

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 24th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xii. 1-21: Jesus warns his disciples against hypocrisy. GENESIS xviii.: Jacob blesses Joseph and his sons.

Recite—LUKE xi. 33-36.

JULY 31st, 1859.

Read—LUKE xii. 22-40: God's Providence. The true end of life. GENESIS xlix. 1-2, 28-33: Jacob blesses his sons.

Recite—LUKE xii. 4, 5.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 17th to the 30th July, 1859.

Last Quarter, July 22, 11. 11 Afternoon.
New Moon, " 29, 5. 29 "
First Quarter, August 5, 11. 17 Morning.
Full Moon, " 13, 0. 31 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at. Rows include dates from 17th to 30th July with times for sunrise, sunset, moonrise, moonset, and high water at Halifax and Windsor.

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 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.

What am I going to do?

One afternoon a boy saw a person drop his purse. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, and was walking off with it. "What am I going to do?" came into his mind; and the answer followed: "I am going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest; I shall be a thief if I do so. God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" In another moment he ran after the person and gave up the purse.

"What am I going to do?" asked a boy who took his fishing tackle instead of his books, and was stealing out of the back door of his father's house. "I am going to play truant, deceive my parents, neglect my school, and go in the company of bad boys." The case looked a bad one; he turned about, put away his fishing-tackle, found his satchel, and ran off to school.

These boys were saved from much evil by stopping to think. Solomon says, "Ponder the path of thy feet."

Simplicity of Faith.

The Saviour said that one must become as a little child in order to enter the kingdom of heaven; and when we witness the clear and unwavering faith of childhood, believing God's promises, notwithstanding great difficulties which seem to be in the way of their fulfillment, older persons may receive admonition and instruction from their example. Can anything be more beautiful than the following record of childhood's faith?

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to, before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky: he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

The Buffaloes.

Among much interesting matter communicated by that shrewd and sober observer, Horace Greeley, is an account of the innumerable buffalo herds. Over a space one hundred and twenty-five miles by a thousand, they range, and when this careful statistician informs us, that he thinks he saw a million in one day's travel, we may get some notion of their incredible numbers. They darken the ground as far as the eye can stretch, and crop the prairies like a lawn. A large herd in furious motion—and there are no small herds—is a sublime and terrific sight. They are not easily turned aside, and travellers, even in com-

panies with wagons and horses, have been run over by them and trampled into the dust. Mr. Fuller, the superintendent of the division of the Pike's Peak Express Co., from which Mr. Greeley was writing, was run over by a herd. His mule was instantly killed, but providentially falling himself unhurt by his side, the whole herd cleared the obstruction, leaping madly over, and he arose to his feet not essentially injured. An adventure which no man would care to encounter twice. They are sometimes diverted by united shouts and the discharge of fire arms.—The Antelope was found to be exquisite eating.—Our traveller corroborates the stories of Prairie-dogs, Owls and Rattlesnakes living harmoniously together in the same holes—he has seen it. Apparent harmony we should say, probably, for what domestic altercations may occur within doors, a way from human kin, no one knows.

The Doom of the World.

The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks:—What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the whirling comets wielding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and disappearance of others, are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus residing, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.

Spurgeon on Perfection.

Mr. Spurgeon, in preaching from the 138th Psalm and 8th verse, 'the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me,' &c., and expounding the first part of the verse, says:—

Now, take the next word, 'the Lord will perfect.' That is a large word. Our Wesleyan brethren have a notion that they are going to be perfect here on earth, I should be very glad to see any of them when they are perfect, and if any of them happen to be in the position of servant and want a situation, I would be happy to give them any amount of wages I could spare, for I should feel myself greatly honored and greatly blessed in having a perfect servant, and what is more, if any of them are masters and want servants, I would undertake to come and serve them without wages at all if I could but find a perfect master. I have had a perfect Master ever since I first knew the Lord, and if I could find that there is another perfect master, I should be greatly pleased in having him as an under-master, while the great Supreme must ever be chief of all.

Did you ever see a perfect man? I did once. He called upon me, and wanted me to come and see him, for I should get great instruction from him if I did, I said, 'I have no doubt of it but I should not like to come in to your house: I think I should hardly be able to get into your room.'

