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Jeachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 17th, 1860.

Read-John viii. 21-38: Christ continues his teaching. NUMBERS xxiv. : The remonstrances of Balak.

Recite-John viii. 12-18.

JUNE 24th, 1860.

Read-John viii. 39-50: Christ continues his discourse with the Jews. NUMBERS XXVII: 12-23: Joshua appointed Moses' successor. Recite-John viii. 28-32.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From June 17th to June 30th, 1860.

| Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon, First Quarter, | | | | | | J | June 3, " 11, " 19, " 25, | | 0. 31 " 8. 50 Morning. 1. 9 " 8. 21 Afternoon. | | | |
|--|-------------------|----------------------|----|----|----|---|---------------------------|----|--|---------------|-----|----------|
| × | Day | SUN. Rises. Sets. | | | | MOON. | | | | High Water at | | |
| 0 | Wk. | | | | | Kises. S | | | ts | Halifax. | | Windsor. |
| 17 | SU. | 4 | 14 | 7 | 48 | 2 | 36, | 6 | 18 | 6 | 17 | 10 27 |
| 18 | M. | 4 | 14 | 7 | 49 | 3 | 28 | 7 | 22 | 7 | 3 | 11 25 |
| 19 | Tu. | 4 | 14 | 7 | 49 | A . C. L. T. C. | 31 | 8 | 19 | 7 | 48 | A. 25 |
| 20 | W. | 4 | 14 | 7 | 49 | 5 | 42 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 30 | 1 24 |
| 21 | Th. | 4 | 14 | 7 | 49 | 6 | 59 | 9 | 45 | 9 | 12 | 2 22 |
| 22 | SAP 172 C SP 11 3 | 4 | 15 | 7 | 49 | 8 | 15 | 10 | 17 | 9 | 53 | 3 16 |
| 23 | Sa. | 4 | 15 | 7 | 49 | 9 | 31 | 11 | 45 | 10 | 34 | 4 8 |
| 24 | SU. | 4 | 15 | 7 | 49 | 10 | 47 | 11 | 7 | 11 | 18 | 4 57 |
| 25 | M. | 4 | 16 | 7 | 49 | 11 | 51 | 11 | 21 | mo | rn. | 5 46 |
| 26 | Tu. | 4 | 16 | 7 | 48 | A. | 16 | 11 | 54 | 0 | 1 | 6 35 |
| 27 | W. | 4 | 16 | 7 | 48 | 2 | 30 | me | rn. | 1 | 24 | 7 25 |
| 28 | Th. | 4 | 16 | 7 | 48 | 3 | 44 | | 20 | | 36 | 8 18 |
| 29 | F. | 4 | 17 | 17 | 48 | 4 | 58 | 0 | 48 | 3 | 53 | 9 14 |
| 30 | F-12-08-5-08 | 4 | 17 | 7 | 48 | 6 | 5 | 1 | 30 | 5 | 7 | 10 11 |

* For the time of High WATER at Pictou, Pugwash Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at

* 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 un's setting.

The little bound Boy's Dream.

A little fair-haired child laid its pule cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dar stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was little, "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs. but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after a while, as he lay there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his you drive your mother from you, and displease elbow, and gazed with a half fearing, half de- the great and holy God. lighted look upon the glorious spectacle.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft, white figure, that stood And further, thou shalt soon be with me." by the poor bound boy's bedside.

be found breath to murmur-

"Tell me, who are you?"

to bear all your sorrows patiently, for you will would be forget it. soon be with us."

pale, and his clothes were patched and torn ; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to taunt or chide him. go into the mnddy street and pick up bits of wood and chips. But your face is quite too handsome and your clothing prettier than I ever saw before, and there is no ugly hump on your back. Be-

sides, my brother Willie is dead long ago." "I am your brother Willie, your immortal brother; my body with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ashes; but just as that died I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the boly one of eternity, gave me these bright garthat I suspect my face was changed very much, his dear angel mother .- Olive Branch. and I grew tall and straight; so it is no wonder you did not know me."

to fall.

heaven !" signific the community

"You can go," replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; "you have learned how to read?" of the deservoy of the same in warre

"Yes, a little," DANTO 86 . WORK

"Well, to-morrow get your Bible, and find very reverently-for it is God's boly book-these words of the Lord Jesus: But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you." "Do all these, and you shall be the child of

your Father which is above."

"Even if they beat me !" murmured the little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

A ray of light flashed across the angel's face as he replied, "The more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven."

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, " I will forgive them, even though they should beat me."

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice-ob, far sweeter than either well. of the others-sang:

me, I am thy mcther."

In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead-then came up the cruelties of strangers, who, after she had been put away in the deep that were uttered at the tomb of Lazarus? "He ground, treated him harshly.

being ; her eyes were like stars ; her bair like but sleepeth." Is not that, I say, an echo of that the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know.

