

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 1856.

Subject.—THE HOLY SPIRIT PROMISED AND HIS OFFICES DESCRIBED.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

John xv. 22-25. | John xvi. 1-16.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1856.

Subject.—CONCLUSION OF CHRIST'S DISCOURSE WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

John xvi. 7-12. | John xvi. 17-33.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rupert Rudolph's Letters to his Cousin.

[No. 2.]

DEAREST COUSIN,

As you think that nature has placed you in a position where it is out of your power to obtain an education, I will address to you a few lines for the purpose of dissipating such a notion. The dexter hand which guides this pen over the paper, you know was never trained within academic walls, and I am therefore not prepared in the least to treat of systematic studies, but shall confine my remarks to what I think may suit you and others who like myself, are compelled to drudge through the paths of erudition, without solicitude or sympathy, and remain in the ranks with those which form the working classes of mankind.

What is won without toil or thought certainly deserves no praise. In learning, as in every other branch of labor, there are higher and lower paths, but the highest is not a walk of idleness. Money, it is true, may smooth the road and spread its walk with silken carpets, but it cannot place its pursuer in possession of the long-sought gem. Affluence cannot monopolise its beauties; the plebeian and the patrician must undergo the same process, endure the same ordeal, if he would gain the wondrous heights of knowledge. The lives of those glorious men, whose names shine with greatest brilliancy in the galaxy of fame, serve to confirm the truth of the idea, that self-made men frequently arise to the most exalted situations. Native energy of thought, is prominent in this class of persons, often to a greater extent, than in those who undergo a complete course of education. They have scaled alone those craggy cliffs; they have, with courage indomitable, shattered the massive (and as they seemed impregnable) gates of the "Temple of Knowledge" and wrought their way into the exalted halls of Wisdom; though we cannot see the regular gradations through which they passed to arrive there.

The mighty works of Newton were not accomplished by any necromantic jugglery, but as the glorious result of years of assiduous labor. Though we cannot trace the process which he followed, through distant spheres and immeasurable worlds, the many cliffs upon which he sought to take a higher step into the unexplored regions which crumbled beneath his ponderous tread, and again left our philosopher on ground formerly occupied yet with invincible determination, and an eye resting on no object nearer than complete victory, he renewed his efforts, and, after years of Herculean exertions, he has taught us those wondrous mysteries, developed those abstruse subjects which the ancients beheld and considered as known only to Omniscience; elucidated their most difficult ramifications; so that a child who watches the mutations of the moon, or the flowing of the tides, can explain and ascribe them all to their proper causes.

This is one of the men, perhaps not without "an education" as in those days it was termed, but consider his toil to obtain that, which now our only labor is to commit to memory,—in order to be as wise as he,—and which required years of patient labor to ascertain. When again our avenue of communication shall be opened, I will endeavour to show a few characteristics of self-taught men, distinct from the professed literati.

I am your Cousin.

RUPERT RUDOLPH.

Beach Hill, August 20th, 1856.

FOR MOTHER'S EYES.—Mothers who encourage their daughters in superficial accomplishments and bold display, are often preparing for them a lifetime of chagrin and misery. On the other hand, when they are trained at home, by precept and example, in retiring, industrious, studious, virtuous habits, they are prepared to be useful and happy throughout life.

Profitable Partnership.

It was a sad and mournful evening at No. 6, Blacknell Street. Mr. Elston, had returned from business to his comfortable residence, where the usual warm welcome awaited him from his wife and children; but he was sad, and nothing could cheer him. For some weeks he had appeared anxious and sorrowful, but now he seemed quite overwhelmed with some untold trouble. The children were sent away a little earlier than usual, and very soon his wife affectionately enquired respecting the cause of his depression. In a few words he informed her that all their worldly prospects were blighted, and that he was actually a ruined man. One comfort remained to him, that this calamity was not through any fault of his. The failure of other houses with whom he carried on business transactions had dragged him down. Now, all that he had left was his affectionate family, an unblemished character, a good conscience, and hope in that God who tries, but does not forsake the righteous.

