

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ's lesson of humility and condescension. JOSHUA v. 10-15: The people keep the Passover.

Recite—JOHN xii. 44-48.

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xvii. 18-38: The traitor revealed. JOSHUA vi.: Jericho taken and destroyed.

Recite—JOHN xiii. 12-17.

ME:SENGER ALMANAC.

From September 2nd to September 15th, 1860.

Last Quarter, September 8, 6.52 Morning. New Moon, " 15, 1.54 " First Quarter, " 21, 7.10 Afternoon. Full Moon, " 29, 9.25 "

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows include dates from 2nd to 15th of September.

* 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 Parisboro, Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

* For the LENGTH of DAY double the time of the sun's setting.

Little gems for little folks.

- 1. Love not sin; it will destroy you. 2. Love not folly; it will make you foolish. 3. Love not vanity; it will make you vain. 4. Love not idleness; it will ruin you, both now and for ever. 5. Love not darkness; for God is light, not darkness. 6. Love not ignorance; for ignorance is poison to the soul. 7. Love not the world; for the world is not of God; it crucified Christ; it lieth in wickedness.

Little Bella's four texts.

"MAMMA," said Bella, a little girl of six years old, one evening, to her mother, "I have four texts—one for the morning, one for the middle of the day, one for the evening, and one for when I go to bed; shall I say them to you?"

"Do, my love," replied her mother. "My morning one," said Bella, "is, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' and my middle of the day one is, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and my evening one is, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and my one for when I go to bed is, 'God is love.'"

"And very good and appropriate I think they are," said her mother, "for when you say in the morning, Jesus Christ came to save sinners, you say that well, I am a sinner, so He came to save me; how I should love Him for that, and how I must try to obey Him all day; then, by the middle of day, perhaps you have been naughty, and feel sorry for it, or something may have vexed you, and that verse comes sweetly into your mind, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and, in the evening however naughty or foolish you may have been, you can still remember the promise, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and then the bed-time comes you look back on all that has happened during the day, and how kind God has been to you in many ways, you can say, with all your hearts, 'God is love.'"

"Yes, mamma," answered Bella, eagerly; "that's it! when I say my morning text, and think Jesus came to save me, I will love Him, and try to obey Him; and in the middle of the day, I will say, 'Come unto me,' and I will go to Jesus, and ask Him to wash me in His blood, and then I will feel Him taking me in His arms, and I will say, I will do anything mamma wants me to do, and I will be good! and, in the evening, when I say, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out, I will think Jesus won't say, 'Go away! I want a better girl than you'; and at night when I go to bed I will remember all these things, and I will say, 'God is love.'"

Any man who is so base as to strike a woman should be placed on the back of a hard trotting horse, and made to collect newspaper accounts the rest of his life.

The Lord's Prayer Illustrated.

Our Father

By right of creation.—Matthew ii. 10. By bountiful provision.—Psalm cxiv. 16. By gracious adoption.—Ephesians i. 5.

Who art in heaven,

The throne of Thy glory.—Isaiah lxvi. 1. The portion of Thy children.—1 Peter i. 4. The temple of Thy angels.—Isaiah vi. 1.

Hallowed be thy name,

By the thoughts of our hearts.—Psalm lxxxvi. 11. By the words of our lips.—Psalm li. 15. By the work of our hands.—1 Corinthians x. 31.

Thy Kingdom come.

Of providence to defend us.—Psalm xvii. 8. Of grace to refine us.—1 Thessalonians v. 23. Of glory to crown us.—Colossians iii. 4.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.

Toward us, without resistance.—1 Samuel iii. 13. By us, without compulsion.—Psalm cxix. 36. Universally, without exception.—Luke i. 6. Eternally, without declension.—Psalm cxix. 53.

Give us this day our daily bread,

Of eternal life for our bodies.—Proverbs xxx. 8. Of eternal life for our souls.—John vi. 34.

And forgive us our trespasses

Against the commands of Thy law.—1 John i. 6. Against the grace of Thy Gospel.—1 Timothy i. 6.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

By defaming our characters.—Matthew v. 11. By embezzling our property.—Philemon 18. By abusing our persons.—Acts vii. 60.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Of overwhelming afflictions.—Psalm cxxxix. 1. Of worldly enticements.—1 John ii. 15. Of Satan's devices.—1 Timothy iii. 7. Of error's seduction.—1 Timothy vi. 10. Of sinful affections.—Romans i. 26.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever.

Thy kingdom governs all.—Psalm ciii. 19. Thy power subdues all.—Philippians iii. 20, 21. Thy glory is above all.—Psalm cxviii. 13.

Amen.

As it is in thy purposes.—Isaiah xiv. 27. So it is in thy promises.—2 Corinthians i. 20. So be it in our prayers.—Revelations xxii. 20. So it shall be to thy praise.—Revelation xix. 4.

Thrilling Scene.

RECOGNITION OF A BODY FORTY YEARS AFTER BURIAL.

Not many years since, certain miners who were working far under ground came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it to the surface, and for a while, until crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. Not one recognized the face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time.

But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cot, on hearing the news came up, and she knew again the face which, through all these years, she had never quite forgot. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course, who were looking on—a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coal or even tin—but there were no dry eyes when the gray-headed pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse and poured out to its dear ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and a good still with the dead.—Fraser's Magazine.

