

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 9th, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 18-38: Annunciation of the birth of Christ, and GENESIS ii. 1-17: The manner of the creation.

Recite—LUKE i. 13-17.

JANUARY 16th, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 39-56: Mary's song of praise; GENESIS iii. 1-21: The fall of Adam and Eve.

Recite—LUKE i. 18-20.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 2nd to 15th, 1859.

New Moon, January 4, 1.11 morning. First Quarter, " 12, 3.38 " Full Moon, " 18, 7.34 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 25, 4.31 "

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days of the week from 2 to 15.

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.

ANNIVERSARIES OF REMARKABLE EVENTS IN JANUARY.

- 1. Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801. 2. Lavater died, 1801. 3. Bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Daniel Wilson) died, 1858. Aged 80. Quebec founded, 1608. Archbishop Fenelon died, 1715. Galileo died, 1642. Archbishop Laud beheaded, 1644. Penny post in England commenced, 1840. Sir Hans Sloane died, 1753. Dr. Dwight died, 1811. Union of the Dutch Provinces, 1579. Edward Gibbon the historian died, 1794. Battle of Corunna, 1809. Dr. Benjamin Franklin born, 1705. Bishop Horne died, 1792. John Howard died, 1790. American Independence acknowledged, 1783. Louis XVI. beheaded, 1793. Lord Baron born, 1561. William Pitt died, 1806. Duke of Kent died, 1820. Princess Royal of England married, 1858. Dr. Jenner died, 1823. Abraham Booth died, 1806. Charlemagne died, 814. Sir Francis Drake died, 1596. Peter the Great died, 1725. George III. died, 1820. Charles I. beheaded, 1649.

The Happy Year.

A TALE FOR THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

The clock struck twelve; and, in the heart of Manchester, a woman opened the door of a miserable cellar, and looked into the darkness. Pale, terror-stricken, and bewildered, it was almost with a maniacal stare that she turned back into the room, and muttered between set teeth—"Midnight—and the child dying! Will he never come?"

"Mother! dear mother!" said a feeble voice from a low bed beside the dying embers, "is the old year gone by? Was it the clock I heard just now, when I awoke?"

"Yes, darling! the new year has come. God grant I may not live to see the end of it."

"Nay, mother, it is better to say this—God give me patience, and God comfort me, whatever I may suffer." We must be ready to live or die, just as He pleases."

"Ab, yes; but without thee, my child, my little teacher, my own darling Lucy! can I still live when thou art taken away?"

"Yes mother, you must live to help poor father," said the child, with one hand laid against the cheek so wet with tears. "He will come soon; and I will tell him with my last breath to be kind to you, and love you. Is that the wind shaking the door so much?"

As Lucy spoke, a man entered the cellar, and, reeling across its floor, said thickly, and in a voice that contrasted strangely with the quiet which had reigned before.

"Well, Luce, child, art thou better? Let me look at thy bright eyes!"

The girl drew back, "O father, I am dying! Did not I ask you to keep sober, and see me die?"

For a moment the drunkard staggered, and seemed unable to comprehend her words; then, bursting into tears, he knelt beside the bed, and sobbed, "Forgive me, darling, I forgot—I did not know."

"Yes, you did know," interrupted the miserable wife; "you knew that your child was dying." "Mother, be patient, dear. Bind the wet cloth round father's head, and let me talk to him. I know that he will listen—for he loves me still."

"I do, my little Luce, I do, indeed." "Then, father, if you love me, you will promise what I ask. It is a thing that will make you and mother happier than you have ever been before—happier even than you were in the little cottage mother talks about, when I was quite a baby—and you never got drunk."

"Go on," said the father, with a bitter outburst of grief and remorse; "I know what you want me to promise, and I will do it for your sake."

The girl wound an arm round his neck, and whispered earnestly.

"There are more things than one which I must ask for; for I want you to make mother a Happy New Year."

