

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 5th, 1860.

Read—JOHN i. 1-14 : The Divine Nature of Christ. EXODUS xxxii. : The Worship of the golden calf.

Recite—LUKE xxiv. 50-53.

FEBRUARY 12th, 1860.

Read—JOHN i. 15-34 : Testimony of John the Baptist. EXODUS xxxiii. : The Tabernacle pitched.

Recite—JOHN i. 1-5.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 29th, to February 11th, 1860.

First Quarter, January 31, 0.56 Morning.  
Full Moon, February 6, 10.20 Afternoon.  
Last Quarter, " 13, 2.36 "  
New Moon, " 21, 3.40 "

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
29	SU.	7 22	4 59	9 55	11 41	11 10	3 48
30	M.	7 21	5 0	10 18	morn.	11 56	5 32
31	TU.	7 20	5 10	10 48	0 46	morn.	6 21.
1	W.	7 20	5 8	11 24	2 49	0 57	7 14
2	TH.	7 19	5 9	A. 12	3 4	2 16	8 12
3	F.	7 18	5 11	1 13	4 12	3 48	9 13
4	SA.	7 16	5 12	2 27	5 13	5 6	10 16
5	SU.	7 15	5 14	3 49	6 5	6 8	11 17
6	M.	7 14	5 15	5 12	6 45	6 58	morn.
7	TU.	7 13	5 17	6 33	7 20	7 42	0 16
8	W.	7 12	5 18	7 55	7 49	8 21	1 11
9	TH.	7 10	5 19	9 13	8 11	8 59	2 3
10	F.	7 7	5 21	10 30	8 35	9 35	2 54
11	SA.	7 6	5 22	11 47	9 0	10 16	3 45

\* \* \* 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.

One brick wrong.

Workmen were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and the foreman both charged the masons to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first courses, which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner, by accident or carelessness, one brick was set a very little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built, the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was heard a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all from one brick laid wrong at the start. The workman at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit, one brick laid wrong, while you are now building a character for life? Remember, in youth the foundation is laid. See to it that all is kept STRAIGHT.

Ten hours and ten miles to Europe.

The Boston Herald has a theory, a good one, an idea, a good one on top of it. Speaking of the project of a balloon voyage to Europe, the Herald's theory is, that the upper stratum of the atmosphere remains stationary, or nearly so, while the earth revolves within it. Some argument is given to make this plausible, and then comes the idea, which is, that the aeronaut ascends as speedily as possible, say five miles, to where the stratum is. He will then wait until the earth has performed one-eighth of a revolution. This will require about three hours, and at that time the coast of Europe will be directly beneath him. He has only to descend to earth and his journey is accomplished. He has, in fact, no journey to make except say five miles upwards and five miles downward. He ought to be able to ascend in three and a half hours, and descend in about the same time, and thus this, with the three hours he would have to wait for Europe to roll under him, would give him ten hours and ten miles to Europe!

THE HIGHEST STYLE.—I have always felt that "a Christian is the highest style of man,"—that a Christian minister is the highest style of the Christian, and that a Christian missionary is the highest style of the minister.—Rev. J. A. James.

Kirwan says that a pious Scotchman used to pray:—"O Lord, keep me right: for thou knowest, if I go wrong, it is very hard to turn me."

Death at the Feast.

All was of no avail. Hope had died out, at last, and that clear, beautiful Thanksgiving morning dawned on aching hearts in the family of Roger Tileston. The news went from door to door all over the household, "Roger cannot live—we must part with him to-day."

"To-day, Thanksgiving day!" exclaimed his sister Louise, lifting her clasped hands, then bowing her head with a burst of anguish, the words wailed from her lips, "O! How can we be thankful?"

Only the night before it was thought there had been a decided change for the better—they had gone to rest with the hope, that Roger would enjoy the day with them, after all, that he would be spared to them; not certainly to sit at their bounteous board, and gladden their hearts with his handsome face, not to be the merry, laughing, frolicsome fellow he had on the preceding Thanksgiving, but even with his pale cheeks resting upon the pillow, scarcely more white, it would be such a joy to feel that the terrible crisis had passed, and that some time he would be restored to them, whole again.

For Roger Tileston was the glory of that household. He seemed to reign in every heart that loved him, next to the Supreme. It was hardly a wonder. Gifted in an unusual degree, gentle, courteous, glorying in all things virtuous; a Christian after the pattern of Christ, cheerful, consistent, and unflinching in his upward career, Roger was a model for all who knew him. His noble character shone the more conspicuous from the fact that he was the son of wealthy parents, and surrounded on all sides by the temptations liable to the rich of this world. To be a worthy minister of the Gospel of Christ was his sole aim and ambition—for this he prayed, worked and studied. Just entering his twenty-first year, blest with health, the affection of dear friends, the absorbing love of his parents, brothers and sisters, it would have seemed to many a mystery unparalleled that he should be so suddenly cut off, by so wholly an unlooked-for providence.

