

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 23rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 57-80: Birth of John the Baptist.
GENESIS iv. 1-10: The murder of Abel and the sentence of Cain.

Recite—LUKE i. 46-50.

JANUARY 30th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ii. 1-20: Birth of Christ. GENESIS vi. 5-22: God's resolution to destroy man.

Recite—LUKE i. 76-80.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 16th to 29th, 1859.

Full Moon, January 18, 7.34 Afternoon.
Last Quarter, " 25, 4.31 "
New Moon, February 2, 8.50 "
First Quarter, " 10, 3.25 "

Day	Wk.	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets	Halifax.	Windsor.
16	SU.	7 28	4 32	2 31	5 6	4 40	10 13
17	M.	7 27	4 33	3 20	6 17	6 0	11 19
18	Tu.	7 26	4 34	4 44	7 14	7 7	morn.
19	W.	7 25	4 35	6 10	8 0	8 4	0 24
20	Th.	7 24	4 36	7 29	8 34	8 56	1 23
21	F.	7 23	4 37	8 49	9 3	9 44	2 16
22	Sa.	7 22	4 38	10 2	9 25	10 30	3 6
23	SU.	7 21	4 39	11 15	9 46	11 4	3 53
24	M.	7 20	4 40	morn.	10 5	11 53	4 39
25	Tu.	7 19	4 41	0 26	10 26	0 4	5 25
26	W.	7 18	4 42	1 35	10 51	0 57	6 13
27	Th.	7 16	4 44	2 42	11 20	1 39	7 1
28	F.	7 15	4 45	3 46	A. 1	2 34	7 51
29	Sa.	7 14	4 46	4 47	0 37	3 48	8 42

* 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 Dog's sense of Justice.

A friend of mine, William P. Gould, Esq., of Greene county, Alabama, owned many years ago a Newfoundland dog of remarkable size and beauty. Carlo, for that was his cognomen, possessing an adhesive attachment for persons characteristic of his race, was, of course, a prime favorite with his master and the family. His usual places of resort were the yard and lots immediately around the family residence. Beyond these he seldom strayed, either in the pursuit of game or to follow a person he liked.

His master went one day into the woods, near the house, to shoot squirrels. Carlo, impelled by an uncommon freak of playfulness or affection, followed him, but kept some distance in the rear, as if conscious that being uninvited, he came unwelcome to the sport. A few caressing words and pats upon the head sufficed to restore his confidence, and he trotted along close upon the heels of his master, stopping when he did, but never venturing to circle through the woods in quest of game.

A large fox squirrel ran up a tree close by the sportsman, who leveled his gun and shot it dead. The noise which it made in falling upon the dry leaves attracted the notice of Carlo, who rushed forward, seized the carcass, and began to shake and rend it with great violence. The voice of his master commanding him to put it down was unheeded. The destructive instincts of the dog triumphed over his habit of prompt obedience, and he tore the squirrel into fragments and scattered them upon the ground at the base of the tree.

Irritated at the disobedience of his favorite, the sportsman whipped him severely with a branch which he tore from a bush, holding him by the leather collar which was fastened round his neck. The dog howled most piteously during the infliction of the punishment, and ran back home the moment he was released.

It was quickly noticed by the family that some great change had come over the gay and frolicksome Carlo. He discontinued his almost constant visits to the house to receive the caresses of the family. With drooping head and tail, and most rueful expressions of face, he glided mournfully about the premises, and when called, especially by his master, would hasten to hide himself from sight in some covert place about the yard. He showed by his actions as plainly as words could have spoken it, that he felt himself to be in deep disgrace. As he persistently rejected all overtures of reconciliation made by his master, the affair seemed to be as incapable of adjustment, as it was of explanation, between the offending and the offended party.

After several days spent in this way, Carlo disappeared, and was not to be found anywhere upon the premises. Could it be possible that he had gone into voluntary exile to atone for his fault? Or had he, imitating the folly of lordly

man, made away with his own life, to cancel his disgrace and escape the taunts of his fellow-dogs? There was no end to the conjectures in the family as to the cause of his disappearance, and no end to the search for his retreat. But he came not to the accustomed call, and there was neither foot-print nor sign to tell whither he had gone.

