

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 4th, 1860.

Read—JOHN iii. 1-18 : Christ's conversation with Nicodemus. EXODUS xxxvi. 1-7 : The work of the Tabernacle begun.

Recite—JOHN ii. 13-17.

MARCH 11th, 1860.

Read—JOHN iii. 19-36 : Testimony of John concerning Jesus. LEVITICUS ix. 1-8, 22-24 : Aaron offers the sacrifice.

Recite—JOHN iii. 16-18.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From February 26th, to March 10th, 1860.

Table with 2 columns: Quarter and Time. Rows: First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon.

Table with 4 columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at. Rows: 26 Su., 27 M., 28 Tu., 29 W., 1 Th., 2 F., 3 Sa., 4 Su., 5 M., 6 Tu., 7 W., 8 Th., 9 F., 10 Sa.

\* 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.

An Incident in the Cars

On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents are not common in the cars, I think. This opinion I expressed to my friend Somers, the other day. In reply to my remark, he related a little adventure, as it is *apropos*, and moreover involves a little love and sentiment, I give it, without apology, in his own words. It appears that in the most unlikely places, love and sentiment may be discovered :

"I was escorting home lovely Charlotte D—, to whom I was, at the time, quite devoted; we got into one of the crowded Avenue cars. Charlotte could scarcely find room to spread her crinoline, and arrange her voluminous frouces; I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl hung to her dress. She looked tired and weary, but there was no vacant seat; to be sure, Charlotte might have condensed her frouces, but she did not. Beside her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying, by moving down closer to others, to make room enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D—. At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw, she invited the poor, burdened female to be seated. Charlotte D— drew her drapery around her, and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new comer, who was, however, clean, and decently, though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle around the small, half-clad form, and put her muff over the half-frozen little blue hands.

"So great was the crowd, that I alone seemed to observe. The child shivered—the keen wind from the door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly take off her shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the mother looking on with confused wonder. After a short time, she rose to leave the car, and would have removed the shawl, but the unknown gently whispered, 'No; keep it on, keep it for her.' The woman did not answer, the conductor hurried her out—but her eyes swam in tears, which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she descended to a basement, and I hastily marked the house.

"Soon after, my unknown also arose to depart. I was in despair, for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not leave Miss D—

"How glad, then, was I to see her bowing, as she passed out, to a mutual acquaintance, who stood in the doorway. From him, ere many minutes, I had learned her name and address.

"To shorten the story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the small incident

which introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage, I showed her the blessed crimson shawl, which I had redeemed from its owner, and shall always keep as a memento. There are sometimes pleasant things to be found even in unexpected places—certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."

Funeral of Lord Macaulay.

The last earthly honors have been paid to the remains of the great man who has just gone from among us. Escorted by the noblest and highest in the land, the body of Macaulay was left to mingle its dust with those of the great of past days who slumber in peace beneath Westminster Abbey. To the long roll of poets, statesmen, and historians there interred, another lofty name is added, and that most sacred portion of our great cemetery derives another claim upon the veneration of posterity as now containing also the remains of the first and last Lord Macaulay, the essayist, poet, historian, and statesman.

The funeral cortege started in the morning from the late residence of the deceased, at Kensington. The beautiful little villa adjoins the house occupied by the Duke of Argyle, between whom and the late peer there was a close and intimate friendship. All the houses of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood were of course closed.

The coffin was placed in the hearse, which was drawn by six horses, and preceded by the usual pile of funeral plumes.

Those who had the honour of assisting as pall-bearers were:—

The Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, The Dean of St. Paul's, Sir David Dundas, The Earl of Carlisle, The Speaker of the House of Commons, The Bishop of Oxford, Sir Henry Holland, Sir G. C. Lewis, Earl Stanhope.

As the melancholy procession advanced up the nave, Dr. Croft's anthem, "I am the resurrection and the life," was sung with a solemn measured cadence that had an inexpressibly touching effect, as the lament pealed forth through the Abbey, till its moaning echoes were almost lost in the distance. Arrived at the choir the body was deposited inside the screen; the mourners and pall-bearers remained aside in the stalls, while the 39th Psalm, "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue," was slowly chanted to Purcell's beautiful music. After the Lesson—"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept"—was sung Spohr's magnificent hymn, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." During this most solemn *officiation* the mourners and pall-bearers again resumed their station round the corpse—the funeral procession was again formed, and proceeded with slow steps to where the grave was dug in Poet's-corner. Arrived here the pall, which had up till then completely hidden the coffin, so as only to allow a glimpse of the coronet and arms to be seen on the foot of it, was removed, and the coffin for a moment deposited by the side of the grave. Then, as the mourners grouped themselves around it, it was again lifted over the narrow aperture and slowly sank into its last resting place. As is customary at all funerals, there was a moment's pause after the body had disappeared from view for ever, and then arose Croft's touching anthem, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live," the notes and words of which echoed along the lofty aisles like the wail of mourners. Purcell's "Thou knowest Lord," having also been slowly sung, then was said the prayer commencing, "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed," amid solemn silence. It was only broken by the sharp, quick rattle of the gravel as it fell upon the coffin. Then was sung Croft's anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." At the termination of all was sung Handel's magnificent hymn, "His body is buried in peace but his name liveth evermore;" and this concluded the ceremony. All who had been assisting at the funeral then quitted the grave, and returned to the western entrance, the "Dead March in Saul" being played as the mourners slowly retired.

