

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 1st, 1860.

Read—JOHN ix. 1-17: The blind man healed.
NUMBERS xxxii. 1-15: The request of the
Reubenites and Gadites.

Recite—JOHN viii. 51-56.

JULY 8th, 1860.

Read—JOHN ix. 18-42: The miraculous cure of
the blind man. NUMBERS xxxii. 16-33: The
inheritance of the Reubenites, &c.

Recite—JOHN ix. 1-5.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From June 24th to July 7th, 1860.

Day	Wk.	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
24 Su.	4	15	7 49	10 47	11 7	11 18	4 57
25 M.	4	16	7 49	11 51	11 21	morn.	5 46
26 Tu.	4	16	7 48	A. 16	11 54	0 1	6 35
27 W.	4	16	7 48	2 30	morn.	1 24	7 25
28 Th.	4	16	7 48	3 44	0 20	2 36	8 18
29 F.	4	17	7 48	4 58	0 48	3 53	9 14
30 Sa.	4	17	7 48	6 5	1 30	5 7	10 11
1 Su.	4	18	7 49	7 4	2 17	6 3	11 8
2 M.	4	19	7 48	7 52	3 12	6 50	11 39
3 Tu.	4	20	7 48	8 31	4 14	7 32	morn.
4 W.	4	21	7 48	9 2	5 19	8 10	0 55
5 Th.	4	22	7 47	9 26	6 26	8 45	1 44
6 F.	4	23	7 47	9 48	7 32	9 17	2 29
7 Sa.	4	24	7 46	10 5	8 34	9 49	3 55

* 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.

Happy Women.

A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of misfortune can not dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference! the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log-cabin? the firelight that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat brown bread and drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de foie gras* and ice-champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them to "make the best of it." Was ever stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face, falling across its turbid tide, would not wake an answering gleam! Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and savage you feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics just set one of these cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows when, and the first you know, you'll be laughing—yes positively laughing! Why? That is another thing; we can no more tell why than we can tell why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first blue-bird of the season, among the maple-blossoms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city paving-stone. We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smite man to the ground! how often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! how we look forward, through the weary day, to their fireside smiles! how often their cheerful eyes see *couleur de rose* where we only behold thunder-charged clouds! No one knows—no one ever will know, until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining women!—*Life Illustrated.*

PROGRESS IN HUMILITY.—An exchange says:—"It is worthy of remark, that soon after Paul was converted, he declared himself unworthy to be called an *Apostle*." As time rolled on, and he grew in grace, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all saints," and just before martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, his exclamation was, "I am chief of sinners."

Rose and Blanche.

AN OLD CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

"What God hath joined"—I said, but paused involuntarily.

I seemed to myself to be uttering a blasphemy. I glanced from the beautiful young face of the bride, blooming like a rose in her lily-white attire, to the dark, unlovable countenance of the bridegroom,—remembered the painful history of their union—saw repentance and wretchedness awaiting them—and felt as I had never felt, how idle and how wicked it is to pronounce any such ill-assorted couple God-joined!

I paused an instant; but in that brief space, all this passed in my mind; and doubtless something like it passed in the minds of more than one thoughtful person present. There was a silence, as at a funeral. It was broken by a whisper—a child's whisper, that sounded almost as distinctly as my own voice—

"There goes Lewis Kensington!"

The observations of children are often most seriously inopportune.

The bride's little brother, standing by the window, and chancing to glance down the street had volunteered the information, as an item of undoubted interest to the company.

It was an item of almost tragical interest to one there. The face of the bride turned white as her marriage robes. Then the blood rushed into it tempestuously. She trembled as if she had been indeed a rose, stricken by a sudden blast.

The incident prolonged the pause, which grew to be of a most painful description. But there was no longer silence. Little brother was struggling and remonstrating with a grim aunt, who, horrified, was endeavoring to muffle his indiscreet mouth with her hand. A flutter and murmur swept through the room, on one side among the young people breaking out into a titter, on the other—where the bride's parents were—sinking into something like a gasp.

The bridegroom's dark face grew darker still, his wrinkled brow more wrinkled; and I could see that he cast a quick, fierce, cruel glance, at the young mischief-maker. I took advantage of the interruption, not to repeat the usual words of the formula; but to utter in its stead the simple expression, "Whom God hath truly joined, I believe no man can put asunder!"

