

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 11th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxi. 20-38 : Christ predicts the destruction of Jerusalem. EXODUS xvi. 1-12 : The people murmur at Marah.

Recite—LUKE xxi. 1-4.

DECEMBER 18th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxii. 1-23 : The last passover. EXODUS xvi. 13-36 : Manna given from heaven.

Recite—LUKE xxi. 34-36.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From December 4th to December 17th, 1859.

First Quarter, December 2, 9.35 Morning. Full Moon, " 9, 10.58 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 16, 5.1 " New Moon, " 24, 1.33 Morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for Dec 4-17.

* 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.

Medicine.

Musing of all my Father's love. How sweet it is! Methought I heard a gentle voice: Child, here's the cup— I've mixed it—drink it up. My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice, O Father, must it be? Yes, child, it must. Then give the needed medicine; Be by my side. Only thy face don't hide. I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis thine. From an old English Tract

An Unhappy Family.

The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss-Government.—[Ex paper. Her sister, Miss-Management, is no beauty. [St. Louis Bulletin. Miss-Demeanor surpasses them both: and while she is uglier and haughtier than either of her sisters, she is constantly getting courted.—[Lexington Expositor. While we have no particular liking for Miss-Government, Miss-Management or Miss-Demeanor, we have a decided disliking for Miss-Fortune. She is ever sticking her nose in where it is not wanted.—[Jeff Ex. Among those unfortunate Misses may be placed Miss-Take, who is generally compelled to bear the blame for the acts of Miss-Government, Miss-Management, Miss-Fortune and sometimes Miss-Demeanor.—[St. Charles Reville. As for us, we can endorse and even tolerate any of the above named Misses as well, or better than Miss-Ann-Thropy. Of her we have a perfect abhorrence.—[St. Louis Adv. There is a whole family of Misses whose company had better be avoided—for instance, Miss-Chief, Miss-Lead, Miss-Judge, Miss-Quote, Miss-Represent, Miss-Rule, Miss-Trust, &c.—[Pres.

The fall of the great tree.

"Father," said a little boy, "I heard you say it was a wonder you were not killed today, when the great tree fell near you. Well, father, then perhaps Jesus helped it to fall away from you; for mother always prays for you when you are gone to work. We all pray together up stairs before we go to school." "Do you, my boy; do you pray?" "Yes, father, I try to a little; but then I can't pray like mother does; she prays for every thing." "Does she, Sammy? You've a good mother, boy; there are not many children as happy as you are, and taught to pray too." "Don't you ever pray for us, papa? My teacher says, if we wish to sing in heaven we must pray on earth. Is that true, papa? Will you sing in heaven with mother, and all of us?" "I hope so Sammy; would not you like that I should?" "Oh, papa, I'm sure I should. Do you pray though—eh?"

"I hope, Sammy, your mother will ask God to take care of your father, for fear another great tree should fall near me when I am in the woods." "But, father, God will hear you as well as mother; won't he?" "Yes, Sammy, I hope so. Did you ever hear me pray, my boy?" "No, father; but I should like to though, that I should." The father prayed that night!

The Pastor's Trials.

Autumn came with its yellow sunshine and its mild breezes. The fruits of the earth had been gathered in, and nature was yielding to quiet decay. It was the season for pensive reflection and moral resolution; the season when Mr. Willard was wont to gird up his loins for a combat with the powers of sin, and a victory over them. How many souls had dated their spiritual birth from that season of falling leaves, and how many, even now, were waiting to be gathered into the spiritual garner!

But, alas! there was excitement and turmoil in the Church. Innocently, and with the purest intentions, the minister had brought discord and division, and outside of the Church there was a great uproar among the people. Beside all this there was to the affectionate husband a dread apprehension of domestic bereavement, which, with all his goodly submission, lay like ice on his heart. There had come to the parsonage a dear little boy, and for a time the young mother seemed to have imparted nearly all of her frail life to the poor tiny wailer.

There she lay, day after day, only breathing and smiling. Occasionally, with great exertion, she would whisper to her anxious husband, 'Don't grieve, dear Walter, all is well!'

