

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 3rd, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST DECLARES HIS DIVINE AUTHORITY.

For Repeating. For Reading.
John xii. 31-36. | John xii. 37-50.

AUGUST 10th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S LESSON OF HUMILITY AND CONDESCENSION.

For Repeating. For Reading.
John xii. 44-48. | John xiii. 1-17.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Little Things.

All great things are made up of little parts. The broad ocean, which bears the large ships upon its bosom, is composed of single drops. The earth, with its mountains and plains, its hills and valleys, is a mighty mass of little grains.

So is it with the happiness or misery of a man. It is not generally one long and heavy affliction which makes a man unhappy. It is the little clouds which daily darken his sky, or the small sunbeams that often gild it, which make life what it is.

One fine summer evening, two little children were walking down a road near one of our great cities. They had been passing the day far from the heat and dust of the city, among birds and flowers. So delighted were they with their homeward walk, that they loitered on the way, and night overtook them before they reached their home.

While walking fast, they overtook a slender woman carrying a heavy basket. The little girl thought the woman looked very tired; so she said to her, "If you are going to the city, we will walk by you for company."

"Thank you, my dear," the woman replied, in a kind voice, "the company of good children always rests me, and I'm very tired to-night." Then she told them that she was a widow, and had a poor lame boy to support by washing. She lived three miles out of the city for the sake of cheap rent, and was obliged to carry her clothes back all that way, after she had ironed them.

"Brother and I will gladly carry your basket for you," said the little girl, and they took it from her.

The poor woman looked astonished, and said she was afraid their mother would not be pleased.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, "she wishes us to be kind to every one;" and they carried the basket to the very door of her employer.

Now, this was a very little thing, but when the poor woman reached her home, she repeated it to her lame boy, and they both were made happier.

It is wonderful how little a thing may be, and yet contribute to human happiness or misery. A smile, a kind word, a simple act, has often done more to make others happy, than other far greater things could possibly have done. And a frown, an unkind word, a thoughtless deed, has produced misery that has continued for years. Be careful of LITTLE THINGS, my young reader! Be careful of little things!

Bad Companions.

Did you ever touch wet pitch? Did you not find it stick to your fingers, so that you could not get it off, and though you washed your hands many times, still the dark mark remained. Now sin is like pitch; it sticks to the soul that touches it, and though you may try to get it off, it will be some time before it comes off, and nothing can wash it off at all but "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin." Bad people are like palings covered with fresh wet pitch;—you cannot go near them without danger; you cannot touch them without getting harm to your soul. If you go near a wicked boy or girl, and they say wicked or foolish words, and you hear them—that is an "evil communication"—that is like pitch, and it will stick to you; you will remember the wrong word and think about it, and if you should say the same word, then you will be putting, as it were, pitch on some other person's soul.

Keep away, then, from bad children as you

would from a pitchy paling. Do not make them your companions, for they will make you like themselves. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." If you make good children your friends, they will teach what is good, and help to keep you good; but "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Who can "touch pitch and not be defiled?"—*Tender Grass for Christ's Lambs.*

Be not Discouraged.

It is a fine remark of Fenelon, "Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." We cannot do all at once. But by constant pruning away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shall grow towards perfection. This simple little rule, not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil habits one by one, such as sloth, negligence, or bad temper, and adding one excellence after another,—to faith, virtue; and to temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity,—will conduct the slowest at last to high religious attainments.

Selections.

Christ in the Storm.

One dark stormy night we were tossing in a rude little boat, near the coast of Ceylon. As I lay on my low bed in the bottom of the boat, and saw the red flashes of lightning through the thatched covering, and heard the rapid peals of thunder, while the rain was pouring in on all sides, and our boat tossing like a bubble on the angry waves, I could not but think of our danger, for I knew that the native boatmen were timid and ignorant, and that many such little barks go down every year on that coast.

Trembling and afraid, I raised my head to catch the words of my companion, as he enquired for the master of the boat. "He is in the hinder part of the ship asleep," was the reply.

