

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 9th, 1856.

Subject.—VISIT TO THE SEPULCHRE. For Repeating. For Reading. John xix. 25-27. John xx. 1-18.

NOVEMBER 16th, 1856.

Subject.—JESUS APPEARS TO HIS DISCIPLES. For Repeating. For Reading. John xx. 1-2. John xx. 19-31.

Love one Another.

A little girl with happy look, Sat slowly reading a pious book, All bound with velvet and edged with gold, And its weight was more than the child could hold; Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er, And every day she prized it more, For it said, as she looked at her dear little brother It said, "Little children must love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught, And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought, For the boy looked up in glad surprise, To meet the light of her loving eyes; His heart was full, he could not speak, He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek; And God looked down on the happy mother, Whose little children loved each other.

The Story of a Bird.

THE following sketch teaches us that a good name is better than riches, and that uprightness and honesty are the best means of success. It is founded on a story well known in Germany, but which will, we hope—in its new English dress—be interesting to our young readers.

Old Michael and his grandson dwelt in a little cottage near a forest. They were poor in this world's wealth, but the old man possessed the "true riches" and it was the earnest endeavour of his life to make his grandson love religion. He knew it would guard him from a "thousand snares," and afford peace and consolation such as the world could not give nor take away. And young Michael was early impressed with holy things. The teachings of his grandfather were owned and blessed, and the old man rejoiced in the hope that his child was a lamb of the Saviour's flock. I want you to understand this at the outset, as it was religion that made young Michael honest and truthful; and if you want to be what you ought to be, accepting religion—the religion of Jesus Christ—is the only certain way to be so.

The old man and his grandson worked at box-making. Not great boxes, but neat and elegant fancy cases, that were ornamental as well as useful. Young Michael loved his grandfather sincerely, and did all he could to please him. They often spent whole days together in the woods selecting maple roots and stumps for their business, and many a pleasant talk they had together of God's goodness and mercy. The bright skies, the old trees, the green sward, the full foliage, the songs of the birds, excited not only admiration at the beauties of nature, but adoration for the God of nature. "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord!"

Now the songs of the birds, and the graceful form and beautiful colour of those sweet choristers of the forest, arrested young Michael's attention, and often he thought it would be a fine thing to have one of these birds to sing to them at home. But his grandfather thought it cruel to shut up these poor birds in a cage, and forbade him to capture any of them. However, as the winter came on, an incident occurred which changed the old man's purpose. As they sat in the forest, eating their dinner, a poor little robin came and picked up the crumbs. Young Michael was delighted, and his grandfather told him that as the robin was a tame bird it might be captured, as it would willingly dwell with man. A day or two afterwards an opportunity occurred for its capture, and Michael, with great joy, took it home—expatiating all the way on the beauty of its shining black eyes and yellow-red breast.

The robin was soon domesticated. A fresh little pine was set up for it in the corner of the room, and it hopped from twig to twig, and seemed to enjoy itself very much. Young Michael was delighted. He was very kind to it, for religion had taught him to be kind to all things, and his tenderness and care was most exemplary. How Michael loved that bird! No prince ever listened with greater pleasure to the finest music than he did to the bird's lovely twitter. No great man ever admired splendid and gorgeous dresses so much as he did the simple coloured feathers of his little favourite. No sightseer ever beheld a spectacle with more interest than he did his little bird picking up crumbs of potato from the edge of his plate. It was the source of a thousand pleasures to his childish heart.

Well, time went on, and festival days were coming. Young Michael found his grandfather now and again seemed sad, and he made bold to ask him why. The old man smiled through his tears, and said it was a foolish fancy, but he could not help thinking of happy days that were gone, when a wife and children were about him, and he kept festival with the rest—"To-morrow, you see," he said, "is my birthday, and I am seventy-one years old."

"Grandfather," said little Michael, "we must have a feast!" The old man smiled. "No, dear child," he said, "my feasting time of that sort has long gone by. I have a richer feast in the things of God. Besides, I have scarcely money to buy bread."

"I know that, grandfather," said the boy, "but we ought to keep your birthday—you always keep mine."

So Michael grew thoughtful, and as his favourite finger to pick some bruised hempseed from his hand, he said to him—"Now, little bird, how shall we get a feast for grandfather?"

Just as he was speaking, there came in—oh, so fine, in velvet and feathers—the young lord of the estate. He wanted to have some alteration made in a box, but noticing at once the little bird, said—"Why, what a pretty robin, little Michael; I must have that. What will you take for it?"

"Take for it!" said the boy, and his heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat—"Oh, I love it too dearly to sell it—don't I birdie?—and I can't part with him."

"I will take great care of him," said the young nobleman, "and I will readily give you a florin." The boy's eyes twinkled, and then filled with tears.

"A florin is a great deal of money," he said, "but I do so love my birdie!"

"Well, you can easily procure another."

"But another would not love me like this."

"Well, what shall I give you? I have taken a fancy to the bird, and promise you it shall fare well."