In the evening of the second day of his absence, his master was seated in the front piazza of the family mansion, engaged in reading, when Carlo suddenly walked in with a large fox squirrel in his mouth. Going strait up to his master, he deposited the carcass at his feet looked up into his face, and gave a few short, cheerful yelps, wagging his tail all the time, and looking the very picture of canine content and delight. The squirrel had evidently just been killed, as the body was still warm, and showed unmistakable signs that life had been extinguished by the pressure of teeth and claws.

Carlo at once recovered his cheerfulness and resumed his former habits. He had erred, repented, and atoned for his offence, and remained ever after to the end of his days a privileged favorite in the family of his owner.

Strange as this instance of canine sagacity may seem to those who deny to dogs even the faintest glimmer of the rational faculty, it is nevertheless not more strange than true, since the facts herein detailed are related by one of the most respectable families of the South. How Carlo came in possession of the squirrel has never been satisfactorily ascertained. All the probabilities are in favor of the supposition that he caught it in the woods by stratagem or by fleetness of foot.

By what process did the sagacious animal reach the conclusion that his offence was to be atoned for by the return of a whole squirrel for the one he had torn? Yes, more. How came he to know or believe that the offence either required or admitted of atonement by the restoration of like for like? There's the rub. For ourselves, we neither concede nor deny a qualified rationality to the lower orders of creation, but define our position in relation to the question by saying, in the language of good old Sir Roger de Coverly, that "much may be said on both sides of it."—*Home Journal*

Woman's Curocity in Rotterdam.

I had not gone far on my rambles about the city, before I was brought to a stand by a discovery. On both sides of the streets, projecting from the centre of almost every window of the dwelling-houses, each at an angle of 45 degrees with the window, were placed two mirrors, of about a foot square, each in a vertical position, one facing up the street and the other down. I immediately set my Yankee ingenuity to work, to "guess" their object, and was not long in discovering, in these mirrors, plain indications that here in this great swamp of Europe, woman's curiosity is the same as among verdant hills and more genial climes. The mistress of the house seating herself in her parlor in a particular spot before a window with a book, needle or knitting-work in hand, has but to lift her eyes into the twin looking-glasses outside her window, in order to catch at a glance the whole panorama of the street, in both directions. There was also another queer-looking glass arrangement, which for a long time puzzled me. The puzzle grew out of the peculiar positions and various angles at which the mirrors were placed. I was about giving it up when, observing that their inclination was always decidedly towards the front door, I saw the whole secret as clear as light. The good lady of the house hearing the door bell ring, darts a look into the curious mirror, and thereby knows in a moment who stands at the door. Of course when the servant comes in, her ladyship can at once say whether she is at home or not. I call the cities of Holland, nearly every dwelling-house has, projecting from its windows, from one to ten of these ugly-looking mirrors.

The Secret of Eloquence.

I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These offhand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox or my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and awaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay*.

Dath.

[The following lines were written by Timothy Swan—well known author of the celebrated tunes, "Gina and Roland"—when in the 73rd year of age. They were sent to his son, then a resident of New-York.]

Ye dear bairn that we maun part,
Wha' death, cauld death, shall bid us start;
But he'll see his dreaful' dart
We can say.
See 'll be read for his cart
Maist on day.

Ye there's Aa' wha's just and wise,
Haud that a' hoairns should rise,
Anar aboon theofty skies,
An' ther' shall stay—
Be weel prepar'd, we'll gain the prize
Maist on day.

Wha he wha ma' a' things just right
Sh' ca' us hence, realms of light,
B' morn, or noon, or e'en, or night,
We will say.
We'll be prepar'd to tak' our flight
Maist on day.

O lamps we'll fill brimfu' of oil,
Ye' gude and pie, that wunna spoil—
We'll keep them brim' a' the while,
To light our way.
O wark bein' dae, we'll quit the soil
Maist on day.

An equitable Arrangement.

I referred last week to the intention of the proprietors of the Boston religious press to require pay for the insertion of notices, &c., which have hitherto taxed themselves and their readers to publish gratuitously. The following specifications of the agreement into which the publishers have entered:

The charge for publishing appeals for general benevolent objects shall be half a cent per word; and the charge for inserting obituary notices—except in case of clergymen—shall also be half a cent per word for everything beyond the ordinary announcement of death.

