

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 5th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xi. 17-37: The raising of Lazarus. DEUT. iii. 16-29: Israel's history continued.

Recite—JOHN xi. 1-5.

AUGUST 12th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xi. 38-57: The raising of Lazarus. DEUT. xxiv. : Moses leaves Canaan.

Recite—JOHN xi. 25-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From July 29th to August 11th, 1860.

Day	SUN.	MOON.	High Water at
Wk.	Rises.	Rises.	Halifax.
29	SU. 4 42	7 29	5 50
30	M. 4 43	7 28	6 30
31	Tu. 4 44	7 27	7 3
1	W. 4 46	7 27	7 30
2	Th. 4 47	7 25	7 51
3	F. 4 49	7 23	8 11
4	Sa. 4 50	7 22	8 31
5	SU. 4 51	7 20	8 49
6	M. 4 52	7 19	9 9
7	Tu. 4 53	7 17	9 29
8	W. 4 54	7 16	9 55
9	Th. 4 55	7 15	10 26
10	F. 4 56	7 13	11 4
11	Sa. 4 58	7 11	11 58

\* 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.

Three Poets in a Puzzle.

I led the horse to the stable when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished his achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (by gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this moment a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

A fashionable Choir.

Next came a song of praise by four persons in the organ-loft. How beautifully they warbled! I was carried straight back to the opera, with its pride and pomp of scenic illusions, intoxicating sounds, brilliant eyes, brilliant jewels, dazzling toilettes, immaculate kids. The soprano led off with a splendid staccato passage, in which the high notes danced and capered like lambs on a hill-side. Then she ceased, and the tenor took up the strain, and prolonged it with clear trumpet-tones; then he stopped, and the contralto sang a few sweet notes; and lastly, the basso added his voice to those of the other three, and the whole party commenced a terrific struggle for supremacy in the final fugue. The contest was exciting, and the result doubtful for a few moments, but at last the soprano was victorious, ending with a tremendous trill which entirely silenced her antagonists.—*The Pasha Papers.*

God loves to lade the wings of prayer with the choicest and chiefest blessings. Many christians have found, by experience, praying times to be sealing times. They have found prayer to be a shelter to their souls, a sacrifice to God, a sweet savor to Christ, a scourge to Satan, and an inlet to assurance.

He that wants love to his brethren, wants one of the sweetest springs from whence assurance flows. A greater hell I would not wish any man, than to live and not to love the beloved of God.

A gracious soul grieves more that God by his sin is grieved and dishonored, than he himself is afflicted and chastened for it.

The blood-stained leaf at Lucknow.

While spending a Sabbath last summer amid the Waldenses, I met an English lady who related to me the following story of Lucknow, which first appeared in a British periodical, and was afterward enlarged into a little book under the title of *The Words She Wrote*. I do not know that it has even appeared this side of the Atlantic, but it contains a moral so important and impressive as to bear repeating. A Christian lady of India, during the late war in that country, while reading to the soldiers in the hospital was interrupted by the entrance of several Highlanders, who came to bid adieu to some sick comrades. Before they left she addressed to them words of encouragement and sympathy, and reminded them of their dangers and the importance of having a personal interest in the great salvation. Giving to one of them her Bible, he selected the twenty-third Psalm and read it, after which she prayed with them. As they were about to leave they asked her for some token of remembrance. Opening her satchel, she presented each with a book or a tract, except one, for whom none was left. Going to the apothecary, she procured a pen and paper, and wrote upon it five verses from 2 Cor. v., selecting the 1st, 7th, 10th, 11th, 15th, and 17th, and adding thereto the hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
 "In a believer's ear!"

This she gave to the remaining soldier, telling him that she should look for him in heaven.

Many months passed away, during which the regiment to which these men were attached had passed through the thrilling scenes of the relief of Lucknow. One day while the same lady was going her rounds through the hospital, she was told that a newly entered patient desired to speak with her. Approaching his bed, she found a man whose face she did not recognize, but who assured her that he had often heard her name mentioned; and pulling out from the breast of his shirt a half sheet of note paper, stained with blood, showed her the leaf on which, months ago, she had written these texts of Scripture and the hymn, for the Highland soldier. He had been his companion in the march from Cawnpore to Lucknow. Whenever they halted that paper was taken out and read. He had been led to Jesus, and these words were learned by heart. In one of the dreadful conflicts a ball struck him and he fell. His companion bore him to the surgeon, but it was all in vain; his life was ebbing fast away.

"Dear brother," said he to his comrade, "I am going home first. We have loved to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy!"

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

Read me the words she wrote." His friend pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with blood, and read:—"an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead."

