

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 29th, 1856.

Subject.—THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

John x. 27-30.

John xi. 1-16.

JULY 6th, 1856.

Subject.—RAISING OF LAZARUS.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

John xi. 1-4.

John xi. 17-37.

Miscellaneous.

Her silence saved Me.

"I remember," said a young man, "being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet and beautiful woman, whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering upon religious subjects, and with the fool-hardiness of youth and the recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objections that none but 'the fool who saith in his heart, there is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly goslings about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold, and repeated my innuendoes, occasionally glancing slyly towards the principal butt of all my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; she did not smile, did not look away, did not look at me.

Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking that she must refute something, that she would not surely hear her own holy faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The snickers around me gradually began to glance towards her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them; and I stood alone, striving by own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast sinking courage.

Still she never spoke, nor smiled—scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stutter—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint—I was conquered.

That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet angelic countenance of my mute accuser, came up before me even in the vision of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest, till, some days after, I went to the home of the lady I had insulted and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mild; how Christianly! how sweetly!

I was subdued; melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, a humble Christian, and looked back to my miserable unbelief with horror.

Her silence saved me. Had she answered with warmth, with sarcasm, with sneer, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering and more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the mighty words of an omnipotent God. O! how often would it be better, if, instead of vain argument or hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence, utter silence!"—*Olive Branch.*

Dangerous Criticisms.

Whoever accompanies a congregation which has just been dismissed from church, may hear a great variety of criticisms on the sermon. These ordinarily refer more to the manner of delivery, and the style of composition, than to the Scriptural handling of the subject, or the practical character of the discourse. There is a way of discussing the merits of a sermon, which has just been delivered, which is eminently proper and profitable. There is another way, which is not only injudicious, but dangerous to the spiritual welfare, especially of the unconverted.

The recital of an actual occurrence will be the best illustration of our meaning. A pious lady once left a church in this city, in company with her husband, who was not a professor of religion. She was a woman of unusual vivacity, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, and often playfully sarcastic. As they walked along toward home, she began to make some amusing

and spicy comments on the sermon, which a stranger a man of very ordinary talents, and awkward manner, had preached that morning in the absence of the pastor. After running on in this vein of sportive criticism for sometime, surprised at the profound silence of her husband—she turned, and looked up in his face. He was in tears. That sermon had sent an arrow of conviction to his heart! Let the reader imagine the anguish of the conscience-stricken wife—thus arrested in the act of ridiculing a discourse, which had been the means of awakening the anxiety of her unconverted husband!

Incalculable harm is done by these inconsiderate criticisms. Many a child has gone home from church full of trembling solicitude about eternal things—longing perhaps to throw itself into the arms of the parent, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?"—only to have all concern chilled, and all convictions chased away by the captious or mirth-moving criticisms of the father and mother. Many an unconverted wife or husband, many an impenitent friend, has thus had all interest dissipated by those who were perhaps at that very time praying for their salvation.

Let this admonition be a word in season to those church members who have unconverted children, relatives and friends.

Wonders of the Created Universe.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth; and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon ball shot directly towards, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration; when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times a second; or that there exists animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical enquirers have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated with the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay, more; that it is the difference in frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour! That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herschel.*

A Social Place.

It is sometimes asked if we shall recognize one another in heaven, and there is no better way to answer such a question than by asking, How much of a Heaven will it be if we do not—if it is to be only a "general assembly" of strangers? Away with such a thought! It is a reflection upon the family, for as the word of the Lord is true we shall be no longer strangers, but fellow-citizens, and of the household of faith! There will be in that realm but one King and one people—but one father and one family—an association of brothers and sisters at home in their Father's house. And such will be the spirit and the character of the relation which all Christians will bear to their Heavenly Father, their dear Redeemer, and one to the other when gathered home in their Father's house, where each will know that every one present is a brother and sister, by heavenly birth, that they will instantaneously feel themselves free from all re-

straint, and full of sanctified affection, recreating together with joy unspeakable, and full of glory; for if the "rich man" so readily knew Abraham and Lazarus when he saw them afar off, we shall certainly know them when made nigh by the blood of Christ. And if those who are thrust out of the kingdom are to see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom, and know them, it is certain that we, who are received into the kingdom, and permitted to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and all the prophets to go no more out forever, shall know them.

Their Light did not Shine.

