

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 15th, 1860.

Read—JOHN v. 32-37: Christ's discourse continued. NUMBERS xiii, 1-3, 17-33: The Spies sent out.

Recite—JOHN v. 24-27.

APRIL 22nd, 1860.

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

Recite—JOHN v. 39-44.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 8th, to April 21st, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Rows include dates from 8th to 21st April.

\*\* 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.

The Jail Chamber.

"Shall we take that poor child?" asked Mr. Stone, as the family sat at breakfast. "He is a bad boy, I suspect."

"My greatest fear is his influence over our children," said Mr. Stone. "On their account we may well hesitate."

"Might not our children help to improve him?" asked the father, looking around on his five little ones in their pinafores, taking their bread and milk.

"I'll be his brother," said Willie, "and let him fly my kite."

"He is a little heathen, from all I can hear," said Mr. Stone. "I don't know that we can make much of him."

"But father, we send missionaries to the heathen; and if we expect one Christian can do a great many heathens good, can't a good many Christians do one heathen good, and he not a heathen either?" asked Susy.

"We'll try, Susy," said her father. "Jack shall come."

Who was Jack? He was the son of Mr. Stone's brother, all whose family having died, the boy was left to be sent to his father's relatives, and he was now on his way to Mr. Stone. Jack was about nine. In a few days he arrived. He was little, and would have been handsome, only he seemed to think washing his face and combing his hair quite unnecessary. As for shoes, socks, or hat, he hated them. And he roved round the house and premises as lawless as a young buffalo on the prairies.

In these things he was gradually tamed; but more serious faults began to show themselves. He loved to torment his cousins. Dogged in his disposition, he sometimes broke into violent fits of temper, when he would destroy everything within his reach. Whipping had no effect; coaxing or reasoning had none. He did not care. That was the worst of it—he didn't care. Mr. and Mrs. Stone did their best to improve him. They pitied the poor child with a real father's and mother's pity. They thought, if our Willie were so; and that made them bear and forbear with him.

He liked to tease his cousins, especially Susy. Susy was a gentle and delicate little girl, and she used to try in her small way to make poor Jack better, "because nobody loves him;" and nobody's loving him seemed to her the worst of his case. One day he got very angry with her, and in his rage threw her doll into the fire, tore her hair, and actually bit and scratched her arm until the blood came. What was to be done with Jack? What could be done with a boy who behaved more like a wild beast than a boy? His uncle said he must be locked up until he could promise better conduct.

There was a chamber in the house, once used as a nursery by some former family, which had iron bars across the two windows, outside, and

therefore was called the jail-chamber. It had little furniture in it, and was chiefly used as a sort of lumber-room. After setting his conduct faithfully before him, here they concluded to put Jack. He "didn't care," he said. Jack was locked up the rest of the day, and all night; and perhaps nobody felt more sorry for him than Susy did.

"Mother," she said, "I can't go to sleep; I keep thinking of poor Jack, alone, and no light, and nothing;" and her little lip quivered.

It was the third day, and Jack showed no signs of sorrow for his fault. "Don't care," was all that he condescended to say.

"Mother," said Susy, "mayn't I go and be shut up, while Jack comes out to see how pleasant it is? there is no sun there, nor anything."

The mother looked into the dear-child's face, and said, "Go, Susy." Susy went to Jack's door and, unlocking it, said, "I asked mother if I might not come and take your place, Jack, for you to go out and see how pleasant it is; it is so very dismal here and lonely." Jack looked up and stared at her. "You are a fool for't," said he. He, however, walked slowly out, while Mrs. Stone came along and locked Susy in. "And let him take dinner down stairs," whispered Susy, "and I'll take his dinner."

When Mr. Stone came home his wife told him what had happened. Jack took his seat at table opposite to Susy's vacant seat. "You can carry up Susy her bread and water," said Mrs. Stone, handing him the tray. He took it and walked away, looking very sober, if not softened. According to Susy's wish he stayed down stairs all the afternoon and to supper.

"Must Susy stay there all night, if I don't?" he asked towards bedtime.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stone.

Tears started in his eyes. He ran up stairs, and darting into the jail chamber, "Susy," he cried, "you are the best un I ever knowed. Susy, I'll never, never treat you so again. I'll never bite or scratch; no, never. I'm sorry—I am. I'll try to be a good boy—I will. Susy what makes you so good to me?" and poor Jack cried as if his heart would break.

Jack was completely softened; and from that hour he began in earnest to amend.—Family Treasury.

Clerical Elixir.

A recipe for the infallible cure of all clerical diseases, (patent right secured according to law.)