The boy stood there with the robin twittering on his finger, and picking up the bruised hempseed from his hand. His eyes were quite full of tears; his heart was full also, for he knew that a florin would procure the little feast for his grandfather's birthday. What a hard struggle it was. Yes—no—yes—no—over, and over, and over again. At last he said—

"Yes; give me the florin, and you shall have the bird."

The bird looked at him with shining black eyes, and the boy cried bitterly.

"You will take great care of it," he said, "and not clip its wings; and don't let the cat get at it; and recollect it likes potato, and it likes hempseed, and it likes to have a little pine, and it likes—"

"It shall have all it likes."

So the bird was given to the young gentleman, and the money was given to Michael. Then Michael set about getting up the feast; and a happy day it was. And when his grandfather told him he had done a noble thing, his heart was full of joy, and if a tear stole down his cheeks for his lost robin, he wiped them off in a minute, and was joyful again directly.

But poor little Michael really missed his bird sadly. There was the fir-tree on which it used to perch, so solitary and deserted now. Michael did not look towards it if he could help it, for it made him shed tears, and that he thought would grieve his old grandfather. One winter's night, more than two months after he had parted with his treasure, the sky was cloudy, and it snowed and rained together, and the storm sighed and roared as if it would carry away the little house in its fury. The old man and his grandson sat over a small wood fire, and tried to warm their cold hands by its blaze. Suddenly young Michael started up.

"Oh, grandfather," he said, "there's a little bird picking at the window." He threw open

the casement; and imagine his joy when his own dear red-breast flew in, all wet with the storm. He knew it at once, for he had tied a thread of red silk round its foot. The bird flew to him, and perched on his shoulder.

"Oh, you dear little bird," he cried. "And how did you find your way back? and did you like your new home? and did not you forget your old friends, brave birdie? Would you like to stay here? Ah, birdie, you don't understand these things—I have sold you, and I must take you back. It almost breaks my heart to do it, little bird, but it would not be honest to keep you. And we must be honest, birdie dear, because God says so."

"Right, boy, right," said his grandfather. "However hard the path of duty, we must not fear it, but trust in God that He will keep us right. Better take the bird back soon—now, if the storm was not so violent."

"I must go now," said the boy, "for I don't know how I shall part with birdie if I keep him any time."

So away he went through the pelting storm, shielding the bird in his blouse; and so he came to the big house, and his good name did this for him—he was admitted to see the young lord.

The young lord was lounging in a cushioned chair, with a parrot by his side and a greyhound at his feet. He was quite a boy, but to Michael he seemed almost as a king. There were wax lights in the room; and a lady, the young lord's mother, sat working at a table. Michael, with a trembling voice, told his story—the bird had strayed, and he had brought it back. The young lord praised his honesty; the lady at the table began to ask questions; and at her gentle voice the boy's emotion thoroughly overwhelmed him, and he wept sorely, telling her in broken words how much he loved the bird, and how hard it was to part with it. The lady was much interested, said he was a good brave boy, suggested to her son that the robin should be given back to Michael—oh, joy, joy to the boy's heart—and finally sent him away with the bird and a gold piece. Who shall say which was the happiest, the bird, the child, or the old man!

This was the beginning of Michael's fortune. The lady once interested in his welfare, and delighted with his excellent character, sent him to school; from school to college. He afterwards became a minister, and preached the gospel he loved so well. Under God's providence, that bird was the first cause of Michael's good fortune. He who taketh care of the birds, by means of a red-breast provided for him. And let us remember that if we, like little Michael, acknowledge God in our ways—doing those things that are of good report and right in his sight—He will direct our steps, and bless us and keep us all our lives long. B. K. C.

Selections.

The Spirit and not the Letter.

JESUS, therefore, we read, knowing that all things were about to be accomplished, poured water into a basin, and washed the feet of his disciples. You are aware that in Eastern countries the very first act of hospitality was to give water to wash the feet. Shoes were not worn—the feet were not covered in those days—there was only a sandal or a piece of leather below the foot; and travelling on a dry and dusty soil, under a burning sun, the feet were necessarily covered with dust; and the very first act of hospitality was to give water for the cooling and the washing of the feet. Now Jesus did so as an act of hospitality, of service, and of self-sacrifice, and so a suggestive precedent, not for the practice itself, but for the principle, the spirit and the lowliness and love necessarily involved in it. There is no warrant, I think, for keeping up the practice now, any more than other practices that occur and were proper then. But it was then perfectly intelligible, there was a reason for it; the latitude and longitude would justify—the practice of the country would justify it. But for Dr. Wiseman to do as he is now doing—washing the feet of ten or twelve men that he gathers from the streets, on a platform erected for that purpose in a chapel or cathedral, is one of the most monstrous and absurd attempts to imitate Christ that one could possibly imagine. It would be far better to lay aside the pomp and splendor of a useless ceremonial, than to imitate the blessed Master in outer acts, but to deny him in his inner and holy spirit. We are to imitate and exhibit the principle involved in this, but the practice itself is necessarily obsolete. In ancient times, when they met in church, it was the custom for each to kiss the other; the practice now would be absurd. It was the practice then to wash the feet when they arrived after traveling;

