

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 16th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST CONTINUES HIS DISCOURSE WITH THE JEWS CONCERNING HIMSELF.
For Repeating. For Reading.
John v. 24-27. John v. 32-47.

MARCH 23rd, 1856.

Subject.—THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.
For Repeating. For Reading.
John v. 39-44. John vi. 1-21.

Selections.

Getting ready for Heaven.

A LITTLE child was playing with its mother, and they were talking about heaven. The mother had been telling the child of the joy and glory of that happy world, the beauty and glory of the angels with their shining wings, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl, the golden crowns, and the harps, and the white robes, and the song of redemption: "There is no sickness there, no pain, no death, nor no sorrow, nor sighing, for God shall wipe all the tears from every eye; and there is no sin, that makes all the grief and trouble here; but perfect holiness. All will be holy, just as the Lord Jesus is holy, and all will be perfectly happy in him. All good children will be there; and he himself has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Oh, what a happy world! There shall we see God, and love him, and rejoice in him; and God himself will be with us, and be our God.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin.
And from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

"Oh, what a happy world! And how happy shall we all be when we once get there!"

"Oh, dear mother," said the little child, jumping up at the thought of such a bright, happy place, and such a happy company, "let us all go now! let us go now! I long to be there. Let us go straight away to-night."

"Oh, we must wait a little; God is not ready for us to come yet, but when we must come he will let us know."

"But why can't we get ready now? Oh, I should like to go now right up to heaven! Dear mamma, let us go to-morrow."

"But, my dear child, we are not ready yet, and we must wait God's time, and when he is ready he will send for us."

"Well, dear mamma, let us begin to pack up now at any rate."

This is just what we should all be doing,—getting ready for heaven. It is only by getting ready now that we can hope to be prepared when the summons shall come to us. I wonder if my little reader is ready,—ready to leave all behind,—ready to enter upon all the engagements of heaven, and to enjoy all that is before him there! Are you ready, young readers, to go to heaven to-night?

Neighbours' Quarrels.

They who attempt to outwangle a quarrelsome neighbour, go the wrong way to work. Two children wanted to pass by a savage dog; the one took a stick in his hand, and pointed it at him; but this only made the enraged creature more furious than before. The other child adopted a different plan; for, by giving the dog a piece of bread and butter, he was allowed to pass, the subdued animal wagging his tail in quietude. If you happen to have a quarrelsome neighbour, conquer him by civility and kindness; try the bread-and-butter system, and keep your stick out of sight. This is an excellent christian admonition. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Neighbours! live in love, and then, while you make others happy, you will be happier yourselves.

"That happy man is surely blest,
Who of the worst things makes the best;
While he must be of temper curst,
Who of the best things makes the worst."

No good from Passion.

"Will putting one's self into a passion end the matter?" said a venerable old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a

dog. The dog only barked at him in playfulness.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and immediately dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bounded against a shop window, and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the passionate boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

The passionate boy had mended the matter finely, finely indeed!

It was the other day that I saw a little boy fall down; and I should have helped him on his legs again, but he set up such a bellowing that I left him to himself, that he might find out whether that would mend the matter.

Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss you will only increase it, and increase it sadly too, by being unwilling to lose your temper.

There is something which is very little-minded and silly in either men or boys, in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try then to be calm, especially in trifling troubles, and when greater ones come, try to bear them bravely.

More precious than Rubies.

Would it not please you to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the street? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as you pass along.

These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost; of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child; see the pearls drop from her cheeks. Take the hand of the friendless boy; bright diamonds flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected; a joy suffuses his cheek more brilliant than the most precious stones. By the wayside, amid the city's din, and at the fireside of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier when resting upon your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked a score of perishing jewels. The latter fade and crumble in time; the former grow brighter with age, and produce happier reflections forever.

