

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 22nd, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 1-21: The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. NUMBERS xiv. 1-36: The people's rebellion.

Recite—JOHN v. 39-44.

APRIL 29th, 1860.

Read—JOHN vi. 22-34: Christ is the Bread of Life. NUMBERS xv. 1-36: Instructions concerning various offerings.

Recite—JOHN vi. 1-4.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 15th, to April 28th, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Rows include Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon, First Quarter, and a daily calendar from Sunday to Saturday.

* 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 Parrshoro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

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

What shall we build?

Four children were playing on the sea-shore. They had gathered bright pebbles and beautiful shells, and written their names in the pure, white sand; but at last, tired of their sport, they were about going home, when one of them, as they came to a pile of stones, cried out:

"Oh! let us build a fort; and we will call that ship, away out there, an enemy's vessel, and make believe we are firing great cannon balls into her!"

"Yes, yes! let us build a fort," responded Edward, the other lad.

And the two boys—for two were boys and two girls—ran off to the pile of stones, and began removing them to a place near the water.

"Come, Anna and Jane," said they, "come and help us."

"Oh, no. Don't let us build a fort," said Jane.

"Yes; we will build a fort," returned the boys. "What else can be build? You wouldn't put a house down here on the water's edge?"

"No; but I'll tell you what we can build, and it will be a great deal better than a fort."

"Well; what can we build?"

"A light-house, said the girls; "and that will be just as much in place on the edge of the sea as a fort. We can call the ship yonder a vessel lost in the darkness, and we will hang out a light and direct her in the true way. Wont that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort to destroy her? See how beautifully she sits upon and glides over the smooth water! Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, tear her sails to pieces, and kill the men who are on board of her? Oh! I am sure it would make us all happier to save her when in darkness and danger. No, no; let us not build a fort, but a light-house; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girls spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm, and their words reached the better feelings of their companions.

"Oh, yes," said they, "we will build a light-house, and not a fort." And they did so.

Yes, it is much better to save than to destroy. Think of that, children, and let it go with you through life. Be more earnest to save your friends than to destroy your enemies. And yet, when a real enemy comes, and seeks to do evil, be brave to resist him.

The Laugh of a Child.

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child, Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild, Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush, Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush; Floating off on the breeze like the tones of a bell— Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell. O, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free, Is the merriest sound in the world for me!

If I am lost, I will serve God.

A Minister of the Gospel had once, from intense mental application, lost his reason. Such was the delicate organization of that noble intellect, that its powers for the time gave way, and his mind was shrouded in darkness.

Sitting one day with a beloved brother in the ministry, bowed down in gloom and despair, "I am lost!" he exclaimed in a hollow, mournful tone, "I am lost. I am going down to hell, brother E—." But presently a light shot across that darkened face. His eye brightened; he jumped from his chair. "What if I am lost; what if I do go to hell? I will serve God there. I will preach Christ to the lost spirits in hell."

He had gained the victory. He had found Christ, and the power of the prince of darkness was destroyed. He is now again labouring earnestly and successfully in the vineyard of his Master, and a rich harvest of souls has been recently gathered through his instrumentality, to be, as we trust, his eternal crown of rejoicing.

Let us forget self, live for Christ, and leave the result to Him.

The way to have a Revival.

Rev. A. Lynn, of England, points out the way to have a revival of religion in the churches of Christ; and if the twelve rules he gives were followed, revivals would not only begin, but continue, in all the churches. Here are the rules:

- 1. Let all the officers and members believingly pray themselves into the clear light of God's countenance.
2. Determine to read the word of God every day, with prayer to him for light to understand it.
3. Resolve on having closet and family prayer, without fail, daily; and earnestly press after all the mind which was in Christ Jesus.
4. Miss no opportunity of attending the public and social means of grace, when it is in your power to do so.
5. Resolve by the grace of God never to speak evil of an absent person, and make it a point of conscience to pray for them that speak evil of you; in this way you will overcome evil with good.
6. Be honest and upright in all your dealings with mankind, and strive with all your might to owe no man anything—but love.
7. Ask for the Holy Spirit, and expect his blessing to attend all the means of grace.
8. Think frequently on the misery and danger of the unconverted, and in your heart pity them and pray much for their speedy salvation.
9. Pray for a revival, live for it, work for it, and expect it every day and every hour, till it comes.
10. Be careful to look through all the means of grace to God in Christ Jesus for a blessing.
11. Think and speak well of all men—till their conduct compels you to do otherwise.
12. Be sure you give all the glory of the good done to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for he is a jealous God, and his glory he will not give to another; and pray that his glory may soon cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The Infant Baboon.

The following curious account of a baboon family is translated from a recent French work by M. Boitard, from Goodrich's Illustrated Natural History:

"There have been, and still are, in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants, Paris, a number of baboons; and four years ago, a female who had a young one, furnished one of the most amusing and singular spectacles I ever witnessed. She was placed with it in a cage, near the one she formerly occupied, with several other animals of the same species. The infant baboon was hideously ugly, but she lavished upon it the most tender caresses. When it was eight days old the door of communication was opened, and her mate entered. The mother, seated in the middle of the cage, held the young heir in her arms, precisely as a nurse would do under similar circumstances. The happy father approached and embraced his mate with French gallantry upon each side of the face; he then kissed the other one, and sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

"The door was again opened, and the baboon friends entered one after another, each embracing the mother, who, however, would not allow them to touch the young one. They reated themselves in a circle, and moved their lips, as if felicitating the happy couple on the arrival of the son and heir, and perhaps finding in it a marvelous resemblance to either the father or mother. This scene was very much like that which often takes place in the human family on similar occasions, except that we suspect that the felicitations were more heartfelt and genuine on the part of the brutes, than on that of their more favored prototypes."

A Fable.

