

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 16th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xiii. 18-38: The traitor revealed. JOSHUA vi.: Jericho taken and destroyed. Recite—JOHN xiii. 12-17.

SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1860.

Read—JOHN xiv. 1-14: Christ comforts his disciples. 1 KINGS i. 11-40: David appoints Solomon his successor. Recite—JOHN xiii. 33-35.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From September 9th, to September 22nd 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: Day, SUN. (Rises, Sets), MOON. (Rises, Sets), High Water at (Halifax, Windsor).

\* 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 Prose of Matrimony.

I suppose there is a modicum of romance in most natures, and that if it gathers about any event, it is that of marriage. Most people marry their ideals. There is more or less fictitious and fallacious glory resting upon the head of every bride, which the inchoate husband believes in. Most men and women manufacture perfection in their mates by a happy process of their imaginations, and then marry them. This, of course, wears away. By the time the husband has seen his wife eat heartily of pork and beans, and with her hair frizzled, and her oldest dress on full of the enterprise of overhauling things, he sees, that she belongs to the same race as himself. And she, when her husband gets up cross in the morning, and undertakes to shave himself with cold water and a dull razor, while his suspenders dangle at his heels, begins to see that man is a very prosaic animal. In other words, there is such a thing as a honeymoon, of longer or shorter duration; and while the moonshine lasts, the radiance of the seventh heaven cannot compare with it. It is a very delicious little delirium—a febrile mental disease, which, like measles, never returns.

When the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of marriage life has come. Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire of possession has gone—vanished into gratification—and all excitement has receded. Then begins, or should begin, the business of adaptation. If they find they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest degree to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open differences. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their condition and relations, begin this work of reconciliation before you are a day older.

Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw your hearts close together. Talk the thing over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home, you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yokefellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make, which can restore to its setting upon the bosom the missing pearl.—Tilcomb

It is said that John Wood, the present Governor of Illinois, arrived thirty-two years ago at the city of Quincy, in that State, with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Now Quincy contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and Mr. Wood lives in and owns a residence there which cost him \$160,000.

First Babies.

A somewhat extended observation, and a solitary experience, have convinced us that first babies have a hard time. Parents must have two or three children, before they know what a baby is—know how to treat it, and acquire patience sufficient to treat it properly. The poor little fellows that have the misfortune to come along first, have to educate parents to their task, and in the process they get spanked, and shaken and abused. After a man has three or four children, he learns that whipping or striking a child less than two years of age is barbarism. We know one "paternal head" who struck his first child when only six weeks old he actually believing that the child knew better than to cry and that he stopped crying at that particular time because he struck him. We carry certain notions of children and of family government into married life, and the first child is always the victim of these notions. And not alone of these, for the parents have not learned self-control, and a baby is whipped quite as often because the parent is impatient or angry, as because it is vicious or intractable. We inflict on our first children the floggings we ought to have for our own impatience or fretfulness. This pounding children before they become, in God's eye, morally responsible beings is very strange business. Patience, good people unwearied patience! Don't wait to learn it, until one of your little ones shall be hidden under the daisies.—Springfield Republican.

Irresponsible Christians.

These terms sound like a contradiction. The adjective seems to belong to a different family from the noun. It is a misalliance. One of these unequal yokes, against which the Apostle Paul and good sense have always protested, but nevertheless such a marriage as not unfrequently takes place in a world made up of "the sons of God," and "the daughters of men." But what is an irresponsible Christian?

First. He is a Christian who assumes for himself no responsibility to attain to the fullness of the stature of Jesus Christ. He does not feel interest enough in godliness to select even a standard. He neither runs, nor walks, nor stands in the way of life—he merely drifts, and, like all all drift-wood, in high water he is in the middle of the stream; and in low water he hangs on a sandbar, or clings to the shore, or most likely sticks in the mud all begrimed waiting to be washed off, and floated onward by the next swelling—in all likelihood "the swelling of Jordan," which will at last launch him on the sluggish tide of the Dead Sea.

Second. The irresponsible Christian holds himself bound by no general obligation "to do good to all men, especially to those of the household of faith." Objects outside of himself sit lightly on his conscience. When appealed to for such objects, his secret speech is, "What business have they to bring their wants here? Why don't they make collections at home?" He does not realize that all Christians belong to the same body, and are members one of another, and that one of these members is suffering in Ireland or Persia, no more excuses us from aiding and comforting him, than the absence of a child from the homestead cuts off his right or our duty to help him. An irresponsible Christian often gets to these hard principles of conduct by calling himself a Methodist or Presbyterian, and then calling Methodists and Presbyterians "those of his own household"—a kind of logic which neither Paul nor Christ deemed valid, but rather otherwise.

