

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 29th, 1860.

Read—LUKE xxiv. 25-53 : The Ascension of Christ. EXODUS xxiv. : Moses reads the Law to the people.

Recite—LUKE xxiv. 25-27.

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.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 22nd, to February 4th, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter, and daily tide data.

\* 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 Snow.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below; Over the housetops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet; Danc'ing, Flirting, Skimming along, Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong, Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek; Clinging to lips in a frolicsome froak; Beautiful snow from the heavens above, Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go! Whirling about in its maddening fun, It plays in its glee with every one, Chasing, Laughing, Hurrying by, It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye; And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around; The town is alive, and its heart in a glow, To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes away along, Hailing each other with humor and song! How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye; Ringing, Swinging, Dashing they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow! Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by; To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Great Memory.

Some one has dished up the following hash of great memories. It is a dish strongly spiced with the marvellous, and, as Western men say, we think the compiler had a "powerful recollection."

Mithridates, King of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name. Seneca was able to rehearse two thousand words, which were given to him, in the same order.

Hortentius kept in his memory all the prices paid on a day of auction.

Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers which were there called up.

Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the words of Tacitus, from the first word to the last, forward and backward, even when somebody was standing before him with a drawn dagger to pierce him at the very moment he had forgotten but one word!

A Venetian lady, well known by her erudition, when asked for the sermon she had attended in church, repeated scrupulously every word.

Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides, Bayle the whole work of Montaigne, Hughes Doneau the Corpus Juris, Metastasic the entire Horatius, and Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, all the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Apocalypse.

The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget, and Scaliger is told to have apprehended within

twenty-one days the whole Homerus, and within four months all the Greek poets.

The notorious and mysterious Count of St. Germain surpasses them all. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic, comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III. in Cracow, he demanded one hundred packs of picket cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the succession of the cards, ordered it to be noted down exactly, and repeated them following one after the other, without being wrong once.

He played almost every musical instrument in the world, was an excellent painter, and imitated any handwriting in the most illusive manner. He had but one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal had vanquished him, and in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

Patrick Henry's Defense.

Three Baptist preachers were brought to trial, in about 1775, for preaching. The indictment brought against them was "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God," contrary to the statute in that case provided, and therefore disturbers of the peace. The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, and he pronounced the crime with emphasis, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God," when a plain dressed man dismounted from his horse, entered the court-house, and took his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, and a stranger to the mass of spectators who had gathered on the occasion. This was Patrick Henry, who, on hearing of this prosecution, had rode some fifty or sixty miles from his residence in Hanover county, to volunteer his services in the defense of the prisoners. He listened to the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which had caught his ear was, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God." When the indictment had been read, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, stretched out his hand and received the paper, and then addressed the court:

"May it please your worships: I think I heard read by the prosecutor as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the King's attorney of this colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression, as if a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for a misdemeanor, are charged with—what?" and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy tone, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God!" Pausing, amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment of his hearers, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, then lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, with extraordinary and impressive energy, he exclaimed, "GREAT GOD!" The exclamation, the action, the burst of feeling from the audience were all overpowering. Mr. Henry resumed:

"May it please your worships: In a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters—when mankind are about to be raised to claim their natural and inalienable rights—when the yoke of oppression which has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power is about to be severed—at such a period, when liberty—liberty of conscience—is about to awake from her slumberings and inquire into the reasons of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment!" Another fearful pause, while the speaker alternately cast his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, and resumed: "If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of 'preaching the gospel of the Son of God.' GREAT GOD!" Another long pause, during which he again waved the indictment around his head, while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech: "May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand, and becomes his servile, his abject slave; he licks the hand that smites him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility, he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away!

"From the period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship their Creator according to their conceptions of Heaven's revealed will—from the moment they placed their feet on the American Continent, and in the deeply embedded forests, sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment despotism was crushed, her fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been the efforts and sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new world, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more—for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, 'for preaching the gospel of the Son of God!' Great God! For preaching the Saviour to Adam's fallen race."

After another pause, in tones of thunder he inquired—"What law have they violated?" Then for the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head. The court and the audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pale and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; and the Judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming extremely painful, by the authoritative command, "Sheriff, discharge those men!"

Root them up.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT WEEDS.

JOHN—Good morning, Peter. How are you this morning?

PETER—Thank you, I am very well. I have just been looking over the hedge at your garden and comparing it with mine. Your's is certainly a more thriving affair; perhaps you are a better gardener; for my part I cannot for the life of me get quit of these obnoxious weeds. Your garden seems to be almost free from such annoyance. Mine is overrun with them.

JOHN—Well, Peter, I think the reason is very obvious. You adopt what we might term restrictive means only, while I take the prohibitive means, if I may so speak; in fact, your plan of dealing with weeds seems to me to be very much like the means applied by your party in reference to the drinking customs of this dram-drinking country. I saw you from my window this morning with a reaping hook in your hand. What were you doing with it?

PETER—Oh, I was cutting down the weeds, but somehow I cannot get rid of them; they grow up again by the hundred.

JOHN—Really, Peter, don't you see there must be great difference between merely cutting down the weeds, and rooting them up. There are very few in my garden, and I believe these are principally produced from the seeds blown from yours. If you would root up your weeds you would find your garden as clear of weeds as mine, and I would find mine even more free from weeds than now.

PETER—Well, I dare say you are right; so far right I mean. I have thought on rooting up, too; but do you see there is a proper time for rooting up; for just now, the weeds are in seed. The proper time for rooting up is the spring time, before they are in the seed.

JOHN—Then, why did you not root them up last spring?

PETER—Well, the fact is, I had little leisure at that time. And—and—really, oh—what was I going to say?—aye, it was this: I thought there was little use in my doing so, (that is rooting them up,) if my neighbour on the opposite side was not prepared to do the same; as the seeds blown from his garden might produce as plentiful a crop as I have had at any time.

JOHN—So, so, neighbour: then my garden must be polluted with seeds blown from your garden, because your neighbour on the opposite side is careless, and permits his weeds to grow, and the seed to ripen and blow over to yours. Ah! Peter Peter; this is really all so very like an allegory upon the comparative merit of the restrictive and prohibitive measures we have so often discussed, that I cannot refrain from referring to both. Your restrictive folks are merely cutting off the head of weeds here and there, leaving the roots in the ground to spring up again, while we seek, not only by moral suasion, as you call it, but also by means of prohibition, to root out the evil which abounds so much in our land—to uproot the worse than weeds—the upas tree of intemperance. Depend on it, neighbour, the evil is a radical one, and only a

radical cure will have any effect upon it. Nor should we wait until all are prepared to root up the weeds as this stands before us a very prominent fact—namely, that men never have been, nor are they likely ever to be, all of one mind upon any one subject. The sooner we begin the better, no matter which locality takes the lead. Once begun, it will go on and prosper, until the present generation of men, with appetites diseased, shall have passed away, and when no one will be allowed to sell to his fellow-men that which fills our asylums and jails, and worst of all, fills the regions of the damned with lost souls.

Paying for money and getting cheated.

THE love of money is said to be the root of all evil. So great is that love in a majority of cases, that almost any price is paid for it. We purpose briefly to discuss the matter, and show that money like other things, is often bought too dearly.

When a man in the pursuit of wealth sacrifices moral principle in order to insure success, he gets cheated.

When he pursues a business, however remunerative, which he knows is undermining his health, he gets cheated.

When he habitually devotes so many hours to labour that he has no time to give to his family and friends, to reading and mental and moral culture, he gets cheated.

When he makes money by rum-selling, or any traffic which works mischief in the community, he gets cheated.

When he ignores all "outside matters," and is determined to make money anyhow, leaving religion, politics, friends, benevolent objects, and "everybody to take care of themselves," he gets cheated.

When he finds that making money in his fashion excludes him from the society of all truly good men, he gets cheated.

When he is determined, in old age, to give himself no rest or relaxation, but work on, grasping for more, more, more, he gets cheated.

When he has money enough to satisfy any reasonable being, and should haul in sail and devote some of his best energies to doing good—but won't do it, and works on—he gets cheated.

When he finds his hard-earned wealth is injuring both himself and family, that his children are growing up in idleness, and that they are all "good for nothing" to the world, it is evident that he has got cheated.

When his devotion to money-making costs him restless nights, ill health, loss of appetite, bad temper, envy and jealousy, the growth of pride, idolatry of gold, a stingy or sour disposition, and the hatred or indifference of good society, all we have to say is, even if he has gained the whole world, he has got abominably cheated.

Don't therefore, pay too much for money. It will not furnish you all you desire. It will not insure you good health. It will not enrich your mind. It will not enrich the heart. It will not deliver you from danger. It will not follow you beyond the grave. It will not save your soul. Don't therefore, we pray you, in getting gold, sacrifice your principles, your health, your friends, your good name, the best interests of your family, or your soul, for if you do, you are cheated for time and cheated for eternity. Don't get cheated.—Independent.

Falls from virtue to shame.

These men and women are those who have dallied with temptation—have exposed themselves to the influence of it, and have been weakened and corrupted by it. If we could get at the secret histories of those who stand suddenly discovered as vicious, we should find that they had been through this most polluting preparatory process; that they had been in the habit of going out and meeting temptation, in order that they might enjoy its excitements; that underneath a blameless outward life they have welcomed and entertained sin in their imaginations, until their moral sense was blunted, and they were ready for the deed of which they thought they were incapable.—Gold Foil.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "OUGH."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown in its several pronunciations in the following lines: "Wife, make some dumpling of dough, They're better than meat for my cough; Oh Pray let them be boiled till hot through, But not till they're heavy or tough, Now, I must be off to my plough, And the boys (when they've had enough) Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough."

Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it is only a means of attaining it.