'How is that?' 'Well, I suppose your house would be so full of angels that there would be no room for me.' He did not like that; so I broke another joke or two upon his head, whereupon he went into a perfect furor. 'Well, friend,' I said to him, 'I think I am as perfect as you after all; do perfect men get angry?' He denied that he was angry, although there was a peculiar redness about his cheeks that is very common to persons when they are angry, at any rate, I think I rather spoiled his perfection, for he evidently went home less satisfied with himself than when he went out.

I met another man who considered himself perfect, but he was thoroughly mad: I do not believe that any of your pretenders to perfection are better than good maniacs, superior bedlamites—that is all I believe they are. For while a man has got a spark of reason left in him, he cannot, unless he is the most impudent of impostors, talk about his being perfect. What would I not give to be perfect myself! And you can say also, what would you not give to be perfect. If I must be burnt in fire, or dragged through the sea by the hair of my head; if I must be buried in the bowels of the earth, or hung up to the stars forever—if I might but be perfect, I would rejoice in any price I might have to pay for perfection. But I feel persuaded that perfection is absolutely impossible to any man beneath the sky; and yet, I feel sure, that to every believer future perfection is an absolute certainty. The

day shall come, beloved, when the Lord shall not only make us better, but shall make us perfectly good; when He will not merely subdue our lusts but when we shall cast the demons out; when He shall make us not only tolerable, and bearable, and endurable, but make us holy and acceptable in his sight. That day, however, I believe, will not come until we enter into the joy of our Lord, and are glorified together with Christ in heaven.

Long and Short Pastorates.

The idea of permanence does not sufficiently enter into the consideration of accepting a pastoral charge. A settlement is needed; and the one that offers is accepted, with the hope of securing a better ere long. I know of many pastors, with a field wide enough to occupy all their talents, whose minds are in this state. And when a church even of very moderate ability becomes vacant, it is wonderful how many inquiries are made in reference to it by pastors who are very comfortably and usefully settled! And it is often sad to hear the reasons they assign for seeking a change. One desires a larger field, when he does not half cultivate the one he has. Another desires a more intelligent people, without seeking to make his flock so. Another feels that he is not useful, and thinks that he might be more so in a new field. One says, my wife is not satisfied—another, I want better advantages for my children—another, I want to be nearer my friends—another, there are a few uneasy people in my parish—another, I can use my old preparations in a new field! A true minister will be useful anywhere; he will endure privations and oppositions as a good soldier; discomfords are a condition of his being; and his character is formed and made known by the manner in which he bears his crosses. It is sufficient for the servant that he be as his master.

The proverb is old and homely, but true, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Dr. A. was the useful pastor of a fine congregation. He was called to a distant city, and went. He was called again, and went. And he became unsettled in his feelings, and fond of change. He was able, and eloquent, and truly pious. He changed six or more times; and before he died, he was without a charge for years; the churches could not depend upon him. And the warning lesson of his life to his surviving brethren is, to beware of changing the pastoral relation without an all-sufficient cause.

Dr. B. was a man of good sense, of excellent piety, of fair abilities, of industrious habits as pastor and student; he resisted many inducements to change. He began and ended his ministry in the parish where Dr. A. could not think of spending a month. And he died, leaving a name behind him whose fragrance is an ointment poured forth, and which will be ever embalmed in the history of the church.

The history of ministers and churches, if it proves anything, clearly demonstrates that, other things being equal, the fewer the changes made by pastors the better for them, and for all the interests with which they are connected; and the less frequent the change of pastors the better for the churches. The ablest pastors and preachers of this country have been those who have never changed their pastoral relation, or but once. And of the churches of this land, which have a history, the very strongest and most efficient are those which have had the fewest pastors. I regard with an admiration verging upon worship, the pastors who have sustained themselves among the same people for half a century of years in succession! They are to me among their brethren as the old cedars of Libanon, the venerable patriarchs of a hundred generations, to the smaller trees growing up around them! In the ministry, no less than in the world of nature, is permanence necessary to growth. It is only the snowball that increases by rolling; and however large it may grow, it disappears before the first breath of Spring.—"Kirioan" in New York Observer.