Hiram Powers

Was a native of New-England, and was taken to Cincinnati, a poor uneducated boy. While very young he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. Patience, industry, and temperance have had quite as much to do with making him famous, as his undoubted genius. "While a boy," we are told, "he displayed a mechanical genius of the most remarkable kind." With a common knife or file, he would shape a piece of wood or metal into any form to suit his fancy. Without any previous instruction, he succeeded in building an organ, and invented a lathe for turning metals. Brass, iron, and stone were equally manageable in his hands. He probably obtained quite as much renown in Cincinnati by the construction of a model called the Lower Regions, which seems to have materialized Dante's Inferno, as he has since gained all over the world by his Eve and the Greek Slave.

His residence in Rome and Florence was the result of hard toil the means of it being slowly accumulated; and he probably owes much of his final success to Greenough, who, like a true artist, extended a helping hand to the struggling genius. All that Powers does, he performs well; he has set a grand ideal before him; he is indefatigably laborious, and his private character is said to be above reproach. These facts, and his steady perseverance under the most difficult and trying circumstances, are probably the true secrets of his rise from the position of a poor, friendless boy, in the streets of Cincinnati, to that of the world's greatest sculptor in this age. And these same traits of character, faithfully developed and carefully guarded, will raise any young working man, or any poor boy, if not to the same height of fame, yet to the same position of actual nobility.

Temperance.

The Guardian Angel.

FIRST PART.

A little news-boy went singing his papers along the streets of Boston. His hands were red, and the water leaked into his shoes. Sometimes the crowd ceased in its pulsation for a moment, and eager-visaged men caught at the Traveller or the Times, and went thoughtlessly onward. The news-boy would hitch up his ragged trowsers, pull on more firmly the queer old cap that hugged his crown, and start off with the dismal sing-song peculiar to his vocation.

His bundle has lessened to a duplicate edition, when his attention was attracted by a loud voice. Turning the corner a motley group met his sight. Perched upon a temporary stand, stood a tall, energetic man, lecturing the throng that seemed listening in spell-bound silence. One sentence shrill and sorrowful, struck the ear of the ragged news-boy, stopped his dismal song and his steps together, so that he was magnetized with the rest. It was this:—"his father is a drunkard! pair, pair child," continued the lecturer; his slight Scottish accent lending beauty to his eloquence; "there's nothing at home for him—not even a crust in the auld closet. He must work the day long, tramping through summer's heat and winter's storm; he must hear the curses of his father, and witness the tears of his mother. He has no warm clothes, and his little heart swells anigh to bursting when he passes the well-dressed child of sober parents. And who pities him?" he asked, raising his hands and eyes to heaven. "Does the rumseller?—Na—he laughs his tears to scorn. Does the rich man?—Na—too often he kicks him from his door-step, and drives him from the sweet smell of the kitchen where the meat is roasting. Do the angels pity him? Yes for what else but the wings of the angels could keep the pair boy warm? Doesn't God pity him—O! dinna ask that question, for God is specially the God of the drunkard's bairn."

The newsboy stood with his papers hanging from his arm, salt tears running fast and unwiped from his eyes, his lips hanging and quivering, and now and then a sob swelling up from his throat. Dismal, dismal thought; he, too, was a drunkard's child. His back had borne the blows of a drunken hand and felt the kick of a drunken foot—alas! Presently he wiped the tears away with his ragged sleeve, and with a choking voice took up the burden of his song; but there was no heart in it.

SECOND PART.

"O! misther, misther, say something for me father."

The lecturer bent his head. A little upturned face, wet with tears, looked wistfully in his own; one little bony hand tugged at his coat tail, from the other depended several fluttering newspapers. In that young face there was a strange mingling of entreaty, joy, hope, and misery, that went to the strong man's heart.

"Say a something for me father," whispered the small voice again; "I've bin tellin' him of yees, and ma'by you can tache him not to be a drunkard—oh! misther, say somethin for me father."

