

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 12th, 1856.

Subject.—THE APPREHENSION OF CHRIST.
For Repeating. For Reading.
John xvii. 1-3. | John xviii. 1-18.

OCTOBER 19th, 1856.

Subject.—THE MOCK TRIAL OF CHRIST.
For Repeating. For Reading.
John xviii. 15-18. | John xviii. 19-40.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rupert Rudolph's Letters to his Cousin.
[No. 4.]

DEAREST COUSIN,

Notwithstanding the decided advantages referred to in my last of being "self-taught," it will be necessary for us to be careful, lest we fall into a not less unfortunate error on the opposite side of the question—that of undervaluing early advantages. Persons who have become famous by their own exertions are apt to be noted for harshness, a vigor of character which unfits them to become useful and congenial members of society. They will not look with lenity on the failings of their fellows. They have themselves breasted alone the billows, and will not forgive in their associates, the want of that indomitable spirit, which has been the means of winning for them their present position. Like Moses in the wilderness, the flinty rock at their bidding has yielded from its adamant bosom the element of their subsistence, and from that fount they have drunk and were satisfied.

Again, youths who are thus growing up,—and from their own efforts gaining knowledge suited to their years, isolated, as is often the case, from spirits of a similar nature, are liable to assume a sense of self-importance, which we should be careful to guard against. Perhaps there are within the scope of their acquaintance those who are not really their inferiors, but whose acquirements are less apparent. An inherited vigor they suppose is the only sap which nourishes them, and in looking over the sterile plains nothing meets their searching glance, but what they consider stunted "weeds" of the human species.

All this serves to produce an over-estimation of their own attainments, while their ears are often filled with unmeaning flatteries, plentifully administered by the lips of unjudicious parents and relatives, who never consider the evil which must inevitably arise from such a course.

Let us learn therefore, my dear Cousin, while we pursue the path up to the temple of knowledge to think humbly of our attainments, and learn something at every opportunity, and let no season pass neglected, which could be made to contribute to our benefit, and when we enter on the busy stage of active life, we shall not unceasingly deplore golden moments worse than wasted, and happy hours worse than unimproved. Farewell till I write again.

Yours as ever,

RUPERT RUDOLPH.

Beech Hill, Sept. 26th.

Selections.

Take care, Man.

A Gentleman, connected with one of the daily papers in New York, was crossing the Brooklyn Ferry very late one evening. There was a great crowd on board. Every body was in a hurry. When the boat was near the shore, they all rushed forward to get off as soon as possible. While they were all thus crowded together, he heard a little voice come up from about his feet, "Take care, man; there is a little boy down here!" It was a manly little fellow clinging to his mother, but large enough to let him know that some body else had rights there as well as himself. How apt we are to forget that there is a little boy down here, and to tread upon the rights and happiness of other people, as if we alone were to be considered in the world—to follow out our own pleasures without any regard to other people.

"Take care, man!" in all that you say or do at home. There is a little boy down there, who is watching you, listening to you, and will be sure to imitate you. You can not tell how many seeds of evil you may drop into his little mind and heart, to grow up by and by into dreadful trees of crime. Never forget that the little boy down there has a right to be kept and guided by you away from all evil, and that what you teach him, he is hereafter to teach other people.

"Take care, man!" there is a little boy down

here who is waiting to be taught by you, and led by your example to the Saviour's feet. He is waiting for you to become really a follower of the Saviour, that he may follow you. If you lead him thus, you will send happiness down to another generation. If you neglect him or lead him astray, not only his own soul, but the souls of many may be lost by your neglect and sin. Your religion, or your neglect of it, is not for yourself alone. The fathers to the children shall make known this truth. Remember the soul of that little boy down there, and try to save it.

"Take care, man!" in the Sunday school, what you teach there. There is a little boy down there. He is listening to all your words. He is to hear the way of salvation from you. He is to remember you for good or evil in his life. Don't neglect him. He will not be always a little boy. And your faithfulness may be the instrument of everlasting benefit to him, and usefulness by him to many beside.

"Take care, man!" you must expect to be brought out in new editions all the time. These little boys down here will do just what you do, and perhaps in a stronger way. Put up that segar, there is a little boy down here; don't perpetuate a habit so silly, and so loathsome in his fresh and healthful life. Lay aside that glass of wine. This little boy will be most likely to follow your steps, and carry your indulgence still farther and more destructively. Burn that Sunday newspaper; never buy another. This little boy will see enough Sabbath-breaking without your help. Try to set him a better example. Avoid your idle and pleasure-taking Sunday. Go to the house of God. There is a little boy who will be very glad to go to church with you; but he will be very apt to be tempted by you to go astray.

Ah! what a thought this is! Example.—Influence! Carry it out in every thing. Seek not your own pleasure merely; but remember always there is a little boy down here. Try to save him. Save the little boys, and you will save the men. Save the little boys, and you will save the land.—*Memorial.*

The Truant Players.

