

A COLUMN FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

TRY AGAIN.

"Will you let your son attend Sunday School, ma'am?" said a Sunday School teacher to a mother who did not cherish the fear of God in her heart.

"I don't care if he does, for I am glad to get him out of the house, especially on Sundays. He is an unruly fellow; and if you can manage him, I shall be glad, for I'm sure I can't."

With this ungracious permission from the mother, the teacher took the boy. But the good man soon found that this boy was more than he could manage. Though only ten years old, he soon became the plague of the class and the Arab of the whole school. He was brim full of antics. Now he would pinch a child near him till he screamed, and when charged with the offence stoutly deny it with a face grave and solemn. Vainly did the teacher rebuke and entreat. Wickedness and mischief were his delight and he would not be restrained. Finding him so incurably disobedient, the teacher had him turned out of the school. But when the deed was done he reflected, "I have turned that boy out of the school. Into what have I turned him? The streets—to the care of a mother who has no control over him whatever. What will become of him? He will certainly be ruined. I cannot give him up; I will try him again."

Once more, then, the boy was taken into the teacher's class. But he had by no means improved by his expulsion. He was as reckless, troublesome, ungovernable as before. No school could tolerate such a pupil.

What more could the teacher do? He tried a new method. He took the little rebel after school into a small class-room and begged him to kneel by his side. The boy knelt, the teacher prayed; and the heart of the boy was touched. The teacher arose, and taking the hand of the pupil told him how Jesus loved his soul and died to save it. The boy's heart melted. The tears poured down his cheeks, and between the intervals of his own sobs and his teacher's remarks, he said—

"I never knew this before; I never thought of it before; I never believed any one loved me; I never thought I was wicked, and that Jesus saw me."

That half hour of prayer and personal instruction did the work. The young rebel was subdued. His heart was won. Henceforth he became a quiet, industrious, faithful scholar. The seeds of a strong, healthy piety grew apace with him.

Years rolled round, and that wild boy became an upright man, a Christian sailor. He is now mate of a large merchant vessel, a distributor of tracts, Bibles, and religious books, the supporter of his mother and family, and the zealous friend of his former teacher. In a word, all that surplus vitality which, when guided by his self-will and fancy, made him so intractable, is now turned into channels of Christian activity, and he is as earnest for Christ as he was formerly for Satan.

A HAPPY HOME.

What a sweet picture is that of a happy home and a fond domestic circle! Thousands of such may be found in this Christian land. We will try to tell our young readers what are the principal things which help to make home happy.

First of all is piety. The love of God and constant endeavor to keep his commandments, an humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a good hope through his grace of a celestial home hereafter—these tend to smooth away all the troubles of life and to heighten all its enjoyments.

Next comes mutual affection. This helps to suppress every unkind word and action, and make each member of the household anxious to regard the wishes and promote the happiness of every other. Love is better than sunshine in any dwelling, and far better than costly furniture or fine clothes or plenty of money.

Thirdly, in every house where there are children, comes an obedient and respectful demeanor on the part of the children towards all who are older than themselves, and especially to their parents. Such a demeanor leads children to be regarded as ornaments and comforts to the domestic society; otherwise they are likely to be considered plagues and nuisances.

Fourthly, a love for reading. How exceedingly pleasant it is to fill up the leisure hours, and especially in long winter evenings, with loud reading. Thus the whole family may share the pleasure of reviewing the history of other times, or join in a common excursion to other lands, and all are furnished with food for reflection and subjects for conversation.

All these sources of in-door enjoyments are almost equally within reach of the rich and the poor, of families in the city or the country. Let each one of our readers try to do what he can to make his own a happy home.—S. S. Visitor.

IMPROVE THE PRESENT.

Never whine over what you may suppose to be the loss of opportunities. A great many have had good early opportunities without learning much; every man may educate himself, that wishes to. It is the will that makes the way. Many a servant that has wanted knowledge has listened while his master's children were saying their letters; and putting them together to form easy words, has thus caught the first elements of spelling. If any one has a strong thirst for knowledge, we do not care where he is put, he will become an educated man. The first step towards self-improvement is to leave off whining over the past, and bend every energy to the improvement of the present.

"GONE BEFORE."—The Rev. John Newton one day said to a gentleman who was mourning over the death of a lovely daughter, "Sir, if you were going to East Indies, I suppose you would like to send a remittance before you. This little girl is just like a remittance sent to heaven before you go yourself. I suppose a merchant on 'Change is never heard expressing himself thus: 'Oh, my dear ship, I am sorry she has got into port so soon! I am sorry she has escaped the storms that are coming! Neither should we sorrow for children dying.'"

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible animals; with humming-bees and glass beehives; with pleasant walks and shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes towards the ceiling, she said softly, "Lift me higher! Lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her gravestone these words are now carved: "Jane B —, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

We often listen to the trite remark, "Strange events are taking place." It is indeed true. But equally true, that strange, even marvellous changes are apparent in the opinions and convictions of men, in whose minds such mental revolutions seemed almost an impossibility.