It was all over. Lewis Kensington might henceforth go whither he pleased,—the beautiful girl who had so long been his cherished earthly friend, and should have been his wife was now irrevocably another's.

The usual congratulations followed, with kisses, and hand-shakings, and smiles and tears. The bride was congratulated on having united her fate with one so highly respected, and so abundantly favored with this world's goods. The parents, tremulously shedding tears the while, were congratulated on seeing their only daughter so advantageously married. The bridegroom was congratulated on securing so accomplished and charming a companion for his fireside. And as I passed from the house, I overheard from some of the lips which had so lately uttered the smiling congratulations, whispered words—

"He looks old enough to be her father!"

"She is sold—not married!"

"I thought I should die when the minister—hush! there he is!"

I was glad to get out, and breathe the open air. It was such a beautiful June day, the sky so brightly blue, the breezes so sweet, the sunshine so mild and pure, the foliage of the apple-trees fluttering and hissing so melodiously, all nature so glad, from the flooding brook that gurgled down its pebbly shelves, to the happy birds that sung on the willow-tops over it; and all contrasting so refreshingly with the stilled atmosphere of the little world of wiles and asted ties, which I had left behind.

I was walking slowly across the village green—so delightfully green, that morning, as I remember it; pondering within myself the lesson of the day; listening to the conviction that uttered out of the depths of my heart its still voice that if ever again I was called upon to act the ministerial part in such a mockery of the sacred marriage ceremony, it would be my duty sternly to refuse; when a small lad came tripping behind me, calling my name.

"Lewis Kensington told me to speak to you!"

"Lewis Kensington!"

I started. Much as I trusted the strength and Christian manliness of his character, I had still some fears for the effect which the event of the morning might produce upon one so susceptible and deep-hearted as the discarded lover.

"He is at Mr. Elwood's. He said Blanche would like to see you."

"Thank you, my lad!"

I felt relieved; for I saw that it was not for himself the young man sent for me, but for one

who had long been the mutual friend and confidant of himself and that morning's bride,—one who was going soon where the trials of this life and marrying and giving in marriage, are no more.

Lewis met me at the door. I was glad to observe the expression of his face,—serious, yet full of peace. I pressed his hand, and asked first—not about himself.

"She is going slowly and softly," said he; "sailing out into the stream."

"Happy, happy Blanche!" I said—though I knew that the stream meant death.

"The happiest soul I ever knew, even as she lies there!"

"And you, Lewis?"

"Not so happy—but yet not unhappy, thank God!" And he smiled a calm, sweet smile, which must have been caught from the face of dying Blanche. "All is well with her, and I am assured that all will some day be equally well with me. Meanwhile I wait."

"There has been a wedding this morning, Lewis."

"A what?" He spoke without any bitterness of expression, and shook his head sadly. "I am afraid it was more like a death than Blanche's dying is!—O my friend!"—wringing my hand—"you are the only person besides Blanche to whom I can speak of poor, poor Rose! Tell me how she looked!"

"Not so truly blessed as we who love her might wish, I answered."

"It is too bad! too bad!" he said in deep, fearful tones. "I gave her up long ago, you know; so I do not—speak selfishly! People talk of pitying Blanche—some, I suppose, pity me! but Rose is the only one who deserves the compassion of us all."

I knew it would do him no harm to speak of what was swelling in his heart; and I encouraged him to go on.

"So beautiful a spirit! so beloved by everybody! such a happy future smiling before her! the pride and idol of her parents, to be sacrificed by them upon the altar of mammon. This day they are well-pleased, but she is doomed to sorrow; but let us say no more; come in, Blanche is waiting."

We entered the room where lay the dying girl.

Here, too, was one of whom it might have been said—"So beautiful a spirit, so beloved of all, a bright future smiling upon her so lately, the pride and idol of her parents; and now such a fate before her, and so near!" Not marriage; not a wife's blessed lot; children, friends and a long, peaceful, beneficent life; but early blight—nightshade—death!

But you would have been astounded, entering here. This was more the atmosphere of a wedding-room; that other was more the chamber of death! And this face was more the face of the bride, going pure and hopeful to the arms of the Bridegroom; and that other, when the soul shewed itself through the mask of smiles, was more the countenance of one early stricken, going down into the darkness of the shadow!

"Blanche! my good sister! blessed Blanche!" I said, bending over the bedside.

Her face was white—her hands were very white and thin—her whole form seemed a mere transparency to the light of the spirit within. But chiefly that light shone in the sweet rapture of her smile.

