

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 16th, 1856.

Subject.—JESUS APPEARS TO HIS DISCIPLES.

For Repeating. For Reading.

John xx. 1-2. | John xx. 19-31.

NOVEMBER 23rd, 1856.

Subject.—JESUS APPEARS AT THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

For Repeating. For Reading.

John xx. 19-23. | John xxi. 1-25.

Noah's Carpenters.

It was a late hour at night. The city of N. with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water-side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence. The work was too heavy for him and he had invited his young friend, a thoughtless lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian laborers who co-operated with them, with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging boy about his soul. The proper occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters?" exclaimed Henry; "I did not know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best-proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I do not know," said Henry, in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner. "Perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door; it would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety; it would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provisions of infinite love. But I will tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day, in building an ark in N., by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that, while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labors, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will, by-and-by, beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. Henry was placed at a boarding-school in —. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflection, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide-spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

Selections.

The Slave Trade not suppressed.

Public attention has recently been called to the appalling fact that the traffic in slaves is still carried on by vessels sailing under the American flag; and that these vessels are fitted out in New York harbor. Several efforts have been made to convict and punish suspected leaders in this traffic, but government officials have suggested many legal quibbles which have obstructed the course of righteous judgment. The *Evening Telegraph* gives the following account of testimony submitted by reliable witnesses:

Our Government, which is a very zealous slave-catcher, and glories in elevating the Fugitive Slave Act above all laws, human or Divine, appears to be very kind and tender to the African slave trade which is carried on clandestinely by vessels fitted out at our ports. It never allows a slave-trader to be punished, and seldom allows one of their vessels to be disturbed when fitting out for a voyage. The slaves brought from Africa by these pirates are introduced, not only into Cuba, but also into some of the more Southern of our slave States. It is said that slavers now sail every week from New York, where Judge Betts, Commissioner Morton, and other Government officials, make it almost impossible for the law to interfere with them. Another case has just come up in New York. G. J. Figaniere, a Portuguese merchant of that city, has been held for trial on the charge of fitting out the schooner *Altivie*, alias *Onward*, for the slave trade, last March. A principal witness in this case is a man named Andrew Wilson, one of the crew of the *Mary E. Smith*, a slaver which sailed from Boston last fall. Wilson has made a statement. He says:

"I arrived in Boston in July, 1855, from a three years whaling voyage; the money in which I had been paid off—as the wages of sailors generally do—soon disappeared, and I was obliged to go, again, to sea; I engaged as seaman on board the schooner *Mary E. Smith*; the captain told me the vessel was going to Montevideo, South America; we were not many days out before I discovered that the destination of the vessel had been misrepresented to me, and that instead of going to South America she was bound to the Coast of Africa, on a slaving expedition; I found that the same imposition had been practiced on nearly all the crew; the second mate, among the rest, was imposed upon; the captain tried to smooth the deception over said he was obliged to take this course, otherwise it would be nearly impossible for him to make out a crew. As the best satisfaction he could offer, he promised us all good wages; this latter proffer acted as a salve to most, for the pay promised seemed fabulous in amount; the agreement with ordinary seaman was \$600, to go to the coast of Africa and thence to Cuba, from which place the passage of each would be paid home; in addition to this, each was to have the privilege of taking two negroes to Cuba to sell; sailor that I was, I had too much of the New England blood in my veins to sell myself to engage in the slave traffic; as I was situated, however, I could do nothing else but seemingly acquiesce: the second mate, I ascertained, felt as I did."

On reaching the coast of Africa, Wilson and the second mate deserted the ship and went to a "slave factory" or "barracoon" near Cape Pandron. It will be remembered that the *Mary E. Smith* was afterward captured, with her cargo of slaves, by a Brazilian man-of-war. The barracoon where Wilson and the mate sought refuge, was in charge of a Mr. Farre, the agent of a Lisbon merchant. The mate died there, and Wilson was afterwards sent on board the slaver *Altivie* by this Farre. He spent two months and a half at the barracoon, and gives some account of the methods of the trade. The barracoon consisted of two buildings, and sometimes had a thousand slaves in it. Wilson adds:

"The number depends upon the luck of getting in a stock, and the frequency of slavers landing on the coast. The way the negroes are obtained is by a regular system of traffic. Parties are trained to it, who do nothing else but forage the country and steal negroes. They bring them to the barracoons and receive in exchange beads, calico, brass bracelets, old muskets or rum. The price allowed for a stout, able-bodied negro, is about \$8; and for women and children from \$3 to \$4, payable in goods. No children are bought less than six years of age."

Within a day or two after being brought to the barracoon, the negroes are branded. Each barracoon has its own peculiar brand-mark, and chooses its place for impressing the brand. The more usual place is on the right breast. Sometimes it is one of the arms, or the back, or one of the thighs. The instrument of branding is

always the same—a heated iron, with the brand stamp cut in it, like a post office stamp.

At the end of two months and a half time, a slave ship came to Cape Pandron, some eight miles above, and her captain and some men came to the barracoon to buy a cargo of negroes. This slaver was the *Altivie*, from New York. A cargo of 400 negroes was bargained for: the price paid for the men, those in best condition, was \$60; for women and children was paid from \$30 to \$40 each. Mr. Farre arranged with Captain Mishes, of the *Altivie*, to have me go with the captain. It was not at my solicitation, although I was anxious to get away. My hope was that I might get off in an English cruising vessel. As it was I did not venture to make any show of opposition, but went on board the vessel and entered upon duty as a seaman. The *Altivie* was a schooner of 150 tons, well built, and a fast sailer. The negroes were quickly stowed on board; the major part were compactly huddled in the hold. Accommodations on deck were afforded for the women and children. There was here fresh air, but the condition of those in the hold was awful. They had to lay in spoon fashion, and were not permitted to stir out. A tolerable supply of food was afforded, but water was sparingly dealt out.