He is likely to be the mightiest master who knows the Bible best, and most meekly trusts in God; and in things moral and philanthropic, in conduct and character, he is likely to be the greatest original who is the closest copyist, the most implicit imitator of Christ.

Judge Kent says; "There are very few evils to which a man is subject that he might not avoid, if he would converse with his wife and follow her advice." The judge is a sensible man.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MEHETABLE HARDING, WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. HARRIS HARDING,

BY THE REV. A. MARTELL.

2 Cor. 15, 57, "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Apostle in the chapter from which our text is chosen, gives us many happy illustrations of the resurrection of the dead. This doctrine with all its interesting concomitants greatly aids the christian in bearing up under all the trials of life; stimulates him in the various efforts of christian benevolence and soothes his anxious and disconsolate heart when consigning the mortal remains of beloved ones to the cold and dreary tomb. When in the experience of life, we so often realize the truth of what the poet says:

"Friend after friend departs,  
Who has not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That has not here an end."

How cheering are the glories revealed and confirmed in the Book of God, "that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." That the saints in their resurrected habiliments shall enjoy a glorious eternity together—where adieus are sounds unknown—where farewells are never uttered—where funerals are never known,—where age has no infirmities and youth no undeveloped powers—where friends long parted meet again; and those that meet shall part no more." O, what joyous prospects are here before us? What sublime views they afford us of the destiny of man! How joyous must be that spirit-home! "No eye hath seen nor ear heard neither hath entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for those that love him." But while the eye of faith rests on the page of divine revelation, and reads for man such a glorious future—a future illuminated by the personal presence and glory of the Eternal God, a future where kindred spirits dwell for ever in peace and harmony—a future with all its illimitable and boundless sources of comfort and pleasure—a future where joy unspeakable and full of glory shall be the constant realization of those who gain the happy shore. I repeat that while in the light of divine revelation, we see such a glorious future for the saints of God, we nevertheless are aroused to the painful consideration, that the interim is filled with groans and tears: with griefs and fears—with sorrows, sins, and death. This world is a vale of tears. Light and darkness alternate, cross our path, joy and sorrow successively move our hearts. Poverty daily stands contrasted with all the gorgeous trappings of the wealthy. "The funeral procession comes close upon the receding steps of the bridal party." The groans of the dying and the cry of the new born strangely commingle together. Here the peace of the dying christian is often rudely molested by the thoughtless bursts of jolity from the frivolous. Here modesty is fearfully beset with lewdness and vulgarity. Finally we are fully aroused to the consciousness of our present state being anything but a land of peaceful rest: for our sojourn in a world of sin and sorrow—a world where there is much to oppose us in our efforts after glory, honour, immortality and eternal life. Hence it is that spiritual battles are to be fought—conflicts to be endured—races to be run—victories to be obtained, before we reach that shining shore. Even death with all his gloom is to be overcome before we can enter upon the possessions and enjoyment that are before us—before our salvation is complete. "So it is appointed unto men once to die and after this, the judgment." But the conquest is sure to all the redeemed. Not one of God's people shall fail or come short of it. This the apostle contemplates in the language before us, and by the exercise of christian and heroic faith enters upon the celebration of the glorious achievements of the soldier: with the blood stained banner of the cross in one hand, and the victorious sword of the Spirit in the other, following the direction of his exalted Captain, his soul fires up with expectant joy while he rushes on towards the glorious prize, exulting and shouting as he advances. VICTORY! VICTORY! "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But in discoursing from these words we shall confine ourselves to the three points to which they naturally refer, (viz) First the victory, Second, through whom it is obtained, Third, its celebration; and may the God of grace and mercy, so direct these thoughts that they may afford comfort, encouragement and hope to all who love the Lord in this congregation to day, and inspire the unconverted with immortal desires to earn for themselves seats of renown and distinction in this heavenly land.

First—THIS VICTORY.

