

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 13th, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREAE.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xvi. 32-34. Acts xvii. 1-14.

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1857.

Subject.—MISSIONARY LABOURS IN GREECE.
PAUL PREACHES AT ATHENS.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xvii. 1-4. Acts xvii. 15-38.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

Reader, you need but "search thy scriptures,"
To comprehend our Mental Pictures.

[No. 29.]

An imposing concourse, filling the entrance and principal streets of a royal city. Conspicuously placed on high are two individuals, crowned, and gorgeously attired, who appear to be listening to the encouraging predictions of a crowd of soothsayers. One whose kingly array cannot conceal his habitually cruel yet cowardly mien, seems for the time inflated with pride and daring; but the other, a monarch, of majestic and fearless demeanour, turns away from the chorus of sycophants, incredulous and disgusted.

Questions to be answered next week.

69. What animal is said to be King over the children of pride?

70. What family in Scripture was the most musical?

SOLUTION to Picture No. 28.

Funeral of Abner. 2 Sam. iii. 31-37.

ANSWERS to questions in our last.

67. Genesis xxxv. Deborah, Rachel, and Isaac.
68. Shishak. 2 Chron. xii. 9.

Selections.

A Good Father.

One evening, as the wind was raging and howling with terrible force, shaking the house, and making timid people tremble for fear of fire or other accidents that might befall them, a number of grown persons were complaining of the wakeful and restless nights they had endured during the recent winter storms.

A little boy who had listened unalarmed, with a sweet beaming trust on his face, said, in his turn: "I sleep so well and sound, because I have got such a good father. I know he would not let anything happen to me. If the house should catch fire, he would take me right up in his arms and run down stairs with me, and I'd be safe."

This went to my heart, and rebuked the fears of those who tremble and toss upon restless pillows, when He who holds the winds in his fist is their Father and Friend. The remark of that dear boy has taught me a lesson which I hope to remember. When I go to his bedside after he has been asleep for hours, and see his ruddy cheeks and clustering ringlets, and watch his peaceful, innocent expression, and listen to his gentle breathings, knowing, as well as I do, that he is a timid child, often flying with fear from trifling causes of alarm, then I feel how deep and pervading must be his trust in his father's loving heart and strong arms, to cause such dreamless slumbers amid howling winds and storms. Cannot the experienced Christian learn a lesson even from a babe's lips? Ought we not to rest peacefully amid causes of alarm, because we "have got such a good Father?"

Railroad Items.

A passenger by the Michigan Central Railroad, recently foolishly jumped from a train going by a station at which he wished to stop at the rate of 45 miles an hour. One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track, and the boot-heel was also ripped from his other boot. The man continued his rapid movements—being thrown into all sorts of positions—for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up" no less than seventy-four feet from the spot where he left the rushing train.

The number of locomotives running in the United States (says the American Engineer) is probably over nine thousand. The proportion of engines to length of road will average one to every three miles; for while some of the Western roads have but one to every five or

six miles, many others, like the Erie, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, etc., have nearly one for every two miles. The Reading road has about three engines for every two miles.

The Auburn, N. Y., American says that "miles and scores of miles within the fenced track of the Central Railroad are planted with potatoes by the employees of that great road." These "railroad farms" are attended to mostly by the wives of the employees.

Good use for Mosquitoes.

What are mosquitoes made for? How often has this question been asked, and yet answered only with a silent scratch and an impatient seowl. But we observe in a New Orleans paper at least one good use for mosquitoes. Says the editor:

"We said to a friend the other day, who was once a regular communicant of the church, but has gone after Spiritualism,—'Spirits don't seem to be so much in vogue of late. Spiritualism is rather on the decline in New Orleans.'

"Gravely and innocently he assured us to the contrary. The work was going on. 'But,' said he, 'this is a bad time of the year for this country—the mosquitoes break up the circles. The mediums are flesh and blood; and when one sits down with his hands on a table, or tries to withdraw his mind from the exterior or sensuous world, and enter certain states of the inferior life, slap on his nose, or his hand, or neck, comes a mosquito.'

