

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 11th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xviii. 1-18 : The apprehension of Christ. 1 KINGS viii. 54-66 : Solomon blesses the people.  
Recite—JOHN xvii. 1-2.

NOVEMBER 18th, 1860.

Read—JOHN 18 : 19-40 : The mock trial of Christ. 1 KINGS 9 : 1-9 : The dedication of the Temple.  
Recite—JOHN 18 : 15-18.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From November 4th to November 17th, 1860.

Full Moon, November 28, 7 23 Morning.  
Last Quarter, December 5, 1 45 Afternoon.  
New Moon, " 12, 8 33 Morning.  
First Quarter, " 20, 1 55 Morning.

Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
4 SU.	6 42	4 45	9 46	11 57	10 43	4 17
5 M.	6 45	4 43	10 58	A. 34	11 32	5 10
6 Tu.	6 46	4 43	morn.	1 6	A. 29	6 2
7 W.	6 47	4 41	0 14	1 32	1 45	6 53
8 Th.	6 48	4 39	1 28	1 56	3 5	7 42
9 F.	6 49	4 38	2 43	2 21	4 14	8 32
10 Sa.	6 51	4 37	4 1	2 47	5 17	9 24
11 SU.	6 52	4 36	5 20	3 16	6 9	10 18
12 M.	6 53	4 35	6 39	3 53	6 57	11 15
13 Tu.	6 55	4 34	7 55	4 35	7 41	A. 15
14 W.	6 56	4 33	9 8	5 20	8 25	1 16
15 Th.	6 57	4 32	10 10	6 24	9 8	2 17
16 F.	6 59	4 31	10 56	7 32	9 51	3 14
17 Sa.	7 0	4 33	11 35	8 39	10 34	4 7

\* 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.

Neglect of your graces is the ground of their decrease. Wells are the sweeter for drawing; you get nothing by dead and useless habits.

Christ will be all in all, or he will be nothing at all. Though his coat was once divided, yet he will never suffer his crown to be divided.

There has been about \$2000 already collected in New York for the purpose of presenting a suitable testimonial to Capt. John Wilson of the brig Minne Schifner, for his noble service in rescuing the passengers of the Connaught.

It is proposed to erect a monument at Chicago, commemorative of the Lady Elgin disaster. A lot has been given in Graceland Cemetery for the interment of the unrecognized lost, and over their remains the monument will perpetuate the story of the disaster.

CARLETON OATS—Last week we republished from the *Bangor Whig* a statement of 135 fair sized potatoes having been produced by Mr. S. M'Kay of Upper Stillwater, from a single potato. We can offset this with an account of the produce of a single kernel of oats, grown by Captain Elisha A. Conliffe of this Parish. The prodigy can be seen in our office—thirty two stalks growing from one seed; and the produce of one stalk, selected at random, one hundred and seventy two kernels. The stalks are five feet three inches long.—*Woodstock Journal*.

"ANIMAL" FOOD.—The health of an agricultural laborer in one of the rural districts in the East Riding having somewhat declined, he called in a medical man, who at once put him on low diet. After a few visits the doctor found his patient so far improved as to warrant his taking something more substantial, and he accordingly ordered him a little animal food once or twice a day. The wife said nothing; but no sooner had the doctor departed, than she bolted out of the house and shouted to a neighbor, "What do you think they've ordered for our John to eat now? Animal food!" "A very good thing, too," replied the neighbor. In a passion, the former exclaimed—"Why, you're as bad as him. How is it likely that our John can eat hay, and straw and such like stuff? Besides, he has no teeth!"

EFFECT OF TOBACCO.—Mr. Solly, an eminent English physiologist, and the author of an excellent work upon the brain says at the close of his lectures.

"I would caution you, as students, from excess in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had large experience of brain disease, and am satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no cause or agent that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as the excessive use of tobacco." No man in Great Britain is so competent to speak on this subject as Dr. Solly, and it is strange that so many young men at the present day should indulge in this pernicious habit of smoking tobacco.

Small Prayer-Meeting.

It is unhappily the case in times of religious declension, and as one of the evidences consequent on it, that the weekly prayer-meetings become small, and are sometimes almost deserted to the great discouragement of the few who are always punctual. And it is hard for them to refrain from speaking of it in the meetings, and complaining that so few attend. It is very trying to witness this, among other proofs, that "the love of many who did run well is waxing cold." Under these circumstances it is unquestionably the duty of the more zealous members of the church privately to exhort their brethren to come in and fill up the seats. But when this is unavailing or neglected (as I am afraid it often is) it is best to consume much of the precious, time of the prayer-meeting in talking about it, as if a blessing could not be expected—as if the prayers of the few could avail little in the absence of the many?

Is there not a more excellent way? The more I think of it, the more I am convinced there is. While the Scriptures enjoin social prayer, and it is the duty of all the members of the church, as well as the few, to attend the stated meetings, I do not find that the Bible anywhere speaks of large gatherings as essential in order to bring down spiritual refreshings from the infinite fountain above.