He had doubted if the first risen was his brother, but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

out the thought of the past, and the present, poor mother lays down her daughter, slain, it overpowered him.

tears rained down his cheeks.

thrilled him to the heart, " you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I another world for you when you have passed am by your side; and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist the evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge,

" Be good, be happy even amidst all your trials; and if that is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul.

"Ob! mother, mother, mother," murmured The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to httle frightened, and his beart beat quickly, but leap toward her. The keen air chilled him, he looked eagerly around-there was no light, solemn stillness reigned; the radiance, the "Look up, be net afraid," said a sweet voice rafters of gold, the silver beams, the music, the that sounded like the barps of beaven; "look up, angels, all were gone. And then he knew he darling-lam your brother, Willie, sent down had been dreaming; but oh! what a dreamfrom the angels to speak with you, and tell you how strengthening, bow cheering; never never

The next morning when he went down to his "What, you my brother Willie? Oh, no, no, scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenithat cannot be. My brother Willie was very ty upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forebore to

He told his dream; and the hard bearts that listened were softened; and the mother who beld her own babe was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kind to the poor little orphan bound boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections; he was so meek, so prayerful, so good; and at the end of a twelve-month, when the angel did in very deed take him to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the ments that never get soiled, and I was so happy bright beavens with his brother, bis father, and

SATAN TRANSFORMED .- A Roman Catholic ant boy in Ireland is reported to have liste ed attentively to a priest earnestly denouncing "Oh !" he exclaimed, " If I, too, could go to the " revival," and warning the people against it as the work of the devil.

> "Ah! thin, your riverince," replied the lad, " it must be a new divil, for that's not the way the ould divil used to make the people behave themselves."

Spiritual Resurrection.

"When Jesus Christ came into the world the doctrine of immortality became a conviction; and I ask my skeptic to account for that. How was it before Jesus? It was merely a philosophical opinion, limited to the few; but after Christ came, it was a mighty conviction placed upon the souls and hearts of many. What produced this result? There is no effect without a cause. Was there not some grand transaction that gave it such vital power, so that the lowly, the poor, the humblest-not the phiosophers only-had such a conviction of it? Walk through those Roman catacombs : mark the difference there, between the epitaphs of the philosophers and epicurians, on the one side, and of the Christians on the other. Go there, and you will find that one of the Romans has this inscription,

"While I lived I lived well; my play is now ended; soon yours will be-farewell, and ap-

Another says, Baths, wine, and love ruin the constitution, but they make life what it is-fare-

Then comes the tender stroke of a mother's "My child, my little earth child, look upon grief-" Oh! relentless Fortune, that delights in cruel death, why is Maximus so early snatched from me?"

> Turn and see the epitaphs of the early Christians, " Zoticus laid here to sleep." " The sleep-

ing place of Elipis." "Valeria sleeps in peace." Is not that an echo of those wonderful words is not dead, but sleepeth." Or when he said of He turned towards her; oh, what a glorious the ruler's daughter-" The maid is not dead, wonderful teaching of Christ, that death is sleep. What can have brought such changes in the world? Whence did it come? Philosophical opinion produces nothing but epicurian carelessness, and stoical contempt for death, or here and A little while he kept down his strong feeling; there a little jet of grander faith. But here a may be, by the arrow of persecution, but she says "O, mother, mother," he cried, -"She sleeps in Jesus." It is a sleep that stretching forth his hands, " let me come to you, knows an awakening-a short life that breaks in let me come; there is nobody in this world like a glorious morning. I say that is a characteristic you; no one kissess me now, no one loves me; of every Christian. Immortality is not a mere oh mother, mother, let me come;" and the hot opinion, it is a conviction, and the Christian realizes it now. Now, my friends, I urge upon "My orphan child," she said in low tones that you the power and significance there is in Christ's resurrection. I entreat you to rise with himrise in his spirit; not only believe that there is through the gate way of the grave, but be in the spiritual state now, and rise with Christ. How? By coming into communion with him.—Rev. Dr. Chapin

The Growlery.

