

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 22nd, 1860.

Read—LUKE xxiv. 1-24 : The Resurrection of Christ. EXODUS xxiii. : The Law given on Mount Sinai.

Recite—LUKE xxiii. 34-38.

JANUARY 29th, 1860.

Read—LUKE xxiv. 25-53 : The Ascension of Christ. EXODUS xxiv. : Moses reads the Law to the people.

Recite—LUKE xxiv. 25-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 15th, to January 28th, 1860.

Full Moon, January 8, 11. 8 Morning. Last Quarter, " 15, 2. 43 " New Moon, " 22, 8. 2 Afternoon. First Quarter, " 31, 0. 56 Morning.

Table with columns: D.M., Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days 15 to 28.

* 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, Ac. 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, Ac.

**** For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the sun's setting.

Little Bessy and her Bible.

Little Bessy was the only daughter of poor parents. Her mother was a hard-working woman and did all she could towards making her home comfortable and happy, but her father was idle and intemperate. I trust no child who reads this story, will ever know what it is to be the son or daughter of a drunkard!

When little Bessy was six years old, she began to attend the Sabbath-school. She was a bright attentive child, and as soon as she was able to read the fifth chapter of Matthew correctly, without spelling a word, her teacher, Miss Alice, gave her a little red-covered Bible, with her name printed in gilt letters upon the back. A very proud and happy child was she when she went home from Sunday-school, and exhibited her treasure to her mother; and from that time she never failed to commit a verse to memory every day. When Bessy was eight years old, she was taken very ill. The doctor came to see her, but as he saw her flushed cheek and parched lips, and took her little wrist in his hand, he shook his head.

"Do you think I will get well?" asked little Bessy, looking up into his face with her great, bright eyes.

"I hope so," replied the doctor.

"But do you think I will?" persisted Bessy, I shan't be afraid to die and go to heaven, where Jesus is."

"I cannot tell, my little girl," replied the doctor, "God will take care of you."

"Yes He will," said Bessy, softly; and after that she became delirious, so that she did not know even her mother, or her Sunday-school teacher, or father, who sat by her bedside watching her form from morning to night. He was quite sober now, for he loved his little girl dearly, and he was afraid God was going to take her away from him."

"One night she had her reason again, and new them all, calling each one by name. Miss Alice stood very near him.

"Am I going to die, Miss Alice?" was the first question she asked.

"I think you are going to see the dear Saviour very soon my dear," replied her teacher, "are you willing to die?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bessy, smiling sweetly, "I am glad, I love Jesus, and I want to go to heaven. But, Miss Alice, when I go, I want you to put my little Bible in my hands. God will let me carry it to heaven, I guess, because I am so little. Then, when Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' I can turn right to the place, and I know He will be glad I learned it while I was down here. Will you Miss Alice?"

"Yes, my darling," said Miss Alice. "You shall have it in your hands."

Bessy's father, sitting close beside her, burst into tears, for it almost broke his heart to think that she was going to leave him.

"Shan't I see you again my little girl?" he sobbed out at length.

Little Bessy looked troubled.

"Shan't I see you again my dear?" he repeated.

"If you will love the Saviour, father, you will go to heaven," she whispered, putting her weak little hands in his. "Won't you love Him? I shall want you and mother to be there."

"I don't know what to do—I don't know how to find the way," cried the poor unfortunate man.

Then little Bessy's face brightened, and she beckoned Miss Alice near.

"Don't put my Bible in my hands when I go," she said, "I want father to have it, and when I get to heaven, I will tell Jesus that I left my little Bible to show my dear father and mother to find the way. Be sure you come, father; be—sure—you—come!"

These words were the last little Bessy spoke.

Her father and mother wept over her coffin, with her little Bible in their clasped hands. They never forgot her dying charge, and that precious book was read and studied by them both, until they gave their hearts to Christ, and learned the way to heaven.—Sunday School Times.

ITALY.

ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a letter to the N. Y. Independent, from Florence, speaks encouragingly of the capacity of the Italians to maintain an independent government, and of their prospects of gaining the long cherished desire of their hearts, —a United Italy. The excesses and abstractions of the revolution of 1848 do not now show themselves. The Italians are calmer, more patient, and more practical. She regards the good hour when the yoke of the papal power shall be broken, near at hand. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty. With the introduction of a purer religion, will come prosperity, and independence. She says that those most intimately conversant with Italian history and feeling for these ten years past, would feel no surprise at any hour if the whole north of Italy should revolt en masse from the Papacy.

