

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 1st, 1859.

Read—LUKE vii. 19-35: Christ's testimony to John's ministry. GENESIS xxxvii. 1-22: Joseph's visit to his brethren.

Recite—LUKE vii. 19-23.

MAY 8th, 1859.

Read—LUKE vii. 36-50: The penitent woman. GENESIS xxxvii. 23-36: The cruelty of Joseph's brethren.

Recite—LUKE vii. 47-50.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From April 24th to May 7th, 1859.

		SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
24	SU.	5 8	6 52	1 21	10 3	5 42	6 28
25	M.	5 6	6 54	1 53	11 5	0 46	7 12
26	Tu.	5 5	6 55	2 18	A. 8	1 45	7 54
27	W.	5 3	6 57	2 33	1 18	3 5	8 35
28	Th.	5 2	6 58	2 58	2 16	4 22	9 17
29	F.	5 0	7 0	3 18	3 38	5 29	9 59
30	Sa.	4 59	7 1	3 37	4 25	6 19	10 0
1	SU.	4 58	7 2	3 58	5 36	7 0	10 47
2	M.	4 57	7 3	4 25	6 47	7 36	11 36
3	T.	4 55	7 5	4 56	8 2	8 12	12 30
4	W.	4 54	7 6	5 36	9 20	8 48	1 30
5	Th.	4 53	7 7	6 29	10 31	9 27	2 32
6	F.	4 52	7 8	7 36	11 32	10 9	3 36
7	Sa.	4 51	7 9	8 46	morn.	11 52	4 36

* 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.

Singing to her Babe!

I passed a dwelling in Duke Street. The front door was open, and close by the step sat a young wife singing to her babe. There was a low, sweet melody in her voice; true, the words were very simple, but all the fascination of song was there. The little babe, not yet able to make the adventurous circuit of the room, lay quietly upon her lap; its little hands were folded across its breast, and its soft, beautiful eyes seemed to dilate, with joy and wonderment, as the musical sounds fell upon its ears.

Singing to her babe! A scene, indeed, to touch the soul with quiet pleasure. A mother's heart wrapped up in her first-born; her joy, her light, her very life! Already she was dropping soft, welcome sounds into its teachable soul. I could not help murmuring:

"Rich, though poor!
That low-roofed cottage is this hour a Heaven—
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife, arrests the ear
Of the young child awake upon her knee."

Singing to her babe! Would it be hers to lead those tiny feet into the way of righteousness, and by the river of Everlasting Life?

"She was one who held a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
Did it mar her heart's deep pleasure,
The fear it might be lost?"

She could instil into that young, impressible mind the knowledge of good and evil, the life-toned integrity of the soul, the earnest faith that hopeth and believeth all things in Christ. As she watched its slow, yet delightful appreciation of objects and words—as she noted its developing intellect—did she feel her responsibility? Was she conscious that she held the silken cords in her hand, that were to bind the present to the future?

Singing to her babe! As I gazed upon the scene, I could not help wondering what the fate of that dear child might be. Would it remember the earnest lessons learned from the mother's lips? Would it treasure her precepts, and follow her example? Or would it drift idly about upon the sea of life, careless where its world of truth might be, and, sinking at last to a dishonored grave? Would it exclaim, when age lined the dark locks with silver, and added a tremor to the voice—

"Yes, I have left the golden shore,
Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd;
Those sunny dreams will come no more,
That youth, a long, bright Sabbath made,
Yet, while those dreams of memory's eye
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song again?"

Ladies' Home Magazine.

HOW TO READ THE SCRIPTURES.—Read the sacred Scriptures and books of piety with the same spirit in which they were written; that is, read them in quest of truth, for instruction, for edification, and to bring thee to a truly Christian way of life. Read the Holy Scriptures with faith, humility, respect, and docility, praying the Holy Ghost who dictated it, to enable thee to understand it, to relish it, and to practice it.—
Thomas A. Kempis.

One Moment after Death.

Where, O reader, will your soul be one moment after death? How full of awful interest in this question. You will be somewhere at that time. You are immortal. Death will not rob you of consciousness. This will accompany you in your pilgrimage of the world unknown.—Of this you can have no doubt. Then where will your soul be one moment after death? Will love and sympathy and heaven meet you on the other side of the river? Will kind earthly friends, to whom the long farewell has just been whispered, be exchanged for purer and more loving ones in glory? If so that moment after death will be a happy one the happiest of all our life before, and the bright prelude to a whole eternity of happy ones with the blood-washed company whose shining ranks you have joined. Or will your spirit the moment after death wake up to the bitter consciousness that you are lost, and that yours is to be an immortality of misery and agony in the doleful regions of the damned? Will the dear friends, yet lingering with sad hearts and tearful eyes over your lifeless remains, then be exchanged for the society of devils and fiends in perdition? If so, that moment after death will indeed be a awful one, and prove but the terrible commencement of a whole eternity of wretchedness and woe.