A third class of irresponsible Christians are made after even a smaller pattern. They join the church as a politician joins a party. They are not born into it. There is no community of life and no communion of spirit between them. They are a sort of camp followers or sutlers, hoping for victory and plunder, and in times of peace or marching, "selling provisions and liquor" to such of the Lord's host, who, like themselves, follow godliness for gain; persons to whom "the loaves and fishes" and not the miracles of Christ are proofs that religion is a good thing.

A fourth kind of irresponsible Christian is the man who takes no interest in the prayer-meeting of his church. Whether it prospers, or declines, or dies, he does not care. He does not inquire whether it is well or ill attended. You cannot count on him for anything in that direction. So little sense of obligation have some Christians upon this point, that from one end of the year to the other they never are seen at prayer-meeting. I wonder whether any such will read these thoughts. Many—perhaps most—of them, we know, will not, for they do not feel any responsibility about taking or reading a religious paper.

Another kind of irresponsible Christians are those who assume no obligations to sustain a

church, beyond renting a pew for their family, and perhaps regularly occupying it on the Sabbath. If there is any work to be done for the Sabbath school, or for the poor, or the stranger, they always excuse themselves, until at last, from the delicacy which such indifference begets, no one thinks of asking them to do anything.

A sixth sort of irresponsible Christians is discovered when a church wishes to make up the minister's salary, or pay a church debt. It is perfectly astonishing how many Christians there are in every community, who will enjoy everything about a church enterprise but assisting to pay its honest and necessary expenses. People who will enjoy the preaching for a whole year, but feel no responsibility to pay for it, or to pay in an honorable proportion.

Is there yet a seventh kind of these irresponsible persons, and are they Christians? In a church of one hundred and thirty, are there only ten working members? Out of thirteen Christian men, only one responsible Christian? Out of thirteen Christian women, only one responsible Christian? One advanced clergyman once told us that when he entered the ministry, he thought there was one in ten. He now believed there was but one in twenty. Only one in ten, thirteen or twenty, that is responsible for fuel, light, rent, salary, singing, Sabbath school, prayer-meeting, charity—a developed Christian character.—Herald.

The barrel of Flour.

When Dr. David Nelson was once about leaving home on a preaching tour, his wife said to him, "My husband, we have no flour in the house, and it will not do for you to leave me and the children without anything to eat." The doctor was in doubt, and sat down to consider what he should do. To give up his tour would be a great disappointment. He determined to proceed, but told his son to yoke the oxen to the wagon and follow after him, to see if the Lord would not direct them to some place where they might get a supply. A few miles on the road was a mill, but it was owned by an infidel, who bitterly hated Dr. Nelson, because the latter had not only abandoned infidelity, but had shot at it many fiery darts. To ask this infidel miller to furnish his family with flour, without the money, would not only be a severe trial of his feelings, but most likely would be met with a refusal, and perhaps, with curses. He proceeded, resolved that if the worst came, he would even ask the infidel to sell him flour on credit. Busy with these thoughts as he rode along, he heard his name called by some one, and turning in the direction, he saw a little girl running toward him from a house that stood off the road, calling out "Dr. Nelson! Dr. Nelson!" When she came up she put into his hand a very little parcel, saying, "Mother sent you this." It contained a five-dollar gold coin, just the price of a barrel of flour, which was purchased at the mill and sent home by his son.

Agriculture.

Hay for one Sheep.

How much hay will a sheep consume during the winter months?

The usual rate of the consumption of food is at the rate of 34 pounds of hay daily for every 100 pounds of live weight. It is rare that a whole flock of fine woolled sheep will average more than 70 pounds for each head, though it may be that this weight is exceeded in some instances. At the rate mentioned, a flock of 100 sheep should use up or consume 280 pounds of hay per day, or a total of 25 tons in the winter season that lasted 180 days. If grain forms a part of the ration, of course of the hay may be saved; but if the animal is to be kept growing wool, it will need its full ration of hay, and a little grain, too.—Michigan Farmer.