The very week on which Thanksgiving day came, the first day of the week, helping an aged man from his carriage, the horse took fright, turned and inflicted a wound in the boy's side that was destined to cause his death. He was taken home, and for four anxious days his recovery was considered as certain.

Meantime preparations for the feast went on, and no invitations were recalled. The white-headed grandfather was coming from a far distance, with his two sons and their families. Roger talked cheerfully about the pleasant reunion, so long anticipated, playfully told them he must be carried down to look on, if he could not join them, and bore his, at times agonizing, pain with heroic fortitude.

It was just before the dawn of Thanksgiving that he looked up with a sweet smile, to his father, and said,

"Father, my pain is all gone; I never felt so easy in my life."

Terrible words! gently as they were spoken, they fell like thunderbolts upon the heart that heard them. His father was a physician, but he saw a change on that brow, that only the eyes of love could detect. His task to place before the young soul his quick-coming doom.

"My son," he said, "I am sorry to hear it."  
"Why, father?" the exclamation was one wholly of surprise.

"It is a bad—it is the worst possible symptom."

There was a long silence. Roger had closed his eyes. He opened them again, and said, still calmly, "Then you think I cannot live, father."  
"My son! my son!" was all the grieving lips could utter.

There was a long pause. Prayer ascended silently to God, from the hearts of both parent and child. The son was the first to speak.

"Father, you have always taught me to be prepared for any sudden emergency. Father, I am prepared. The love of Christ takes away all unwillingness to die. O! father, I did not think it so easy to give up all."

Noble answer! The light that came into those eyes, then, was not of earth. The doctor gazed on his child as if he were already an angel, as if in his heart he said, "Can these things be!"

"I am willing it should be just as Christ orders," continued the young man, that calm rapture still playing over his features, "because how much better to be with Him, than to be down here, preaching about him. I wish you could see that it is best, father."

"God's will be done, my son. I gave—you—to him—in your infancy," said the stricken man, struggling for composure.

"I am glad you can say that, dear, dear fa-

ther. And now, pray, just as you always do, dear father, thank Him for giving me such absolute ease, and such peace in my soul. I never felt so calmly happy before."

And the prayer by that bedside was still one of praise and thanksgiving, as becomed the day.

"Don't tell mother too suddenly," said the young man, thoughtful as always, for others; "dear mother! I never loved her so much. I want them all to come in here, dear father; O! if they can only realize as I do that I am going home!"

So it happened, as the sun came up, that the messenger went to every door of the sleepers in that house, and said, "Roger is worse; Roger can only live a few hours, this bright Thanksgiving day."

Yes, there was gloom in that home that it did not seem possible any sun could brighten. The guests came, but came with troubled faces. The old grandparents, with their silver hairs, the young and beautiful, were gathered there, and still, while tears fell, the preparations for the feast went on.

It was at the hour of nine when all were assembled in the death-chamber. None wept, for they could not realize that they looked on that face, so cheerful, so elevated by its near prospect of the beautiful world beyond, for the last time. His smile was as loving, his voice as strong—only to the practiced eye were the signs of the last sleep visible.

"Mother," said Roger, you must still have the Thanksgiving dinner, and you must think of me as in the house of my Father. Promise me, mother—for remember that I also shall be keeping holy thanksgiving in the presence of Christ. And you, Louise, I know you will miss me, but I want you to look at me, and think that the brightness of this sun is not to be compared to the light and glory I am beholding. If you could feel as I feel for one moment, you would know the bliss of dying. I cannot tell you; words cannot describe it. Don't think of me as dead, dear," he went on, as his favorite sister burst into tears; "talk of me just as you always have, only say that I am gone before. There is no time in eternity, dear Louise. I shall find that I have hardly seen heaven and Christ before I welcome you, and all who stand here."

"We shall miss you, my best beloved; how can we help mourning?" murmured his pale mother.

"Mother, you have always said how cheerfully you could give me up to go on a mission to the heathen. Would you not talk of me then as your child, laboring in a distant country, away from you, but still living still doing something for my Master? Mother, you must talk just so of me when I am in heaven, and if you want to hear from me, take, instead of the letters I should send from China or India, the glorious letter of God's word. There, a greater than I shall tell you of my well, doing."

"That's a comforting thought, my child," said the old grandfather, placing his arm around his daughter. "He will still be living, still doing his appointed work, still loving, and some of us will shake hands with him in the heavenly kingdom before many months, perhaps, pass by. Let us journey with our dear boy as far as we may, cheerfully, giving him up to the Lord, who hath greater need of him than we."