While speaking of the arrangements of his house, a gentleman of our acquaintance said that on the first floor there were the diningroom, the sitti g-room, and the growlery. We never before had heard of such an institution, but it instantly occurred to us that here was a bright and productive idea. A growlery! Why we all of us have the thing, the potent entity; and would it not be well to segregate it from the common uses of the domicile, and endow it, so to speak, as a peculiar institution of its own? Why should it be mixed up with everything, jarring on the domestic symphony, and setting the tune to something other that a minor key? Why not withdraw it to a special room, and clear kitchen dining-room, sittingroom, parlour, nursery, library, bed-chamber, attic, cellar, and closet of its un welcome presence? We foresee the growlery berefore, rapidly growing in favour. It will be the confessional of the house—a thing the Protestants have always ached to have, and sailly needed. Only it will be a sort of self-confession al and self-examinatory and self-explosive pri vate closet. It will be the fun room of the house too, for give grumbling one turn more of the handle, and it makes it crollery right off. To the growlery, then, with the whole race of grumblers, croakers, scolders, worriers, foreboders. Let them do penance there, and sallow their medicine, the necessaay desagrements and infelicities and contretemps of life, without agitating uncomfortable remarks. To the growlery with Pitt's proposition. crying children, and sour youths, and scowling maidens, and pettish tempers, and cross dispositions, and the whole brood of the ministure fami-

take to their beels .- Christian Inquirer.

Telling Secrets.

I must relate my first and last experiment in training my oldest boy to keep family secrets. He was a chatterbox, and as he often visited among strangers without me, I was fearful he might tell more than he aught. So taking him on my knee,

"My dear, you must never tell any thing w say, or let out our plans to any one-especially to Mrs. Jones."

His quick mind comprehended me in an instant, and with a very confirmed look, he promised obedience. A few days after he entered my room with an air of triumph, and said.

" Mamma, I minded you. Mrs. Jones asked me when you were going to New York, and I said, 'I can't tell you, for my mamma don't wish you to know any of her plans!""

In my consternation I was tempted to reprove the innocent boy, but upon a moment's thought l let the matter pass, knowing that it could not be explained or extenuated, and preferring to lose the friendship of Mrs. Jones, rather than sully his pure, trusting spirit with a lesson of worldly policy. When his younger brother, a more quiet boy, but equally fond of visiting, and a great pet and darling with all who knew him, became old enough to betray family secrets, I gave him no caution, but trusted to his common sense. One day on returning from an errand at a neighboring house, he stood awhile absorbed in thought, and then said.

" Mamma, what shall I say when people ask me, 'What is your mother doing?' and 'What did you have for dinner?""

"What do you say, my dear?" said I.

"Why," said he, looking bashfully aside, "I say, 'I guess it is time for me to go!"-Little

The Physician and the Pastor.

Dr. Mott, in his address to the graduates of the New York Medical College, gives some admirable hints on the relations to be observed be-

With the ministers of religion, of whatever denomination, you will always, I hope, maintain the most amicable relations. They are generally mensof education and refinement, with whom you may easily affiliate. Though it will be yours to deal chiefly with the issues of temporal life, you must remember that there are also maladies of the soul. You must not allow too much contemplation of secondary causes to lead you to forget the great First Cause, and insensibly develop in you the philosophy of materialism. At the bedside of a dying patient it will be your duty to study the symptems of approaching dissolution the facies Hyppocratica—the subsultus—the music volitantes-with your fingers on his wrist to catch the last dying flutter of his pulse. But during these moments you may satisfy no impertinent curiosity.

In the presence of the departing spirit your office ceases. In the retinue of the King of Terrors, you are but a man like other mem Leas: of all can I extenuate any rudeness shown at such a time to the messenger of spiritual consolations, be he Catholic or Protestant-educated or illiterate-white or black-bond or free-nor should you at any period in the progress of disease deprive your patient of the ministrations of his accustomed spiritual advisers. Friends may be excluded and conversation interdicted, but those consolations of religion that fall "like the dew upon Mount Hermon," should always be

Eloquence, but not Wisdom.

The late Lord Chatham (when Mr Pitt) on one occasion made a very long and able speech in the Privy Council, relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his elequence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being then at the head of the Admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt, got up and only said these words;

" My Lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, and all I shall say is, that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking

This short reply, together with the confidence the Council had in Lord Auson's professional skill, had such an effect on every one present, the whole house hold with their wry faces and that they immediately determined against Mr.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY -A glover's apprentice in Edinburgh resolved to qualify himself for a higher profession. The ly devils! Put them together, and perhaps they relation with whom be lived was very poor and would look so unhandsome that they would shame | could not afford a candie, and scarcely a fire at one another into good manners But an even night, and as it was only after shop hours that better plan might be to send the whole tribe of this young man had leisure, he had no alterna growls, grumbles, croaks, spites, and bites a- tive but to go into the streets at night, and plant budging, and burn so strong and fragrant a pas- himself with his book near a shop window, the tile of good-will and Christian love in the home lights of which enabled him to read it; and when sanctuary, that the whole dismal company would they were put out, he used to climb a lamp post take to their beels.—Christian Inquirer. and hold on with one hand while he read with It is a noble species of revenge to have the greatest oriental scholars in the world, and the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise first book in Arabic printed in Scotland was his production.