

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 15th, 1860.

Read—JOHN x. 1-18: Christ the good shepherd. NUMBERS xxxiii. 50-56: The command to dispossess the inhabitants of the land.

Recite—JOHN ix. 39-41.

JULY 22nd, 1860.

Read—JOHN x. 19-42: Christ continues his discourse with the Jews. DEUT. i. 1-20: Moses repeats the History of Israel.

Recite—JOHN x. 1-6.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From July 8th to July 21st, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon, First Quarter, and a detailed calendar for July 8th to 21st.

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 Broken Buckle.

You have read in your own history of that hero, who when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to a more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awaking bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping upon a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay before hand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.—Rev J. Hamilton.

"Mother, you have forgotten my Soul."

So said my little niece three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer; "but mother," she said, "you have forgotten my soul!"

"What do you mean, Anna?" "Why, now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. We have not said that."

The child meant nothing more; yet her words were startling. And O! from many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance?

You fond mother, so busy hour after hour in preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself in faith and love, to his keeping.—S. S. Times.

SMOKING AND ANTI-SMOKING PROPHECIES.—A clergyman was lately preaching on a text from Jonah, when he took occasion to give a sketch of the prophet's life. "I am of the opinion," said he "that Jonah was a cleanly old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish swallowed the house where we are worshipping," he added, "he would no doubt have vomited himself to death."

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—Paul.

Select Sermon.

PARTING WORDS.

A FAREWELL DISCOURSE, PUBLISHED AT THE SPECIAL REQUEST OF A NUMBER OF CITIZENS OF MOUNT AUBURN, CINCINNATI. DELIVERED FEB. 26, 1860.

BY REV. E. A. CRAWLEY, D. D.,

Late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Mt. Auburn, on the occasion of his removal to South Carolina.

"Finally, brethren, farewell."—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

(Concluded.)

Partings are also precious as choice times of earnest, affectionate admonition and appeal.

Where there is a manifest propriety in offering admonition, such as age, relationship, consistency of character, and especially the pastoral office give, men will sometimes listen kindly, and feel sensibly, on such occasions, where they may be, in ordinary ones, indifferent or hostile. There is something touching, too, in the utterance of the last, or what may very likely be the last, testimony on the most important of all subjects. As the present occasion is in some sort, a parting in which I am personally called to say "finally, brethren, farewell," it will not, I trust, be thought out of place if I seize the opportunity it gives of earnest counsel to the immortal souls I see before me, whether friends or enemies of Christ, as one whose eye may never look on them again.

My Christian brethren, I have now, in much weakness and imperfection, and yet I trust with sincerity, been permitted, in the providence of God, to hold up to the view of many of Christ our atonement, and the Christian life that flows from him, by his Spirit, to those that believe in his name. Let me say, that I have nothing to withdraw of whatever I have been enabled to declare of his excellency and majesty, or of his power and willingness to save—except only in so far as what has been said has fallen beneath the sublime glory of the subject, and then I would withdraw the words only to say the same things in fitter language, if I could. Oh, I desire now to repeat the whole with ten fold clearness, earnestness, energy; and I now ask you, as his friends what can possibly be said too much, or too earnestly, for him who so loved us as to die for us and who is so essential to our welfare that it is written; he is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption? Paul, in view of the important place the Saviour holds in the gospel of salvation, declared I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified. What was this but to regard Christ as every thing? our Friend, our Brother, our Atonement, our Sanctifier, our Saviour, our God? Can I possibly err in offering to you, as a last brotherly and pastoral admonition, the solemn, earnest counsel, "Exult evermore, in your conviction of his dignity; in your confession of his infinite worth; in the firm reliance of your souls on him as the only Saviour; and in the homage of your heart's warm affection; Christ, the Lamb of God, 'the sin atoning Lamb.'"