Mr. Elston had entered life rather early as a clerk in a merchant's counting-house. By his consistent conduct and obliging manners he had won confidence, and gradually worked his way up. His salary was regularly increased, and in a few years he was able to lay by something considerable. When about thirty years of age, an advantageous opening in business presented itself, and he quitted the service he had been in for thirteen years, with the regrets, thanks, and good wishes of every member of the establishment. For a few years he prospered in business, until, in a commercial crisis, his little vessel was wrecked; he now sat with the storm howling around him, and with small hope of again being able to freight another.

"Well," he exclaimed, after a long silence, "if I must begin the world afresh, so be it. I think that my old employers will receive me back, and though it is very pleasant to be one's own master, yet it is no disgrace to be a servant. We must try, my dear wife, to bring our minds to our circumstances, and may God sanctify our sorrows. No doubt they are necessary, they form part of our education, and if we never see the reason for them in time, we shall in eternity."

Four hours passed away in mournful but not desponding conversation, and in endeavouring to form plans for the future. The necessity for removing to a smaller house, and of retrenchment in some things, with other alterations, were seen to be necessary, and resolved to be at once attended to. Nor did they forget in their sorrow to bow before the throne of grace, remembering Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The words of the Psalmist were also felt to be very precious: "Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before him: God is a refuge for us." Having, like Hannah, unburdened their souls before God, and cast their care on Him who cared for them, they returned to rest, refreshed and hopeful in spirit. They had not lost their chief treasure, and their best friend had not forsaken them. They also felt that they were in a great measure independent of circumstances for real happiness. The Bible was more valuable in their estimation; and they rejoiced in the thought that all things were working for their good. They could almost have sung the words which one repeated to the other,—

"If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrow be my food,
These sorrows work my lasting good."

The next day passed away calmly; occasionally saddening thoughts would intrude, and questionings arise in the mind, but these were chased away by a recurrence to the "exceeding great and precious promises;" and they proved that though "heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, a good word maketh it glad."

The following morning, just as family prayer was concluded, a letter was received: the handwriting was well known as being that of the second partner in the firm which Mr. Elston had faithfully served. With this gentleman he had been a great favourite, and this letter proved that no change had taken place in this respect. It was full of sympathy, and ended with requesting an interview in the afternoon at the old counting-house.

Mr. Elston returned home that evening a full hour before his time. The quick eye of affection could soon discern that he had good news to communicate. The substance of it was as follows.

His former employer had received him with the greatest kindness. He had enquired into Mr. Elston's affairs, and was fully satisfied with his conduct, convinced not only that it had been honest, but highly honourable. He had a proposal to make, which he hoped would be agreeable. The elder partner wished to retire,—the second, who was advancing in years was anxious to have his burden lightened instead of increased,—and the proposal was, that Mr. Elston should join the firm, and take the chief management of the concern. To the objections which were made respecting the unsettled state of his affairs, the answer was, "You will have time to settle these, and when it is known that you are associated with us, I do not think you will be hastily pressed for money; however, if any one should do so, here is a cheque book, draw on our bank, we have confidence that you will do the right thing. To-morrow your name will be in the Gazette as one of our firm;—no more thanks or apologies, we shall be as much obliged to you, as you to us."

What a change was this for Mr. Elston! What noble generosity was displayed! What gratitude must the late insolvent man have felt toward his friend. What determinations did he make to do all he could to show that such confidence was not misplaced!

This incident shows the care of Providence, the importance of character, and the mutual dependence of man on man. But there is another still more important lesson to which we claim special attention. Something more wonderful by far than this is often taking place, and it may be that the reader has had experience of it; if not, he may, yea, he must, if he would be rich and happy through eternity. We shall go a long way back for an illustration, but it is a pattern one, and one also which God has owned to the production of many more.