There were many ingredients in the bitter cup which God had permitted to be mingled for the good of man. Not the least embarrassing was pecuniary difficulties; for since the Church had been quarrelling about the quality of the bread of life imparted by their pastor, they had almost forgotten to supply him with the meat which perisheth; and now that sickness had made both nurse and house-maid necessary, besides many incidental expenses, the pastor found his larder lean and his purse empty. What was he to do?

It was Friday, and such had been the toils and anxiety, of the week that no preparation had been made for the Sabbath. Two sermons were to be prepared for that exceedingly fastidious people. The text was selected, and the introduction arranged, when up came the cook, with heavy steps, each of which found an echo in the beating heart of the minister.

'Have ye ordered the mate, sir, for dinner?' 'The meat, Mary?' asked he deprecatingly.

'Yes, the mate; is it to be sent, or will I go and fetch it?'

'Isn't there some fish, Mary?' asked Mr. Willard briskly, as though he had a great desire for some, though his last three dinners had been of that article.

'Just a nape of a cod, yer honor.'

'Well, you can mince it,' said he, bending over his book, as though excessively busy.

'And the second course, sir?'

'O, anything you like; bread and butter will do,' replied the embarrassed minister.

Off went the cook, muttering they would have to take that or nothing.

Study on, good man! your people have fine intellectual appetites, which must be gratified.

Study on! What though your breakfast was a cup of weak tea and a slice of corn bread, your head need not be empty because your stomach is!

Up came the cook again: 'The tay, sir, is all out of the caddy.'

And so the pastor had to exchange his old dressing-gown for a coat, and his slippers for boots, go down street, and add another item to the bill of groceries, not knowing how it would be paid.

Study on, Mr. Willard; your mind can be occupied in Sabbath preparation though engaged in the avocation of errand boy. Have a smile and a bow for the fair ladies who are flitting hither and thither on this bright autumnal day. But do not forget your sermon, for they are selecting their fall style of bonnets, and will surely all be to church next Sabbath.

they recognize their pastor, and smile at his approach, bringing to that pensive countenance a gleam of sunshine neither feigned nor forced.

The tea deposited on the kitchen table, the minister hurried back to his study, for every moment was precious. How hard to collect those jostled ideas; how difficult to prevent his thoughts from going out after those luxurious dinners in preparation whose odor had mocked his eager appetite.

Ah, study on, good brother, for those who fare sumptuously and live delicately must not be fed on ordinary spiritual food. They have soft, itching ears, and love good things. Bring down your ponderous classics, and pore over them; this fine people like to know that their pastor is learned.

'Tinkle, tinkle,' went the little bell, informing the pastor that the bit of fish was minced, and the bread spread for his dinner.

Was it necessary to make so nice a toilette for that little dinner? It was, for first he must step in to see poor little wifely, and she was not allowed to know how much care and anxiety he had. He would appear cheerful and well cared for; so he bathed his fevered brow, and brushed his dark locks, and carried a pleasant smile to the sick room, and Maria whispered, 'She would soon be well, and sit up to dinner with him,' and he had to fetch the little boy and let her see him in his arms.

Dinner over, the minister had to go again to his room, and apply himself busily to his task till evening.

A fat, elderly sister came to spend the afternoon, and to take tea with the minister's family. On her way homeward she called on a friend, and observed she had two things against Brother Willard: one was his keeping in his chamber all the time, and the other was being so genteel that they could have nothing for tea but sliced bread and a few crackers; for her part she did not see what they were made of.

Gentle reader, your pastor is made of the same flesh and blood as yourself. He requires the same solids and fluids to sustain his nature that you do. Is he well sustained? Are you sure that no perplexing cares are weighing on his spirit while preparing his sermons? If not, you are cheating your own souls; while the servant of God, labouring as he is with a trammelled spirit, either fails in his ministrations, or, over-leaping every barrier, he throws himself entirely into the work, and is spent at once in his Master's cause.

Beware lest ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.—The Rainbow Side.

