

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 13th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ii. 41-52; Christ with the Doctors of the Law. GENESIS viii. : Noah's departure out of the Ark.

Recite—LUKE ii. 25-32.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1859.

Read—LUKE iii. 1-23 : John's ministry. GENESIS xi. 1-9, 27-32: The confusion of tongues.

Recite—LUKE ii. 49-52.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From February 6th to 19th, 1859.

New Moon, February 2, 8. 50 Afternoon.
First Quarter, " 10, 3. 25 "
Full Moon, " 17, 6. 27 Morning.
Last Quarter, " 24, 10. 7 "

| D.M. | Day | SUN. | | MOON. | | High Water at | |
|------|-----|--------|-------|--------|-------|---------------|----------|
| | | Rises. | Sets. | Rises. | Sets. | Halifax. | Windsor. |
| 6 | SU. | 7 4 | 4 56 | 8 35 | 9 51 | 10 17 | 2 47 |
| 7 | M. | 7 3 | 4 57 | 9 3 | 9 57 | 10 47 | 3 29 |
| 8 | Tu. | 7 1 | 4 59 | 9 22 | 11 6 | 11 17 | 4 13 |
| 9 | W. | 7 0 | 5 0 | 9 48 | morn. | 11 50 | 5 1 |
| 10 | Th. | 6 59 | 5 1 | 10 15 | 0 14 | 0 7 | 5 54 |
| 11 | F. | 6 57 | 5 3 | 10 58 | 1 29 | 0 45 | 6 52 |
| 12 | Sa. | 6 56 | 5 4 | 11 48 | 2 42 | 1 31 | 7 54 |
| 13 | SU. | 6 54 | 5 6 | A. 58 | 3 56 | 2 36 | 8 58 |
| 14 | M. | 6 53 | 5 7 | 2 13 | 4 54 | 4 8 | 10 2 |
| 15 | Tu. | 6 51 | 5 9 | 3 40 | 5 47 | 5 47 | 11 2 |
| 16 | W. | 6 50 | 5 10 | 4 58 | 6 22 | 7 3 | 11 58 |
| 17 | Th. | 6 48 | 5 12 | 6 19 | 6 58 | 7 58 | morn. |
| 18 | F. | 6 47 | 5 13 | 7 36 | 7 23 | 8 45 | 0 51 |
| 19 | Sa. | 6 45 | 5 15 | 8 50 | 7 46 | 9 28 | 1 41 |

* 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.

Too Old.

What is old? What is young? An ephemeral insect would be old at the age of ten hours. One whose limit of life was seventy years would be old at sixty-nine. But if one is to live on, on forever, when will he be old? The caterpillar, the moth may be old; for its life ends. But man can never be old, for eternity is his term of life.

We are impatient of the expression—"too old to learn new things." Is a man, is a woman too old to learn to advantage when the mind is matured so as to see clearly dependences and necessary relations? whether this occur in middle life at seventy or eighty years of age. Is a man ever too old to learn true principles and to teach them to others? Is he ever too old, with command of his faculties, to practice a useful art and to receive pay for the service? Away with such absurdity! As fast, and as far as one sees the truth and feels the need of it, he should possess himself of it, at any price, save that of duty. It is for his interest to do so. With command of mind and body none is ever too old to learn truths new to him, or to practice arts useful to himself and others. So, old one! learn as fast as you can, and help the world onward in its progress.

Old! are you? What will you be ages hence in the uncounted cycles of eternity? Nonsense! you are yet scarce a baby; but when you call yourself old. Old! why, looking back along the past you do not feel as if you had lived half so long as you thought you had, when, at six years of age, you tried to look behind you at the interminable years stretching backward, and could not they extend so into eternity? Old! No, no, you are not old.

He, only, is old who hath perpetual youth—the Ancient of Days—He who can estimate eternity.

Talents no protection.

Were they so, Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the locks of its strength. And alas! like Samson, how often it is found blind and grinding in the prison-house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations! —Dr. Murray.

Ever remember in your attempts to reform men that the fault lies more in their hearts than in their heads.

Small Debts; or, what Five Dollars paid.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day." The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five-dollar bill in his pocket; but he felt as if he could not part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat, and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a great deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tone.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen and was leaning on the counter: a look of disappointment was on her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee, said Grant. "Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away, and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure, Herriot came in, and after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and am sorry I had not, as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But I assure you, that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "But call in to-morrow, and you shall have the money to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much to the grocer, that he won't trust me any more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it a while ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room!

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after, and he was alone, but the glad face of the woman, whose need he had been able to supply, was distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy coloured woman, who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Elden's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker, when he called towards evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty-handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee.

"I'm very sorry, Harriet," she said, "but Mr. Grant put me off till to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for

the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee in a low voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"O, yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Hav'n't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars," Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee, lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with some evil-disposed person, and had been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars.

The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during the day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now he had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

A beautiful Sketch.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently-published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on the "Education and Influence of Woman." It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission.

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame, and happiness. Under his active energies business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He does not stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot, where green trees wave their summer glories, and were bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, toward which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him and foes may oppress, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul, the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends credit, and property—grief-stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now, does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellencies of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overtaken the wisest and the best; that all

is never lost while health and hope survive! that she still is near to love, to help, and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadow flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and—

"Joy mounts exultant on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man, stretched, weak and wasted, on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved ones' couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills. Around the couch of the dying man weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death-damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in heaven!"

A Wife's Prayers.

"How I escaped, I know not; perhaps my wife prayed for me."

If his wife prayed for him, that accounts for his escape. We know of no more favourable sign from which to hope for a man's reformation. Many men, apparently on the verge of ruin, have been stopped in their downward course by the indirect influence, so far as human eye could see, of a wife's prayers. That is an influence which, though unheeded for a time, is at length felt in its accumulated force; and the result astonishes those who never thought of its potency. Ah, loving, patient wife, continue in prayer. Your steady efforts seem to you fruitless; your constant desire to save the erring, seems vain. You feel weak, utterly wanting. So seems the soft dew, quietly falling, and the breeze noiselessly moving the herbage. By-and-by the blossom puts forth its beauty; and the silent sunshine, daily returning, ripens the fruit.

Woman, pray, if you would save the dear ones. Watch in season and out of season; but pray. Work on, on; and through all toil, sorrow, weariness, hopelessness, pray. An answer will be given. Wait, in prayer; it will come.

The cold weather in New York.

According to the faithful clerk of the weather E. Merriam, Esq., of Brooklyn Heights, the terrible cold of last week was the event of the winter, and of the century; for the like has not been known for seventy years. For ourselves, we hope not to be obliged to make a practical observation of like meteorological phenomena again very soon. We profess some toughness; but we are not proof against an atmosphere saturated with invisible lancets, blown by a smart breeze against the naked face. We are, too, accustomed to have fair warning when frost is about to congeal the blood in our ears, nose, fingers, and toes. But last week it was not so. A strange prickling, more like a thousand needles of infinitesimal minuteness passing through the flesh, and imparting a sensation more like burning than freezing, was all the premonition amounted to. The next instant the part was ice-cold. Stage drivers and cartmen became stiff and senseless on their seats—one was taken off dead. Newsboys, who have a reputation of being weather-proof, were frost-bitten in several instances. The Croton water froze in houses, and in pipes under ground, where it had flowed uninterruptedly since 1848; gas refused to burn in the more exposed parts of our dwelling; and when our shivering citizens retired for the night, all the bed clothes it was possible to sustain, refused, in many instances, to keep them warm.—Life Illustrated.

"Taking the one with the other," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation are the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances: for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts."