

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xiv 15-35: The parable of the great supper. Exodus iv. 1-17: God's commission to Moses.

Recite—LUKE xiv. 12-14.

SEPTEMBER 11th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xv. 1-10: The parable of the lost sheep. Exodus v. 1-17: The Israelites' oppression increased.

Recite—LUKE xiv. 25-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From August 28th to September 10th, 1859.

D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
28	SU.	5 21	6 39	5 59	6 45	7 54	aft 22
29	M.	5 23	6 37	7 15	7 11	8 40	1 13
30	Tu.	5 24	6 36	8 33	7 33	9 20	2 3
31	W.	5 26	6 34	9 44	8 0	10 2	2 52
1	Th.	5 27	6 33	11 4	8 22	10 41	3 43
2	F.	5 28	6 32	12 15	8 55	11 19	4 35
3	Sa.	5 29	6 30	1 25	9 31	11 57	5 28
4	SU.	5 31	6 29	2 24	10 20	0 15	6 22
5	M.	5 33	6 27	3 15	11 15	1 4	7 14
6	Tu.	5 31	6 26	4 1	12 1	2 4	8 5
7	W.	5 36	6 24	4 33	0 11	3 32	8 53
8	Th.	5 37	6 23	5 0	1 15	5 2	9 39
9	F.	5 39	6 21	5 26	2 20	6 21	10 22
10	Sa.	5 40	6 20	5 50	3 22	7 8	11 3

* 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.

A Nut for the Boys.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROMISE.

"Boys," said he smilingly, one day.

What's up, thought we, and were all attention. It was like a sun-peek through a heavy storm-cloud, when "old Haskin's" smiled, and the phenomenon was unaccountable.

"Boys," said he, "I am about to bargain with you for good behaviour"—a change of tactics, verily—"I desire that you will conduct yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw; and having shewn it you, what no man will ever see again."

"Yes, sir!"—"agreed!"—"I'ye, sir!" and various other expressions of assent. Then, from every quarter of the room, and as a preface to the new state of things, the school was dismissed at an early hour, leaving the boys to gaze into each other's eyes in astonishment, as if to divine into each other's intuition the answer to the riddle which had stolen upon them like a pleasant dream.

An anxious week followed—a week of curiosity, bewilderment, hope, and pleasure in embryo. Out of school it was all the talk—"what no man ever saw, and what no man shall ever see again"—not even the terrible author of the compromise. What could it be?

Another and another day, till at length the identical named one dawned upon the gladdened young hearts.

Nine o'clock came—every urchin was at his post—books and slates, all in readiness for the day's battle with the demon of darkness and ignorance—every task fully committed to memory. Altogether a charming state of affairs! An active mind, not wedded too closely to orthodox ideas, would have divined at once the great advantage of rewards and kindness over oppression and cruelty. But our old tutor was invincible. Unmake him! Never. You could not alter his mind an iota.

"Tingle! tingle!" sounded the little bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouths agape! momentous epoch!

Old Haskins raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his enormous looking spectacles astraddle his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor.

A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop.

"The hour has at length arrived; behold in my upraised fingers a single almond"—terrible suspense. "In this almond is a kernel"—ceremoniously breaks the shell and exposes the tiny thing. "This no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposing an internal array of decaying ivory and raw flesh, that reminded us of the mouth of a Bengal tiger, he thrust in the mysterious kernel—crushed and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he with emphasis,—"boys, you will never—I will never—no man will ever see that kernel again! To your lessons, you rascals, every one of you!"

The Beggar.

A TRUE TALE.

One cold, windy morning, the last Sunday of December, 1847, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents.

But in spite of his tattered garments and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortably furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man, in brocade dressing-gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft fauteuil, busily reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting, her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless, being no one but some thievish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish."

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee, which, with abundant food, was placed before him, but, noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted stair-case, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, occupied solely by her husband, who is a physician and practical chemist. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching her husband upon the arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched, I could not bear to drive him away," and her eyes were full of tears. "You know I take the sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar shall be allowed to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absence from home, I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be but a burglar in disguise, and already in your absence taking impressions of the different keyholes in the room, so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars; it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if the person had behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar in the house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him. I know," said Mrs. Maywood hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps, as they descended to the basement.

They found the mendicant lying, pale and unconscious, upon the carpet, where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And he might well say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eye lids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife, very anxiously.

"Oh, no; 'tis only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "He must be carried to a room without, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called to assist in moving the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room, where the doctor administered, with his own hands, strong doses of port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him at present, and he sunk quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence give him beef tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of the Holy Trinity.

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the magnificence and taste that abundant wealth could procure, not one equalled in grace and beauty the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure, was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened, by contrast, her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man who had recently wed her, in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances.

The stately organ that pealed its last rich notes, which were still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text the oft quoted, but seldom applied, words of the apostle—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for a moment that the preacher must have known his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application at this particular case.

"I have not space nor the power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it combined with this incident of the morning, and effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from the church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such medicines as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the attention he had received, which, without doubt, had saved his life.

"But I will recompense you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Queen Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my order, but I must have perished from hunger, had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years, and then, after escaping the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate."

"My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger.

"Why, that is my wife's family name. She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what state is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of B——, where she was born."

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the absence of her husband.

Arthur Willett gazed at her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring:

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with little astonishment. "What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood, excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only the stranger is the image of my lost brother Arthur; and Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked her if she recognized that relic.

"It is my father's grey hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willett, and your brother."

Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Dr. Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of reunion, saying to himself; "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—[N.W. Home Journal.

Small Things.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Advocate says: A young lady once presented me a book-mark, having the inscription "God bless you," and exacted a promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised God that I would seek his face at the earliest opportunity; and if he saw fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in his cause; it came, I sought his face and received the smiles of his love, and now I have a hope within me "big with immortality," and all do I attribute to that book-mark and the grace of God. And this was the beginning of a great revival at S——. Many sought His face and found it, and the flame kindled there spread over the entire circuit, and scores were brought into the Church of God. "Despise not the day of small things." A word spoken in season; a simple Christian act; a sincere, simple prayer, may turn a poor, wandering sinner from the error of his ways.

How kindness saved him.

It is easy to ruin, and it is easy to save a young man. One of the leading brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money in his hands was a great temptation to him. Small sums were missed day after day; one quarter, then fifty cents, then one dollar, then two dollars were missed. He was charged with the peculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed. "Now," said the broker, "I shall not discharge you, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep you, and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way. Now, let me see no more of this." He went to his work. He did not disappoint the confidence. He did honor to his employer. And the other day he was inducted into one of our banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of \$10,000. Had he conducted as some would have done—sent the boy away and proclaimed his dishonor—perhaps he would have ended his days in the State prison, and been shut in the Tombs in the garb of a convict. But one young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amid the temptations of money, and for a time was overcome.

Drawing the Line.

A lady whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet?" "Oh," replied the censorious lady, "Christians must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers!"—Portland Transcript.

Almsgiving not Charity.

It is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of the evil. We know that to give alms is nothing, unless we give thought also; and that, therefore, it is written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" and we know that a little thought and a little kindness are worth more than a great deal of money.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—From the Advocate and Guardian we learn that a "Juvenile Sewing Society," composed of twelve young misses, was organized last February, who meet at each other's houses every Friday, and as the result of these meetings they recently called and presented to the "Home for the Friendless" one hundred garments, wrought by their own hands.