Your morality is another thing altogether than religion. Your morality relates to man; not to God. It has, in your own mind, even, no reference to God. It tends to no acts of devotion to him; to no prayer, to no desire to learn his will, to no worship in your family or in your closet. You do not yourself, even, pretend on this account to be a religious or pious man. You do not profess to be; you do not ally yourself to those who are pious; you do not expect to be ranked among their number; you would be surprised if you were—either by man or God. You would either receive it as a witticism if you were called a saint, or would regard it as intended to be an insult. You have never pretended to perform the proper act of a religious man; and you would be greatly surprised if a religious man should address you as a brother believer. Your morality is very valuable in some respects, but it has a very limited sphere considering all your relations; and, though amiable in itself, it may exist in connection with other things that are far from being amiable. Will you suffer me to show you, by a very plain illustration, how this is? A company of boys are playing on a common. They are blithe, merry, happy. They are kind to each other, and true to each other, and faithful to each other. If one falls into danger, all are ready to help him; if one is unfortunate, all sympathize with him; if one is prospered, all rejoice. They do not steal from each other; they do not slander each other; they do not cheat each other. If one makes a promise to another it is faithfully kept; if a bargain is made, the most scrupulous rules of honesty are observed. They are all truants. They have broken away from the restraints of home; are there contrary to the wishes of their parents, and in direct violation of their commands. They refuse to return home at the time when they are commanded; and if at home, they manifest no regard for a parent's will or comfort. What do you think of them? Does their system of morality among themselves prove that they love their parents, or are entitled to the favor of their parents? Does it prove that they are not to be regarded as truants, and treated accordingly? Suppose that one of them is charged with disobedience to his parents. "O" says he, "we are very kind, and honest, and truthful among ourselves. I have injured no one of my playmates; I am esteemed to be honorable and upright; I am among them strictly moral." Exactly so; but how does this prove he is not guilty of crime against a parent? Just as much, fellow-sinner, as your morality proves that you are not a sinner in the sight of God—and no more.—*Rev. A. Barnes.*

The Fop and the Bookseller.

About two hundred years ago, a foppish young man strolled into the shop of Mr. Boulter, a godly bookseller in London and inquired for some play-books. Mr. Boulter informed him that he had none, but said he could recommend something much better. Accordingly, reaching down a little treatise by the Rev. John Flavel, on "keeping the heart," he presented it to him, entreating him to read it and assuring him it would do him more good than play-books. The gentleman read the title, and glancing on several pages here and there, broke out into many profane and hasty expressions, such as—"what a fanatic was he who made this book." Mr. Boulter begged of him to buy the book, and read it, assuring him that he would find no cause to regret it.

At last the young man said he would buy it, but he would not read it. "What will you do with it then?" said Mr. Boulter. "I will tear it and burn it," said he, "and send it to the devil!"

Mr. Boulter told him then that he should not have it. Upon this the gentleman promised to read it, and Mr. Boulter said, "when you read it, if you do not like it, I will return you the money."

About a month after, the gentleman came to the shop again, greatly changed in appearance, in a plain, modest dress, and with a serious countenance, addressed Mr. Boulter thus: "Sir, I most heartily thank you for putting this book into my hands. I bless God that he moved you to do it; it hath saved my soul." He then bought a hundred copies more of him, telling him that he would give them to the poor who could not afford to buy them; and so he left him, while Mr. Boulter could not sufficiently admire and praise the goodness of God.

Thus does the Lord from time to time reward the faithfulness of his servants to the conversion of sinners. Had Mr. Boulter been afraid of this fine gentleman, because he was rich and godless, and if he had been ashamed to own his Master before him, and plead his cause, he would not have had the honor of directing this poor wanderer to Jesus. Let us strive to do likewise.

Let those write for God whom God has given the power, and let those who cannot write themselves, diffuse the godly publications of others. Many are thus converted who will not go to hear the preached Gospel.

The Black Veil and the Empty Chair.

The city of Venice once boasted the portraits of all her long array of Dukes—save one. They occupied a gallery in the General Council, and thither strangers went to gaze at the good, the brave, and the true. As the eye ran from one picture to another, it fell at last on one which seemed out of its place. Instead of the form and face of a Duke, the canvass presented only an empty chair, over which was thrown, as if to hide it, a black veil. This sad emblem of dark oblivion, occupied the space to which, in point of time should have been assigned the portrait of Marino Faliero, a Duke in the 14th century. This man led a brilliant career as commander of the republican troops, gaining at one time a splendid victory over the king of Hungary. He was afterwards sent as an ambassador to Rome and to Genoa; and honored with other offices of trust in the republic. Why then was not his face given to posterity, as well as those of his less illustrious brethren? Because, alas, he proved himself a traitor to his country! To revenge some private pique, he laid a deep, and cowardly plot to rob Venice of her noblest sons. He hated some in the Senate with inveterate hatred and resolved to silence them forever. His plan was to rush into the senate chamber with a band of vile assassins when the unsuspecting victims were at their deliberations, and slyly strike the death blows. But fortunately the conspiracy was betrayed before the day arrived, and Faliero and the minions he had bribed to aid him were arrested and put to death as traitors. Therefore did his countrymen cause the black veil and the empty chair to be painted as a memorial of his disgrace. And it is well; for who cares to see the features of him who proves false to his country, and a cowardly foe to his brethren?

