

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 10th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S LESSON OF HUMILITY AND CONDESCENSION.

For Repeating. For Reading.
John xii. 44-48. | John xiii. 1-17.

AUGUST 17th, 1856.

Subject.—THE TRAITOR REVEALED.

For Repeating. For Reading.
John xiii. 12-17. | John xiii. 18-38.

Miscellaneous.

PATRIARCHY.

[We copy the following beautiful passage from a review of Dr. Harris, "Patriarchy; its Constitution and Probation," given in the London Baptist Magazine.]

"Patriarchy" leads the author to discourse of the family from its origin in marriage, throughout all its subsequent relations; and we have been more delighted than we know how to express with the soundness of the writer's views. Deeply convinced that the discipline of the household is essential to the stability and progress of the world, he has called into full exercise his well-known powers of description in exhibiting its excellencies and its claims; thus bringing before British Christians a subject much neglected, and of the most pressing urgency. A few citations it is hoped may have the effect of inducing parents, and young persons anticipating marriage, to read these latter portions of the volume carefully.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Each of the relations between the sexes to which we have adverted, begins, from the time of marriage, to be drawn gradually closer. The existence of many of these may not at first have been thought of, or if so, they may not have been felt. But if the union be what it ought to be, time develops and confirms them. Every day discovers something to increase admiration on the one hand, and to excite gratitude on the other. Their voluntary acts of affection speedily acquire the force of habit, until each, from being more constantly present to the mind of the other than any human being besides, becomes an ever active element in the current of the other's thoughts and feelings. Every event, whether pleasant or painful, which their memory treasures, becomes a new bond of sympathy. Every present object engages their attention in common; while every event in the future excites them mutually to hope or to fear. Love impels them to look at everything that occurs with each other's eyes; and to practice a kind of substitution, or mental metempsychosis, which tends to convert them, as far as the laws of humanity permit, into each other's nature. A process of assimilation this which only requires time in order to make the character, mental and moral, of the one, the perfect counterpart of the other; and which, probably, in many an antediluvian family was actually completed."

THE INFANT AND ITS MOTHER.

"Her bosom is its first paradise. Her face the first object on which its wandering eye learns complacently to settle. Her tones lull it to repose, and mingle with its dreams—with its being. Her eye discourses with its infant mind, while yet words are, to it, mere inarticulate sounds. Her every movement gives it a new sensation. And thus at the moment of its birth its education begins; and from that moment never knows a pause."

Praise in Heaven.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Isa. vi. 3, 4.

"One cried," and but one: they spake but one at a time. The passage defines what is called a solo. "One cried unto another and said Holy, holy," &c. There is something delightful in one voice, in one lark rising in the heavens; or, when the shades of evening come down, one bird, a nightingale, warbling in the woods. One human voice has been known to replicate miraculously, and to fill the ears of a vast and death-silent audience; the audience being enchanted by it, and held in the most exquisite captivation. What shall it be to hear a seraph

sing! I exaggerate nothing; I come not up to the real import of the passage: for it is said, that when he cried, "the posts of the door moved; and they were no common posts; they were Jachin and Boaz; they had their names on account of their stature and strength, and glory, but they trembled at the seraph's voice. On a great musical occasion in Westminster Abby, in the reign of George III, there was one stroke, a swell so deep and so amazing, that the building shook, so that they were afraid of its repetition. But let me tell you that high anthems are sung in heaven. When they laid that stone; that poor paltry stone at the building of the second temple, there was shouting which filled all heaven again. But when Christ's great work is done when all the myriads of the saints shall be gathered home and all the unerring creatures of the universe shall be gathered together to be the witnesses, they will raise such a chorus, they will hold such an anthem, as shall make the arches and the canopies of heaven to quiver again, as in sympathetic joy. And I do believe that in the heavenly world, there will be the solitary solo, and the social worship by twos, and by threes, and by fours, and the great united adoration of the immense multitude of myriads who shall come together on high festive occasions! Reader, will you be there.

Prayer for Editors.