"If it should please Providence," she writes "to continue to the Pope that auspicious blindness and stupidity, that conscientious dullness of religious obstinacy, which has marked his course hitherto, Italy has everything to hope. If the Pope should only be foolish enough to try launching an excommunication at Victor Emanuel, then we should see a Protestant movement with all the enthusiasm of Northern Italy in its van. The thing would go with a rush, but it is too good to be hoped."

She speaks of Victor Emanuel as a man whose strength is in a broad, generous, honest heart, backed by a physical courage as undaunted as that of an old Paladin. The course he has pursued was opposed not only by the clergy, but by his wife, mother, and sister, and the two former on their death-bed pleaded with him to renounce his course, as one that would certainly bring down the judgments of heaven, but he was immovable. He is a man built for his work, inspired with just the qualities the work needs. He commands much of that same enthusiastic confidence that Gen. Harrison inspired—not for genius or brilliancy, but as a brave, strong, honest man, inspired by a true and noble love of his country. A right heart stands in the place of genius;—indeed it is in the management of great affairs a species of genius, since it opens a passage between a man's heart and heavenly inspiration. God speed his arms and guide his counsels." All America adds Mrs. Stowe, can sympathize with the sentiment which one sees placarded in every railroad station in Northern Italy:

"Viva Victorio Immanueli, nostro Re!"

A correspondent of the New York Examiner also gives some of the impressions he received there. In speaking of the rural aspects of Italy, he writes:—"I was somewhat disappointed in the rural aspects of Italy. It is not that beautiful country my imagination had pictured it. The season, it is true, was unfavourable for seeing it to the best advantage. We could not expect, at the last of October, to observe the freshness of spring, the bloom of summer, or the ripened harvests of early autumn. Much of the country had a dingy and wretched appearance, like the poor peasants and pertinacious beggars you everywhere meet. The villages and large towns scarcely look better. There are some pretty cottages and fine villas, but most of the houses have a forbidding and untidy appearance. The people, however, seem capable of better things than they possess. They have been long crushed with Romanism and oppression. But they are now in a state of considerable political excitement. In all the large towns, the streets

were full of people, who seemed to be engaged in conversation about their civil affairs. Placards were everywhere posted up, declaring that Victor Emanuel is their king. They will not be satisfied with anything less than the freedom which Sardinia enjoys. They are almost unanimous against the return of the Grand-Dukes; and should Austria attempt to reinstate them, there would be war at once. Venetia would revolt without delay, if she felt able to throw off the Austrian domination. We often heard the complaint at Venice—Why should we have these soldiers, who cannot speak our language, quartered upon us? Many thousands have left that Province for the freer atmosphere of adjoining States. The Tuscan Assembly, in this city, voted, the present week, to invite Prince Eugene brother of Victor Emanuel to be their Regent; and Bologna and Parma have given him a similar invitation. The Pope, doubtless, fears that his temporal power will soon pass from him; and with the loss of that, the Papal Church must necessarily be weakened. Italy at present is a sort of seething cauldron, and what the issues will be, it is difficult to foretell. May her star ascend!

On our first entrance into Italy, we saw fields of Indian corn and yellow pumpkins, reminding us of similar sights in New-England. Mulberry, chestnut, pear and apple trees, are plentiful; and in this vicinity there are olives, figs and pomegranates, with their pendent fruits. The climate is much milder than in the same latitude with us. Roses are now blooming in open gardens and fields. Chestnuts are found everywhere, in the market and on the table. They are very much larger than ours, and are usually eaten roasted. You see women all along the streets, with their charcoal fire and pan of roasting chestnuts. They are quite a large item in the food of the peasants. The lower classes throughout Europe do much of their house or shop work, their cooking, and eating and drinking, out of doors."

In referring to the city of Florence he writes:—"Florence has a variety of attractions. The streets, with a few exceptions, are narrow and unpleasant. Its buildings, generally, are not elegant. The muddy Arno divides the city. Its environs are beautiful. One may walk or ride for hours in the Boboli Gardens or the Cascine, with delight. Evergreens and statues adorn the paths."

"To-day we passed an hour very pleasantly in the studio of our countryman, Hiram Powers. We found him exceedingly agreeable and entertaining; and the specimens from his chisel, including a bust of Franklin and Proserpine, and a full-length figure, California, which he kindly showed us, are certainly among the finest sculptures we have ever seen.

