

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xvii. 1-26: Christ's prayer for his people. 1 KINGS viii. 22-53: The prayer of Solomon.

Recite—JOHN xvi. 24-27.

NOVEMBER 11th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xviii. 1-18: The apprehension of Christ. 1 KINGS viii. 54-66: Solomon blesses the people.

Recite—JOHN xvii. 1-3.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From October 28th to November 10th, 1860.

Full Moon, October 29, 2 35 Afternoon. Last Quarter, November 6, 5 2 Morning. New Moon, " 12, 8 21 Afternoon. First Quarter, " 20, 4 38 Morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days of the week 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.

Each Mother's Child the best.

As I walked over the hills one day, I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say—"In all the green world, there's nothing so sweet

As my little lamie, with his nimble feet; With his eye so bright And his wool so white; Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight. The robbin, he That sings on the tree, Dearly may dote on his darlings four; But I love my little lambkin more."

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see. . . Bot the old gray cat and her kittens three; I heard her whispering soft. Said she, "My kittens, with tails all cunningly curled. Are the prettiest things there can be in the world.

The bird in the tree, And old ewe she. May love their babies exceedingly; But I love my kittens from morn to night; Which is the prettiest I cannot tell, Which of three, for the love of me, I love them all so well. So I'll take up the kittens the kittens I love, And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen Go clucking all out with her chickens ten; And she clucked and she scratched, and she bristled away, And what do you think I heard the hen say! I heard her say—"The sun never did shine On anything like these chickens of mine; You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please, But you never will find ten such chickens as these.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb. But they do not know what a proud mother I am. For lamb nor for kittens I won't part with these Though the sheep and the cat should go down on the knees; My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things, Come, nestle now easily under my wings."

So the hen said, And the chickens sped As fast as they could to their warm feather bed: And there let them lie on their feathers so warm While my little chick lies here on my arm.

A CHEERFUL recognition of God is the way to obtain a cheerful satisfaction and confidence in God.

SCOLDING never did anybody any good. It hurts the child; it hurts the parent; it is evil and only evil, everywhere and always.

THOSE that aim to engross the world to themselves, and grasp at all, lose the comfort of all, and make themselves miserable in the midst of all.

The Hymn made in the Bastile.

About a hundred and sixty years ago, a lady was in one of the dungeons of the Bastile. It was no new thing for her to be in prison; for she had spent many years in captivity in various parts of France. And what was her crime? Religion. She loved her Savior, and had laid herself at His feet, to live for Him, and, if need be, to die for Him. Her name was Madame Guyon. While in her lonely dungeon, she composed a good many hymns: one very beautiful one is, "A little bird I am." She was not allowed paper or pen; but she committed her hymns to memory, and often sung them to herself; and, when she was released from prison, she wrote them down on paper.

"A little bird I am, Shun from the fields of air; And in my cage I sit and sing To Him who placed me there; Well pleased a prisoner to be, Because my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do, I sing the whole day long; And He whom most I love to please Doth listen to my song; He caught and bound my wandering wing, But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear, A heart to love and bless, And, though my notes were e'er so rude, Thou wouldst not hear the less; Because Thou knowest, as they fall, That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round; Abroad I cannot fly; But though my wing is closely bound, My heart's at liberty; My prison walls cannot control The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar These bolts and bars above, To Him whose purpose I adore,— Whose providence I love; And in Thy mighty will to find, The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Father Chiniquy and his Colony.

OUR readers will remember that we called attention to a misunderstanding between Mr. Chiniquy and some of his people, on the subject of baptism. The Father blamed Mr. Auger of LaGrande Ligne Mission, for this state of things, while Mr. Auger insisted that the people had been awakened to inquiries on this subject, by the perusal of the New Testament. At the time we wrote the article to which we refer, Mr. Chiniquy had just been taken up by that strong and benevolent body—the Old School Presbyterians, of the United States. We then supposed, from what we knew of the French reformer, that he would at least give his people the same freedom which he claimed for himself—viz. ; liberty to read God's word, and to carry out without hindrance the convictions which might be obtained there. We are not in a position to say how far Father Chiniquy carried out, in his own treatment of his people, this plain law of Christian liberty; but we foresaw then, from what we knew of Canadian character, that no man could stop the inquiry where it was left, when Mr. Auger left the Colony. Investigations on the subject of baptism are still pushed by the people of Ste. Anne, and they have sent for Mr. Auger to go and help them, and to teach them; and he has consented to go. Of this movement, Dr. Baird and other Presbyterians, are complaining. This is a mistake on their part. Surely they would allow the people freely to appeal to the Scriptures. This the French converts will assuredly do. The only way to keep them away from this vexing subject, is to forbid them to read the New Testament. They cannot be stopped short of this. Then, even if Mr. Auger should not visit them at their own urgent invitation, the people are in constant intercourse by letter with Canadian Baptists; so that these nations cannot be shut out from the Illinois people. The Presbyterians have done a noble and generous work, in helping that people; but they may rely upon it, they cannot keep them in the Presbyterian fold a great while. Brethren should pray that Mr. Auger may act with wisdom and prudence, and they should support him while he does so, for he is without means.—Canadian Baptist.