the practice now is unnecessary, and it would be no copy of Christ. It was the practice then, to fast—I allude to fasting in the sense of abstinence from food—but we are told in the New Testament Scripture that the fast that the Lord has chosen is to undo the heavy burdens, to deny ourselves, to take up our cross, and to follow Christ. It is utterly worthless to keep outer customs, when we lose the inner spirit; just as it is worthless to keep as a sacred relic the pretended holy coat of Treves, whilst they that keep it and adore it, crucify afresh the Son of God, and put him to an open shame. Thus we see what Jesus meant by this act; and he himself explained it when he came to Peter.—Dr. Cumming.

The Bear in the Saw-Mill.

A hungry bear, searching for food, lighted upon a saw-mill which stood in a forest. The man who attended it was eating his dinner when Bruin walked up to the mill. Seeing the bear coming, the man started from his seat, and climbing up to the beam of the mill, sat upon it. Bruin sat down upon his haunches, and began to eat the poor man's dinner with very great satisfaction. But the man, having recovered from his fright, thought he would disturb the bear's equanimity by setting the saw in motion. So crawling softly along the beam, he leaned over, touching the handle which lifted the "gate," and let on the water. In a moment the saw began to dance and the log on which Bruin sat to slide toward it.

It was now the bears turn to start. He leaped from the logs, gazed at the saw a moment, and then, with a growl of defiance, leaped upon the saw, and hugging it to his breast in a fit of fury, was soon changed into a dead bear. The man, you may be sure, was very well pleased at this. He had got rid of a troublesome visitor, and Bruin's body was more than worth the dinner which he had lost.

Foolish Bruin! He fought with a saw and perished. I hope, my children, you will never imitate the bear's folly. I hope so because many children do. Whoever does wrong fights with a saw. There is a boy for example, who frets and fumes because his father, is a poor man and cannot afford to dress him as rich men's sons are dressed. That boy fights a saw, for it is both foolish and wicked to wrangle with the providence of God. Yonder is a girl who gets into a passion when she is contradicted, or when she cannot have her own way. She too, fights with a saw, because such conduct is sinful. She does herself harm by it, and every sin is a sharp saw ready to cut to death those who commit it.

Dear children don't commit sin! Don't fight with a saw.

He wished he had been a Minister.

THIS is one of the remarkable expressions made by the late Lorenzo Shephard, Counsel to the Corporation of the city of New York, in his midnight conversation with a friend a few hours before his death. He was, however, in no respect conscious of his approaching change, but spake as if he had many years before him. Yet "he wished that it had been his lot to be a minister of the gospel." As this was not a late and death extorted admission, neither was it the fruit of disappointment in the common aims of life.—Mr. Shephard was unusually successful, both as a professional man, and as a politician.—He rose rapidly. Honorable and lucrative offices were at his beck. His character for lofty integrity was universally admitted.—His friends were among the pillars of society. Yet in the first stages of his career, in the bloom of success, with many glittering prizes before him, and with a moral certainty of soon grasping them, he turns away amid the whirling tumult of an excited political canvass to sigh after the lot of a gospel minister.

Is there no lesson, no caution here to the young men of piety who turn their backs on the ministry, because other professions hold out the prospect of a speedier and more brilliant worldly success? Mr. Shephard's case reveals the magnitude of the mistake they make. They may succeed to the top of their wishes, may accumulate honors, offices, means, influence, and political station; and then after all, feel in their hearts the irresistible desire that the holy peace, humble toil, and spiritual aims of a parish minister had been their lot.—Christian Intelligencer.

COMMON EXPERIENCE.—When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before; at present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man.—John Wesley.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.

Mr. J. Beck... of fruit-trees... ber—take a br... such as suits y... third year's gr... a red-hot iron... of the wood... ground all b... in good groun... will have fru... sometimes, d... rosin, but thi... tree near my... well-proporti... years ago; to... ever sprouts... bent down a... fruit consider... seeds, and w... ad, when gr... kind, and wh... in after-years... ing. In case... should be wa... Effect of... Horses hav... and refuse b... the former... starting coat... to gripes. P... they can obt... that hard wa... certain anim... are race-hor... water, that i... ply of soft... race is to ta... water, the h... Mr. Youat... remarking... for the horse... has made th... for he will r... access to so... water may t... pool. Destruction... The grow... pavement... ushly. ing them is... elsewhere, pounds of... and two po... is an iron... being more... wances, is... and pavem... the several... This pla... member th... or other pl... or paths, i... Mr. Ag... Whatever... never inju... pupa (two... insect stat... louse or... gardens at... gardening... knows th... who calls... winged, l... of shells... are of var... orange a... genus of... Louisville... All kin... dry day... them in... airy pla... When p... paper at... the leav... cooking... the pow... Mr. S... squash... one hun... bly the l... —Chica...