The vessel directed its course to Cuba; it landed at Santa Neari, a desert island; during the passage, 100 of the negroes died: the vessel was 40 days reaching this island; here they sold the negroes to parties from Cuba who were there in a vessel awaiting a cargo; some prime fellows fetching \$800 each! Immediately after the sale, the *Altivie* was set on fire and burned; the vessel lay here eight days; meanwhile the Captain went over to Trinidad to get passage to the United States for himself and crew; but, as the charge for the passports was \$6,000 he concluded to go without them; I heard there that a great deal of money had been made out of passport-money, the whole matter being very handsomely systematized for the purpose. The captain finally arranged with the captain of the brig *William Heath* to bring the crew on to New York, at which port we landed on the 24th of May last."

Street-worship in Russia.

There is no place in the world where a man with a very small capital can easier gain, if not an honest, at all events a competent livelihood, than in Moscow. All he has to do is spend a few roubles in the purchase of a grimy and obscure saint on canvas, with a tin or gilt glory round his head, and a new frame; to find out a doorway or arch near a thoroughfare where he can place this masterpiece on a table, and get room for himself on a chair, and there, with an old cap or a wooden basin as a money box, sit patiently till his customers come. They are not long in arriving. Behold, here is a mujik coming to market; the picture catches his eye, he likes it, he makes a few inquiries about it from the proprietor, who assures him that the saint has great interest in the very highest quarters, and has done an immense deal of good to all his clients. The mujik is satisfied, off goes his cap and down bends his head, while his hands busily wander from chest and brow in self-benediction, his wild locks fly over his face and bob back again as with increasing fervour he utters his prayers to the obfuscated image before him. When he thinks he has made a favourable impression he puts his hand in his pocket, drops a few copecks into the saint's treasury, and goes on his way rejoicing. "Surely," said I to a Russian, "these poor people ought to be the best in the world, they say so many prayers." "Ah!" replied he "they have need of all their prayers, they sin so much; and these saints listen so readily they are encouraged to commit all kinds of rogueries.—*Moscow Correspondent of the Times.*"

Homely Women.

We like homely women. We have always liked them. We never saw one that was not modest, unassuming, and sweet tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of the want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the other sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in women, but which are more lasting, and, in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same; and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate,

but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes, and happy husbands.—*Golden Era.*

Early Conversions.

A Western writer says that he is acquainted with three ladies, now in mature life and adorning their Christian profession, one of whom was but eight and the other two only seven years old at the time of their admission into the communion of the church. These cases are perhaps extreme, but wholly exceptional. There are enough on record like them to stimulate the zeal and rebuke the unbelief of parents and pastors. Some people seem to think the conversion of the very young an impossibility; at all events, they always oppose the reception of a child to sealing ordinances, no matter what the evidence of a renewed heart may be. Surely this is wrong. Let there be caution, watchfulness, care, and a measure of delay; but when the application of all tests is followed by the same result, and the marks of regeneration appear, they are very bold who would exclude the lamb from the fold. In truth, the conversion of children while they are such should be far more looked for than it usually is. Were it the object of such rational expectation as the Scripture warrants, there would be more prayer, and toil, and provision made for it. And when it did occur, it would be felt instinctively that God's house was the proper home for his little ones.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Transcribing of the Scriptures.

In transcribing the sacred writings, it has been a constant rule with the Jews that whatever is considered corrupt shall not be used, but shall be burnt or otherwise destroyed. A book of the law, wanting but one letter, with one letter too much, or with an error in one single letter, written with anything but ink, or written on a parchment made of the hide of an unclean animal, or on parchment not properly prepared for that use, or prepared by any but Israelites, or any skins of parchment tied together by unclean strings, shall be holden to be corrupt; that no word shall be written without a line drawn on the parchment, no word written by heart, or without having been pronounced orally by the writer; that before he writes the name of God, he shall wash his pen; that no letter shall be joined to another; and if the blank parchment cannot be seen all around each letter, the roll shall be corrupt. There are certain rules for the length and breadth of each letter, each word, and each section. Even to this day it is an obligation on the persons who copy the sacred writings of the synagogues to observe them.

Star in a Daughter's Crown.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Baker, of Texas, relates the following beautiful fact:

During a revival in —, a sweet little girl named Sarah, went home full of what she had seen and heard; sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father who had been to church, but was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied, "It is your mother or your aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl." "No, papa," said the little creature, "the preacher said, all good people pray; and those who don't, ain't going to heaven. Pa, do you pray?" This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way, he said, "Well, you and your mother and your aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine." "Pa," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are you going?" This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and immediately began to cry aloud for mercy. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and I believe will appear in heaven as a star in his little daughter's crown of rejoicing.

A remarkable Case.

A friend writes us the following facts concerning a lady who is a member of the Baptist Church in Lawtonville, in this State. She will be seventy-three years old on the 26th of next December, and has eighty-seven children, grandchildren, or great grandchildren now living, and there has not yet been found a swearer or a drunkard among them. The most of them who are grown are members of the Baptist denomination. The lady is still quite active, and goes about visiting among the sick, often sitting up with them without suffering any from the effects of it.—*South. Baptist.*