"Well, well, I will. I will save up, and give her a new gown. She shall have all the wages next Saturday—every penny. I'll even get my coat out of pawn, and go to parson F's. Will that make thee happy, Lucy?"

"Dear father, even that will not be enough. I want you to begin at the beginning. I want you to feel that you are a sinner, and that you deserve even the worst punishment there is: and I want you to read the Bible, and find how Jesus died to save such sinners from the punishment they deserve; and then I want you to pray that God's own Spirit may lead you,—as He has led me—to believe this truth about Jesus, and love Him with all your heart. Then, mother will indeed have a Happy New Year. Promise me, before I die, that you will remember what I say!"

Solemnly in that hour did the poor drunkard yield to the last wishes of his dying child, and with her mother's hand within his own, wept bitter tears of sorrow for the wrong he had done them both.

"Thank God!" said Lucy, when her lips had ceased to move in silent prayer. "Mother, be patient! Father, be in earnest! Then Jesus will be with you, and the new year I spend in heaven will be a happy one for all of us."

The clock struck one. "Hark!" said the dying child. "Was it a harp I heard? An angel's harp? Or was it the voice of Jesus? Where are you, father—mother? I cannot see you now. Say, suffer little children—"

Her mother repeated the loving words of Jesus; and a smile lit up the pale face of Lucy. "Lord, I am coming!" she said, brokenly;—and so she died.

From that hour Robert Barton was an altered man. Beginning on that New Year's Day, as Lucy, with so much earnestness, had exhorted him to begin, he found within the pages of THE BOOK a message to his soul. But it was when he stood beside the grave of the child, whom his neglect had brought to early death, that he first saw that, even for his guilt, there was forgiveness; and that for the sake of Christ, who died on Calvary. Then was his lowly home the scene of rejoicing, such as angels love to witness; for that night wife and husband knelt together before Him whose loving arms even now enclosed their child.

It was a happy year! Ah, reader, let this new year to thee, be such.

The Twenty-third Psalm.

BY THE REV. H. W. BRECHER.

David has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but, as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eye, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen—so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world.

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which the psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which when heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such an one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to

their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children, and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical for ever!

The Mortara Case.

Baron Rothschild, of Paris, has, in the most generous way, and no doubt with a view to maintain religious liberty for his own denomination, sent 10,000 francs to the parents of the boy Mortara so that they may take legal measures to obtain the release of their child. A correspondent of The Examiner gives the following interesting account of the circumstances of the outrage:—"The Mortara family live in the street called 'Via delle Lame.' One night last summer, when all the inmates of their house were in bed excepting Mortara and his wife, a loud knocking was heard at the street door about twelve o'clock. Mortara hesitated to open it on account of the numerous acts of violence that had taken place recently in the town. The knocking was repeated, and he then asked who was there;—answer, 'The police.' That word made him open the door, when a little man in plain clothes, followed by several gendarmes, entered. He asked Mortara's name, and put some other questions; then how many children he had, and desired that they should be shown to him. Mortara said, 'Why do you wish to see my children—by whose authority do you ask to do so?' The man showed a warrant (patente) of the Inquisition. Mortara represented in vain that the children would be frightened at being roused from their sleep and brought among armed men. He

was told he must dress them and bring them. As the children came in their names were asked; the last was the little boy they were in search of. The man beckoned to the child to come near him. As soon as he was within his reach he caught him in his arms; the child cried and the father approached to take him, but some of the police placed themselves in front of the man—between the father and his child. The man retreated with the child, leaving one or two gendarmes within the house, and others outside, in case the father had attempted to rouse the neighbourhood. When the story became known next morning, all Bologna was horror-struck, even the supporters of the Papal Government and religion exclaimed against an act that violated the sacred ties. It may be mentioned that the man who took away Mortara's child was one of a numerous body of spies and secret agents (patentate) employed by the Inquisition, who are to be found in every class of society where it exists; and when one of these men is employed to execute a decree of the Holy Office, he has a power which compels every bishop and magistrate, and every force civil and military, to assist him."