It is pleasant to turn away from decorated churches, where unintelligible mummeries are being constantly repeated, and enter a humbler place of Protestant worship, and listen to the simple preaching of the gospel of Christ. There are two such places of worship in this city, at both of which we attended on the last Sabbath. One is an English Episcopal church, and the other a Scotch Presbyterian. They both have excellent evangelical chaplains. Happy will it be for Italy when the day shall come that the gospel, in its purity and power is preached to her people, and practiced in their lives. Heaven speed that day!"

A SINGULAR USE FOR OLD CLOTHES—A writer the North Carolina Farmer tells us the following:

"About the middle of July, I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, hoed around him. He appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular, that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs, his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked down all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripping the other leg the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward, between his forelegs into his mouth, and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his forelegs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head he drew it from the throat and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed to be an agreeable one and occupied but a short time."

Not the same Preacher.

A lady who was present at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, where Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was assisting, was much impressed by his discourse. Having been informed who he was, she went on the next Sabbath to his own place of worship to hear him. But she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced on the former occasion. Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and stating the case, asked what might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings; he replied: "Madame the reason is this: last Sabbath you went to hear Jesus Christ preach; but to-day you have come to hear Ebenezer Erskine preach."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—As a matter of curiosity, we append the tonnage of the Great Eastern, as compared with the ten largest vessels of the United States Navy:

Table with columns: State, Tonnage. Rows: Pennsylvania (3,241), Columbus (2,480), Ohio (2,757), North Carolina (2,633), Delaware (2,633), Vermont (2,633), New Orleans (2,805), Alabama (2,633), Virginia (2,633), New York (2,633), Total (28,131), Great Eastern (26,000).

Her tonnage is nearly as great as the combined tonnage of the ten tremendous line-of-battle-ships—including the once univalled Pennsylvania—that are registered on the United States Navy list.

Souls at their first conversion are but rough-cast, but God, by visiting them and manifesting himself to them in his ways, more and more fits them as vessels of mercy for glory.

From the Providence Advertiser.

The foreign and domestic demand for Perry Davis & Son's great medicine—the Pain Killer—was never before so large as it has been of late; and we think the time has arrived when the declaration may be made, without the possibility of refutation, that the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, of the United States of America, has furnished the entire habitual globe with a medicine, which, in point of universality of demand, extent of usefulness, complete efficiency for all the purposes for which it is designed, and widespread, enduring popularity, has never been equalled by any general patented medicine invented and issued either in Europe or America.

The universality of the demand of the Pain Killer is a novel, interesting, and surprising feature in the history of this medicine. It is now regularly packed, sent and sold, in large and steadily increasing quantities, not only to every State and Territory of the Union, and every Province of British America, but to Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Chili and other South American States; to the Sandwich Islands; to Cuba, and other West India Islands; to England and Continental Europe; to Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar and other African lands; to Australia, Singapore, Mauritius, and to Calcutta, Rangoon and other places in India; it has also been sent to China, and we doubt if there is any foreign port that is frequented by American missionaries, travelers or traders, into which the Pain Killer has not been introduced and been sought after by the people. Very few people have any idea of the vast amount of business done by the proprietors of the Pain Killer.

The extent of its usefulness is another great feature of this remarkable medicine. It is not only the best ever known for bruises, cuts, burns, &c., but for dysentery or cholera, or any sort of bowel complaint; it is a remedy unsurpassed for efficacy and rapidity of action. In the several great cities of British India, and in the West India Islands, and other hot climates, it has become the standard medicine for all such complaints, as well as for dyspepsia, liver complaints, and other kindred disorders. For coughs and colds, canker, asthma, and rheumatic difficulties, it has been proved by the most abundant and convincing trials, and testimony, to be an invaluable medicine. The proprietors are in possession of letters from persons of the highest character and responsibility, testifying, in unequivocal terms, to the cures effected, and the satisfactory results produced, in an almost endless variety of cases, by the use of this great medicine.

We are fully justified in saying that no medicine has ever gained a popularity so strong, so extensive and so enduring. Other preparations, in imitation of it, and containing some of the ingredients composing it, have, by means of extravagant advertising and deceptive statements, gained a short lived patronage; but their inefficacy and worthlessness have soon become apparent, and they have proved disastrous speculations to their originators and proprietors. The Pain Killer alone has been found the reliable and sure cure for the complaints and casualties for which it is designed. Its reputation is enduring and a fortune to its worthy proprietors; and we may add that they are, in every sense of a word, worthy men and citizens. No men make a better use of their large means, and none are more truly generous and benevolent. No one, that we are aware of, envies their good fortune, for it is believed that they well deserve it.