A hint to Ministers.

The Century, in a notice of Chas. Kingsley's "Good News from God," very sensible remarks—There is one good quality of these sermons which we would commend, we fear with little hope of the suggestion being adopted, to general imitation—we allude to their brevity.—It is a virtue in pulpit exercises which is almost entirely unknown. It is forgotten alike by good preachers and bad. They know not when to stop. A little reflection should convince the most pertinacious of divines, that there is in the very nature of the case, a very early limit to the proper extension of a sermon. Two considerations, in particular, should inculcate forbearance. Lectures from the pulpit, to be good, must necessarily, for the most part, be old. They must

needs contain repetitions of familiar truths, of which the audience needs to be reminded, and of which a single touch on the spring of memory or feeling will remind the listener sufficiently. If our attention were called to the message for the first time, it might be necessary to dwell upon it with frequent repetition, but we have probably heard it from our infancy—and this is our second consideration. It was once made by Dean Swift, if we remember rightly. He says somewhere that one of the great defects of preaching is the difficulty of getting the audience for whom the sermons is intended, within the sound of the preacher's voice. A few persons, comparatively perform this duty of hearing sermons, while the majority of the world never enter the church. It consequently happens that discourses adapted to enlighten ignorance and arouse sluggishness are heard, not by those who need these ministrations most, but, year after year, by the well informed in doctrine and the spiritually sensitive. It is well that they should be preached to also, for we all need reminders of our duty—but, we submit it earnestly, a great many hints can be given in twenty minutes, with perhaps an extra allowance of five or ten more when a special argument is on hand.

The Importance of Sleep.

About one third of the life of man is spent in sleep. He who lives to reach the age of three-score years and ten, will have spent more than twenty-three years of this period in unconscious repose. This simple fact alone is sufficient to proclaim the overwhelming importance of sound refreshing sleep to the health, happiness and longevity of man.

The origin of much of the nervousness and impaired health of the individuals who are not decidedly sick, is owing to a want of sufficient and quiet sleep. To procure this should be the study of every one. It is to be feared that the great praise of early rising has had this bad effect—to make some believe that sleep was of but little consequence.

We have heretofore stated that in our opinion the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. Indeed, so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep, that it is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement.

Notwithstanding strong hereditary predisposition, ill-health, loss of kindred and property, insanity rarely results unless the exciting causes are such as to produce a loss of sleep. A mother loses her only child, the merchant his fortune—the politician, the scholar, the enthusiast, may have their minds powerfully excited and disturbed; yet if they sleep well they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack, or to those who are in delicate health, as that of securing by all means sound, regular and refreshing sleep. It is true that some few persons are able to perform much mental labor, and to study late at night, and yet sleep well. Some require but little sleep. But such individuals are very rare. Gen. Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that during a whole year's campaign he did not sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. Sleep seemed to be at the command of Napoleon, as he could sleep and awake apparently at will.

Let not the importance of sleep, then, be disregarded; but on the contrary, let its sweet and soothing influences be cultivated. Let it not be regarded as an evil that comes to interrupt enjoyment, but as a great accomplishment and a pleasure of itself.

Droppings of the Sanctuary.

Nothing has any value for some men which does not blossom the moment it is planted. There is no grief which has not some cell of sweetness, if we could only find it. It is a rare thing to hear men thank God, except in the sanctuary, where ministers are employed to thank Him generically for the congregation.

An argument may stop a man's mouth which cannot stop his heart.

Human virtues are like a fleet caught in the grasp of a storm—some are drifting in the darkness—some are among breakers.

It is pride which makes us emphasize our differences of opinion.

SIGNIFICANT.—On a recent Sabbath morning a stranger visited one of our fashionably built churches for the purpose of worship, and, on asking the sexton for a seat, he replied—forgetting St. Paul's instructions, "Be ye courteous"—"we have plenty to let, sir!" The sexton, however, notwithstanding his curt answer, condescended to show the stranger to a seat. At the close of the service the gentleman enquired for the Treasurer of the Society, and ascertaining the price of a seat for one year, he quietly handed him the amount, with the request that the seat might be "reserved for strangers!"—American paper.