"I am blessed!" said she. "I cannot tell you how blessed. My whole being is flooded with peace. Christ is so near to me. I think I have touched His hand! And O, the love that is shed upon me! It is like the odor that is shed from those flowers—those flowers—those beautiful flowers which Lewis brought me."

I smelt them,—looked at them, they were beautiful and sweet indeed; but I turned from them to the far more beautiful flower of the soul that was so soon to be taken from an earthly garden and transplanted into heavenly soil. I tried to talk, but could not.

"Say something wise and good, as you alone can," she said, with a grateful look beaming from her eyes. "Your words have always been such help and comfort to me."

"That time has passed," I answered, accepting the seat Lewis placed for me—himself at my side, the girl's mother at the foot of the bed, tearfully watching. "It's your turn now to teach me. I have never learned so much out of any book, as out of the holy patience and deep faith of your heart. You need not speak. To sit here, and look at you, to find you so happy in the Saviour's arms, is lesson enough, it is joy enough, it is good for me!"

"Rose is married," said she, after a pause.

"Dear Rose! I hope she may be happy. We were always such near friends—more than sisters—is it not strange? The perfect intimacy that

was ours, the plans we formed together for the future—we would never be separated—and now, how different!"

Just then Mr. Elwood entered, and came and stood behind me, silent.

I thought, said Blanche, "if ever Rose was married, I should stand up with her; we had promised each other, and I thought Lewis would stand next to her on the other side—but God knows what is best for us. I am content. And Lewis, to think he should be acting the good Samaritan at my bedside, such a morning!"

"He has chosen the better part," I said.

"I only know," murmured Lewis, "that I also am content; I bless God that I am here!"

"I looked in to see the ceremony," remarked Mr.

Elwood, a strong, earnest man, softened by affliction.

"Old neighbours, so I thought I would go though with my dear daughter sick at home. It could hardly be expected, I suppose, that I would want to see my friend's child, her playmate, almost brought up with her, married off in such gay style."

He brushed a tear from his glistening eye. "But I tell you, friends—there is nobody here that I may not say it to, for I say it out of deep kindness and grief of heart—I tell you I feel less sorrow to come home and see my darling lying here, and know that she is soon going to her angel home before us, leaving us alone, some—far less sorrow, and misgiving, and doubt, than I should feel to see her stand up, this morning, to give away her hand without her heart!"

Blanche looked pained to hear this, and sighed.

"Poor Rose! poor, dear Rose!"

I remained but a little longer; then taking

Lewis Kensington by the arm, walked home, scarcely speaking, but pondering what I had seen.

Towards evening I was sent for again. The spirit of Blanche, they said, was parting from the frame. I found the windows flung open, to let in freely the sunset beams and soft air.

But other light illumined her, and other finer air she breathed, in that hour. The faces of friends surrounded her, but she seemed to see brighter faces, a hovering angel choir unseen by us. The birds chirped sweetly in the garden by the open window, but strains of deeper rapture, as from harps of gold played afar off—so she told us—entranced her ear.

And so she left us; we stood around, assembled and weeping, but wherefore did we weep?

On Rose's bridal night, the form of Blanche lay cold in her shroud. But somehow, I thought of Blanche as living, and of Rose as dead. And during the years that ensued, remembering the morning and evening scenes of that summer day, and witnessing ever the fading of Rose's beauty, the withering of her heart, her false, cold life, counterfeiting contentment with sickly smiles, I often said to myself, "Unhappy Rose! happy, happy Blanche!"

And hearing a few days since of the death of Rose, prematurely old, weary of the splendors and the heartlessness of the society into which wealth introduced her, I again recalled the history of those two girls which I have written down here, hoping to show to others how much more blessed it is to go to the Divine Bridegroom through the mild gates of the grave, than to enter without love, in bridal robes, the world's great whited sepulchre.

A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweler in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster; and he had concluded to take some of his stock, and peddle it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the now peddler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days, when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on 'bout five per cent," The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as such. "Well said the peddler, 'I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent; but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five.'

There are many things we ought to tell Jesus that we never do tell him. Christians would be saved a great many mistakes and grievous errors which only make work for after bitter repentance if before they entered into plans, they would go and tell Jesus, ask him all about them, and seek his guidance and direction in them."

God hears no more than the heart speaks; and if the heart be dumb God will certainly be deaf.