"Yes," said he, "the love of Christ constraineth us." I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her. Good bye, dear"—the word died upon his lips, and he was gone. His comrade knelt by his side, and taking that torn bloody leaf, put it into his own bosom, and then went and laid his friend in the grave. After undergoing many hardships and exposures, he found his way to the hospital, to die. And now in the presence of that Christian lady from whom his fellow-soldier had received those precious words, he declared his own hope in Christ, which had come to him through the blessing of the Spirit upon these simple truths of the gospel. She could not speak. Emotions too big for utterance were struggling within. She pressed his hand in silence, and her tears fell with his upon his pillow. At length he said, "So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus; and he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again, and won't we welcome you when you come?"

Knelling by his side, the lady prayed for him and commended his soul to God. As she rose and was about to leave him he said, "I feel that I shall not be able to think much longer. I have seen such frightful things! Thank God, I have a sure and blessed hope in my death. But I have seen so many die in fearful terror!" As she was turning away he detained her for one last and dying request. "Dear Madam when I am gone promise me that this paper shall be put into my coffin. It gave to me a friend on earth and he led me to a Savior in heaven." She gave him her promise and left him. The next morning, on visiting him again she found him almost gone. She took his clammy hand in hers, but it gave no

pressure in return. She looked into his eyes, but the film of death was upon them, and in a few moments all was over. The men who had watched with him told her that until sense left him he was talking of home with Jesus. Taking this torn and bloody leaf from his pillow, she placed it in the hands of the corpse, and that evening saw it laid in the grave.

What wonderful testimony does this simple narrative give to the truth of God's promise—"My word shall not return unto me void?"—What encouragement does it afford to Christian effort for the salvation of souls, and how it echoes the declaration, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days!"—*Presbyterian.*

The Boy-Martyr.

It was at Antioch, about three hundred years after the birth of Christ, that the deacon of the church of Cæsarea—the place from which the devout Centurion of the Roman army sent for Peter—was subjected to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there is but "one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." His flesh was almost torn to pieces; the Roman Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentor to refer the question to any little child, whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many and lords many whom the Romans served.

Now, it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and, to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The persecutor heard, but, far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage. "It is a snare," he cried: "O base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus." Then, turning to the boy, he said, more mildly, "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother; and when I sat upon her knee a baby, she taught me that Jesus loved little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the Lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy. Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ and to maintain the truth. And the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from that tender flesh.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply.

Again they smote the child to torture his mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered.

"It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

And the boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered, "No! there is no other God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love."

Then, as the poor child fainted between the

repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled body into the mother's arms, crying, "See! the love of Christ can do for him now."

And as the mother pressed it gently to her own bleeding heart, she answered,

"That lot will take him from the wrath of man to the pie of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Child, thou shouldst not have time to receive it; ere we were here thou shouldst be drinking of the river of life in the Paradise of God."

She spoke over the dying; for the little martyr spake no more; and thus the mother continued, "Already I have tasted of everlasting life, the grace of Christ given to His little one; thou hast spoken the truth; love; arise now, for the Saviour calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr, for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path!"

The boy faintly raised his quivering eyelids, looked up to where the deacon was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent;" and so saying, he died.

The Press.

That truly eloquent orator, Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, in a recent address at one of the religious anniversaries in New-York, paid the following tribute to "the press":

"Who can measure the power of the press? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet, and put into a Minie rifle, with a few grains of powder beneath it, will go two miles and do its errand in an efficient manner, if it encounters no obstacle. But that ounce of lead made into types and put into one of Hoe's lightning presses, will go thousands of miles, and do its errand effectively, not on one man merely, but on millions, and that though oceans, rivers and mountains may intervene. A steam printing-press! Did you ever go down into one of the spacious vaults beneath your sidewalks here, and watch the monsters? Why, my friends, feel something like awe in looking at them. I feel like taking my hat off to the hugh machine. [Laughter.] It seems to me to be a living thing—one of Ezekiel's living creatures with the hand of man and the sound of many waters, and the living eye in the wheel."

"He asks no nourishment, knows no weariness. How it strips itself to its work, and toils with a strength that mocks to seem the might of the giant, and with calmness as if it would shiver to pieces every substance in its grasp. And yet, with a delicacy and precision unattainable by human muscles, it receives a fabric so delicate that a rude touch would rend it and imprints upon it in the twinkling of an eye that which it costs hours to compose. It flings off sheet after sheet to entertain, instruct, regenerate, and bless the earth. None of us have yet begun to appreciate the influence of the press as an agent for the diffusion of knowledge whether it be in volumes, pamphlets, or, above all, through the daily newspaper the moral institution which has revolutionized not only the literary, but the commercial and the political world. If you have read the Constitution, you will remember that there are only two estates in Congress, the Senate and House of Representatives; but a third has sprung up, occupying during the session of Congress a seat higher than that occupied by the Senators and Representatives themselves, and which continues in session long after Congress adjourns, everywhere and at all times. It is composed of the representatives of the press."

The simple Secret.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing-office, twenty apprentices in a shipyard, twenty young men in a village, all want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will come to be a master-builder. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into a savings-bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty high-way. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortune, good name, and a serene old age—all go this road.