IDLENESS is the very source of sin. Standing pools gather mud, and nourish and breed venomous creatures! and so do the hearts of idle and slothful Christians.

DEVOTION is a thing we ought to be constant in; other duties are in season now and then, but we must pray always.

CORRECT yourself betimes. You will seldom or never keep from falling if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

A Model Prayer-meeting.

It began punctually at the moment. As the clock struck eight, the leader rose and sounded the reveille by giving out the inspiring lines,

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer."

A sweet symphony was touched on a piano in one of the crowded rooms, and then the words of the hymn were sent heavenward on a full tide of united and enthusiastic song. Every voice chimed in. Each verse was sung with more spirit than its predecessor, marking the outcome of the rising devotion; and like a strong "off shore" breeze the opening chant of praise carried the whole meeting out of harbour into the larger liberty and deep waters of the open sea. Then the leader invoked the descent of the Holy Ghost, the gift of utterance and the Pentecostal baptism. It was a very short prayer, but very full. He prayed for the gift of prayer upon all, for honesty of speech, for deliverance from dead formalities, for sincerity in confession, for child-like familiarity of approach to God, for filial faith; and then closed by inviting Christ to "come in as through the closed doors of the disciples' upper-room at Jerusalem, and speak 'Peace be unto you.'"

As soon as a fitting passage of the Word had been read, each one present seemed ready to bear his part in giving life and interest to the occasion. Each one felt—this is not the leader's meeting, or the pastor's, but my meeting with my own spiritual family at the feet of my own Saviour. Here I have a right to speak. Here I have a right to weep, and sing, and melt in spirit, and flow out in social communings with the brotherhood around me. If I am silent, then the meeting may prove dumb; and if I freeze up then my neighbor may chill through until the place becomes an ice-house. So there was no entreaty required on the part of the leader to "draw out" those present—He was obliged to use no turnkey. What is more pitiful than to see a poor embarrassed elder or deacon sit before a petrified company, and after a long, awful pause, in which you can count the clock-ticks—beseechingly implore "some brother present to improve the time?" As if the dreary dribble of dullness that was forced out by such a process was not a downright mis-improvement and murder of the sweet sacred hour of devotion. It is no wonder that so many of us grew up with a loathing for the very name, and next to a taste of the birch that grew behind the school-house, we dreaded a sentence to "go to prayer-meeting." Our only solace was a sound nap, until some one shook our eyes open and with an admonitory thump informed us that "meetin's out; it is time to go home."

But even a child of eight years old would have been interested in the enlivening service we are now sketching. Not a moment was lost: not a syllable of persuasion was needed. One man rose, and gave a forcible account of the scene a few evenings before when he had first set up a family altar in his once prayerless house. That was his first audible prayer, and this was his first speech. While he is speaking the tears stream down the cheek of his astonished and overjoyed wife. Then comes a fervid prayer of thanksgiving to God from some one present, and a petition that the family altar thus reared may never be desecrated or thrown down. After this a youth arose, with a blue jacket, and an anchor embroidered on his broad collar. He had been brought there by a tract visitor. The burden of his short artless speech was—come to Jesus. "Whosoever will, let him come," said the sunburnt youth; "that means that everybody on board may come, from the captain to the cabin-boy. We are bound for heaven Christ is our pilot.—The anchor is sure and steadfast. Come aboard, friends, before eight bells strike, and your time is up." No one felt like criticising this earnest lad, or of objecting to his simple vernacular of the sea. He spake as the Spirit gave him utterance. So did they all. One young man asked counsel in regard to the rightfulness of his discharging some prescribed duties in a Government office on Sabbath mornings. The leader answered his question briefly, and a brother offered prayer that God would guide aright his perplexed child, would enable him to do right even if it cost him his daily bread and would deliver the land from Sabbath desecration in high places.