We have heard fewer prayers offered up to God on behalf of the editors of our christian journals than for any other class of public men; and yet we know of no servants of the church who more need to be upheld by the importunate prayers of their brethren in Christ. The times are in many respects perplexing—the press teems with bad books—scepticism rears its head in a variety of forms—Anglicanism plants itself in our cities, towns, and rural districts—pocrisy acquires strength and courage from the suicidal tolerance of its doctrines and usages within the Establishment,—and there is a certain restlessness about the public mind which may be potent for good or evil. A conscientious christian editor has to deal with all this in the spirit of fidelity and meekness. He needs great wisdom, consummate prudence, wakeful observation of men and things, unceasing self-control, and, above all, a double portion of the spirit of Christ. "Brethren, pray for us," that we may be enabled to acquit ourselves honestly and honourably, and in a christian temper, to our generation and to posterity. Our own prayers will be greatly stimulated and encouraged by the conviction that thousands of devoted spirits are remembering us in their best and happiest moments at the throne of grace.—*Evangelical Magazine.*

Money.

Money! Money! Money! Alas, that multitudes cannot appreciate its value without loving it as a god! The intensity with which men of all ranks and persuasions cleave to the £. s. d. is an evil which every day proves to be rapidly on the increase. Men fitted to become blessings in their day and generation have become curses,—godly convictions have been stultified,—mental powers have been prostituted, and the heart pierced through with many sorrows. Palmer, we are informed, lived once in a snug two-storied cottage, with three square windows above and one on either side of the door. By his union with Miss Thornton, in 1847, he became possessed of £200 a-year, besides a marriage portion of £700. With a comfortable carriage and a liberal profession one would have thought that next to the one thing needful Palmer had sufficient to make him a contented, if not a happy, man. But as Hood has it,—

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, and cold;
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd,
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold;
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurr'd by the young but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold,
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold,
How widely its agencies vary,—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless,
As even its minted coins express;
Now stamp'd with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a wicked Mary.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." Is it not the fact, Balaam? Is it not the fact, Gehazi and Demas? Is it not the fact, Achan and Palmer? Speak out ye shadows of the departed, and let thy answers be written by the "unseen hand," in characters deep, on the conscience of every living man. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*C. Ellis.*

Fifty Cents for Twine.

This is an "item" of expense charged in the account of one of our benevolent societies. Recollecting the objections that some make against giving, the thought struck us that this item would furnish a text for them.

"This is the way it goes," says the objector. "I gave twenty-five cents out of my hard earnings, to have the gospel preached to all the heathen, and my neighbor gave twenty-five more, to send a great many Bibles to the destitute millions that the agent told us about, and here it is charged for twine! See if I ever give any more, that's all. It takes so much for expenses that nothing gets to the heathen at all."

Stop, man, and think a moment. What fault have you to find with the fifty cents for twine? Might it not as well be for this as truckage, or storage, or flour, or pills, or a penknife for a missionary, or glue for binding Bibles, or printer's ink, or rags for paper? The truth is, nothing goes to the heathen, but the influence and words of pious men; and to bring them there money has to be dropped out all along the road. The funds that enabled Dr. King to write down image and saint worship in Greece, were scattered about among a hundred different persons, who each performed their part in the work, and received their pay in return. Some it seems, went to the twine market, some to the handcartmen, some to the printer, some to the sailor. The doctor got some, and the lawyer some, and some the grocer had; and what, pray, is the difference? Fifty cents is half a dollar, no more, no less, whether it go for twine, or Testaments, for glue or the gospels. There is no choice between objects which are all indispensable. And the picayune that is paid to the boot-blacker, the news-boy, or the orange-woman, by the travelling missionary, does as much for God and truth, as that which buys the linen for his bands or the Bible and psalm book for his use.

