

Teachers' Department

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 16th, 1866.

Read—JOHN XX 19-31: Jesus appears to his disciples. I KINGS XII. 16-33: Jeroboam made King of Israel.

Recite—JOHN XX. 1-2.

DECEMBER 23rd, 1866.

Read—JOHN XXI. 1-14: Jesus appears at the Sea of Tiberias. I KINGS XVII.: Elijah fed by ravens.

Recite—JOHN XX. 19-23.

MESSENGER ALMANAC

From December 9th to December 22nd, 1866.

Last Quarter, December 5, 1 45 Afternoon. New Moon, " 12, 8 33 Morning. First Quarter, " 20, 1 53 Morning. Full Moon, " 27, 3 11 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for Dec 9-22.

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.

Choice of a Wife.

A STREET INCIDENT.

Character is a man's inferiority by slight occurrences, and at times when one is under no constraint. The reader may judge whether it was so in the following incident:

A young mother was out one of a hot morning in an omnibus, with a little daughter four years old who had the whooping cough. The doctor had got her out of her bed and exercise, and the mother daily followed his instructions when the doctor would permit. On this occasion, they were passing through Summer Street, when the girl was seized with a violent fit of coughing, attended with strangulation and vomiting. The mother was stooping to hold the little girl and to have its distress, when two well-dressed ladies came along, and stopping to see the infant, one of them said with an air and tone of extreme delicacy and politeness:

"What a pretty little girl for such a street as this! I should be glad to keep your young one at home, and not have her out here, vomiting on the sidewalk, and annoying everybody."

And then, stepping quite aside, and lifting her silk gloves respectfully to avoid soiling, and with an expression of face anything but amiable, she walked on with her companion.

They had not gone ten paces, when another lady came up, and looking upon the child, exclaimed in a tone of pity:

"Poor little thing, she's got the whooping cough, hasn't she? How much she must suffer; can't I help you?" and without waiting for an answer, she stooped down, wiped the face and mouth of the child with her white cambric handkerchief, and for some minutes endeavored to soothe its cries. Then, drawing a bright bit of gillyer from her pocket, she gave it to the child, and then with encouraging words and a gentle patting of the forehead, she walked along.

The reader will understand now, why this story is needed "Choice of a Wife." The ladies in question were about of the same age, not over twenty years, and equally well dressed. Suppose neither of them to be married, and choice to be made, what man of sense would hesitate between them? Even if the last named lady were poor and the other rich, it would not alter the case with, we say, a man of sense. Such a heart, such a gentle, tender, loving spirit, would do more for the strength and hope of a husband's heart, and for the light and joy of his dwelling, than all the riches that could be heaped upon such a character as that first mentioned. The incidents above cited teach their own lesson. To all who contemplate a choice of husband or wife, we commend a careful study of temper and disposition, as before riches, rank or beauty.—W. & R.

One of the acts passed by the Hawaiian Legislature of 1860 is entitled, "An act to prevent married persons from deserting one another."

Poverty not so great a curse.

If there is any thing in the world that a young man should be more thankful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates self-reliance and ambition. It is a certificate of worthy labor, creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand the test, is not worth anything. He can never rise above a drudge, or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will parted with the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pack rise with every difficulty poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this, is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give you my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack the stimulus to effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt to have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach and fine linen and brocade on your back, your heart and soul plume in the rear of your life, you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; by His means to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you have plenty of money, ten chances to one, it would not put you to an useful purpose. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the next look? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and faculty? If so, then you are more of a man and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from colleges with his brains full of stuff that is not applicable to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process as far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial distress, is the saving a large crop of young men.—Timothy Titcomb.

The Mystery of Music.

What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye smile; inaudible, yet making all the nerves vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as it a strain from that above, a greeting to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too good for anything but His praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the matter of a rival pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for in living hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingale!—Arthur a Italy in Transition

A CHILD'S APPEAL.—"Pa," said a little girl, "are you a drunkard?" And with her hands upon his cheeks patting them both, she looked in his eye imploringly. There was a mingling of fear, of agony, and of hope, in the question, that started the tears to her eyes. And why? At school that day, unkind schoolmates had tauntingly said, "Alas! your father gets drunk!" With her heart sweetly high to bursting, she ran home to have the question settled. Alas, her father was a drunkard! But he vowed to drink no more. The appeal had saved him.

Let us try.

If we cannot have all that we wish upon earth, let us try to be happy with less, if we can; if wealth be not always the guardian of worth, worth, sooner than wealth, makes the happier man. Is it wise to be anxious for pleasures afar—And the pleasure around us to slight or deny? Asking Night for the sun,—asking Day for the star? Let us conquer such faults, or at least let us try.

If the soil of our garden be worthy our care, its culture delightful, though ever so small; O, then let the heart the same diligence share, and flowers of affection will rival them all. There never was delusion more constantly shown than that wealth ever gave charm of existence can but; As long as love, friendship and truth are life's own, All hearts may be happy, if all hearts will try!

"In Season and out of Season."

DR. CHALMERS, on his return from England, a few years ago, lodged in the house of a nobleman not far distant from Prebles. The Doctor was known to excel in conversation, as well as in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on D. C., and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs into their apartments. There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the best chambers open on the right and left. The apartment of D. C. was directly opposite that of the old chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the Doctor was undressing himself, he heard an unusual noise in the chieftain's room; the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan. He hastened into the apartment which, in a few minutes, was filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old gentleman. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed chief had fallen into the arms of his attendant in a fit of apoplexy. He breathed for a few moments, and then expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out, and bending over the deceased. He was the very picture of distress. He was the first to break the silence. "Never, in my life," said he, in a tremulous voice, "did I see, or did I feel, before this moment, the meaning of that text, 'Preach the word, be instant in season, and out of season.' Had I known that my venerable old friend was within a few minutes of eternity, I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and you, Christ Jesus, and Him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for me in you. You would have thought it and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah! it would have been in season, both as it respects him, and as it respects you."

