

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 22nd, 1859.

Read—LUKE viii. 19-36: The storm rebuked. GENESIS xli. 1-24: Pharaoh's dreams.

Recite—LUKE viii. 1-3.

MAY 29th, 1859.

Read—LUKE viii. 37-56: The raising of Jairus's daughter. GENESIS xli. 25-37: Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams.

Recite—LUKE viii. 19-21.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 15th to 28th May, 1859.

Full Moon May 16, 4. 52 Afternoon.
Last Quarter, " 24, 6. 35 "
New Moon, June 1, 2. 56 Morning.
First Quarter, " 7, 6. 33 Afternoon.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
15	SU.	4 41	7 19	6 40	3 19	6 45	11 13
16	M.	4 40	7 20	7 48	3 46	7 31	morn.
17	T.	4 39	7 21	8 55	4 20	8 13	0 4
18	W.	4 37	7 23	9 56	4 59	8 52	0 58
19	Th.	4 35	7 24	10 44	5 46	9 30	1 51
20	F.	4 35	7 25	11 24	6 44	10 6	2 44
21	Sa.	4 34	7 26	11 56	7 46	10 44	3 34
22	SU.	4 33	7 27	morn.	8 48	11 22	4 21
23	M.	4 32	7 28	0 21	9 53		5 6
24	Tu.	4 31	7 29	0 43	10 57	0 26	5 50
25	W.	4 29	7 30	1 1 A.	1	1 14	6 29
26	Th.	4 30	7 30	1 20	1 4	2 12	7 11
27	F.	4 29	7 31	1 40	2 8	3 21	7 53
28	Sa.	4 28	7 32	1 57	3 17	4 21	8 36

* 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.

A female Robinson Crusoe.

We have been accustomed to associate the idea of residence in a desolate island—the ambition of school-boys, and the dread of navigators—with the solitary wastes of the great ocean, far from the track of navigation—where the wild hurricane is king, and the wave his prime minister. Who would expect to find De Foe's fiction of Robinson Crusoe realized by a traveler on our Western lakes. A Chicago correspondent of the *Daily Times*, throws us entirely out of our reckoning by his account of the adventures of a young lady who has just returned to civilized life, from a residence of three years upon a desolate and uninhabited island in Lake Superior, near the British coast, upon which she was cast away in the Spring of 1856. Miss Richardson, the heroine of this adventure, is described as a pleasant-looking and intelligent young lady, apparently about twenty-two years old, well educated and refined. She is the daughter of a respectable and tolerably wealthy family.

In May, 1856, so the story goes, Miss R. sailed from Cleveland, O., for Green Bay, Wis., where she was to meet her affianced and be married. But a terrific storm drove the vessel on the rocks, and of all on board Miss Richardson alone escaped. Supported by the only life preserver, she reached the shore in safety. The account of her adventures, which the *Times* correspondent professes to have taken down from her own lips, has rather a suspicious resemblance to Robinson Crusoe, and similar veracious narratives. After an account of her escape to the shore, on a spar to which she had fastened her two trunks, she says:

"I was terribly lacerated and exhausted, but managed to crawl up on the sand out of the reach of the waves; and then, after resting for perhaps half an hour, I untied my trunks (which had floated to the shore) and rolled them up on the bank. The shore was covered with casks and boxes, and I succeeded in securing some of them. This fatigued me excessively, as I was then unused to labor, and was not so robust as I now am. I opened my trunks, took off my wet apparel, and replaced it by dry clothing. Then, making a bed of two buffalo robes, found in a bale that floated to the shore, I wrapped myself in another, and prepared to pass my first night upon my desolate island. The terrors of my situation, my uncertain fate, and my grief for my poor cousins, for a while deprived me of sleep—but at length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake until the sun of the next morning shone into my face.

"Strong and refreshed, but very hungry, I began to renew my former labor of rolling the barrels and boxes out of the way of the returning waves. My hands were torn and bleeding

and my limbs soon ached with the unaccustomed fatigue, but I persevered, as I could not bear to see so much property swallowed up by the waves. Among the boxes was one marked 'Sardines.' I forced the lid off with a stone, and feasted my eyes upon my treasure. But, shut up in their little tin boxes, the fish were as useless to me as if they were in the bottom of the lake. My hunger increased, and I sat down upon my buffalo bed, and gave way to tears. Suddenly I remembered that, in one of my trunks I had a newly invented chisel for copper cutting, which my father had sent as a present to Mr. Ashwell, who was engaged in the mines. I found it, broke open one of the boxes of sardines, and enjoyed a delicious and refreshing meal. My hunger satisfied, I again went to work, and spent all that day in saving such things as I was able to handle.