I would even choose, if the option were allowed me, that my fifty cents might go for twine. Only think how many packages of love and affection it would bind up securely, so that they might cross the ocean, and cheer the hearts of the absent loved ones on distant shores. How many Bibles it would tie firmly hold in their covers. How nicely it would tie up the broken harness of the missionary's horse, when travelling on his circuit among western wilds, over roads wellnigh impassable. What infinite amusement that bit of twine might furnish to his prattling little boy, in his childish sports. The penurious, miserly professor, that barely squeezed out twenty-five cents for the Lord, when he piled up hundreds of dollars in his coffers, does not deserve the comfort of knowing how much good that bit of pack-thread did in the world. If he only had a piece of it with which to tie up the nerves of his selfishness and bind down the spirit of his worldly ambition, he would be greatly the gainer. But the fear is that he would only close up his purse with it, and that would be the end of his contributions. We should no longer get even twenty-five cents from him, when the plate came round.

If there is any thing short-sighted and narrow-souled, it is complaining of our benevolent societies because they employ a portion of their funds in the support of agents in paying postage, in office-rent, brown paper and twine. All are necessary. Each of them is a *sine qua non*; and what is there to choose between them? If any one will satisfactorily show how 150,000 copies of the American Messenger can be distributed monthly in packages, all over the country, without as much as "fifty cents for twine," we will confess to a mistake. In that case, we shall feel bound to combine our influence with that of our friend the objector, and banish "twine" forever from benevolent operations, and thus secure perpetually, his own and his neighbor's munificent donation of twenty-five cents apiece.—*Congregationalist.*

STUDY OF MANKIND.—In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—*Bulwer.*

Importance of Punctuation.

Punctuation not only serves to make an author's meaning plain, but often saves it from being entirely misconceived. There are many cases in which a change of points completely alters the sentiment.

An English statesman once took advantage of this fact, to free himself from an embarrassing position. Having charged an officer with dishonesty, he was required by Parliament under a heavy penalty, publicly to retract the accusation in the House of Commons. At the appointed time he appeared with a written recantation, which he read aloud as follows: "I said he was dishonest, it is true; and I am sorry for it. This was satisfactory; but what was the surprise of Parliament the next day, to see the retraction printed in the paper thus: "I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it. By a simple transposition of the comma and semicolon, the ingenious slanderer represented himself to the country, not only as having made no recantation, but even as having reiterated the charge in the very face of Parliament.

Different Readers.

Readers, says Coleridge, may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand which runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind; the second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier; a third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs; the fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting away all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem.

Men's Duties.

Men's proper business in the world falls mainly into three divisions:—First, To know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with. Secondly, To be happy in themselves and the existing state of things. Thirdly, To mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred or mendable. These, I say, are the three plain divisions, of proper human business on this earth. For these three, the following are usually substituted and adopted by human creatures. First, To be totally ignorant of themselves and the existing state of things. Secondly, To be miserable in themselves and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, To let themselves and the existing state of things alone (at least in the way of correction).—*John Ruskin.*

POETRY AND PROSE.—Mr. Gilfillan, in his Gallery of "Literary Portraits," says of the late Dr. Wardlaw,— "A tinge of sadness lies like the soft shadow of an angel's wing upon his face and eye." To which Dr. Alexander, the biographer of Wardlaw, appends this remark, "As one has no opportunity in the present state of observing the shadows of angels' wings, it is impossible to judge of the accuracy of this simile; but if the author intends anything more than that on serious occasions a becoming gravity sat on Dr. Wardlaw's brow and shaded his eye, his remark will not be assented to by any of Dr. Wardlaw's intimate friends."

Dying Sayings of Eminent Christians.

RICHARD BAXTER

He said to his friends that visited him in his last illness,
"God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did, and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ." He expressed a great willingness to die, and during his sickness, when the question was asked how he felt, his answer was, "Almost well."

MR. MACCAIL, A SCOTCH PREACHER.

His dying words were glorious and triumphant, notwithstanding the extremity of his bodily pain. "Farewell sun, moon, and stars! farewell world, and time! farewell weak and frail body! Welcome eternity! welcome angels and saints! welcome Saviour of the world! welcome God the judge of all."

DR. JOHN GILL.

On being asked how it was with him, he readily declared, "My dependence is on the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ alone, not on any labours of mine. I consider the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as equally concerned in my salvation. Nor have I any doubt of my interest in the everlasting covenant: this," added he, "is the foundation of my hope."