Even the present moment, while the eye of the reader is running over these lines, is the one just before the moment of final destiny to hundreds of our race. O what a transition is before them when that brief moment is gone? What tremendous realities will then break in upon their vision! Some of them will rise from that bed of death to immortality and heaven, while others of them will sink to eternal ruin and death! And how great the contrast which both these classes of characters have experienced, now that the fearful moment of destiny has arrived in their history, between the surroundings and associations of the moment before and after death! Angels have escorted the former to the mansion of the redeemed, and devils have dragged the latter down to the abodes of eternal night!

But we still live, reader. Let us gratefully return our acknowledgments to our kind Preserver, and get ready to die.—Earth will soon be our home no more. Ere long the moment before and after death will be along in our own history.—Let us live so that the former may be a moment of triumph over death and the grave with our friends on earth, and the latter one of glory and shouting with the redeemed before the throne. Thank God it may be, through the power of dying and redeeming grace! Are not two such moments worth living for, Christian reader?

If so, let ours ever hereafter be the noble philosophy of Charles Wesley:

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies."

Too fast. In advance of Time.

A few days ago, it happened in this city that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was advertised to deliver a lecture, up town, on the "Ministry of the Beautiful," but, on arriving at the place at the latest allowable moment, he discovered that he had forgotten his manuscript of the lecture which he was advertised to deliver, or had brought a wrong one in its place. He made an apology for the mistake, and gave his lecture on Mirthfulness instead.

The next day the New York Express came out with a circumstantial report of the lecture on the "Ministry of the Beautiful," with a sharpness of criticism in harmony with the well-known adverse spirit of that paper toward the lecturer. Of course everybody who had read of the mistake on the part of the lecturer laughed, except those at whose expense the laugh was made. It is but justice to remark that the reporter for the Express, whose duty it was to hear the lecture and report accordingly, did not attend at all, but made up his report from reviews and criticisms which he had read or written when it had been previously delivered, and that the editors of the Express, the day following, announced that the reporter in question would not have another chance to deceive his employers or the public, by professing to have been present at a lecture, and reporting it, when he was somewhere else, attending to his business or pleasure.

This circumstance reminds us of another instance of reporting, but which was connived at, and gravely stated as a fact, with all its interesting details. It was this:

Some years ago Queen Victoria was on a visit to Scotland, in the month of September, and it was publicly announced that she had gone from Balmoral a short distance to witness a shearing.

The London Illustrated News, anxious to keep its readers posted, and to pay all proper and loyal respect to the movements of Her Most Gracious Majesty, caused to be engraved a scene in Scotland with a group of men shearing sheep, with her Majesty and attendants looking on. The venerable editors gave forth the statement, "with pictures to match," that at great expense they had caused sketches to be taken on the spot, by their own artist, illustrating the scenes visited by her Majesty; and thus far it all appeared very well.

But when it was remembered that it was in the month of September, and a September in Scotland at that, and that at such a time, in such a climate, the taking off the jackets of the poor sheep would be a very serious joy for them, and that her Majesty would be far from "gracious" to allow such a process to be extemporized in September instead of June, the proper season, for her own entertainment, the story looked strange. At this time, some person wiser in Scottish lore than the enterprising editors of the News, suggested that in Scotland the word "shearing" has another meaning besides that of taking off the wool from sheep, viz., cutting the fields of grain, which process properly belonged to September. But the pictures, 'taken on the spot,' of shearing the poor sheep for the entertainment of her Majesty, still remain, an evidence of the enterprise and loyalty of the veracious editors.—
N. Y. Life.

A SUGGESTION FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

There is a family in this State in which the Scriptures have been read daily for more than a quarter of a century; and in this reading the children have been greatly interested, one after the other, from the time they were old enough to speak. The father, to secure this interest, and make the service pleasant to each child, has practiced pausing here and there in the chapter, and asking this or that child to repeat the last words or lines read, selecting the easiest words for the youngest child, and perhaps asking of an older child an exposition of a verse or phrase. In this way the constant attention of each child is secured, as neither the oldest nor the youngest is willing to lose a sentence, lest he should be called upon to repeat it, and not be able.—*Examiner.*

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY AMONG SLAVES.—A lady writes to the N. Y. Crescent from the city of Memphis, giving the particulars of the marriage of one of her own slaves, Lewis, to a slave belonging to another plantation:—

At ten o'clock Rev. Mr. Collins came in, and they soon followed. First, Lewis and Caroline Lawrence, with two bridesmaids and groomsmen, took their places, and Mr. C. performed the service of the Methodist church, (very much like our service,) but it made me very sad indeed, when, instead of the words, "until death do part ye," he used the words, "unless you are unavoidably separated."

AGRICULTURE.