Little did the rude heathen who uttered these simple words know how they made my soul thrill. In a moment I was carried back to that night when Jesus, perhaps in just such a rude little boat as ours, lay tossing on the stormy lake of Gennesaret. Never did I so realise that our blessed Saviour was once a man, a suffering mortal, and one with us in nature.

Far from home and kindred, weak, helpless, and full of fear, for a moment I had forgotten that Jesus was just as near to us as he was to those fearful disciples, and that he could as easily say to the foaming billows about us, "Peace, be still," as he did on that night when they cried, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

My fears were gone. I felt that Jesus was near, that I could almost put my hand in his, and hear his voice, "It is I; be not afraid." Often since then, in hours of darkness and trial, have I lived over that night, and been comforted by the same sweet thoughts.

Afflicted sorrowing child of God, forget not Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Do heavy burdens press you down? fear not to carry them all to Jesus. None are too heavy for him to bear, none so small as to be beneath his notice. In him all fulness dwells. Are we poor? he is rich. Are we weak? he is strong. Are we sinful and unworthy? he is righteous and infinitely worthy. If we are Christ's, then he is ours, and in him we are complete.

Original Letter of Oliver Cromwell.

The following is a copy of an original letter in the British Museum, from Cromwell to his daughter Ireton, given by Dr. Harris. It is dated London, 25th of October, 1646, and is addressed to her at Combury, General Ireton's head quarters.

"DEAR DAUGHTER,—I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble—for one line of mine begets many of his; which, I doubt, makes him sit up too late—partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Claypole is (I trust in mercy) exercised with some perplexed thoughts; she sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing

it; she seeks after (as I hope also) that which will satisfy, and thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next a finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Whoever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self vanity and badness? Whoever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less in desire, and less than pressing after full enjoyment. Dear heart, press on; let not husband, let not any thing cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband, is that image of Christ he bears; look on that and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me. My service and dear affections for the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. My love to all. I am thy dear father,
OLIVER CROMWELL."

A Model Missionary.

At the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, May 1st, the Rev. John Stoughton, after some pointed remarks on the importance of preaching, observed:—"There can be no question whatever that preaching holds the first place in the order of means which Jesus Christ has assigned; and that position has been justified by the whole history of christianity. Why, sir, the voice of the christian preacher is really the echo of the voice of Jesus Christ himself. In the christian preacher we have the realization and embodiment of an idea born of God himself. I hold in my hand that very interesting publication to which reference has been made, the report of the Missionary Conference lately held in the city of Calcutta, composed, as you have heard, of missionaries of different denominations. In the course of their deliberations they expressed themselves on the matter of vernacular preaching; and there is a very characteristic passage which occurs in an address prepared and read at the Conference, I believe, by one of your missionaries, the Rev. J. Stubbins, of Cuttack. He says:—Having determined to do it, go into it with all your heart. Having got the preaching stand, work hard. The Ranter preacher at home quietly took off his coat, and laying it on the pulpit rails, said, 'Now, Mr. Devil, here's at you;' (Laughter and cheers.) So do you at these festivals. Be in earnest; be accessible to the people; be familiar with them; invite them to your tent; treat them to a cigar—(Laughter)—cultivate tact, winning expression, simplicity of language, ardent love. Do all you can to get into their hearts, that you may deposit your Master there.' (Loud applause.)—That, brethren, is what we all should aim at here in England, as well as in India. And then there is another passage in this address of Mr. Stubbins that I must read to you. He says—'You will sometimes find a congregation like so many statues, just as uninterested and unfeeling. This, of all things, I most utterly abhor. They are silent; they do not oppose! and this, to a novice, might be very pleasing. He might go to his tent, and write in his journal, 'Large congregation, very attentive, no opposition. May the impressions left be deepened.' (Laughter and applause.) 'Whereas,' continues this pithy writer, 'any one knowing how this matter really stood, would more properly write, 'Dead, dead; all dead! No feeling, no impression! When shall these dry bones live?' Wherever this horrible placidity manifests itself, leave your subject—make a dead pause—say something that will rouse, either to laughter or rage. Anything is better than this dead sea. Tell some rather humorous tale; relate some incident; address some one person; bore him till he answers you. When you have got him to open his lips, go on with another question, and another, till you get the people fully awake, and then revert to your subject. (Hear, and cheers.) One preacher at home quoted Greek to awaken a sleepy congregation—(Laughter)—and something of the same eccentric character is not unrequently required in preaching to the natives.' (Hear, hear.)—Now, I think that Mr. Stubbins must be a model missionary preacher. I am quite sure it would not do to preach to the natives of India as we do to our congregations, and I am very far from being certain that we have adopted the right method of preaching after all, and whether it would not be a great deal better for us to use a more colloquial style, and be a little less formal."—*Reporter.*

