

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 13th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 53-71 : Christ's discourse continued. NUMBERS xvii. : Aaron's Rod.

Recite—JOHN vi. 35-40.

MAY 20th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vii. 1-18 : Christ goes to Jerusalem. NUMBERS xx. : Water brought from the Rock.

Recite—JOHN vi. 53-56.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From May 6th, to May 19th, 1860.

Table with 3 columns: Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon, First Quarter. Rows for May 5, 12, 20, 27.

Table with 4 columns: Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at. Rows for days 6 to 19.

\* 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.

We have got a Baby at our house.

Our friend was riding a day or two ago through Athol, in this State, when he overtook a little girl and a boy, apparently on their way to school. The little girl appeared to be five or six years old, and was as beautiful as a fairy.

Extracts from a Model Dictionary.

It is rather refreshing to turn from the warfare between the publishers of "Webster and Worcester," to the waggish suggestions of Horace and James Smith, for a dictionary which should give the meaning of things as well as words.

Argument. With fools, passion, vociferation, and violence. With ministers, a majority. With men of sense, a sound reason.

Bachelor. Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek for foolish, and by Spelman from Baculus, a cudgel, because he deserves one.

Baker. One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

King. According to the modern doctrine, the hereditary proprietor of a nation; according to reason, its accountable first magistrate.

Bed. An article on which we sleep, and pass the happiest part of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

Babies. Noisy, lactiferous animals, much desiderated by those who never had any.

Esquire. A title much in use among the lower orders.

Face. The silent echo of the heart.

Faction. Any party out of power.

Infant. A mysterious meteor sent to us from the invisible world, into which, after performing the evolutions incidental to the seven ages of man, it will finally return.

The Prince of Wales a Prisoner.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on hunting with the Earl of Macclesfield, the noble master of the South Oxfordshire Hounds, was made a prisoner last week by an Oxfordshire farmer, under the following circumstances:—The sport on the day in question had not been good, and on his Royal Highness leaving Stow Wood, in company of the Earl Brownlow, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart., Henry Le Marchant, Esq., Henry Chaplin, Esq., and William Taylor, Esq., attended by the Esquery in waiting, Lieut.-Col. Kébell, and his tutor Herbert Fisher, Esq., M. A., it was resolved to have a "spin" across country to the turnpike-road, within a mile and a half of Oxford.

A Western Art Criticism.

Unprofessional critics sometimes see defects in works of art quite overlooked by sharp observers. Here is a capital specimen, told by the Buffalo Courier of a Western backwoodsman, who was looking at the Prairie Picture, by Beard, an eminent native artist:

A few mornings ago, as I was standing admiring—as I confess myself quite fond of doing—that beautiful deer group, a tall, unmistakably Western man came up behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I noticed at once the quick stoppage of breathing, which always follows admiration; but to my surprise the stop was short, and something like a laugh quickly succeeded. Looking up, I saw a yellow face overspreading with a smile, and there was a decided twinkle in his eye.

"Pshaw!" said he, "that's no picture, after all. That ain't no fair representation."

"Why," said I, "that struck me as being a pretty good painting."

"Maybe it's good enough for a painting," said the Western man; "I don't say anything agin that, but there was no scene enacted like it. Just look at that tall rice grass up here, and then the fern weeds below—who ever saw them grow together? Why, the one grows on wet and the other on dry land. But that's pretty clean they be. They ought to be mudd up to the knees, and at the gait they're going at they'd be spotted with mud, all over. I tell ye when I went to that country first, the men skeered me sometimes, driving their wagons on the wet prairie, but they'd tell me that it was all right, and sure enough, I would find a good bottom a foot down. Then the next I know'd, they would be giving a pretty wide berth to a place that looked, at first sight, edactly like the tother; and I soon found a way to tell by the grasses.

"If any o'ye know that painter chap," said the unconsciously keen critic, as he prepared to move off, just tell him—but it's no use, he said, lowering his voice, "that's a good enough city prairie."

The grave of Roger Williams.

The Providence Journal gives an interesting account of a recent investigation, commenced in connection with the movement to erect a monument to Roger Williams, to ascertain the site of his grave. Guided by tradition and by transmitted recollections of those who were nearly Williams' contemporaries a thorough examination was made of the lot indicated by these traditions, and after some time the workmen succeeded in opening what they believed to be conclusively settled as having been the grave of the Founder of the Colony.

The Halifax and Quebec Railway.

We have several times of late referred to this subject and the probabilities of its soon being favorably decided upon.

The following letter from the Secretary of the Company formed for carrying it into effect recently received by a gentleman in St. John N. B., will interest many of our readers.

HALIFAX AND QUEBEC RAILWAY COMPANY, (LIMITED.) 61, Gresham house, old Broad Street. London, 30th March, 1860.

DEAR SIR—I have been so pressed to day that I cannot write you so fully as I intended; I will, however, write you by next mail and send you a copy of my letter to Mr. Gladstone.

Referring to our interview, yesterday, I beg to inform you that the Railway Commissioner of the Board of Trade, Captain Douglas Galton, who went out to report upon the Railways of the United States and Canada, has stated that he should recommend to the Imperial Government, even in a military point of view, the line via Moncton, Sussex Vale, Boiestown, and the Grand Falls, to River du Loup, as surveyed by Mr. Wilkinson, in preference to Major Robinson's North Shore Line; and as the question would, as a matter of course, be referred by the Imperial Government to Captain Galton, we may assume that it is conclusive no objection would now be raised to the route indicated on military grounds.

Next as to our progress and the policy we are pursuing, the Duke of Newcastle stated "that the success of our applications would depend mainly on the support of the House of Commons;" we therefore have obtained numerous and influential signed petitions from Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol and London, to both Houses of Parliament, urging in the strongest possible manner the importance of its completion.

Knowing that the changes in the Tariff and Navigation Laws of the Imperial Parliament, of a former period, led Mr. Gladstone to give the first practical step to the undertaking, by organizing the Survey in 1846, and at a later period the Imperial Government to pledge its guarantee to the line then to cost seven millions sterling, we thought it advisable to remind Mr. Gladstone, now that the last vestige of protection which British North America had possessed was being swept away, it would be an act of graceful justice to fulfil that pledge (to the very limited extent now required) tending, as it would do, to foster and develop the best resources of the country, and at the same time to confer great and manifest Imperial advantages. To this Mr. Gladstone replied that the application must in the first place go to the Secretary of State for the Colonies—This will be shortly done when the Petitions are all complete; but it was important to fix the application on Mr. Gladstone at the time the Timber duties were being abolished. (I will send you next week a copy of the letter.)

We were also aware how important it was that we should be heard on the subject of the Railway before the "Select Committee on the Packet and Telegraph Contract service"—and although the Railway did not come within the order of reference, we, in concert with Sir S. Cunard and one of the members of the Committee, Mr. Ellice, Jr., got out in his evidence all the important points. The Packet Contract service has been transferred from the Admiralty to the Post office, and a Bill has just passed through Parliament to that effect. Mr. Frederick Hill, the Secretary to the Post Office, and the gentleman deputed by the Postmaster General to represent that department before the Select Committee above referred to, stated in his evidence on Thursday, and repeated it to-day that the Post Office do not intend to renew the Contract with the West India Royal Company from Southampton, but to make that service an offshoot from the Cunard Service at Halifax—(there is a clause in the Cunard contract by which not only the Boston but the New York Steamers must call at Halifax at the request of the Postmaster General.)

The one thing essential to secure these great advantages is the completion of the Halifax and Quebec Railway; it is the only thing which can turn the Cunard Company from being a competitor with the Grand Trunk into its best feeder; in fact, it is the only hope of salvation for that company; they now know it, and they feel it, but they don't like to acknowledge the mistake they made in going to Portland in a "huff." I must close to save the mail.

Your's truly, JOSEPH NELSON.