"The Lord's will be done," said his mother, solemnly, the gentle light of resignation beaming from her face.

It was not long that they "journeyed with him as far as they might," for a great weakness fell upon him, and painlessly, without one fear, smiles beaming over his beautiful countenance to the last, he fell asleep, his head leaning upon the bosom of Christ.

"Let all things go on as he wished," said his father, reverently kissing the white brow. "My children, behold only the clay that confined him! He hath gone up higher. Let us even be thankful that God has so signally honored us in asking such a gift from our hands. Henceforth, let us not say he is dead, but, he liveth forever and forever."

There was awe—there was quiet in that house. Footsteps struck lightly, voices spoke softly, but violent grief, as those that mourn without hope, was not known there, save only in one bosom. Louise, the next eldest to Roger, would not be comforted. She refused all consolation, and shut herself away from the sight of every face. At last, her father came to her door knocking gently, asked for admittance, which she could not deny. He took her hand and only said, "Come with me, my child," then led her where, beautiful as an angel, Roger lay clothed in pure linen.

"Look at him," said her father, as he held her shuddering form, "and tell me, if he was living, would you refuse him one request?"

"I never did," was the sobbing reply.

"And is he not still living, my child, happier than you or I could make him? And did he not request that we should try and be cheerful, nay, even thankful, to-day? You see how I am striving (his voice faltered a little) to do honor to his wishes—you behold your mother, whose grief is stronger, perhaps, than ours, going about her duties and keeping down her sorrow. O! my child, can you not stay your heart on God, who alone is our strength in trouble?"

"I will try—I will try, father," sobbed Louise whispering, as she gazed through her tears,

"Yet why should death be linked with fear; A single breath—a low-drawn sigh, Can break the ties that bind us here, And wait the spirit to the sky."

Silently they both retreated from the sweet presence of the sleeper, to seek strength at the throne of grace; and though few words were spoken, and but little tasted at that Thanksgiving table, yet each one thought of the gentle voice that had urged them to be thankful—even though at the board sat one vacant chair. Truly this is the sublimity of Christian faith, that we offer those we love, without repining, to Him who gave, and whose good pleasure it is to take again.

Thus have I written of a Thanksgiving day that was not all joyous, and yet, to me there is something infinitely more beautiful in the transition of that youth, leaving all the pleasures of earth with so serene a faith, a hope so full of glory, than in all the merry gatherings where radiant health and innocent mirth presided. But let me say that the dying testimony of Roger was supported by a Christian life. Not in the last hour was he changed, for from his youth he had loved and served God, and his life, not his death only, was the test of his religious character.

One Thanksgiving has passed since Roger went to heaven, and it was delightful to see how the sweet faces brightened on that day, as dear brother Roger became the theme of conversation. They can talk of him with smiles, for their belief in heaven and immortality is no myth.—W & R.

Agriculture.

Balky Horses.

The prime requisite for the successful management of a balky horse, is perfect self-possession and patience on the part of the driver. It is quite common to see men fly into a passion upon the first restive symptoms of the horse, and to deal out fierce punishment until compelled to desist from sheer exhaustion, after which, when the driver has become calm, and the horse recovered from his fright, a start is effected and the trouble is over. Young horses, before they are completely broken, may stop when in the harness, from a feeling of inability to draw their load, from fatigue, from misunderstanding the will of the driver, or from an excitable disposition, leading them to act upon the impulse of the moment. In all these cases there is necessity for care and coolness in the driver. From the first, and for a long time, the load of a young horse should be such as he can draw with the greatest ease, thus giving him confidence in his own powers. A young horse once "set" will thereafter pull with uncertainty—hence with only half a will; he is then discouraged easily, and balks at trifling obstacles, or if he be of spirited disposition, he will spring to it with might and main whenever he feels extra weight behind him, and if not allowed to work in this way will stop at once. It has been noticed that the worst balks usually occur at or near the foot of hills, and this may explain how the horse learns the habit. The driver should anticipate the wish of the horse to rest, by allowing even more frequent intervals than are required. This practice induces the habit of obedience, the horse willingly stops when the word is given, and thus is accustomed to heed the driver's command, which is the first and great requisite in his education. These commands should be given in a way that can readily be understood. A well-trained animal shows remarkable intelligence in perceiving his master's wishes, but it is by long familiarity with his ways that this ability is acquired.—Agriculturist.

Making cheese in winter.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker regards the present practice of making it in the summer both absurd and expensive. The winter, he says, is by far the best time to make cheese, because the milk is richer, more easily managed, and there is no danger from flies, or souring of vessels. There is also more time, and milk can be produced cheaper, and of a better quality than in summer.

James Simpson, Esq., of Manchester, England, has bequeathed the sum of £3000 sterling for temperance purposes, to the Temperance Alliance.