"Our friend was serious as the grave. He intimated that Spiritualism would return, in full practice, with the cool weather. And even now, some mediums got under mosquito bars and did very well."

Of two evils choose the least, says the old proverb; and between mosquitoes and modern spiritualism, our verdict is, *Vive la mosquitoe!*

How to use Fruits.

To derive, from the employment of fruits and berries, all that healthful and nutritive effect which belongs to their nature, we should

1st.—Use fruits that are ripe, fresh, perfect, raw.

2nd.—They should be used in their natural state, without sugar, cream, milk, or any other item of food or drink.

3rd.—Fruits have their best effect when used in the early part of the day; hence we do not advise their employment at a later hour than the middle of the afternoon; not that, if perfect and ripe, they may not be eaten largely by themselves, within two hours of bedtime, with advantage; but if the sourness or decay should happen to taint them, or any other liquor should inadvertently be largely drunk afterwards, even cold water, acidity of the whole mass may follow, resulting in a night of distress. So it is better not to run the risk.

To derive a more decided medical effect, fruits should be largely eaten soon after rising, in the morning, and about midway, between breakfast and dinner.

An incalculable amount of sickness and suffering would be prevented every year, if the whole class of desserts were swept from our tables during summer, and fresh, ripe, perfect fruits and berries were substituted; while the amount of money that would be saved thereby, at the New York prices of fruits, would, in some families, amount to many dollars, enough to educate an orphan child, or support a colporteur a whole year, in some regions of our country.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheeks, in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse—which turned out to be his own property!

SINGING.—A correspondent of one of our exchanges gives an account of some peculiarities in the singing, which he heard in a church which he happened on one occasion to visit. He says:

"The choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:—'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering—'And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pi—and still another sung—'And take thy pi—and take thy pi—and take thy pilgrim home.'"

A Column about Animals.

Anecdote of the Elephant.

With equal caution and success, all the elephants effected the passage, with the exception of the last one. This was a young, but well-grown female, named Mayflower, for whom the great Tusker of Stebbins had always exhibited a devoted fondness, and which is owned and ridden by Dugan, the artist of our party. With patience which would have been the envy of a philosopher, Mayflower daintily selected a path down the hither bank, to the water's edge, and set the first foot into the swelling stream with such nicety and care, as scarcely to raise the ringlet of a ripple, the next with equal circumspection, and the next, till the fretful current eddied round her dark sides, and she reached the middle of the river; but there, alas! she stopped, held fast by the tenacious mud. In vain the mahout yelled, swore, entreated, and prayed: in vain the elephant plunged, and wallowed and struggled, till completely blown at last, she uttered a heart-rending moan, and giving all up, sunk quiet and resigned in the middle of the stream.

As I stood with the rest, on the river bank, moved by the plaintive and oft-repeated appeals of voice and look, but seeing no means of saving her, Captain Stebbins came up, followed by his massive Tusker, stripped of "guddee" and howdah, and driven by a mahout. The old fellow gazed with affectionate solicitude at his feminine comrade, and seemed gallantly inclined to help her out of the woeful scrape. The mired beast ceased for a moment her querulous sobs, and looking up to her huge friend, filled her little eyes with so much of appealing sadness, that no elephant of ordinary sensibilities could possibly withstand it. He was a noble fellow, and he answered the appeal with a dubious but half-assuring look, which meant that he would do all he could, but hardly knew how to go about it.

But Stebbins was ready to assist him here. A native brought a coil of large rope, and laid it upon the edge of the bank.

An intelligent native took one end of the coil, and slipping down the unctuous bank succeeded, with the aid of a bent pole, in passing it twice beneath the elephant's belly, and knotted the ends securely at the top of her back. He then mounted the bank with the two ends, and handed them to Stebbins, who knotted them. The Tusker was brought to the brink of the bluff, and, instantly comprehending the nature of the duty expected of him, reached down to receive the rope, which was deposited by the Captain, far back in the capacious gulf of his mouth, between his grinders.