Temperance.

For the Christian Messenger.

TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

The following is the substance of a speech on Temperance, delivered by Dr. Cramp at the meeting of the Eastern New Brunswick Baptist Association, at Sackville, July 14.

Dr. C. observed that the position assumed by those who resisted or hindered moral reform was an extremely discreditable one. Nothing could be more monstrous than for a professed friend of virtue and religion to be hostile to enterprises of a benevolent and useful character. Of such a character is the cause of Temperance. The object of those engaged in this work being to rescue the victims of a degrading vice from the fearful consequences attending it, both with regard to themselves and their families, it appeared to him that no one could oppose such an undertaking, or encourage those who opposed it, or adopt any policy calculated to lessen its efficiency, without incurring a responsibility from which a good man would naturally shrink. And this argument would have additional force if the individual referred to occupied a high social rank, and if his example would be likely to be followed by others, or adduced in defence of their own conduct.

He said, that in the course of his researches he had been led to study closely the character of bishops. He had read of bishops who preached the gospel with apostolic fervour and eloquence, and wore out their strength in the painful service; and he had read of others who could not preach at all.—He had read of bishops who, like Peter and John, had much grace and no gold; and also of bishops, not a few, who had much gold but little or no grace. He had read of bishops who were profoundly learned, versed in all theological science, and whose noble works still "praise them in the gates;" and other bishops he had read of, who were fain to call upon minor ecclesiastics to write their names for them, and affixed the sign of the cross to the signature, that being the only use of the pen which they had acquired.—He had read of bishops whose emaciated forms and shrivelled features told the tale of rigorous abstinence and austerity, and of punishment inflicted on the body for the benefit of the soul; he had read, too, of bishops of another kind,—big, burly fellows, who were accustomed to "eat the fat and drink the sweet," but not to "send portions for them for whom nothing was prepared."—He had read of bishops, patterns of meekness and humility, who spent their lives in promoting peace, harmony, and good-will among men;—and the deeds of other bishops had come under his notice, who could mount the war-horse, and wield the battle-axe, and gloat over blood and plunder.—He had read of bishops who withdrew into retirement and obscurity, vegetated in monastic cells, and lived and died in almost unbroken solitariness; and he had read of other bishops, the companions of princes and nobles, greedy of office, grasping at gain, and matchless in revellings.

Many other kinds of bishops might be mentioned. But it was reserved for the nineteenth century, and for the province of New Brunswick, to produce a variety unknown before. Good men of all denominations had united in the war against intemperance and had agreed in recommending a Prohibitory Liquor Law as the most fitting and effectual remedy. The Legislature had acceded to their wishes, and the Law was passed. But by an exercise of the prerogative which, if not unconstitutional was unprecedented, and fraught with peril to the liberties of the country, a step had been taken, the avowed object of which was the repeal of the Law. A bishop had encouraged that measure, and had employed extraordinary efforts to bring it to a successful issue. In so doing he had placed himself in a position altogether anomalous. A Christian bishop had not hesitated to become the conservator of a traffic which is universally acknowledged to be the prolific source of wretchedness, poverty, and crime! Is not this a humiliating spectacle? Are not christians commanded to "abstain from all appearance of evil?" And is it not specially enjoined on bishops to be "blameless"—"not given to much wine"—"lovers of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate?" Surely the members of the Episcopal church in New Brunswick must deeply regret the course