Looking in the direction he pointed, the lecturer saw a man clothed in rags shame-faced and half hiding himself behind a pillar. With the pitiful look of the drunkard's child for a text, he launched forth again. Little by little the cowering form made itself visible, the hands came together with a tremulous clasp, the blood-shot eyes grew human with feeling, the soul of the drunkard had been roused into something like life—his feelings were touched, and at last his eyes fell upon the child he had given life but to curse it in its dawning. O! the remorse that came at once into his haggard face! It was almost awful to behold. Huddling his rags together, he hurried from the spot, and the little news-boy with tears unshed, and solis unspoken, went on his way crying tremulously,—"ere's Traveller—only two cents."

THIRD PART.

"I want to spake to ye sir—God bless you," said a man in low fervent tones—and then he added again, drawing a hard breath, "God bless ye forever, sir!"

The man was well dressed, and held by the

hand a boy whose form was clothed in new garments from head to foot.

"Ah! this is my little friend," said the lecturer, kindly, laying his hand on the shoulder of the child.

"It's me guardian angel, he is, sir," repeated the father, with a look that cannot be put on paper—"my guardian angel that's saved me out of a pit of black destruction," said the man, breaking down fairly as he spoke, tears running freely over his rough cheeks. "Och! blessed be to God, sir, that He ever gave me the crathure. It's the patient, kind boy he's been to me, sir, iver since he was that high, and shame to me before my God that I didn't trate him with common humanity—but oh, sir, ye don't know what an aigel he's been;" and again bursting into tears, he struggled with his feelings, while the honest lecturer was too much affected to speak.

"He's took me home of nights, sir, when I was that bad I'd a' frozen stiff afore the morning come; he's brought me my food, sir, when I laid swearin at him on my bed—and he's that patient, sir—that—pa-tient, that, if I kicked him from one end of the room to the other, he'd never turn about and say the bad word—Oh! hasn't he been my guardian angel every minnit of me wicked, drunken life?"

The boy stood looking fixedly at the ground, his cheeks red, his hands in his pockets, while over the quivering lip stole the tears.

"Well, my friend," spoke the lecturer, "this is good news—glorious news!"

"And will ye come an see me?" asked the man, almost wringing the hand of the other. "It's not only the new clothes that I've got, but a decent room for me wife and child, and what's more, there's bread and meat in the closet, and comforts about us. If ye'll only say the word, it's the proud and happy woman Judy'd be, and meself in the bargain; ye'll come—say, and take tay with us."

With a smile and a promise the good man went his way, and every ragged little news-boy he saw—he thought of the guardian angel.—*Olive Branch.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,

In continuing my Table Talk, on matters affecting the religious dissenting movements in this country, I will resume it and make a few further remarks upon our Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. It will be remembered that I referred, in my last, to the smallness of the income, and the number of churches which do not contribute to its funds. Many doubtless will ask, why is this? The complete answer is perhaps difficult to find. One cause, the disunited state of our denomination. Doctrinal and other questions have been allowed to intercept the free and generous union of many of the churches in the one simple and purely Evangelical work of the conversion of the heathen. Even churches which are nominally connected with the Society, are manifestly under the repressing influence of these questions. It is nevertheless true, that gradually, tho' slowly, some of those churches which have resolutely held aloof from the Society through all its previous history, have during the last few years, contributed to its funds. A proof I hope that the time is coming when we shall every one of us, sink the minor matters of ecclesiastical policy, and the interpretation of dogmatic theological terms in the greater matter of extending the triumphs of our glorious Lord.

Another cause has been felt by some to be, the want of a more thorough representation of the churches in the committee. Again and again have attempts been made to bring about a change for the better in this respect. At the last annual meeting, a Committee was appointed for the purpose. What plan they will offer, remains to be seen. It is very much to be desired that the question should be set at rest, and is the more important, because there can be no doubt, that there exists a deep and widely extended affection for the Society, and the service it is endeavoring to accomplish.

In close connection with this subject, is another, which has lately received some attention amongst us, viz.—the union of the general and the par-