This thought was suggested on reading in the New York Examiner, (a religious paper,) of the 10th inst. An editorial article on Current Events, the subject matter of which is, Russia and Poland. Whoever thought of finding in a leading New York Journal, an article from an able pen, aiming to show that Poland is in a better condition under the Russian yoke, than under a government of its own choice? The writer of the article in question, confesses that up to the present time, the sympathies of his heart were altogether with Poland. That is, until the growling surly bear smiled upon his brother Lincoln. Then, the writer looked into the "interior history of Poland." Strange that a literary man had not looked into the "interior history of Poland," until the Czar deigned to smile on Republican America. Then however he turns to this "interior history," and all his "enthusiasm receives a fatal chill." He finds from this "interior history," that the cause for which the people of Poland, are pouring out their blood like water, is not that of liberty, but for the aristocracy whom they well know will hold them in perpetual and relentless servitude. This writer finds that the condition of the people under the Czars has been better than under their own rulers, hence the conclusion, which he does not state, that their present struggle is incompatible with the real good of the people.

Who, that has even a limited amount of historic knowledge, and the slightest acquaintance with the thought and sympathies of the American people heretofore, will not feel shame for feeble man—and indignation for outraged conviction, at such decisions from the heart of a great nation, professing to be free.

During the war of the American Revolution, no people on earth sympathized more intensely with the Americans, than did the Poles. And the Americans valued that sympathy. When it was known in America, that the Poles had failed in their exertions for re-establishing the nationality of Poland in 1794, the American heart poured out its sorrows for Poland in deep and touching pathos. Orators declaimed, poets sang in sorrow, politicians anticipated the day when the powerful American arm would wreathe the prey from the mighty. Strangle the bear in his den and glory in making Poland free. No tyrant on earth, not even old George of England, was so hideous as the Czar of Russia.

We all remember 1830. When the people of Poland again grappled with the tyrant, when again right was crushed by might; the heart of the American nation, then apparently true to itself—writhed as in awful agony, at the cry of expiring freedom in Poland.

Now, according to this testimony from "interior history," all this painful sympathy, all those agonizing throes of a great and liberty-loving people, were unwisely directed, Americans ought to have loved the Czar, and really

concluded that he was a good man, because he said grace before he "swallowed Poland," and had the people of Poland conquered their enemy, the result would have been disastrous, for "their condition is better under the Czars." Surely this writer is not ignorant of the provocation that aroused freedom's slumbering spirit to the efforts and sacrifice, now drawing towards Poland, the attention of the world, he must know that all the sacred endearments of home, that all the tender bonds of life and all the loved relationship of society were trampled under foot, and ruthlessly ignored by the proud and cruel tyrant. Sons, without the notice of a moment were dragged by the Russian soldiers, from their parents and home, never more to return. He must know that the Czar had resolved to annihilate all traces of Poland's nationality. All these facts are known to the world, excepting as it seems, the free people of the once United States.

But why these new new convictions, on the part of the American? why this new born sympathy for Russia? why this desire for fraternal union with the despot of the Russians? One cannot avoid such interrogations. To the thinking, observing mind, the answer is not difficult. A kindred spirit, a like aim and a corresponding work, are elements of union, even among friends. We fear, such are some of the elements of this strange affection between Alexander and Lincoln.

Recently a Russian fleet received a joyful greeting from the citizens of New York. That Russian Admiral and his men, were it possible, would strike down at one blow every vestige of noble manliness remaining on Polish soil, and glory in the dying agony of the last of Poland's brave defenders, and yet they are lauded with unmeasured and fulsome adulation—by free Americans.

Such things would find no place in the American head or heart, were not the American government, resolved, at the sacrifice of every thing that our country and our religion teach us to prize, to conquer a people, who love freedom enough to fight and die, that it may descend as a sacred trust to generations yet to come.

OBSERVER.

For the Christian Messenger.

A PORT-FOLIO LEAF.

"TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED."

Many and varied are the positions in life, where the idea that some dear distant one, or, it may be, some band beloved, cherishes the remembrance of us, brings joy to the mind.

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," is the sentiment that prompts the tender word at parting, and those words are not always forgotten, they sometimes exert a beneficial influence. "Tell my sisters," said a dying wanderer, who had torn himself away from the delights of home and country, to seek treasure on a foreign strand,

"Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word;
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their memory stirred."

It also induces the bestowal of pledges of attachment on those we love, when to think, that when absent, we shall be forgotten, adds to the bitterness of the hour. And, what is it that imparts light to the heart and radiance to the countenance of the sojourner in a strange land at the receipt of communications from the loved ones at home? Is it not the assurance thus conveyed, that they continue to have him on their hearts.

If, therefore, human kindness, thus expressed, produces pleasing sensations and awakens emotions of gratitude, what should be our feelings when the Lord of life and glory descends to communicate to our fallen race, his intentions with regard to us and his will concerning us? How should our hearts burn within us, as He talks with us by the way, and reasons with us out of the scriptures, assuring us of his constant, perpetual care over and interest in us, that the names of his flock are "graven on the palms of his hands,"—that he "rests in his love," towards them, and "though their sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."

The most tender of earthly ties may be forgotten or destroyed, but "who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Not only is it sweet to be remembered, it is also sweet to remember, for

"Memory has honey cells."

Our dear Saviour know this when he requested his followers to remember him and instituted the Eucharist to that effect, that they might enter, as it were, into his presence-chamber and

sup with him, saying "This do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me."

The ceremony of eating together, was, in the East, a token of amity. Whatever offence one person had committed against another was considered as blotted out by this performance. How illustrative of this habit, our Saviour's institution and promises, "I will cast all your sins into the depths of the sea," and "whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

ALETT WILFRED.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

GONE TO REST.

Written on the death of Miss Kezia Gates, Boston, 24th Oct., 1863.

Thou fell disease hast done thine awful work,
Hast laid thy victim low beneath thy rod,
In spite of skilled physicians and of nurse,
Alter suffering thou'st lain her 'neath the sod.

She sleeps, yes calmly rests in sleep,
The weary watched one knows no more of pain,
Yet round the body friends and strangers weep,
While spirits watch rejoicing at their gain.

Yet cheering memories of her still are left,
With those who toil and suffer, droop and die,
They too will join amid the blest,
Enjoying solid bliss with God on high.

She suffered much, but all without complaint,
Trusting in God on earth she called all good,
Though weary, lame, and ofttimes like to faint,
She bore it all with christian fortitude.

She gasped the name of sisters, then the Bible,
As if connecting them, she seemed to say,
Read sisters, read that blessed book for guiding,
And learn from these, "thy will, not mine," to say.
C. L. REED.

MRS. MARY LYONS.

Mrs. Mary Lyons, aged seventy-one years, widow of John Lyons, Esq., of Pleasant Valley, Cornwallis, died on the 11th day of November last, at the residence of her son-in-law Henry Thomas, of that place. Mrs. Lyons was baptized on a profession of her faith in Christ, upwards of forty years since by Elder Edward Manning, and was received into the fellowship of the Cornwallis Baptist Church then under his pastoral care. In January, 1828, there were fifty members of said church, dismissed therefrom, and organized into the second Baptist Church, Sister Lyons was one of that number, and continued an esteemed member thereof, until her demise. During her illness, as heretofore, she was calm and peaceful. And although a humble follower of Christ, yet she mourned, that she had not lived as much to the glory of God as she ought to have done. She said that God had been good to her, and believing that her sins were forgiven, through the merits of Christ's atonement, He would be with her while passing through the valley and shadow of death, and receive her immortal spirit into the mansions prepared for His chosen people. Hence she said—"I am not afraid to die." She was greatly attached to all her children, and in return theirs was manifested to her during her illness, as well as heretofore. In a word true religion was exemplified in, and by her consistent life and peaceful and triumphant death. She has left behind her five daughters and four sons, a number of grand children and other endeared relatives and friends to mourn their loss. A sermon was preached by request of the writer of this notice, at the Valley Meeting House, from Eph. v. 25-27.—Rev. E. M. Saunders, Pastor of the church, also took part in the service. The season was one of deep interest.—Com. by Rev. W. Chipman.
Pleasant Valley, Cornwallis, Dec. 16th, 1863.

MARY E. WILSON.

Died at Annapolis, on the 18th inst., aged 25 years. When quite young she professed faith in Christ, and has passed through seasons of revival and declensions with the same steadfastness and uniform attendance on the means of grace. Her health for years has been delicate. She was several times brought very low, but her joyful hope and humble submission to the divine will always rendered a visit to her on such occasions, pleasing and profitable. The closing scene was remarkably so; a few minutes before her happy spirit took its flight from this world she seemed to fix her eyes on some visible object and exclaimed, "the angels have come to take me to the arms of my blessed Jesus," and without a struggle or a sigh went home to glory.—Com. by Rev. N. Vidito.

MRS. REBECCA HUNTLEY.

Died at Hantsport, Dec. 22nd, 1863, aged 40 years. Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Daniel Huntley, Esq. Mrs. H. was a member of the Baptist Church, in Canning, of which Rev. D. Freeman is pastor, but removed to this place about a year ago with her husband and family. She was greatly supported all through her illness, by the joy of the Lord, and died in the peaceful hope of eternal life.—Com. by W. B.

MR. MATTHEW BROWN.

Died at Annapolis, Gaysboro Co., Dec. 16th, 1863, Mr. Matthew Brown, aged 50 years, leaving a widow, 8 children, and a large number