P. S.—I will send you by next mail a map of the intended route.

COAL IN CHICAGO.—The large bituminous coal fields of the West are being rapidly developed. Last year 131,204 tons were received in Chicago, and the best qualities of Pennsylvania and bituminous ranged in price, in that city, only from \$3 50 to \$4 per ton. The Illinois coal sold for \$2 25 and \$2 75 per ton. The lower veins of this field are much superior in quality to those of the upper series of veins. In a few years hence, therefore, the people of the West will be getting much better coal than they do at present.

A VINE WORTH HAVING.—A poor woman in the county of San Barbara, California, has but one grape vine. This bore, in 1857, five thousand bunches of grapes, each bunch weighing over a pound, yielding her the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after the lapse of seven years such is the result.

Queen Victoria's Crown.

The crown worn by the Queen at the opening of Parliament is composed of hoops of silver which are completely covered and concealed by precious stones, having a Maltese Cross of diamonds on the top of it. In the centre of this Cross is a magnificent sapphire. In front of the crown, above the rim, is another Maltese Cross, in the middle of which is the large unpolished ruby which once graced the coronet of the chivalrous Black Prince, and underneath this, in the circular rim, is another immense sapphire. The arches inclose a cap of deep purple, or rather blue, velvet; and the rim of the crown, at its base, is clustered with brilliants, and ornamented with fleurs de lis and Maltese Crosses, equally rich. There are many other precious gems—emeralds and rubies, sapphires and small clusters of drop pearls of great price. The crown is altogether valued at over half a million of dollars. Indeed, were it possible to recollect and again bring together such precious stones, this estimate would fall much below their intrinsic value. The old crown of England, made for George III. weighed upwards of seven pounds; but, notwithstanding this gorgeous display of jewelry, independent of the gold cap, the present crown only weighs nineteen ounces and ten pennyweights. It measures seven inches in height from the gold circle to the upper Cross, and its diameter at the rim is five inches.

The end of the world.

In a recent sermon, Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, made out that the world will end in 1867, by the following calculation: "From the earliest periods onward it had been the almost universal belief that the six days of creation were typical of those 6,000 years, and that the seventh day of creation, or the Sabbath, was typical of the millennial rest of 1,000 years. But they would say that, supposing this were so, they were at this moment over 140 years short of the 6,000 years. It was a remarkable fact, however, that the ablest chronologists, irrespective of all prophetic theories, had shown that a mistake of upwards of 1,000 years had been made in calculating the chronology of the world, and that the Christian era began not from the year 4004 of the world's history, but in the year 4138, and that the year of Christ's birth was five years before that, or in 4132. If his premises were just, then they were at that moment within seven years of the exhaustion of the 6,000 years; so that if 1867 was to be the termination of this economy, they had arrived at the Saturday evening of the world's long and dreary week. If this were so, it was a magnificent thought that there were some in that assembly who would never die."

Such statements are very interesting and amusing to read, but no one who knows upon what a doubtful basis they are built can attach any importance, or give any credence to them. N. Y. Chronicle.

The last Pope.

The following may be brought under the by no means novel caption of "Curious, if true."

There is, and has been for years, a curious tradition in regard to Italy—that Pius the ninth would be the last Pope; and in illustration of this, I will repeat an anecdote related to me by a friend of mine. Several years ago, in the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., this gentleman was in the Cathedral of Siena, looking on the basis of the popes that are placed, after their deaths, in a niche devoted to that purpose. Two empty niches then remained.

"Why," said my friend, "there is only room for two more busts; you will have to make some niches for those of the future Popes."

"O, no, signore," replied the clericone, "they say that after these two we shall never have any other Popes."

Gregory's bust now stands in one of these niches; the other is still empty.

Bits of Humor.

Herr Blitz selected from the audience a bright little fellow to assist him in his experiments. "Sir," said he, "do you think I could put the sovereign which the lady holds into your coat pocket?"—"No," said the boy, confidently. "Think not?"—"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness. "Why not?"—"Cause the pocket is torn out!"

A gentleman missed two pounds of very fine butter, which he had kept for a special occasion, and charged the cook with having stolen it. She declared the kitten had eaten it, and that she had just caught her finishing the last morsel. The gentleman immediately put the kitten in the scales, and found she weighed only a pound and a half. The cook thus confounded, confessed the theft.

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet; and became contented."