The charge for inserting ecclesiastical notices, the proceedings of Councils, (further than statement of the general result and an account of public services) solutions of churches, and correspondence between clergymen and their parishioners, and for all other notices published under the same head shall be one cent per word for the first insertion and half a cent per word for every subsequent insertion.

It is further understood that whatever notices received under either of the above heads, and judged by the publishers to contain facts of public interest, they may be published in substance in connection with other items of news, and without charge for the same.

The publishers of the *Boston Recorder*, *Watchman and Reflector*, *Christian Register*, *Congregationalist*, *Christian Witness* and *Christian Era*, have become parties to this arrangement, and we have no doubt of its propriety and justice.—*New York Examiner*.

A Forest in the Lake.

A correspondent of the *N. O. Delta*, writing from Virginia, speaks of the Great Salt Pond, near White Sulphur Springs, as follows:—"It derives its name from the fact that, some years ago, the inhabitants used to place salt in the valley where the pond now exists, to attract deer and cattle. There was a spring which rose in this valley, and after flowing a short distance above ground, descended into mother earth. To this spring the animals came to drink. From their trampling, or some other cause, its passage into the earth was closed. The valley by degrees filled with water, which, being unable to escape on account of the mountains, submerged the forest. It now covers a space from 300 to 400 yards across, and reaches a depth of 80 to 90 feet.—This water is so clear that you can see the submerged forest. It presents a most singular appearance. Looking down on a still day, you might imagine you saw a city of dead giants before you, so fantastic are the shapes assumed by the trees."

Treasure in Heaven.

We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection: "Few many things there are here that I don't want." Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called good things. It has posts of honor and power, tempt the restless aspirations of ambition to every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the ostentatious. It has innumerable showers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! How what is far better. My treasure is above Heaven."—*Dr. Tyng*.

Continued Praying.

Felix Neff once made the following comparison: "When a pump is frequently used but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump had not been used for a long while, the waters gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer: if we are instant in prayer, every circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

The Marriage Fee.

The late Dr. Boynot was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now said the farmer, 'when you are called upon to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service.'"

"Pooh!" replied the Doctor, "I would agree to give you half my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterward, he was called upon to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister—

"Well parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my tarrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars, and I suppose a figure two would do for the splice, eh?"

The Doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

"Now friend, her is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

Paul's Carriages.

Acts xxi. 15.—"After three days we took up our carriages and went to Jerusalem."

A critic of the early part of the century makes himself merry with these words, and their inaccurate rendering of the original. He says, "It is not probable that the Cilician tent maker was either so rich or so lazy." And a more modern objector to the truthfulness of the Acts asks,

"How could they have taken up their carriages, when there is no road for wheels, nothing but a mountain-track between Cæsarea and Jerusalem?" But "carriages" is a constant word in the English of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries for baggage, being that which men carry, and not, as now, that carries them.

The Earth a Lump of Ice.

Aliven Robinson, one of our former contributors, who is now editor of the *Bureau County Republican*, discourses in that sheet as follows on the cool weather ahead:

"THE EARTH A LUMP OF ICE.—German philosophers are discussing through the journals of that country the cool destiny that awaits our little planet. They pretend to demonstrate by mathematical analysis that the earth is receding constantly from the sun, and that in about seven or eight thousand years longer it will be a vast, glittering, rolling iceberg, entirely bereft of all animal and vegetable life. They agree that the statements of ancient Hindoo and Chinese historians, that the apparent size of the sun's disc at their advent was four times as large as its present apparent size, are essentially correct; and that it goes to prove that the Arctic regions, where even now tropical animals are found imbedded in solid ice, were then warm and fertile; and that as those regions are now, so the tropics will be. This is rather a chilly prospect for our descendants.—*N. W. Home Journal*.

A Good Answer.

A good anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press. The Professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and habits of thought. The gentlemen who had been deputed to invite him, continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society was ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz, "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

We commend this answer of the enthusiastic naturalist to Christians, whose great business it is, or should be, to honor Christ and save sinners. How can they afford to waste so much time in making money? How can they neglect, for this base object, the laying up of treasures in heaven?