"The next day I occupied in collecting together the goods which I had saved. I found that I had eight barrels of pork, two kegs of lard, twelve barrels of flour, two of sugar, several boxes of candy, candles, raisins, and dried herrings, my box of sardines, another bale of buffalo robes, a box of dry goods, needles, pins, thread, yarn, etc.; a box of mining hatchets, a box of heavy clothing, and a bale of blankets.

"On the third day I explored my island. I found it to be entirely uninhabited. On this day, also, the waves threw upon the shore the dead and bruised bodies of several of the sailors, among them that of my cousin. In his pocket I found a metal box filled with friction matches, which were afterwards of the greatest service to me. I dug a shallow grave in the sand, and buried them as well as I could. It was a sad and awful duty, and left me very melancholy and depressed.

"When six weeks had passed, and I had seen no sail, nor heard the voice of any human being I began to give way to the most poignant agony and fear. I was enabled finally to overcome this, and as Autumn approached, I had become, in a measure at least, reconciled to my fate.

"I learned to catch fish, and to cook my pork and flour without the aid of dishes or stoves. With the fragments of the wreck, and some of my empty barrels and boxes, I made a low hut, which I covered over with sand to the depth of a foot. One end of this was closed, the other was fitted with a door made from the lids of my trunks; over my barrels and boxes of goods I stretched a sail fastening it down by means of stakes. As the Winter approached, I fabricated from my buffalo robes a dress which I fancied would be impervious to the cold. My shoes, gloves and hat were made of the same material. The forest supplied me with fuel, and I soon learned to chop it with considerable ease. During the early part of the first Winter, I suffered terribly, but I managed to live through it, and the next season I was inured to hardships.

"In this manner I passed three long and lonely years. I kept a journal during this unhappy period, and this was my only recreation. My books, and even my Bible, were left in the vessel. During these three years, I saw but seven vessels. They either did not see or would not regard my signals; my anguish on these occasions was indescribable. The thoughts of home, and of the friends who were now mourning me as among the dead, would rush upon me with overpowering force, and my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear."

Growth of Baptists in America.

The following sketch from the March number of the *Baptist Family Magazine* gives an encouraging view of growth of that body during the last century:

In the United States, the Baptist, with one exception, is the largest denomination of evangelical Christians. They are spread through every State and territory. They form one body, differing in nothing but in their position in regard to slavery. Owing to this difference, in 1845 the Southern Baptists, by mutual consent, formed separate organizations for their benevolent enterprises, and by avoiding bickerings, both sections have reaped the full advantages of a division of labor. By the *Baptist Almanac* for 1859, it appears that in 1857, they had 11,600 churches; 7141 ministers; 1025 licentiates, and 923,198 church-members; of whom 63,506 were added by baptism during the year. Including those of the British Provinces and West Indies, the total membership was 988,848. Besides these, there are nine minor sects, who agree with the Baptists in practising the immersion of believers only, but differ more or less on other points. If these be added, with the usual increase for the last two years, the total rises to more than a million and a half. The total population attached to Baptist views is estimated

at from six to seven millions. By the United States census of 1850, it appears that they then had 8791 church edifices, valued at \$10,931,382, and containing nearly one-fourth of the church accommodations in the United States. Since then, these have been greatly multiplied and improved.

The number of Baptists in this country, with their relative progress and rapidly growing power, is one of the most remarkable facts of the age. As such it may well challenge the attention of the philosophical historian and statesman, no less than that of the thoughtful Christian. It is not explained by ordinary causes. No large body owes so little of its increase to emigration from Europe. No one of the original colonies was plucked by them. Even in Rhode Island, Roger Williams and Dr. John Clarke, were not Baptists at first. Nor was their introduction or subsequent spread, the result of any energetic but despotic missionary system, like that of the Methodists. Neither is it the fruit of any foregoing bond of future membership, like infant baptism, on which most of the other sects rely for the perpetration and spread of their peculiar views of religion, as well as of religion itself. Nor is it, on the other hand, the consequence of lowering the claims of Christianity, the qualifications for church-membership, or the vigor of discipline; for no denomination in these respects, holds up a higher standard. And it is but just to say, that no body of Christians in this country has done, or is now doing more, to extend vital evangelical piety, at home or abroad. None is more free, yet united; none more conservative, yet progressive; none, though subscribing a common creed, more unanimous in faith and practice, or more closely knit together in love.