Should the faces of our present representatives at Washington be transferred to canvass, we would propose to the artist to have ready an empty chair and a sable veil to give the public in place of his face, who, among them has proved himself a traitor to his country and a treacherous foe to that son of freedom than whom proud Venice could never boast a nobler. Let us then have in our national gallery for 1856; at least one black veil and empty chair.—*Boston Paper.*

Tart words make no friends: a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

The Jubilee.

The following beautiful passage occurs in a sermon before the American Baptist Publication Society, preached in the Strong Place Baptist church in Brooklyn, by the Rev. Dr. Ide, from the following text: "In the day of the atonement shall ye make the trumpet to sound throughout all your land."—*Lev. 25: 9.*

"The Jubilee was intended to be a season of repose. All disputes were to be laid aside, and the whole land presented one unbroken scene of unity, brotherhood, and peace. How beautiful this prefigured the Sabbath of the soul, which was ushered in by the gospel of Christ! The day was rapidly drawing on when the gospel would be universally diffused, spreading concord and joy everywhere throughout the earth. Error would be banished from the borders of the church, and theological hate should distract her no more. In every clime, and under every form of social development, she would be inspired by one soul, and actuated by one purpose—the glory of God, and the welfare of the human race. As there would be peace in the church, so there would be peace everywhere. And this universal peace on earth would be but the prelude of everlasting peace in heaven.

Finally, he would notice the extent to which the Jubilee was proclaimed. At the door of the Tabernacle a company of priests were stationed, each with a silver trumpet in his hand. The Levites in the cities, and all householders in the country, were provided with silver trumpets. When the priest had pronounced the benediction, the Levites sounded their trumpets; the sound was caught up and repeated by those who dwelt near Jerusalem, and again repeated by those who heard them, and thus it was sent on from dwelling to dwelling, from village to village, from hill-top to hill-top, from city to city, and from tribe to tribe, until the farthest borders of the land echoed and re-echoed with the glad music. In one hour, the trumpet sound which began at the temple in Jerusalem, was ringing along the hill-sides of farthest Galilee. The sounding of the silver trumpets was unquestionably a symbol of the spread of the gospel. As every householder was to take part in it, so every Christian was to share in summoning the outcast to his lost inheritance. In the Sabbath school class, on the steamboat, in the railway car, wherever sinning man was found, there the trumpet of the gospel was to be sounded. Neighbor should send it on to neighbor, house to house, village to village, city to city, land to land, until the most distant and secluded spot on the globe should be penetrated by the joyful summons. The hour was at hand when this should be realized.

The Laplander should hear it amid his everlasting snows, and his heart should grow warm at the sound; the oppressed masses of Europe should hear it, and should rise up from under their burdens, and should stand forth free in Christ. The thralls of Popery should hear it, and should hurl down the Man of Sin, and trample on the fetters wherewith he had so long bound them. Our own land should hear it from the populous hills of the Atlantic, to the rising settlements on the shores of the Pacific, and it should echo from the Andes, swell over the might plains of the Amazon, and float far away under the beams of the Southern Cross. The millions of Asia should hear it, and the African, amid the foul orgies of his fetish worship, should put off his beastly nature, and stand up in the dignity of manhood. The islands of the sea should hear it, and those that go down in ships, and do business in the great waters, should hear it mingling with the sound of the watch-bells, and sounding its cheering notes far over the listening main. Farther and faster should speed the call; sweeter and louder should it grow, until the whole earth is aroused, and the voice of the world send up one universal hymn to its Restorer.

Who would not speed it on and on? Who would not put the trumpet to his lips and sound along the blast, until, like the walls of Jericho, the ramparts of sin should fall? It was for the brethren of the Publication Society to sound the trumpet of the world's Jubilee. God had ordained the Press as well as the Pulpit, to be a vehicle for the dissemination of the knowledge of Jesus. We should sound it then by our books—sound everywhere salvation through Jesus' blood. Every private Christian has his silver trumpet; the voice of the little child, feeble as it might be, would help to swell the mighty strain of salvation to the world, and to prolong it until it should fill the earth. In all departments of life as Levites in the pulpits, as householders in our homes, as sentinels on the hilltops, or dwellers amid congregated masses, wherever Providence has fixed our lot, it was ours to put the trumpet to our lips, and send on the signal of redemption; and if we fail to do it, we fail in our sacred trust."