Suffer also a parting admonition on the life flowing from Christ. You know the mystery, he gives the life, but we live it. You have, I am persuaded, often admired the excellency and beauty of the Christian life. God, you know, smiles on it, and shines in it. Heaven's light plays around the head of the Christian; heaven's love bedews his heart; and every provision is ready for carrying every disciple forward in that course whereby he himself shall be made happy, sinners shall be glorified. But this demands that the world shall be in its proper place—beneath our feet. Dear brethren, my parting voice to you is, trample on the world—rise more and more into the life of Christ; be separate from all hurtful conformity with the world—seek not your joy there; be cheerful and happy in God; be examples to others of the great fact God with us and in us, though faith. What but this is that secret of God which is with those that fear him; what but this the secret whereby heaven comes to earth; that secret of the advance of the divine life in the soul, and of the growth of churches by the conviction and conversion of sinners?—Live thus, love as brethren, and wait patiently on God, and the words will be eventually, perhaps speedily, fulfilled to you, as a church, which say, "In due season you shall reap if you faint not."

But in the mean time, open your ear to the cry of dying souls. Oh, how bitter and piercing often is that cry! Sinking into an untried abyss, and struggling vainly back, see that poor awe-struck soul; he begins to realize the "terrors of the world to come." In contrast with these, no admonition seems to him to have been earnest, no fidelity faithful; his eye catches

you as he passes into the dim but terrible future, and he cries. Oh, Christian, why did you not warn me of this? why did you not save me, "with fear pulling me out of the fire." In vain you tell him you often warned him, but that he would not listen. No, never, he cries, never—never have I heard of anything so terrible as this!

Or if you succeed in convincing him you have heretofore warned him, then he says, Yes; but you never seemed to mean what you said. Why says he, were you not more earnest? Why did you not make me feel that you knew all this? And thus, with sore upbraiding, he sinks out of sight, and nothing remains with you but the dull, heavy echoes of those fearful cries, and the terrible beating of your own heart, which seems to charge you with the guilt of neglect.

Dear brethren, beware of such neglect. Beware of incurring the terrible reproaches of lost spirits, laying on your sapineness and coldness of heart the miseries they suffer.

Rather let the joyous gratitude of the saved sound around you, as the music of heaven, while you shall see, rising on every side to call you blessed, those who, with gladness beaming from their eyes, shall cry, these are the men that warned me from the deep abyss; whose faithfulness stirred my soul, whose counsel guided me, and by whose prayers I was cheered.

I turn with great concern and tenderness to my hearers who have not yet been awakened to God's word commanding all men everywhere to repent. I hope that, so far as I may have been permitted to administer to you, my dear friends, the word of eternal life, that I am free from the blood of souls; it has been my earnest desire and prayer that you might be saved; and I have striven to set forth to your view the way of salvation, and your duty to enter it without delay; but I can not feel satisfied with the hope merely that I shall escape the condemnation of unfaithfulness; I can not feel satisfied but by your compliance with that just and merciful call that bids you to renounce the world, and to become disciples of Christ. It pains me to think of leaving you in the shadow that Satan casts over you, when there is sunshine so near; of leaving you leaning on a reed that I know must pierce your hand, trusting on ground that you must eventually find to be no firmer beneath your feet than the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, that sunk, in the judgment hurled on them, to the bottom of the Dead Sea.

Will you not suffer also, the world of exhortation from one so soon to leave you, and who never again, probably, shall raise in your hearing the voice of invitation or of warning?

Why you are as you are, I know not; one trusts, probably, to the uncertain future; another has heard of daring men who question or deny the truth; another clings to some guilty indulgence; another loves the vanities of the present life, and can not bear to be serious; another fancies himself about with the errors and imperfections of Christians. And yet, surely you know that none of these things—not one of them—are reasons for not going to Christ and becoming his disciple, that he can possibly accept in the judgement. Yet these, or something like these are possibly your only reasons why you do not and will not save your souls. They are just the things that the Bible calls untoward, foreign to, alien from Christ. And what can I possibly say, what could you, in any reason, ask me to say, as my parting remonstrance, other than this, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." The Bible, you know, declares that a terrible destruction awaits the impenitent and unconverted—you have no evidence against it—you would not venture on a journey of a single day against such fearful odds—all the most reliable evidences pouring in on the point of the utter impossibility of a safe journey being effected; and in favor of safety, only a few reckless or interested witnesses. Yet, against all that evidence of danger, on you rush—the day is hastening on when the crash of ruin must fall upon you. I raise once more, and probably for the last time, the note of warning. In the words of Christ, the Saviour, I cry, Be ye ready, for in such a day and hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh; unless ye repent, you must perish; believe in Jesus, and you shall live forever.