STARTING CUTTINGS IN MOSS.—It is a very simple operation, and at the same time one that requires some little skill and care, to strike a cutting. Cuttings of grape vines, currants, and of many shrubs and flowers are usually started in sand, and some think brick dust the best material for this purpose. The moss should be well dried and reduced to powder, by rubbing it between the hands. Fill the cutting pots or boxes with it, and after watering it well, insert the cuttings. It dries less quickly than earth or sand, and preserves an uniform humidity and the root fibres are developed more rapidly. It is said that some plants, that in sand require several months to root, only require "three or four weeks in the moss."—*Maine Farmer.*

THE WHEAT CROP.—The Detroit Advertiser, after conversing with parties in different sections of the State, comes to the conclusion that the wheat crop never looked so promising at this season, as it does now. The Rochester Union is informed by old farmers of Western New York, that the growing wheat is now forward, and is looking remarkable well. It has suffered little or none from the winter exposure. The Cincinnati Gazette says reports of the wheat crop continue favorable.

FRUIT AND FRUIT TREES.—Two of the best farmers within range of our knowledge, one a resident of Coos County, New-Hampshire, and the other of Orange County, Vermont, have communicated the manner in which they secure good fruit. It is thus: They dig at some distance from the body of some favourite tree till they find a root, which they cut off. The part disjoined from the tree is then turned up so as to appear above the ground. It sends forth shoots the first season, and bears, in a few years, fruit precisely like that upon the parent tree. Let those whose trees are decaying, or who wish to increase good varieties, try this experiment, it is but an hour's work.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rejoinder to Rev. D. Crawford.

DEAR BROTHER,

Mr. Crawford resents my use of the terms *Campbellism*, and *Campbellites*. He tells us, in effect, that the former has no existence; and that the latter is a mere nickname, wont to be employed for unworthy purposes. I beg to rejoin, that *Campbellism* is not a nonentity. There lies before me Hayward's "Book of Religions," published in the States last year. It contains information respecting the various Christian bodies; furnished in many instances, as the editor tells us, by "the most intelligent and candid among the living defenders of each denomination." In this work I find an article entitled, "Disciples of Christ; sometimes called Campbellites, or Reformers;" evidently written by one who is himself a "Disciple." In this article there occur the following sentences, relating to the writer's views on Baptism,—the views which constitute the great peculiarity of *Campbellism*. "Every one who sincerely believes the testimony which God gave of Jesus of Nazareth saying 'This is my Son, the beloved, in whom I delight,' or, in other words, believes what the evangelists and apostles have testified concerning him, from his conception to his coronation in heaven as Lord of All, and who is willing to obey him in every thing, they regard as a proper subject of immersion, and no one else. They consider immersion into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, after a public, sincere, and intelligent confession of the faith, in Jesus, as necessary to admission to the privileges of the kingdom of the Messiah, and as a solemn pledge, on the part of Heaven, of the actual remission of all past sins, and of adoption into the family of God. The Holy Spirit is promised only to those who believe and obey the Saviour. No one is taught to expect the reception of that heavenly Monitor and Comforter, as a resident in his heart, till he obeys the Gospel. Thus, while they proclaim faith and repentance, or faith and a change of heart, as preparatory to immersion, remission, and the Holy Spirit, they say to all penitents, or all those who believe and repent of their sins, as Peter said to the first audience addressed after the Holy Spirit was bestowed, after the glorification of Jesus, 'Be immersed, every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.'" There is, then, such a thing as *Campbellism*, as defined in the above extract. And if, as who can question? Mr. Crawford holds to the views professed in this extract, then he is clearly a *Campbellite*. Those also in this Island who hold with him are *Campbellites*. Nor can they get rid of the name unless they will renounce the thing. "But why not call them 'Disciples,' if they prefer it?" Just because there are others who claim to be disciples as well as they. And so, for mere distinctions' sake, and not for purposes of annoyance, I must continue to describe Mr. Crawford and his adherents as *Campbellites*, until they supply me with some other epithet which I can consent to employ. As to Mr. Crawford's boast about creeds, we, the Baptists of this Island, and the world over, are just as free from thralldom to creeds as any sect, even though we do deem it fitting sometimes to set forth our views in a written form. And who but the Baptists, I should like to know, have led on the battle, in every age, against the spiritual slavery with which our race has been, and yet is so deeply cursed? No! we are in bondage to none; neither do we desire to bring any into bondage.

I had stated, that Mr. Crawford "will have it that, under the Gospel, we have no right to employ the law of God for the purposes of conviction." Upon this he remarks, "Had he said the law of Moses, he would have stated the case fairly." I had supposed, however, that the law of Moses, and the law of God were identical. And if Mr. Crawford himself does not think so, why does he write thus in his pamphlet? "The law of God [the italics are mine] was announced from Sinai. Moses' law marked out certain sins." But neither in pamphlet nor letter has he shewn that under the Gospel it is unlawful to employ the law for the purposes of conviction. The truth is, that, under every dispensation, God is accustomed to set home upon men's consciences those sins which lie nearest to them. Thus David is made to cry out, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God!" Peter bewails his denial of his Lord; and Paul never forgets his persecutions, nor forgives himself for them. Peter charges the Jews with the murder of their Lord; Paul reasons with the Athenians about their idolatry; while both seek to lead men to