Two neighbors, whose names were Self and Will, attempted to cross a stream from opposite sides, upon a foot-bridge so narrow as to allow of but a single footman at the same time. They met about midway of the stream, where each insisted that the other should turn back and give the right of way. Each claimed to be first on the bridge, and maintained his ground as a prior right. Each contended for this right as a matter of principle, which would allow of no concession. Each pleaded urgent and important business. Will felt himself morally bound to maintain his rights. Self could not in conscience make concession, without sacrificing his honest convictions. Argument resulted in angry words, and from hard words they soon came to blows, and in the struggle to maintain each other's rights, both fell together into the stream. Each with much difficulty gained the shore, exhausted and shivering from a cold bath. Each consoled himself with the idea of personal "suffering for righteousness sake" and both became bitter enemies for life.

While they were muttering revenge upon each other, two other neighbors, named Love and Kindness, met in like circumstances upon the same bridge. It was a meeting of glad surprise. They exchanged cheerful and happy greetings, and each insisted on yielding the right of way to his brother. Each desired to be first in the concession, and to carry out each other's principles, both twice crossed the bridge together. After a friendly chat they parted company, finding in their experience a practical reason for the injunction, "Let each esteem the other better than himself."

MORAL.—Most quarrels between men originate in unessential trifles, by mistaking prejudice for principle, and self-will for conscious integrity. In all personal or social strife about small matters both parties get the worst of it. The point of such contention gained, costs far more than the benefits are worth. The winner gives his character for his cause, and gains what is worthless without character. Concession in little things is the "golden rule" exemplified. Each gives his active prejudice, which is of no value, and gains character and confidence, which are above all price.—Evangelist.

Ministerial.

A MISERLY CLERGYMAN.—At a convention of clergymen, not very long ago, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each one should entertain the company with some remarks. Among the rest, one drew on his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and described the golden streets, the river of life, &c. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired jocosely:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed, what was I doing? Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold!"

PRACTICAL PULPIT ORATORY.—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. I hope you will prove by your present contribution that you no longer labor under the same mistake."

A renowned clergyman of New York lately preached a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened for about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said, "That's right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at length, but no one disturbed him after that.

A minister of God from a foreign land once remarked to a Christian assembly:—"To one sinner that reads the Bible, there are twenty who read professing Christians." How important, then, that we should all shine as moral light-houses, that men may not, from our shortcomings and sins, make shipwreck of their immortal souls.

The Presbyterian Witness wants to know, if baptizo means only to dip or immerse, where Baptists find authority for raising the subject out of the water, after plunging him; whereupon the Mississippi Baptist answers by asking, if it means to pour, what authority have Pedobaptists to stop pouring when they begin.—N. Y. Ez.

Safe to speak.

Some years ago I occupied a pastoral field in the town of Easton, in this State. There was an old man attending my church, of some fourscore years, who attracted my attention. I found that he was a merchant who had amassed four hundred thousand dollars' worth of earthly possessions, but was not yet "rich towards God"—had laid up no treasures in heaven. Said I to some of my friends, "I must go and speak to him." No, no; for your life, no; You will only drive him from the church; and perhaps if you let him go on uninterrupted, undisturbed, he will get some good by-and-by." But I went to see him. I took him kindly by the hand, and said, "Mr. M., have you made the matter of your soul's salvation for eternity secure?" The tears immediately started to those old eyes that had rarely wept of late. "O," said he, after a few moments' conversation, "you are the first man that ever spoke to me directly about this matter, and I thank you for it." Instead of getting angry, he was glad; and so it will often prove, if we are faithful in this duty of speaking to our unconverted fellow-travelers to eternity.

Those who bind up their happiness in the applause of men, expose themselves to a perpetual uneasiness.

Those who make God and his name their trust, praise, may make God and his name their trust.

Temperance.

A Righteous Verdict.

We were glad to be able to record, a few weeks since, a verdict holding a dealer in liquor responsible for the evil results of the spirits which he had sold to a maddened customer. A Mrs. Rush, of Champaign County, Ohio, recently recovered \$5000 damages from a liquor-seller, named Dawson, for the loss of her foot, which was so seriously injured by her husband while under the influence of liquor purchased from Dawson, as to require subsequent amputation. The suit was brought under the provisions of an act, lately passed, to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors. If all legislatures were prepared to enact such a law, and all juries to give such enlightened verdicts, how many assaults upon unhappy wives and children, and how many homicides committed by infuriated husbands and fathers would lie legally, as they do morally, at the rum-seller's door. Under such a law, faithfully administered and executed, he would be slow to tempt men to ruin by dealing out to them his poisonous mixtures until reason and self-control are lost.—N. Y. Chronicle.

A Drunkard's Brain.

The startling doctrines taught in "Youman's Basis of Prohibition," are fully corroborated by the following passage from the Boston Medical Journal:

"Hyrtl, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When an anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From the soft, pulpy substance it becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains in the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer tissues throbb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the god-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain and a heart of stone.

A Temperance Revival.

In Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire, Wales there is now going on one of those extraordinary temperance movements which seem to electrify communities. Like the Washingtonian reform in this country, it had a humble beginning, but it is exerting a mighty influence. An itinerant cutler, Richard Reece, better known as Cheap Jack, once, we believe, himself in temperate, has been lecturing in these two counties with wonderful effect. At the Tredegar Iron Works, above 7,000 persons have taken the pledge of total abstinence. At Ebbw Vale, about 1,000 have become teetotalers, and at Rhymney, 3,000. In the last place, the brewers would not allow him to come, but the converts to teetotalism from Tredegar came over in procession and inoculated the inhabitants with the temperance excitement. In Dowlais, within a fortnight, under Mr. Reece's labors, nearly 4,000 took the pledge, and the work is still spreading.