"A professor of religion, say you? But I have known her these two years, and she never once mentioned the subject in my presence." So said a lady who was herself a professor. It brought to mind the words of Jesus to his disciples—"Let your light shine." Here were two professed followers of Christ, neighbours for two years, and conversing often with each other? without either discovering that the other was a professed Christian. And what was the reason? *Their light did not shine.* Instead of putting it upon a candlestick, it had been hid under a bushel. How many pleasant and profitable hours would those two years have afforded, had these individuals spoken often to each other of God's mercies! How much more brightly would have glowed the flame of Christian love in their hearts! How much more strength might they have acquired to resist the adversary!

Their light did not shine. What opportunities for doing good passed away in those two years! How many happy influences might they have exerted upon those around them which were not improved! What an opportunity was there for the powers of darkness to work! How many tares the enemy must have sowed during that long night of two years!

Their light did not shine. He who purchased them with his own precious blood commanded them to let it shine. It was a duty they owed to Him, their Saviour and Redeemer, to let it shine. It was a duty, for the neglect of which they will have to give an account in the day of judgment. In contact with one another for two whole years, and not know that each other were professors of religion! How little did they feel for the temporal and eternal welfare of each other's souls.

Rules for a Holy Life.

1. Too much desire to please men mightily prejudice the pleasing of God.
 2. Too great earnestness and vehemency, and too greedy delight in bodily work and external doings, scattereth and loseth the tranquility and calmness of the mind.
 3. Cast all thy care on God, and commit all to his good pleasure; laud, and praise, and applaud him in all things small and great; forsake thy own will, and deliver up thyself freely and cheerfully to the will of God, without reserve or exception, in prosperity and adversity, sweet or sour, to have or to want, to live or to die.
 4. Untie thy heart from all things, and unite it only to God.
 5. Remember often and devoutly, the life and passion, the death and resurrection of our Saviour Jesus.
 6. Descant not on other men's deeds, but consider thine own; forget other men's faults and remember thine own.
 7. Never think highly of thyself, nor despise any other man.
 8. Keep silence and retirement as much as thou canst, and through God's grace they will keep thee from snares and offences.
 9. Lift up thy heart often to God, and desire in all things his assistance.
 10. Let thy heart be filled and wholly taken up with the love of God, and of thy neighbour, and do all that thou dost in that sincere charity and love.
- The sum is; 1. Remember always the presence of God. 2. Rejoice always in the will of God. and, 3. Direct all to the glory of God.—*Leighton.*

How to have the Milk of the Word, pure.

AN Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession that "He had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said, it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and he confirmed his assertion by 1 Pet. 2: 2—"As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word." "I know that well, please your Reverence," replied the poor man, "but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it, with me in the house."

Woman in Affliction.

I have very often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. These disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial annoyance while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitter blast of adversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and has been lifted by it in the sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*Washington Irving.*

Marvellous, if True.

The Presse Grayloise relates that "a discovery of great scientific importance has just been made at Culmont (Haute Marne.) Some men employed in cutting a tunnel which is to unite the St. Dazier and Nancy Railways, had just thrown down an enormous block of stone by means of gunpowder, and were in the act of breaking it to pieces, when, from a cavity in it, they suddenly saw emerge a living being of monstrous form. This animal, which belongs to the class of animals hitherto considered to be extinct, has a very long neck, and a mouth filled with sharp teeth. A naturalist, well versed in the study of paleontology, immediately recognized it as belonging to the genus Pterodactylus, many fossil remains of which have been found among the strata which geologists designated by the name of lias. The rock in which this monster was discovered belongs precisely to that formation the deposit of which is so old that geologists date it more than a million of years back.—The cavity in which the animal was lodged forms an exact hollow mould of its body, which indicates that it was completely enveloped with the sedimentary deposit."

Effective Preaching.

When Dr. Rush was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who on his appearance apologized for detaining them by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the Doctor, "how did you like it?" "It's too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the Doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?" "I like, Sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

Sleeping in Church.

Some persons, who are accustomed to enjoy comfortable naps in church, would have fared badly had they lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth of England. Drowsy hearers did not come off so easily as they do now. On the contrary, every person who went to sleep during divine service, was required on the Sunday following, immediately after the reading of the gospel, to stand up in the "middle alley," and with a loud voice read a formal confession. As record was made of such cases, we find the following confession to have been made by John Apstand, of Witcham, who it seems, was one of those sleepy-heads of his day:—"Good neighbours, I acknowledge and confess I have offended Almighty God, and by my evil example you all; that I used to sleep in the church, for which I am most heartily sorry; and I ask God and you all, most heartily forgiveness for the same, promising, with God's help, never to offend hereafter in the like again." The church officers afterwards certified that John had "done his penance," but whether he kept awake afterwards, the historian does not relate.