Let me in conclusion say, that I feel in my breast the sincerest good-will for every soul on Mount Auburn; it will be my joy to hear of your welfare; of souls converted; of Christians becoming more and more holy, active, and useful; of the churches prospering in the Christian sense; and of happiness and peace vying with your beautiful glades and charming scenery, in making this spot a land of Beulah, an earthly paradise.

I cherish in my heart, and shall love to remember, the kindnesses that have been so abundantly shown me and mine, and the Christian worth that so largely blesses this place. May I earnestly, solemnly, and not as mere words of course, beg you, my Christian brethren of every Christian name, to place me in the list of those for whom you pray—as I know I shall ever remember you in my poor prayers.

And now, commending you all earnestly and affectionately to God—to the protection and guidance of his providence, more especially to the influence of the good Spirit of his grace, let me, with deep sincerity and warm affection, close with these honest, earnest words of the apostle, "Finally, brethren, farewell."

The Ministry of Little Children.

Some while ago, in a mood for such statistics, our eye fell on the item that in one year the deaths in four eastern cities amounted to 43,432, and of this number 24,767 were children under five years of age.

The last sentence fixed our attention: 24,767 children "perished during the year"—we prefer to say, died. This in four cities only! Of the balance of the 43,432, who can tell their eternal destiny? Some to heaven, some to hell! But of these little ones none can doubt. Taking the aggregate of other cities and villages, and the country at large, we comprehend a fact that finds expression at the Saviour's lips—"Of such is the kingdom of God," and in the sacred couplet—

"Millions of infant souls compose The family above."

The adults had worked out their mission, or failed to do it. But these little ones! had they no mission? Was their being a failure? Lived they, and suffered, and died, any is the world all the same as though they had not been? Nay, verily. Theirs was a precious ministry, and such as they only could fulfil.

How cold and selfish, would be this world of ours without these children! They preach the evangel of beauty and innocence; they break the incrustations of worldliness! they touch chords vibrating solemnly, sweetly, and reserved only for their tiny hands; they stir in the heart hidden wells of feeling; they preserve human sympathies from utter ossification; they deeply sub-soil our hard natures.

Geologists often show us, deep down under the earth's layers, the clear and well-defined print of a frail leaf, or the track of a little bird, made in the dim ages past. These have left imperishable memorials of themselves on the face of a world from which whole species, and races, and kingdoms have passed away without a record.

The Bible makes many records, minute and kind, of the death of little children. They have their significance. Take the case in David's family. We lose sight of the sickness, and suffering, and death of the unweaned child, in the effects produced upon the royal parent. It is not saying too much, that a large proportion of those who are saved will be saved by the ministry of little children.

Summing up the moral results of the year we must not credit all to orators, and presses, and institutions. These little preachers have visited homes, and softened the hearts of the indwellers and drawn them heavenward, where other voice has not been heeded.

The strong man, unused to tears, has bowed over the little coffin, and wept. Under what sermon was he ever so melted down? What other preacher ever availed to bow that pride of strength, and unseal that fountain of tears? The gay, worldly-minded mother sits silent, and sheds secret tears, and prays; and, peradventure, as these two hearts are drawn closer by a common grief, they think of a common tie in heaven, and resolve, through grace, as the babe can not come to them, that they will go to it.

"When our little boy died," has been the beginning of pilgrimage for many bereaved parents. "When the baby died," dates impressions on the family circle that have matured to godliness.

The old may outlive their friends; the middle aged may make enemies who are glad to be rid of them, or, wandering off, die where none lament; but the babe is without prejudice in life, and mighty in death. It is God's messenger of reconciliation, His flag of truce in this world of enemies and envious, and wraths and strifes. It has strong hold, in a tender place, upon two hearts, if no more. The empty crib, the half-worn shoe, the soft locks of hair, that few may see, prolong the painful yet pleasing memory of the angel visitor that looked in upon us, and smiled, and went to heaven, bidding us, amid care and sorrow, to follow on.

There is something so peculiarly affecting the whole character in the loss of a child, that we sympathize with the parent who said he believed no minister prepared to bury another's child who had not buried one of his own.

There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Whose joy and light are fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie,  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky.