

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 21st, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiii. 23-35: Christ warns the people to enter in at the strait gate. Exodus ii. 1-15, 23-26: The birth, hiding and discovery of Moses.

Recite—LUKE xiii. 1-5.

AUGUST 28th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiv. 1-14: The Sabbath a day of mercy. Humility taught. Exodus iii.: God's remembrance of his people.

Recite—LUKE xiii. 34, 35.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 14th to the 27th August, 1859.

Last Quarter, August 21, 9. 31 Morning. New Moon, 28, 0. 59. First Quarter, Sept. 3, 11. 50 Afternoon. Full Moon, 12, 4. 17 Morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN. (Rises, Sets), MOON. (Rises, Sets), High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days 14 to 27.

* 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.

Manners.

Young folks should be mannerly, but how to be so is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners, that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad.

Sliding scale of Politeness.

Count de Nieuwerker is celebrated for the tact with which he marked by word and gesture the degree of esteem or consideration due to the rank of his guests. To indicate his success in this particular it is familiarly said that Prince Talleyrand must have taught him his beef lesson, the story connected with which runs thus: One day Talleyrand had a dozen guests to dinner, and after the soup he offered some beef to his visitors. "My Lord Duke," said he to one with an air of great deference, selecting the best piece, "may I have the honor of offering you some beef?" "My Lord Marquis," he said to a second, with a gracious smile, "may I have the pleasure of offering you some beef?" To a third he said with an affable air, "Dear Count, may I offer you some beef?" With an amiable smile he asked a fourth, "Baron, will you have some beef?" To a fifth, who had no title to nobility, but was an advocate, he said, "M. le Conseiller, will you have any beef?" Finally, to the gentleman at the bottom of the table, Talleyrand pointing to the dish with his knife, called out, with a jerk of the head and a patronizing smile, "A little beef?"

A pew in the meeting-house is thus advertised for sale in the Amherst Express, [not Amherst N. S.] "A pew in the meeting-house of the first parish in Amherst. The man that owns the pew owns the right of a space just as long as the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting-house to the top or roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven if God lets him go. Let a man start from the right place, let him go right, keep right, do right, and he will go to heaven at last, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

The Old Village Minister.

Many a reader's heart will respond in sympathy to the beautiful picture of the "Old Village Minister" and the Sabbath associations of other days, sketched by a writer in the Chicago Journal:—

In an Eastern paper we read a line or two, the other day—the brief announcement of a death. It was in little type; it was without note or comment—only the death of the old village minister.

And so the gray-haired man who ministered at the altar is dead; whose feet, as they walked on Zion's hill, were very beautiful in our eyes. How well do we remember, when the storm came up, and the sun was hidden, and cloud called out to cloud, that we wished "the minister" would come, for surely no harm could enter the dwelling that he blest! We used to forget about the falling sparrows, but then we had faith in him, and many a time did we wonder and doubt whether he ever could die like other men, and whether he would not be wafted away, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire.

Then, they had not thrown away the old deacon and got one that was new—a sleek-looking, juvenile deacon, with glossy black hair. The gallery was not gay with red curtains on rings, from behind which came whispers and song. Then we had St. Martin's, St. Thomas, and Mear.

Shall we ever hear Denmark and Corinth again? Sweetly rose Dundee's wild warble in those long gone days; Old Hundred, and Wells, and Peterborough—how grand they were when the breath of the congregation went up together, and the voices of matron and maiden were blended.

How distinctly the picture rises in memory—the plain old church and the people singing before the Lord. The minister "read for their instruction" every Sabbath morning, and prayed for the lambs of the flock, and for them that were feeble and old; that God would have them all in His good keeping, guide them in the green pastures, and lead them beside the still waters, and gather them all in the fold at the last.

How much snow there used to be sprinkled about them in June—time's snow—on the locks of the old. They tell us there is less of it now; that the children whose feet swung clear of the floor, are the men and women to-day; and the voice of the elder is stilled, and the prayers that he uttered are ended. They have removed the old square pulpit, as high as a house, that succeeded that swallow's nest of a predecessor, against the wall; the swallow's nest of a pulpit, that hung there beneath a flower-shaped bell that Jinnæus never numbered or named.

We are sorry that the old square lookout between heaven and earth is removed, for it was for years among the mysteries of childhood what there might be in it—if ever an angel, and where the minister went when we could not see him. Often had we stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to the mystery; but only once did we venture to ascend them. Judge of our disappointment, that there was nothing of gold there; no glories that we had read of in the Apocalypse, for we fancied there were; there was a rough, bare floor, and uncushioned bench, an old, worn Bible, and an ancient copy of Watts's Psalmody, and a little pile of Sunday-school books in a corner.

And it was thence, from the midst of such a place, those words of eloquence had come, that charmed, and thrilled, and awed us then; that charm, and thrill, and awe in memory yet. We ascended the little platform, and standing upon tiptoe, looked over the high breastwork upon the empty pews; there was something very grand about it, we thought, that almost made us breathless, and, stealing down, we left the sacred place; more sacred to us than any we have seen since, save the spot where the minister has wearied and slept.

The members of the old congregation have gone up to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers, in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid upon their arms; the fair-browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children, with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon, whose head blossomed like an almond tree, hard by the pulpit door; the old women, that in Winter time brought the tin foot-stoves for a solace; the little paper fans, that waved, when days were summer, like so many little wings, about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubs for an audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received; these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old, gray grave-stones of "the burying ground" that is since a "cemetery," and contemplate the stone-willows that never put forth a leaf; for the times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, most of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the tree of life, the true tree of Heaven, and no poplar, is blooming forever.

The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in those olden times, can hear the waving of a seraph's wing to-day, for the "daughters of music" have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying; the old blind man, whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now in morning light; the old black Jonah, that stole softly in, and sat humbly down in a pew beside the door, has been made white at last, and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, that the old church was very near the "house not made with hands"—only the graveyard's breadth removed. We think it ought somewhere to be written, "The house that they builded of old—let it remain forever. Give to time the silvering of the wall they have hallowed; let the wind end the songs the dead sinners began, and the rains fall on its echoless threshold."

Presbyterianism in England.

Our Presbyterian brethren in this country often congratulate themselves on the advantages of a strong church government for the suppression of heresy. They seem to imagine that Congregationalism is weak and unstable, and opens the door for the admission of dangerous doctrines. They seem to forget that in England the large majority of Unitarian churches were once Presbyterian in government and doctrine. Dr. Hamilton, of London, in a most humorous speech before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, alluded to this point, and to other difficulties impeding the growth of Presbyterianism in England. Our readers will be interested in an extract from the speech:

It is very true, as our moderator has said, that great difficulties attend a Presbyterian ministry in England. At one period our mission lay simply amongst the Scottish residents across the Tweed; but fifteen years ago, and mainly encouraged by yourselves, we took a wider range, and gave our church a broader aspect. We avowed ourselves the Presbyterian church in England, and it became our duty and our business to commend Presbyterianism to the English people. And it is here that our difficulties arise. A Scotch probationer or minister gets a call to the south. He sets forth with a burning patriotism, at once ecclesiastical and national. He crosses the Tweed with the Covenanting banner unfurled, to the tune of "Blue Bonnets over the Border." (Cheers.) In some large town he gathers around him in a church or hired house a Caledonian nucleus, and begins. It is long, however, before the English residents find him out; and when they do, they shun him as a heretic. With them "Presbyterian" means Unitarian, and they have no wish to enter a Socinian meeting-house. At last, however, through the good offices of some local Ananias, the suspected Saul is introduced to the disciples as an innocent evangelical Paul, and a worthy native promises to go to his church next Lord's day. When this honest Englishman steps into the vestibule, the first thing he encounters is that phenomenon, the "plate." (Laughter.) He thinks himself lucky to have come on a special occasion, and believing it to be the anniversary, into the said plate he plumps a sovereign, and is taken somewhat aback to find the re-appearance next Sunday of what now becomes rather an apparition. (Laughter.) As he goes into the church they are singing. It sounds very like a dirge—sad and slow like "The Dead March in Saul"—till he catches the second line—

"Approach with joy His courts unto;"

and he says to himself, if this is their joyful noise, what an affecting thing must their lamentation be! (Laughter.) Then comes the prayer. One day that a dear friend of mine, who has a peculiar cadence in his voice, was officiating in Regent Square, a Church of England clergyman who was present, said afterwards quite seriously, "I did not know that you intoned your prayers." (Renewed laughter.) And even if they are not "intoned," the prayers have too seldom that petitionary and intercessory character which prevails in the worship of England, but have more the character of devotional disquisitions.