Those who imagine the contrary, do not know them. The ministry of the Baptists, says Dr. Baird, "comprehends a body of men, who, in point of talents, learning and eloquence, as well as devoted piety, have no superiors in the country." The Baptists have never made classical scholarship a pre requisite to the ministry of the Gospel, lest they should seem to be wiser than God; but it is a mistake to suppose they have ever despised education or knowledge, except when substituted for holier gifts. As early as 1764, when numbering in all America only 60 churches, and about 5000 members, they founded their first college in Rhode Island. Long before, they had fostered Harvard, and helped Franklin to lay the foundation of the University of Pennsylvania. They now have thirty-three Colleges and Universities of their own, over one hundred Academies and Female Seminaries of a high grade, and eleven Theological Schools. They have Publication Societies at Philadelphia, Charleston and Nashville, besides many flourishing private houses in our large cities. They maintain forty-two periodical organs, two of which are Quarterly Reviews. If we add those of the British Provinces, the total is thirteen Theological Schools; thirty-five Colleges, and forty-eight periodical organs of the Baptist denomination, in North America. Can all these fail of elevating intellectually and religiously, not only the denomination, but the country itself?

Delay often Fatal.

The Word of God always enjoins an immediate performance of duty. It recognizes to-day as man's time for action, and makes no allowance for to-morrow. The providence of God does not wait for halting purposes, but duties postponed are often left undone. The following incident was told at one of the prayer-meetings in New York:

"I think I cannot come now and make a public profession of religion. I must not be in a hurry." So said a poor man who hoped that God had long since had mercy on him, to a good missionary in one of our lower wards. He had been urged to this duty by the good man. "Well! when are you coming?" said the missionary.

"Not till the next communion," answered the reluctant man.

"But you told me just so before the last communion. Thus I urged you then to the duty of publicly acknowledging your obligations to Christ. Ought you to delay? Are you sure of another opportunity so favorable as the present? Do you not believe it to be a duty?"

"O! certainly. I believe it to be a duty. I believe I have been laid under everlasting obligations to the Lord Jesus for what he has done for me."

"Why, then, make a public confession of your obligations to him."

"I know I ought. But I do not like to be in a hurry. I know it is months—nay years—

since I hoped in his mercy. I have no doubt on this score. Yet I think I must wait till the next communion."

This poor man lived most of his time in Wall Street. He had an office close by his faults of business. Three communions had gone by since he had begun to say, "Not till the next communion."

As another was approaching, our missionary brother, who looks after the neglected, and those who neglect themselves, in these lower wards, thought he would call in at the office of this broker, and ask him to be sure and be ready at the approaching communion, to obey Christ's command—"This done in remembrance of me." So walking into his office, he inquired—where is Mr. C—

"Oh! we have cleared him out," some one answered, in a rough, brutal voice.

"What do you mean?" said the missionary.

"Cleared him out? How is that?"

"O! you see, he died the other day, just right here—and we cleared him out, and carried him over to Greenwood."

So, "Not till the next communion" had been said one time too often. And the man went to his last account in a hurry—though he did not like to be in a hurry to publicly profess Christ before men. Poor procrastinating man! Such are many, even of those who have been converted in these Pentecostal times of 1858 and 1859.

"Not till the next communion" is the language of many hearts.

The Fashionable Lie:

"NOT AT HOME."

"I never," says a lady, "sent that message to the door but once, and for that once I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say, 'Not at home,' to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties, and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion, by which I could secure more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home, he startled me with the news that a very dear and intimate friend was dead.

"It cannot be," was my reply, "for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would alone sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me"—here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued, "I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times."

Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her, by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never again, under any circumstances, say, "Not at home!"

A Child's Eloquence.

A sweet little girl, named Sarah, had been to church, and went home full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at table with the family, she asked her father, who had been to church, but was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner, replied—

"It is your mother, or your aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl."

"No, papa," said the little creature: "the preacher said, 'All good people pray; and those who don't pray ain't going to heaven.' Pa, do you pray?"

This was more than her father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said—

"Well, you and your mother, and your aunt Sally, may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Pa," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are you going?" This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and immediately began to cry for mercy. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and, I believe, he will appear in heaven as a star in his little daughter's crown of rejoicing.