The Vegetarians of New York gave a dinner to Mr. D. U. Martin, the wherry voyager, their worthy disciple. For the benefit of those who have never partaken of a vegetarian dinner we give the bill of fare—Boiled Corn, Stewed Tomatoes, Stewed Lima Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Graham Crackers, Stewed Peas, Apples, Corn Starch Jelly, Apple Pie, Peaches, Rice Bread, Tapioca Pudding, Green Gage Plums, Watermelons, Sweet Potatoes, ice-water.

There is now growing in the gardens of Moor- send, near Cheltenham, Eng., an extraordinary white rose tree, thirty feet in height. It is now a perfect picture, and is estimated to have between 18,000 and 20,000 blossoms upon it, being literally smothered in bloom, desecrating having thrown off a whole heap of petals, which he in a cluster round it, and present the appearance of a bed of snow.

BEE WITHOUT A STING.—Mr. A. G. Morse has just returned from Guatemala bringing with him two swarms of stingless bees. Their habits are quite different from our honey bees. Their honey is deposited in egg shaped capsules, more than half as large as hen's eggs. The capsules are attached to a plate of wax arranged in horizontal tiers.—Troy American.

A column of Varieties.

THE NEWSPAPER.—I am a newspaper; I carry the news to all of your dwellings—wherever you choose; a more faithful servant can hardly be found, almost omnipresent I'm scattered around. Like stars in the heavens, and sands on the shore; like leaves that have fallen when summer is o'er, I fly o'er the land, I pass o'er the sea, I brave every danger—its pleasure for me. I gather the news from the steamers and cars and telegraphs, sparkling with trade peace and wars; I fill up my mission, defending the Truth, and teaching useful lessons for old men and youth.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.— 1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper? 2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a newspaper without pay? 3. Do printers eat, drink and wear clothes? 4. If they do, how do they get them? 5. Do I owe for my paper? Is not this particular period a first-rate time to "pay up?" Say aloud to yourself and then send it on.

ASK YOUR SISTER.—Don't propose to any feminine until you have asked your sister what she thinks about it. Girls know one another; and when there is no rivalry, you may depend upon them. If you are so unfortunate as not to have a sister, ask your cousin. Cousins are not always to be relied upon, and mothers are partial.

A woman always looks another woman all over, and then looks her through. Let her get but a glance, and she will tell you the cost of a lady's clothes to two and six-pence, and be very likely to make as good an estimate of the value of the lady herself from a dozen little indications a man would never think of.

Mrs. Betsey Adams, a young damsel of 108 years, attended a church at New London, Conn. on Sunday last, and also the evening service, and spoke in meeting. On the following morning she walked half a mile before breakfast.

WANTED TO KNOW.—A little four-year-old the other day nonplussed its mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man is a Mister, ain't a woman a Mistery?"

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, I intend to marry again myself.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good-humored face.

A benevolent old gentleman used to give away wood by the cord, in order as he said, to have it re-corded above.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat, were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general conwulshun."

THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.—An aged clergyman, who had known not one day's illness, was asked his secret. "Dry feet and early rising," was his reply; "these are my only two precautions."

FATTENING TURKEYS.—Charcoal mixed with the food given to Turkeys increases the fat wonderfully. Each bird should get about one gill a day.

A DANGEROUS RIDE.—The Hamilton, C. W., Spectator tells of a sailor from Buffalo who rode from Hamilton to London, on the Great Western Railway, clinging to the truck, under the car. He got aboard the train at Suspension Bridge, and having no money to pay his fare was ejected at Hamilton. On the train reaching Paris, the conductor was astonished to see his sailorship standing on the platform. He refused to answer how he had travelled, and as the conductor had not seen him in the train, he was naturally enough puzzled. The train passed on; but, lo! when it drew up to the London station, there was a sailor again. The Conductor began to think that he was haunted by some spectral "Ancient Mariner;" but by severe questioning he elicited from the man the confession that he had ridden as we have described. He was not allowed to resume his perilous position, nor was he granted a free ride in the cars for the rest of the journey as he should have been.

PRAYING AT FAULTS.—A correspondent of North-Western Christian Advocate tells of a Methodist minister who, having overheard the conversation of his flock on secular subjects, just before the Sunday service began, concluded his opening prayer as follows:—"And now, O Father, grant especially to bless us in our corn interests, and if we should be permitted to come up on next Fourth Sunday, may we be able to report favorably concerning our poultry, and all other domestic affairs, at last bring us to thyself in heaven. For Christ's sake, Amen."

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back upon half the world.