- I. Three grains of moderate exercise, viz:— 1. A Horse, - - - To exercise the Body, 2. A Harmonicon, - - - To exercise the Mind, 3. A Heart, - - - To exercise the Affections.

- II. Three grains of active duties, viz:— 1. Humanity, - - - A duty he owes to others, 2. Humility, - - - A duty he owes to himself, 3. Holiness, - - - A duty to God.

- III. Three grains of temporal blessings viz:— 1. A little House, - - - To live in, 2. A little Hard Bread - - - To live upon, 3. A little Helpmeet - - - To live with.

- IV. Three great spiritual blessings, viz:— 1. Happiness, - - - In life, 2. Hope, - - - In death, 3. Heaven, - - - In eternity.

Mix these various ingredients carefully together, and the preparation will be ready for immediate use.

N. B. If the patient cannot obtain all the articles mentioned in the above catalogue, let him use such as he can obtain.—Z. MEADE, Charlottesville Va.

[We think the above "Elixir" would not have a bad effect, if taken as a daily beverage, by laymen as well as clergymen.—Ed. Canadian Baptist.

The Arithmetic of Life!

We have never seen long life better "ciphered up" than in the passage from Planche.

Threescore and ten, by common calculation, The years of man amount to—but we'll say He turns fourscore; yet, in my estimation, In all those years he has not lived a day. Out of the eighty you must first remember The hours of night you pass asleep in bed; And, counting from December to December, Just half your life you'll find you have been dead. To forty years at once by this reduction We come; and sure the first five of your birth, While cutting teeth and living upon suction, You are not alive to what this life is worth! From thirty-five next take, for education, Fifteen, at least, at college and at school, When, notwithstanding all your application, The chances are you may turn out a fool. Still twenty we have left us to dispose of, But during them your fortune you've to make; And granting, with the luck of some one knows of, 'Tis made in ten, that's ten from life to take. Out of the ten yet left you must allow for The time for shaving, tooth and other aches— Say four, and that leaves six, too short, I vow, for Regretting past and making fond mistakes! Meanwhile each hour dispels some fond illusion, Until at length, sans eyes, sans teeth, you may Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion, You've reach'd fourscore, but have n't lived a day.

Monroe and Richard Furman.

At the close of one of the first sessions (if not the very first) of the Baptist Triennial Convention Dr. Furman stopped on his way home in the city of Washington, where he took private lodgings; but finding an acquaintance in company with Mr. Monroe, then a member of the Cabinet he was introduced to the functionary as Mr. Furman of Charleston. Col. Monroe, in taking his hand, remarked thoughtfully, as if trying to recall something. "Furman, Furman, of Charleston! The name and the countenance seem familiar. May I inquire if you were once of the High Hills of Santee?" said Col. M. He was answered affirmatively. "And were you the young preacher who fled for protection to the American camp, on account of the reward which Lord Cornwallis had offered for his head?" "I am the same," said Dr. Furman. Their meeting was now deeply affecting, and Col. M. could hardly let him go, and did not till he related to the distinguished by-standers the circumstances to which he alluded. It seems young Furman was not only an enthusiastic Baptist preacher, but an ardent advocate of rebellion, and everywhere, on stumps, in barns, as well as in the pulpit, prayed and preached resistance to Britain and alarm to the Tories. Urged by the latter, Lord Cornwallis, who had been made aware of his influence and daring, offered a thousand pounds for his head. Ascertaining that the Tories were on his track, young Furman fled to the American camp, which by his prayers and eloquent appeals he re-assured, insomuch that it was reported Cornwallis made the remark, that he "feared the prayers of that godly youth more than the armies of Sumter and Marion."

Col. Monroe related these particulars with much feeling and enthusiasm. Dr. Furman was now so much a lion in the National Capitol that he prepared to leave immediately, but Monroe would not let him go—but made an appointment for him to preach in the Congressional Hall. In vain did the quiet minister disclaim his inabilities as a court preacher. All the elite, the honorable and notable of the metropolis were there, including the President, Cabinet, Ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, etc., for his early adventure and eloquence had been noised abroad. In the midst of that crowded assembly, the clarion voice of Furman rang out as it had once done in the camp of his countrymen. He seemed to feel at home, as among the High Hills of Santee, where he first put the trumpet of the Gospel to his mouth. His text was characteristic: "And now why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized." Acts xxiii. 16. He had great liberty, and rivetted the attention of the audience, not only by his commanding eloquence, but the "spirit of power" sent down from the throne. The earnestness and plainness with which he "rebuked the nobles and rulers," were enough, like Nehemiah of old and the first Baptist, to startle his time-serving, conscience-stricken hearers. He paused in the last sentence of his peroration, and surveying for an instant the scene before him, as he stood upon the grand climax of his appeal, and while all was as still as the grave, uttered with the utmost effort of his clear, stentorian voice, "And now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized." At the word "Arise," not a few of his august but electrified auditors did rise from their seats, as if alarmed at their past sinfulness and sluggishness. Monroe, who soon after became President, ever retained the greatest veneration for the Rev. Dr. Furman.—Cor. of the Christian Secretary.