An Axe to Grind.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

When I was a little boy, says Dr. Franklin, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of the "fine little fellow," "O yes," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my little fellow," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" Could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest little fellows that I ever saw—will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Ticked at the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, the axe

was sharpened, and the man turned to me with "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant, scud for school or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it is hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I that man has an ax to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great profession of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful alas! deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a body.

A Quaker Wedding.

There was a marriage the other morning at the Friends' meeting house on Fifth Street, near John, of two members of the Society of Friends. The meeting-house was filled long before the hour for the ceremony, by well-dressed, but talkative ladies, attracted by curiosity, anxious to see the unusual method of doing a very common thing. These ladies, however, did not preserve the decorous silence which becomes any house consecrated to the worship of God, and especially a house belonging to a religious denomination with which quiet is so essential a part of religion as it is with the Friends. Their hardly subdued whispers were heard like the peeping of a brood of chickens just out of the shell, during the whole ceremony, with the exception of the prayer. The males who were visitors were more respectful. There were but few of the Friends there in the dress of the denomination, and even these observed only an approach to uniformity of cut and color.

After the groom and bride, accompanied by three groomsmen and bridesmaids, had arrived and taken their seats, there was a long silence.

At length an elderly Friend rose and delivered an exhortation on the solemnity of the contract which the young couple were to make, and the necessity of reliance upon Divine strength, to fit them for the duties and trials of life.

There was another silence, which was broken by one of the Friends kneeling and making a devout and fervent prayer. During the prayer, all but the one who offered it stood—the men, who during the rest of the services wore their hats, uncovered.

After the prayer there was another interval of silence. At length the young couple rose, and the man, taking the woman's hand, said in a low voice: "In the presence of God, and this assembly, I take thee to be my wife, promising by God's grace to be a loving and faithful husband till death parts us."

The bride, speaking much louder and more distinctly than the groom in the same words, *mutatis mutandis*, took him for her husband.

They then signed their names to a certificate, set forth that the parties had declared their purpose of marriage before a monthly meeting of the Society of Friends, and had it approved, and had further, in the presence of the assembly, taken each other for husband and wife. This certificate was then signed by the friends and relatives of the party, and the ceremony was at an end.

The bride and bridesmaids were dressed in plain, rich, white dresses, and the groom and groomsmen in black dress coats and pants and white vests.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Missing at the Prayer-meeting.

Doubting Thomas once experienced a great loss because he was absent from a prayer-meeting when the risen Saviour appeared to the disciples. It is never wise to be away from such a place unless compelled by necessity, for we may meet losses equally great. The Christian Association of New Orleans have issued the following placard:

"NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING OF OURSELVES TOGETHER.—Heb. x. 25.

Ah! and who missed me there? My Saviour, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ. And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of heart in prayer.

And what did I miss in my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missing at the prayer-meeting? I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

My dear reader, if we love the communion of the saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be missing at the prayer-meeting.

Mu... ble pa... vation... import... as well... it ger... what... ject, a... which... vested... it is t... fruit t... room... Tre... roots u... find a... soaked... and w... availa... of the... will no... tion, s... get ou... and co... The... well d... full... apple... trees o... the oth... yard p... more t... My ne... age, an... number... cumber... them t... vigor... It is... have t... they d... and p... cattle... will tr... and the... will be... ditiona... stead... Ashe... 1. C... thinly... to soak... on me... 2. T... land w... potato... 3. U... after it... a hill... the rav... 4. I... for str... be app... love an... 5. T... over c... or oat... scatter... 6. T... winter... use... 7. T... lands... tain so... of tre... plowed... already... ashes... 8. A... Used o... on sou... are qu... SHU... success... R. L... a consi... pickin... picked... when... larger... hand... even o... buildi... jolting... again... drawn... by two... taken... lower... a time... ried t... don th... barrow... costly... they... marke... and h... \$10 p...