On the contrary, I find that blessed assurance of our Lord, in Matthew 18 : 20, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Two or three; yes, if there are but two or three. Such is the promise. And for what purpose does Christ meet with them? Is it not to encourage them? Is it not to increase their faith? Is it not to hear and answer their petitions? Is it not to encourage to pray always and not to faint?

"Where are our brethren? Why are they not here? We can't have a revival till they wake up and fill the places," is often the desponding lamentation of the few; and it is well, if they do not by this unbelieving indulgence drive away the spirit of prayer from their own bosoms, and spoil the meeting. I believe this is not uneldom the case. How much better to be thankful that even a few are disposed to come; to look upon the bright side, and to wrestle together with the angel of the Covenant nothing doubting that He who hath said, knock and it shall be opened unto you, will keep His word. I am persuaded that the effectual, fervent prayers of the few, would much more avail than looking at the empty seats, and in their exhortations turning aside to lament the absence of backsliders.

Suppose now a church should become so stupid as nearly to run out the stated weekly prayer-meeting; suppose that two or three should come, would not that be a sufficient encouragement for keeping it up? Why not, just as much as if a hundred were stately present? Is there any greater assurance that Christ will be present with the hundred than with the two or three? Would not the faith which induces the two or three to hold out, be more likely to avail much, than the reluctant attendance of the largest number? Let us be more faithful in exhorting one another, and the more earnest in our prayers, if the meetings are small, and see if the Lord will not "pour us out a blessing, so that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Evangelist*

Repentance.

You might pound a lump of ice with a pestle into a thousand fragments, but bring it in beside your own bright and blazing fire, and soon, in that genial glow, the living waters flow. A man may try to make himself contrite. He may search out his sins, and dwell on all their enormity, and still feel no true repentance. But come to Jesus with His words of grace and truth. Let that flinty, frozen spirit bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, then will it melt.—*Dr. James Hamilton*.

See the ice, how hard it is! But twelve o'clock comes, and there is a great heat from the sun, the ice cracks; but the sun goes down, and at night it is as hard as ever. How often is it so under the influence of instruction! A powerful appeal often produces a melting of the heart; the tears, apparently of contrition, flow; but the instruction ended, the tears are dried up, and the heart becomes as hard as ever.—*Rev. Thomas Jones*.

ARAB PROVERBS.—If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him all up.

If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself.

When you are the anvil, have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well.

The Railroad Switch.

The little foxes spoil the vines, and little sins wreck many noble characters. Slight deviations from the right course may seem of little importance, but they often lead to abysses of wretchedness and crime. This idea is forcibly carried out by an exchange:

The switch-tender was weary, and, as he sat at his post, his eyes were heavy, and he fell asleep. The train came thundering along, and, as it neared the place, the man heard the whistle, and rose to adjust the switch for the train. He was just too late. He sprang aside; the cars moved on, were thrown from the track, and a scene of death and disaster was the consequence.

It was only a little switch. A bar of iron, a few feet in length, which opened at one end only an inch, to allow the flange of the wheels to pass through the narrow way. Only a few seconds more would have placed the little bar at the right angle, and all would have been well. But the few seconds were lost! The little bar was out of place, and the train, with its invaluable freight of life and property, was nearly all buried in a mass of death and ruin.

A young man was once under a state of deep inquiry about his eternal interests. Two or three of his companions learned that he was going to the prayer-meeting, and they determined to change his purpose. They persuaded him, only this once, to go to the accustomed place of resort. He finally yielded. They pined their arts of amusements, gaiety and pleasure, and bound him at last in the snares of a female companion. It was his fatal moment. In a few weeks from that time, he had committed murder, and followed the deed with instantaneous self-destruction.

A young man had appointed to meet some friends to go to one of the public gardens in London on Sunday evening. While waiting at the place assigned for rendezvous in one of the streets, a Christian friend, a lady, passed by, and asked him where he was going. He was ashamed to confess his intention, and readily yielded to her invitation to go with her to church. It was the turning point with him. He was arrested by divine truth, was brought under a sense of sin, became a Christian—a faithful missionary, a devoted and exalted hero and apostle of Christ—and died a martyr on the shores of Erromango, a victim to heathen rage, but a sacrifice of love to his Redeemer. It was John Williams, the missionary.

A young man went to visit his friends on New Year's day, according to the custom of New York. He had abandoned the intoxicating cup. He had suffered from its evils, and was a sworn total abstinent. He uniformly refused to taste or handle, until he called upon a young lady, who, finding her invitations all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule so far that he at last yielded. It was the setting of the switch. He was taken home in a state of intoxication, and a few months afterward he died, uttering terrible curses upon the tempter who had been the cause of his ruin.

