protesters was eventually so 'overtaken' that he dropped off to sleep, and was found in the gallery in a state of helpless intoxication. Mr. Lowder, after the service, was hissed and hooted nearly all the way to Calvert-street, by a mob of several hundred persons, some of whom eventually came into collision with the police, and the attention of the mob being thus diverted, Mr. Lowder escaped in safety. In the evening there was again a large congregation, and the same disgraceful scenes. Mr. Machonochie preached, and the hisses and interruptions attained such a degree of intensity that the rev. gentleman stopped short and inquired what the people meant. He said he would not inflict a sermon upon them against their will. Should he go on or not? To which some of the people shouted, 'No, no, no,' while others said, 'Go on,' and laughter then ensued. After this somewhat 'startling novelty,' the sermon was permitted to be concluded in peace, but at the invocation of the Trinity the preacher turned his back to the people, which called forth a horrible shout of disapprobation, in the midst of which the benediction was pronounced, and the affair terminated in the usual way."

The London Freeman referring to this scandalous affair, says:—

"Churchmen have small reason to brand Dissenters, as they so often do, with the charges of fanaticism or of mutual contentions. The scenes which have so long been witnessed at St George's-in-the-East, and which the Bishop, wisely

enough prevented for a time, by closing the church, are now, on its re-opening, enacted with fresh vigour. The first time of its re-opening, the Puseyite incumbent, Mr. BRYAN KING, gave up some of his drapery, but was otherwise as Popish as the rubric permitted him to be, and preached a foolish sermon, on the spiritual losses sustained by the people through the absence of his silly dresses. There was so much interruption that, for last Sunday, he had a large number of special constables sworn in. But, fearing lest they should participate too much in the general feeling, he and the Home Office, at last, agreed that it would be better to trust to the police of the district. Forty or fifty of these were present; but the church and chancel were crowded with infuriated partisans, who kept ingeniously, it seems, within the letter of the law, by coughing and shouting the responses, the Lord's Prayer, and all the parts in which the people join, so loudly as to cause a perfect hubbub. The officiating clergyman in the evening had to ask whether the congregation would hear him, and the 'ayes' seeming to have it, he got through it as best he could, amidst hisses and groans which no policeman could prevent. Had such scenes occurred in a Dissenting place of worship, we should never have heard the last of it; yet what Dissenting ministry and people ever quarrelled in public about such follies as Popish dresses and postures? And this is all; for the vicious doctrine is hardly spoken of; it is only ecclesiastical millinery and rubrical mummery which form the subject of dispute!

Strange Companions in a Railway Train

On the evening of Thursday last one of our citizens, accompanied by a male and female friend, entered a second class carriage at the Canterbury station, for the purpose of proceeding to London. In the same carriage, at one corner, sat a man, evidently under the influence of drink. The train started, and the strangers began to chaff each other, and then to quarrel. At length the tipsy man took off his coat, turned up his sleeves, and prepared to do battle with his antagonist, who appeared to be in the same mood. This scene so alarmed the female that she went off in hysterics, and on reaching Wye, our citizen and his two companions went into the next carriage. Here sat two dragoons—a sergeant and a private; the former was enjoying a nap in the corner, but the other was looking wildly about him. The movements of this man were most extraordinary and alarming. A few moments after the newcomers had taken their places he plunged his arm under the seat occupied by the sergeant, and brought forth a forage bag. This he carefully examined, and at length drew out a razor which he opened and proceeded to strop, to the terror of the other passengers, who could not possibly imagine what the fellow was going to do, his countenance being anything but prepossessing, and his actions those of a maniac. Having well stropped the razor, he then helped himself to a lump of bread and meat, which he cut with the razor, and masticated with great rapidity. His hunger appeased, the remainder of the meat and bread was deposited in the bag, and the man again deliberately set about sharpening the dangerous instrument. At this juncture the terror of the females was extremely painful to witness, while that of her companions was hardly less intense, but there was no escape. Fortunately, the light at the top of the carriage enabled them to watch, with breathless silence, the extraordinary manoeuvres of their singular travelling colleague, but did not tend in the slightest degree to calm the intense excitement and fear which they had produced. At length the sergeant awoke from his slumbers, and no sooner did he open his eyes than he immediately grasped the dragoon by the throat, and forcibly took the razor from his grasp, which he immediately deposited in a place of safety. The fact was then elicited that the man who had been playing such antics with the razor was a maniac, that he had been sent from one of the transports in charge of the sergeant, who was taking him to head quarters prior to his dismissal from the service. The passengers loudly complained of the conduct of the sergeant, in having gone to sleep while having such a dangerous character under his care, but he excused himself by saying that he had been up with him the whole of the previous night, and could not keep his eyes open any longer.—South Eastern Gazette.

A Clergyman's Dream.

At a convention of clergymen not very long ago, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each one should entertain the company with some remarks. Among the rest one drew on his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and described the golden street, the river of life, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his money-saving habits; stepped up to the narrator, and enquired jocosely, "Well did you see anything of me in your dream?" "Yes, I did!" "Indeed, what was I doing?" "You were on your knees." "Praying, was I?" "No—scraping up the gold!"