A Roman Catholic Saint.

THE following disgusting account, which we take from the Freeman's Journal, will show what is the standard of piety, of eminent piety, in the Church of Rome. It is an account of the life of Benedict Joseph Labre, who has just been "beatified and canonized" as a saint. It is a Protestant maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but in the Church of Rome for a man to wear his clothes until they become rags and "their foul state causes them to be filled with innumerable vermin," is a mark of exalted piety. We are making no caricature or misrepresentation. The account is taken from a Roman Catholic source. Read it and learn what it is to be a saint according to the Church of Rome, and what it is, in her estimation, that enables one to be elevated to the highest heaven of honour and happiness. Oh the deplorable degradation of this apostate Church!

"He began to make pilgrimages to holy places, and especially to the Holy House at Loretto, which he visited every subsequent year of his life. Everywhere he left a reputation for sanctity and examples of heroic virtue. But these latter he practiced more particularly in Rome, where he lived until his death, in 1783. His poverty was entirely his own choice; he was the eldest son, and might have lived comfortably at home with his family, who were in easy circumstances, but he chose a life which in austerity surpassed that of the most austere religious orders. He wore clothes that were in rags, and sufficient only to cover his nakedness. His shoes and stockings were in the same condition. His tattered, faded cloak was bound round him with a cord. His head was always uncovered: in a word, he was a living picture of extreme poverty. But his mortification went farther than this, for it attained a degree which it is hard for persons living in the world to conceive. Though brought up somewhat tenderly and with habits of neatness, he never changed his clothes, winter or summer; and their foul state caused them to be filled with innumerable vermin that literally fed upon him. He thus became an object of horror and repugnance, in some instances even to confessors, who

ordered him away from the confessional, he always submitted with the greatest humility. His miserable nourishment was composed generally of vile and refuse things which others rejected, and of which he took only enough to preserve life, and then always in the street. He never drank wine, nor was he ever known to look a woman in the face. The magnificent sights of Rome could not draw his attention in the least. All his time was spent in prayer, and most particularly before the adorable Sacrament of the altar, which as may well be supposed, he frequently received, and always with the most intense devotion.

"In this condition of the most abject voluntary poverty and mortification did he spend his days, his whole existence being wrapt up in the most ardent love of God and devoted to the practice of great sanctity. Its extraordinary character has been aptly described by a friend of ours, a religious, as affording him much the same pleasure to contemplate, which the examination of a rare plant or flower does to a botanist, who values it for its rarity, although its exterior be not at all attractive; so does the life of the venerable Labre ever appear to him as a wonderful and varied instance of what the love and grace of God can effect in the human soul. He is now placed on the altar of the Church; and, to use the words of the *Univers*, the glorious name of this mendicant is recorded among those of *princes, of princes of the people*, and we were allowed to join his name with that of Lazarus, whom the parable of our Saviour points out to us as reposing in Abraham's bosom."—Independent.

What a good Periodical may do.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors, can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philosophic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful, and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.

Education.

Thewald thought it very unfair to influence child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanic garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries."—Coleridge.

Whom to Marry.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Where I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "Look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—Star.

Disinterested Love.

Yes! man has a strong yearning for disinterested love; much more so than woman. Once convince a man that you love him, truly for himself—independantly of riches, rank, station, position, or any of the thousand and one advantages that he may be possessed of—only, I say, make him feel that you need not be very nice about the mode in which you go to work. Men are as voracious as boa-constrictors, they will swallow almost any quantity of flattery, provided always that it be offered at the right time. It wont do to flatter one man in the presence of another. Be careful of that; but let a woman take the lucky moment, seize upon the right opportunity, and she may make a man—ay, in spite of all his wonderful sense and reason—her slave for life.—Millicent Neville.

RECIPES.—An excellent way to revive the brightness of gilt frames is to beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with an ounce of soda; blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture. Boil earthen-ware that is used for baking (before using it, as it will be less liable to crack,) covering it with cold water, and then heating it gradually. Let it remain in till the water has cooled.