Now for the sermon. Repeatedly, people have said to me, as a sort of apology for never coming to hear me, that they had once been to my church, but that they lost the sermon; "for we don't understand Scotch." (A laugh.) In this respect some of my brethren are more for-

tunate, for they speak English. Still, it may be a Scotch sermon, although spoken in the English tongue; and even in the midst of a new nationality. It is the instinct of a beaver to construct a dam; and if you were to take him out of his ancestral river and shut him up at the greatest distance from water—in the topmost garret of Edinburgh—he would still be for building his dam. (A laugh.) And to a Dutchman, so natural is it, when erecting a house, first to drive piles, that if you were to transfer him from the swamps of Holland to the metropolis, before laying the foundation, he would try to sink his piles unto the very rock of the Carlton Hill. (Laughter.) So long has it been the maxim of Scotland, "Prove all things," that he will take nothing for granted, and with our inveterate pile-driving or dyke building, we are constantly demonstrating matters which the English never deny. Nor is it only our ceaseless argumentation which tires them, but it is our vehemence which stuns them. "O yes, I did hear you in your own church von day," as a French visitor once said to me; "or rather I did see you, when you were making the Gospel offer with clenched fists." (Laughter.) And although the fist is clenched to enforce the truth, it sometimes surprises a meek and gentle hearer. This is our way; their way is different. Where an Englishman is content to knock at the door, a Scotchman blows it in with a howitzer. (Renewed laughter.)—W. & R.

The Inebriate Saved.

More than a quarter of a century ago, I went by invitation to bury an old lady on a Virginia plantation. Riding in front of the hearse towards the family burying-ground, I came to a place where, in the stubble-field, it was necessary I should have a guide. Accordingly, the son-in-law of the deceased came forward, and rode with me.

From him and others, then and afterwards, I learned that he had been born of respectable parents, and had had a good education, had been made a teller in a bank, had fallen into habits of intemperance, which greatly grieved all around him; that his ruin had proceeded so far, that when awakening on Monday morning from a revelry of thirty-six hours, he has seen all nature look fair and gay, and it overwhelmed him with sadness; but that when a thunder-storm has arisen, he felt it so in unison with his horrible state of mind, that he said he could have shouted and clapped his hands, had he seen the earth wrapped in a sheet of fire. Nay more; he promised in the most solemn way, that he would reform, but he broke his word. He even took a solemn oath he would desist from his vice, but he forswore himself. He was now so far gone that he had to drink a pint of brandy before he could write up his books in the bank. At length he attempted suicide, but his stomach was so diseased, that it rejected the laudanum.

He now felt himself disgraced, resigned his office, went on a vessel to the West Indies, hoping to be cured of his drunkenness. But after some months, he returned home not a whit improved. All this time he had lived without prayer. At last, walking alone in the field, it occurred to him that there was a kind and strong God, who could hear the cry of distress, and help him. He then began to pray often every day just to be kept from the power of strong drink. He asked for nothing else. For nine months he thus prayed, and during that time he yielded not once to his appetite.

In this state I found him, and told him of the wickedness of his heart, of the need of more than mere sobriety, of the new birth, of the forgiveness of sins, of the blood of Christ and of the Holy Ghost. These truths surprised him. I urged him to pray on, and to include the blessings of the Gospel in his prayers. He said he thought he would. I soon visited him, and spent many hours with him. He prayed against drunkenness more than ever, but he prayed for salvation also.

In a few weeks, hope in Christ began to cheer him. He regained comfortable health, became a decided Christian, having very much of the temper of John Newton, got a good appointment as a bank officer, was a blessing to his family for more than twelve years, walked in great tenderness and much humility before God, and then died a blessed death.

Hundreds of excellent people, among whom are three eminent ministers of the Gospel, of whom one lives in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in St. Louis, well know that I have sketched the history of John Ennes, of the Brick House, near Petersburg, Va. Years ago I had the permission of his excellent widow, since passed into glory, to make any use of these facts which I supposed could commend prayer and the grace of God to my fellowmen.—Rev. Dr. Plummer.