BABY LOST AND FOUND.—Quite an interesting scene took place in the Tennessee depot, under the following circumstances: Just before the time of the departure, a "darkey" came running down the platform with a baby—yes, a live baby—in his arms, calling out, "Who's lost a baby? Who's lost a baby?" No one claiming the darling of his mother, our African friend poked his head in the ladies' ear, exclaiming in quite a melodious voice, "Who's lost this child?" when a lady rose and exclaimed, "Oh, bless me—I forgot the darling little creature." The baby was placed in its mother's arms, when the "darkey" retired, highly delighted in his having restored the little one to its careless mama.—Lynchburg Republican.

The record of life runs thus:—Man creeps into childhood—softens into age—toners into second childhood, and slumbers in the cradle prepared for him.

Man the Life-boat!

The writer recollects, with mournful vividness even after the lapse of many years, a calamity at one of our summer watering-places. It was the quiet Sabbath, the morning had been bright; the shaly waves danced in the sun's warm smile. In the spacious offing were gallant ships of many nations riding at anchor. Glad notes resounded from many sylvan songsters. It was a lovely scene,—like Elen ere the serpent Sin blighted its glory.

Suddenly the wind changed—"flew into the north-east," as sailors say; and a hurricane commenced, the waves mounting, crest'd with foam scathed by the lashing wind. The vessels pitched and tossed heavily, and one or two slightly moored small craft were dashed on the beach near the spectators who were gathered to watch the grand and terrible storm.

From one of the vessels abruptly rose the piercing cry, "Man overboard!" In a moment all eyes were turned to the spot, and a human form was seen manfully breasting the furious elements, in the direction of the shore; but the dominant waves bore the struggler rapidly outward, and ere the boats could be lowered, a fearful space sundered the victim from help.

Above the shriek of the storm and roar of the waters rose his piercing cry. It was an agonizing moment. With bated breath and blanched cheek, every eye strained to the struggling man. No one asked if he were a Churchman or Catholic; the universal spirit of sympathy was there, leaving no room for puny thoughts.

Manfully did the brave rowers strain every nerve in that race of mercy. Right earnestly did their brawny arm pull to near their sinking fellow!

"Blessings on the dauntless spirits, Dangers thus who nobly brave; Ready life and limb to venture, So they may a brother save."

But all their efforts were in vain. One wild shriek of despair, and the victim went down.

A piercing cry, "Save him! save him!" rang through the hushed crowd; and into their midst darted an agitated man, throwing his arms wildly into the air, shouting, "A thousand pounds for the man who saves his life!" but his starting eyes rested only on the spot where the waves rolled remorselessly over the perished. Oh, the look that settled on his face when hope lay dead! The storm went down, and, like a forgotten child when its passion is spent, nature smiled, unheeding the desolation wrought in its short but stern career. We subsequently learnt that he whose strong cry broke the stillness of the crowd was captain of the ship from whence the drowned man fell, and that he was his brother.

This is just the feeling now wanted in the various ranks of those bearing commission under the great Captain of our salvation—"Save him, he is my brother!"

He is perishing for whom Christ died. Save him! Oh, for the moving cry to peal over the world, Save him he is my brother! This would usher in the glorious day, when "the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ."

"Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! Christians! up and succour send; See, the shattered vessel staggers, Haste ye, haste, assistance lend! There's a storm, a fearful tempest; Souls are sinking in despair; There's a shore of blessed refuge, Try, oh, try to guide them there!"

A Child's Sympathy.

A poor widow, the mother of two little girls, used to call on them, at the close each day, for the report of the good they had done. One night the oldest hesitated in her reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" and timidly answered, "I don't know mother." The mother touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery; and the little, sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say:

"Going to school this morning, I found little Anne G., who had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her, mother, what made her cry so, and that made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck, and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her dear little baby brother, whom she had nursed so long and loved so much; how he had sickened, grown pale and thin, whining with pain until he died, and they put him from her forever. Mother, she told me this; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, as hard as she did. After we had cried together a long time, she hugged and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how I did her good, for I only cried with her; indeed, I did nothing but cry with her. That is all I can tell, mother, for I can't tell how I did her good."

Tell your wife.

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insight, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs, secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by man's full confidence in his "better-half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from him. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his purposes or judgement, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

How Coffee came to be used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant; its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about 200 years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714 became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French to the Spanish and South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.—Era.

Knitting Machinery.

It has long been a desirable object to obtain a machine which could knit a stocking from top to toe without a seam, and which would fit the foot as neatly and sit as easily as one knit by the hand. This has at last been accomplished in America. Four machines, which have already been fitted up, knit at the rate of two pairs of entire stockings in nine minutes. One girl can attend four machines, and produce above ten dozen pairs of stockings per diem. Three threads are fed simultaneously on one machine to the needles, which are placed around a circular "former" or cylinder that is actuated to execute the difficult operations of forming the legs and feet alternately. The devices for accomplishing these results are ingenious and peculiar. The stockings are knit in a continuous web; the toe of one is finished when the top of the other begins, and by drawing out a thread the one is separated from the other. Minimally, there is no waste of yarn, and the mechanism is strong and durable; and, as the needles have no latches they are not liable to break.—

Objections to a larger salary.

Ministers in our day rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut pastor who declined it for very substantial reasons: His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected for three reasons. "First," said he, "because you can't afford to give more than three hundred." "Second," because my preaching isn't worth more than that. "Third," because I have to collect my salary which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me."