The Seven Utterances of Jesus on the Cross

- 1. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."
2. "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."
3. "Woman, behold thy son..."
4. "I thirst."
5. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"
6. "It is finished."
7. "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

You will notice that the relationship is recognized in the first cry and the last. When the wrath-bearing hour commences it is "My God, my God!" but directly He says "It is finished,"—the atonement thus made—He again says, "Father"

The first cry tells of grace—of love to enemies Stephen evinced the same spirit.

The second of his power and willingness to atone—a poor thief's soul is taken at once to Paradise, fitted by the precious blood that was shed for it.

The third shows his perfectors as man—trusting to his mother, and entrusting her to the beloved disciple.

The fourth tells of suffering endured, and yet man mocked his thirst with "vinegar and gall."

The fifth cry shows us how the wrath of God was upon Him for our sins. "By His stripes we are healed." God did forsake His Son that He might never forsake us.

The sixth tells of the completed work of redemption.

And the seventh shows how fully the work was accomplished, for He again says, "Father"—and gives up the ghost. W. C. B.

Child Anecdote.

Litt's Gussie—, a bright seven-year old boy was one day standing on the piazza of the S— Hotel, when general W—remarked that he did not see the sin of slavery. Instantly Gussie's republican spirit was up, and he boldly asserted that the Bible said it was wrong, and therefore it must be so. General W—replied that he had never seen it in the Bible. "Then you haven't read it through, have you?" said Gussie. "Yes, I have," was the cool rejoinder. At first Gussie was puzzled—but who can corner a child? After a moment's thought, he triumphantly exclaimed, "Then you must have turned over two leaves at once!"

Controversy.

I like controversy when it is thoroughly honest. I do admire to see two large and generous minds approach a subject from opposite quarters, and then to watch the new lights that flash over it and show it in a thousand relations that were not obvious before. It affords us out of the ruts of our set and party, in whose treadmill we had been grinding all our lives, and mistaking it for the universe. But controversy with small minds is the smallest business that is done in this world. It slides inevitably into word-catching, and ends in personalities. The moment I saw a man consciously trying to put my language on a different use from what I had put it myself, I would stop short with him, and say: "I am glad to compare ideas with you. In, I have no time for word-catching." To say, as Dr. Johnson did, "I can't furnish meaning and brains too," is not courteous. The only controversy that ever convinces the contrivers is a friendly comparison of beliefs, each turning the other's round, and showing it under all the angles of reflection. It is not this sort of controversy, but fighting with word-mongers, that Dr. Holmes must have in mind. "You know that if you had a bent tube, one end of which was the size of a pipe stem, and another big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes words and wears men in the same way and the fools know it.—Monthly Religious Magazine.

Agriculture.

TO WALK OR DRIVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

The Dairy Farmer gives the following directions for "going straight," which, though familiar to most farmers, may not be to all:

At the starting place, fix the eye in the direction of the stake, or other termination of the line, and then, in the distance beyond, that is in range of line with the eye and stake, go towards the stake, keeping the eye upon it, and the object beyond; and as long as the three are kept in range, the line traveled over will be straight, but as soon as the three are out of range, they indicate that the person moving has deviated from the straight line, and he may get back on the line at once by bringing himself in range with the stake and distant object.

SKIMMING MILK.—A country woman says: The wise man, in enumerating the times and seasons, made no mention of a time to skim milk; yet, nevertheless, there is a time—a right time, too—and that is just as the milk begins to pour to the bottom of the pail. Then the cream is all at the surface, and should at once be removed—such a little of the milk as passes. It allowed to remain until the next reaches the cream it imparts it in quality. The house wife or dairy maid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labor under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this has only to try it to prove the truth of this assertion. Milk should be allowed to at least three times a day.—Rural American.

BARRELS FOR FRUIT.—Everything in contact with fruit should be clean and sweet, and the vessel in which it is placed should be dry and tight. Old iron barrels should not be used unless well washed and dried as the presence of rust in the barrel will mould and impart to the fruit an unpleasant odor and flavor. Old lime barrels, it is said, are excellent for this purpose—the lime absorbing the vapor and gases. If this is so, a little fresh slacked lime scattered on the bottom, sides and top of the barrel, would be beneficial.—Genesee Farmer.

COMPOST FOR STRAWBERRIES.—The Southern Cultivator says an excellent compost for an acre of ground may be made by mixing 60 bushels of leaf-mould from the woods, 20 bushels of leached ashes, 5 bushels of lime, and three or four quarts of salt. Mix thoroughly, let it stand two or three days, scatter broadcast and plow in.

SHEEP MANURE.—In England land is sometimes manured by confining sheep at night on a small surface, and moving the fence or hurdle, in the whole field has been treated to a few nights' lodging. The dressing thus given by 300 sheep, Stephens says, is sufficient in a week for an acre, and is worth fifteen dollars.

THERE'S a very decided touch of humanity in the following:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing spectator. "O, well, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's a comfort—Jack Thompson's are not a bit better."

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what most mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance, which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

The great municipal question in Paris, of the best pavement for roadways, has been decided in favor of the dry asphaltum, a new patent invention.