When his prayer was ended, a tremulous, stammering voice was heard in the farther room for a moment and then it stopped. There was a breathless pause. Every one felt for the young beginner. Every one wanted to help him out. He began again—hesitated—stammered out a few words brokenly; and at last he said, "O God, thou knowest I cannot tell what I want to say, but thou hearest even what I do not say.

Have mercy on my poor soul, for Christ's sake, Amen." An audible sob broke through the whole apartment. Then outspoke a grey-haired veteran, in tones like old Andrew Peden's among the Covenanters of the Highlands. The old man went into his prayer like Gideon into the battle with Midian. The sword of faith gleamed in his right hand; the light shot forth as from the shivered pitchers, and the whole host of doubts and sins and fears were scattered like chaff at the breath of the gale. How he took us all on eagle's wings heavenward! How he enthroned the glorified Lamb! And the close of his rapturous outbreak was in a "seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs, and harping symphonies."

When the old man's prayer was ended, (it was the seventh prayer offered during that one busy, blessed hour,) the time had arrived for closing the service. The leader touched his bell, and read the doxology. "We were all in the very frame for that most celestial of strains—Old Hundred—that magnificent battle-hymn to which LUTHER marched against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Immortal is that strain like him who gave it birth. There is not a Christian's tomb in all our land where repose not the silent lips that once sung that matchless tune. If any of earth's music shall be heard amid the "new songs" of Paradise, be assured that the one surviving piece that shall outlive the Judgment, will be that "king of sacred airs." Old Hundred.

With this ancient song upon our lips, we closed our service, spent a few moments in hand shakings, in introducing strangers, in cordial heart greetings, and so ended a model prayer-meeting. A model, alike, in what it was, and what it was not—in what it embraced and what it avoided. From first to last, it was an artless, honest, affectionate reunion of a household of Jesus, baptized with the Spirit of the Master. There was nothing stiff, nothing forced, nothing feigned; not a faultless meeting, but as near to it as a service of sinful mortals well can be. During one brief hour, at least we were delivered from that all-pervading curse of life, *can't*.

The language employed in the petitions was mostly woven from the words of Scripture:—yet it was exceedingly fresh and unhackneyed. No man went through the stereotyped routine, beginning with the Apostasy and ending with the Apocalypse. Nor did any one have occasion to circumnavigate the globe in search of objects to pray for, taking in his way the "isles of the sea," "thine ancient covenant people," and finishing up by sending all the idols "to the moles and bats." The spirit that pervaded the meeting was too intensely earnest for phraseology as sapless and dry as last year's corn husks; and at the same time too reverential for affectation and flippancy. We lingered about the hallowed spot, loth to go away. But for the rigid rule that restricted the service to a single hour, we might have tried until midnight praying and singing praises to God. And as we turned reluctantly homeward, more than one gratefully said, "Truly the Lord was in this place." Why may not every church of Christ have one or more just such model prayer-meetings?—Independent.

A Religious Curiosity.

In Joseph's dream of the eleven stars making obeisance to him, it is said there is an allusion to the signs of the Zodiac—the eleven brethren answering to the eleven signs, and Joseph to the twelfth. (These signs were known in Chaldea, and afterward in Egypt.) They are, as everybody knows, called by the names of animals except one. The curiosity consists in the resemblance between the blessings of Jacob and his prophesies respecting his sons, as found in Genesis, forty ninth chapter, and the animals after whose names, the constellations are called. The following table will illustrate the meaning. Any person who will keep in mind the pictures of the human figure usually found in our almanacs, and the constellation around them, will understand the whole matter.

- 1. Reuben, "unstable as water." Aquarius, a waterman.
2. Simeon and Levi, "are brethren." Gemini, or twins.
3. Judah, "a lion's whelp." Leo, or lion.
4. Zebulon, "at the haven of the sea." Cancer, or crab from the sea.
5. Ephraim, "a strong ass or beast of burden." Taurus, an ox.
6. Dan, "an adder." Scorpio, or scorpion.
7. Dan, "biteth the horse's heels." Claws of a serpent changed into balance-s.
8. Gad, "a troop." Pisces, a fish—Gad, reverse of dag.
9. Asher, "his head shall be fat." Virgo, a woman with a stalk of wheat in her hand.
10. Naphtali, "a hind let loose." Aries, a ram.
11. Joseph, "his bow abode in strength." Sagittarius, an archer.
12. Benjamin, "raving as a wolf." Capricornus, formerly a reptile with a wolf's head.