A young man who had been prayerfully trained, came to the city to enter a place of business. His fellow-clerks invited him to join in their pleasures and pastimes. For a time he resisted, but at length he thought he would go to the theatre, only once, just to please his friends, and see what a theatre was. The devil was the switch tender that night, and the course of that young man subsequently lay through the paths of extravagance, gambling, shame and the grave.

Two young men were walking along one evening toward a prayer-meeting, when they were accosted by several acquaintances, who were on their way to a place of usual resort. They entreated them to join them, but they refused. Finally one of them consented, and turned aside, only once more, for an evening of worldly pleasure, and let his friend go to the prayer-meeting alone. One found peace with God; but his companion became hardened, and in three months, while his associate on that eventful night was honoring his Master by his faithful and consistent life, he was the inmate of a prison, awaiting the penalty of the law.

Our life is full of these turning points of fortune and of ill—of peace and of woe—of life eternal, or of despair and death. The track we travel has a switch at almost every step. We need to have them well-guarded. The eye must be kept open. The hand must be steady. The arm must be strong. The soul should be well-armed, so that it may be prepared for every attack, or for every expedient of the enemy. Life, honor, virtue, success, and immortality are before us. Little things, at first unaccounted of may lead to the other extreme!

A Publican's honest confession.

Translated from the Norwegian.

Having just re-opened my Spirit Shop in a commodious situation, I hasten to inform the honoured public, that, in my new premises I continue my old trade, and on the most equitable terms, make people into poor wretched drunkards: as the industrious and temperate portion of Society may thus understand.

I shall traffic in an article which makes people into robbers and murderers, and thereby lessens the safety of the community and increases its expenses: I will, as quickly as possible, provide inmates for Hospitals, Poorhouses, and Prisons.

I will sell an article which shall cause mischievous accidents, multiply the number of wasting sicknesses, and make maladies incurable, which before were easily curable.

I shall trade in Drinks, by which some shall be deprived of life, many of reason, the most of property, and all of contentment: which shall make consorts to be at variance, wives to be widows, children fatherless, and all beggars.

I shall cause youth to grow up in ignorance, perfidy, and dishonesty, and to become a burden and plague to society: I shall seduce men to murder their defenceless wives, mothers to forget their helpless babes, maidens to lose their innocence. I shall hinder the spread of the Gospel; soil the purity of the Church; and cause corporeal, spiritual, and eternal death. My intentions are soon summed up: I shall do all that is in my power to deluge the land with crime, poverty, and wretchedness.

You ask me why I am so hard-hearted as to bring so great miseries upon my fellows? I answer honestly, "It is for money!" I have a family to provide for; society is willing to encourage the sale of Intoxicating Drinks; I have the permission of the magistrates; my trade is protected by the law of the land; men who profess themselves Christians countenance it; if I bring not these mischiefs upon the country, another will do it; for I live in a free land, and I have purchased the privilege thus to undermine health, shorten men's days, weaken morality, and murder all spiritual life in them who please to honour me with their custom. I know that the Bible says "Thou shalt not kill," and that it cries: Woe to the man "who misleads his neighbour into drunkenness." I acknowledge that the Holy Scripture warns me "not to place a stumbling-block in my brother's way." I read also in the same Sacred Book, that "no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God"; and I acknowledge, I do not expect that he who makes drunkards shall have a better fortune; but—what shall I do?—

THIS WILL I DO.—

Sell poison, to destroy the frame and mind!  
Become a licensed slayer of mankind;  
Drain all their health, and wealth, and reason dry,  
And leave them then in wretchedness to die.  
Starving, they die, while I can freely feast;  
Feed on their fat, and fatten while they waste;  
Eat, like the vulture, human flesh for food,—  
Drink, like the vampire, only human blood;  
I'll crush the youthful, weigh them down with care,—  
Sadden the hopeful, fill them with despair.—  
Fetter the strongest, daunt the bravest breast,—  
Ruin the greatest, noblest, kindest, best,  
Rob them of virtue, their fair fame I'll blast,—  
Kill and destroy, and curse them at the last

NOTHING FOR CHRIST THIS YEAR.—A professing christian in reply to a call for a contribution to aid in forwarding the work of Christ, said. "I gave so much last year, that I am resolved I will not give anything this year." That professor did not live many months to carry out his resolve, and refuse the many "calls" to give. What his dying reflections were respecting it, is known only to God. Are any of Christ's professing children now being tempted to make a similar resolution? And is such a resolve likely to meet the approval of that blessed Lord of whose bounty we are stewards? Let the reader answer.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE SICK.—The effect of Music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expensiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it, out of the question. I will only remark here that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuity of sound have generally a beneficial effect—while the pianoforte, with such instruments as have no continuous sound, has just the reverse. The finest pianoforte playing will damage the sick, while an air like "Home Sweet Home," or "Assisa pied' un salice," on the most ordinary grating organ, will sensibly soothe them—and this quite independent of association.—(Florence Nightingale, Notes on Nursing.)