Dyspepsia among Christians.

A work has just been published in Philadelphia by a Rev. Dr. Jones, entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," or The Influence of Health and Disease on Religious Experience. We have not seen the book; but we have long desired that just such a book might be written, as we believe it would account for many puzzling phenomena in the Christian life. The dyspeptic Christian finds matter for dejection, not only in his own evil propensities, (that, any one may do,) but in the low state of Zion, the terrible wickedness of the people among whom he dwells, the infrequency of revivals, and the small success of missionary efforts, and he goes mourning all his days. Another man of healthy stomach and buoyant temperament finds always occasion for rejoicing, and while he is as devotional as his sad-faced brother, accomplishes far more, and presents to the world the character of a happy Christian. We have often listened to sermons, which, we are satisfied, would never have been written, had their authors rode a hard-trotting horse an hour every morning, or taken two or three hours of vigorous enjoyable exercise every day. Religion should make a man happy—and it will, if he lives in conformity to God's physical as well as moral laws. Half the gall, the bile and the bitterness of theological controversy, is due to a disordered stomach.—N. Y. Chron.

A Ghost in the Astor Library.

There has been a curious story current in private circles, in this city, and which has found its way into the papers through the loquacity of that good-natured gatherer of city gossip, the Evening Post. It is said that Dr. Cogswell, the well-known librarian of the Astor Library, whose high character entitles his statement to the fullest belief, being in the company of several friends at a dinner party recently, stated to them that he had been visited several times by the vivid apparition of a deceased acquaintance, under the following circumstances: Dr. C—had been for a long time laboriously engaged preparing a catalogue of the library—a work, of the extent of which, no one unacquainted with books, could have any conception, and yet a work of such interest to a bibliophile that he would never stop, day or night, except when nature was exhausted. It was the custom of the Dr. to remain down in the library until late at night. On one occasion when approaching a remote alcove with a candle in his hand—the dim light of which, one may imagine falling a few paces around the holder, scarcely as far seen as "a good deed in a naughty world"—the Dr. perceived the figure of a man standing before him, but facing the shelves. Dr. C—, who is quiet and courageous, and cannot be surprised by anything, supposing it to be a thief who had secreted himself with a design against some of his darlings, stepped cautiously aside that he might get a view of the fellow's face. To his surprise he recognized the features of a physician who had lived near the library, but who had died several weeks before. This gentleman was not a habitue of the library, neither was he an intimate acquaintance of the librarian but the latter had been in the habit of seeing him almost daily. With a ready courage which may well surprise us, Dr. C—thus addressed his visitor:

"Doctor, you seldom entered the library when living. Why do you come when you are dead?"

Instead of replying to this reasonable question the apparition instantly disappeared.

The next evening Dr. C—visited the same alcove, at the same hour, with precisely the same result. On the third evening not having mentioned the circumstance to any one, he again encountered the apparition in the same place and at the same time. On this occasion the figure seemed to be pointing to a certain book, which the Dr. observing, thus addressed him:

"If any of this class of books disturb you, say so, and I will have them removed."

But as before, his voice broke the charm, and the apparition vanished. This alcove was devoted to books on occult sciences, astrology, magic, demonology, &c.—N. Y. Examiner.

Reflections on Methuselah.

How many men are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measure the life of "the oldest inhabitant?" Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols—we measure them by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of Methuselah, we know that his hours did not "slumber nor sleep." They were the same winged messengers that outran cashless debtors and cut short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift-stepping elves, O faded beauty! whose forked teeth trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The time that waited so long on Methuselah was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. "For there were giants in those days."

We have measured the age of Methuselah only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of the life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims—beyond the brightness of the reformation, into the dim twilight of the middle ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people? William the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confront the ambitious names which claim to have "come over" with him, would be younger, by one hundred years, than Methuselah was when he died.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Were we to ask a hundred men, who from small beginnings have attained a condition of respectability and affluence, to what they imputed their success in life, the general answer would be, "It was from being early compelled to think for and to depend on ourselves."