It is true that the christian's entire course from the cross of Christ to the glories that follow, is one continuous battle field. The noble apostle says, when on the very margin of all eternal things,—when on the brink of the grave and the verge of eternity, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me in that day." The same apostle urges young Timothy to "fight the good fight of faith, to lay hold upon eternal life." So, the christian is required to "take the sword of the Spirit" and win his daily battles. Our every day efforts, when made in the strength of our conquering Saviour, are sure to be followed by successive victories. These daily conquests over the world and the flesh, and the

devil create within the heart of the christian, corresponding feelings of holy joy, and triumphant peace.

Paul the apostle boldly asserts, "Having obtained help from God I continue unto this day." So Samuel between Mizpah, and Shen set up a stone and named it Ebenezer, saying, "hitherto the Lord hath helped me," 1st Samuel vii, 12. How frequently David exclaims, "God is my helper." These quotations corroborated by christian experience teach that from time to time in our heavenly warfare, we get the mastery over some enemy—rise superior to some temptation—overcome some spirit of darkness, only by the ever present and all sustaining aid of Jehovah. But nevertheless these intermediate conquests are not primarily referred to in this text. For it is "O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then this victory is nothing less than the christian's triumph over death and the grave. Both of which we have to meet. In fear of these we all at times stand. Generally preceded by pain and followed by the entire taking down of our earthly tabernacle—the termination of all our earthly joys—a consuming away of all our beauty—a decomposition of the human frame. Death has long held a solemn place in the providence of God. His ravages among the human family have been tremendous. The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free have had to succumb alike to his power. When one is born, he is but born to die. As soon as we enter upon life, we become a target for death. The mark may remain untouched for more than three score years and ten,—may escape a thousand dangers, but the vital part shall yet be penetrated by the arrow of death,—death shall give the last blow;—resistance will be impossible, for he will be sure of his prey. However uncertain everything in life may be, death is sure. Saul may slay his thousands and David his ten thousands, but Death shall in his reign strike them both down.

The victor and the vanquished,—the master and his slave—the king and the peasant,—the murderer and the murdered—the seducer and his victim, have all alike to yield up the ghost and die. There is no accommodation of the subject, until the heart is entirely motionless death's work is not complete. Still he demands and tightens his grasp,—still new attacks are made, until all is still and the victim is secure. This he accomplishes in various ways. One noble writer says, "Legends! Legends! no of disasters such as no prudence can foresee and no care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our doom." "So frail, so very attenuated is the thread of life, that it not only bursts before the storm, but breaks even at a breeze." The most common events of life often prove the weapons of death.

A bite from a despicable fly, may prove more mortal than Goliath with all his formidable armor. Moreover our very comforts become killing. "The very air we breathe may become our bane, and the food we eat the vehicle of death. That last enemy has unnumbered avenues for his approach. Yea, he lies entrenched in our very bosom and holds his fortress in the very seat of life. The crimson fluid which distributes health, is impregnated with the seeds of death that may inflame or toil oppress it, and make it destroy the parts it was designed to cherish. Some unseen impediment may obstruct its passage; or some unknown violence may divert its course; in either case it acts the part of a poisonous draught, or a fatal stab."

"The all surrounding heaven  
The vital air is big with death."

Death still holds his universal empire. He reigns in solemn stillness over the innumerable hosts of intombed mortals. Death is said to "feed on them there." But their heads ache no more. Their eyes have forgot to weep. Danger never threatens them there, for safety itself surrounds their silent repose. But their mortal powers alone have been stilled. The immortal has eluded death's shafts and escaped into perfect liberty. Hence their victory. Death it is true, has put his foot on the frail casket, but while he was demolishing it, the jewels were snatched away by an unseen hand. And Angels joyfully bore them home to Heaven.

This is a victory. The cottager's dwelling may be surrounded by the infuriated mob, determined to destroy life; while they may demolish the tenement, a noble hand from behind rescues the poor man from his perilous situation, and gives him a seat in his palace. The rioters have only the broken fragments of the lowly habitation for their spoil; for the more important inmate, has been happily received to the more splendid and accommodating mansion. The demolished building itself will soon be rebuilt under more favourable and enduring circumstances. It must be admitted that this is a peculiar and mysterious victory. Yet it is such a victory as every child of God accomplishes when he dies. Such too, will be the favourable circumstances of his future habitation.

When the christian is beset with death, he throws himself in the arms of the Saviour, eludes death's iron grip,—leaves behind him the broken fragments of the clay tenement and soars beyond the reach of the monster and all his frightful powers. What a delightful surprize will overtake the dying saint, when liberated from his earthly prison, he bounds into the world of spirits, as a captive set free, and finds himself surrounded by guardian angels instead of weeping friends? The vale of tears so long the scene of its sufferings and sorrow, has been left far behind. Farewell forever to the realms of woe and sin. Now beyond your reach, and the range of malignant spirits. "They safely arrive on the frontiers of inexpressible felicity. They have come to the city of the living God—and an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. And to Jesus the mediator and God the judge of all." "The