Eighteen hundred years ago, in a house in a street called "Straight," in the ancient city of Damascus, sat a man with sorrowful, downcast looks, and a heavily burdened heart. It is "Saul of Tarsus," who, a few hours before, considered himself to be "rich and increased in goods, having need of nothing." Now he is, both in fact and feeling, a bankrupt for eternity. His fancied riches are seen to be but dross; his debts real, yea, immense, and payment (as far as he is concerned) impossible. But a messenger of God stands before him, tells him of Jesus, of his glorious person, his wondrous history, his spotless death, and triumphant resurrection; tells him that the design of his death was to pay such debts as his, to remove such sorrows as his. The word was with power. At the name of Jesus his burden of guilt rolled away, and his soul was "filled with the Holy Ghost." Thus he became united to the risen Saviour, partaker of his life, interested in his love, sharer of his riches, being a joint heir with him. This was indeed a real, profitable, and permanent partnership. Henceforth his highest boast was to be called "a man in Christ,"—his noblest aim to live for Christ,—his great business to bring others to Him, by making known his unsearchable riches,—and his most cherished hope to be with him for ever, the mirror of his glory, the instrument of his power, the herald of his praise.

Such a partnership casts our little incident quite into the shade. We find more points of contrast than similarity: the latter case had no merit to buy a position, no character to recommend him, no wish even to be thus associated. He was the chief of sinners, the worst enemy of Christ, bent upon uprooting the glorious firm of Christianity; yet did he become a part and parcel of it, its noble ornament, its brightest trophy, its ablest and most successful advocate. Surely "the grace of the Lord was exceeding abundant." No wonder that Paul preached a full and free gospel, and that wherever he went he proclaimed "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and set him forth as a willing Surety and rich Banker for the worst bankrupts this guilty world could furnish. No wonder that he saluted believers in Christ in the way he did. Listen to his congratulations, and if you have believed on the Saviour, learn how rich you are: "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily and ye are complete in him." "Christ is of God, made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship (partnership) of his Son Jesus Christ." Yes, God is faithful to give to such all that Christ hath merited, even all his promises contain. All is done that "he who glorieth may glory in the Lord."

"No room for any boast have we,
Upon another's wealth we live;
The pardon we enjoy is free,
The praise to God alone we give."

Worthy is the Lamb, then, let our song for ever be. Let our whole lives be one incessant anthem to his praise.

"Jesus, my Lord, in three persons
Is all my hope, is all my plea;
Thy blood did once for me atone;
By faith thy righteousness becomes my own;
God sees my soul, I see my God in thee."

Reader, did you ever see yourself to be a bankrupt before God and for eternity? This is really the case. Here is the proof of it: All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. If you feel this, and are bewildered with your fearful debt and awful danger, there is a voice of tender love which speaks to you, even to you; "Have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, and John, who lay on Jesus' bosom, thus addresses you, and he speaks in the name of his great Master, whose loving heart thus yearns to make you blest. It signifies not how poor you are, how foolish you have been, how large your debts may be, or how long you have proudly withstood the pleadings of tender love: He knows all who so earnestly invites you. Come to Him now, and be at once rich, honourable and happy. If you have become one with Christ, and thus belong to this divine fellowship, seek grace to act in character, that so you may be a credit to this glorious fraternity.

Science and Art.

Gathering Perfume of Flowers.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil.—After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them in a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired.—The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet scented blossoms is now approaching, this method may be practically tested.

The Seconds of Eternity.

Prof. Mitchell in one of the recent lectures, describing the gradual tendency of the earth's orbit to assume a circular form, used the following magnificent illustration: "Its short diameter was gradually lengthening and would continue so to expand until it should become perfectly circular, when it would again contract to its original shape and dimension. And so the earth would vibrate periodically, and these periods were measured by millions upon millions of years. Thus," said the Prof. M., "the earth will continue to swing back and forth, and to and fro in the heavens, like a great pendulum beating the seconds of eternity."

Things that cost nothing.

Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glorious as they are. Colours that are only to be seen in the heavens, and brightness beyond description, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy. Rising and setting suns are commonplace exhibitions, when, where there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam and grateful shower; the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening, the broad blaze of noon-day, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour! The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing!

FLY-REPELLER.—The meat market at Ghent is now completely free of the intolerable nuisance of flies. The simple remedy consists in the inner walls having been painted with laurel oil, (*Oleum lauri nobilis*?) the smell of which the flies cannot support. Even gilt frames can thus be preserved unsoiled. The smell of the laurel oil is not unpleasant, and one easily gets accustomed to it.—*The Builder*.

Sayings

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