Nothing that I ever beheld inspired me with more admiration, than the contemplation of the movements of the fond and sagacious brute at this juncture. His whole attention was absorbed with his work, the nature of which he now thoroughly understood. He first selected a spot as near as possible to the verge, which furnished a firm and reliable footing; there he planted his ponderous forelegs, and bracing them back, pulled gently, and steadily, till the two parts of the rope were equally taut, and he felt that the strain upon each was fair and even. Then he wound his trunk around them to secure his hold, and exerting the whole of his enormous muscular power, commenced pulling in earnest. Warily and steadfastly, and with the power of a Titan, the glorious old fellow slowly heaved his sinking sweetheart from her miry bed. The strain upon the ropes was intense, and, for a moment, I thought they would snap; but they proved stout, and true as the old Tusker's heart. A gang of natives encircled the half-gulphed beast, to press the fascines and timber beneath her as she rose out of the mud. The duty was properly performed, the delighted brute gained a firm foothold once more, and in a moment came puffing and floundering up the bank, and joined her companions.

Sagacious and Faithful.

A Norfolk paper states that a gentleman of that city having business at the Navy Yard, went thither on horseback accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He dismounted at the gate, the dog remaining with the horse. On his return he was informed that during his absence a drunken fellow had mounted the horse, with the apparent intention of taking a free ride, but much to his astonishment, doubtless, he had no sooner reached the saddle than his leg was seized by the dog, and the faithful animal not only succeeded in dragging him off, but got between the loafer and the horse, keeping the former at a respectable distance, and finally compelling him to leave. The fact is somewhat singular, as the dog was merely a pet, and had never undergone the training to which such animals are usually subjected, and his conduct on this occasion could only be attributed to the workings of his natural instincts.

VARIETIES.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.—I have heard of one who, returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some; and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly, I remember nothing at all; but only, while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better; and so, by God's grace, I will."

SPIRITUAL DEATH.—Strange as it may sound, how many a man has followed himself to his own grave! He is no mourner—would he were, for then there might be still hope—but he is an assister at the grave of his own better and holier desires, of all in which the true life of his soul consisted, which is all dead and buried, though he a sad survivor of himself, still cumber the world for awhile.—*Trench.*

ANOTHER CURE FOR THE POTATO ROT.—In a recent agricultural meeting of the Massachusetts Legislature, Mr. Sheldon of Wilmington, exhibited some seedlings which he had cultivated for six years and kept them free from rot. His theory is, that light and air tend to develop the disease, and if the potatoes are kept in the soil during the winter they will not rot. Of course they must be covered deep enough to prevent the frost from injuring them.

VINEGAR.—It is no easy matter to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and without much expense. The juice of a bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, express the juice in a cheese-press, or in many other ways, which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel; cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in twelve or fifteen days it will be fit for use.

SALT BARRELS FOR PRESERVING APPLES.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says "he purchased five barrels of choice apples taken from one pile, last autumn, and put them into his cellar. On the 1st of April last, when he came to examine them, those in four of the barrels were mostly all damaged, while those placed in the other barrels were sound—fresh and good." What was the cause of the preservation of the apples in this barrel? Our correspondent says it was a Syracuse salt barrel, and he believes this was the cause of their immunity from rot. He, at least, can give no other reason. Neither can we.—*Country Gentleman.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Union of the Provinces.

PIC-NIC AMONG THE BORDERERS.

We had a Sunday School Pic-Nic last Thursday afternoon, on a large scale. The Baptist Sunday Schools of Amherst, Nova Scotia, and Sackville, New Brunswick, met in a grove of tall spruces, on an elevation in the parish of Westmoreland, midway between these two townships, where a few friends had previously made the necessary clearings and fittings up. The spot was picturesque and enchanting—reflecting much credit upon the taste of the Rev. gentleman who selected it. The company consisted of about five hundred and fifty persons—three hundred and fifty children and two hundred who were not children. After friendly greetings and introductions the tables were nicely spread, and the children—the guests of the occasion—were waited upon with all necessary attention. They were then given free license to enjoy themselves as best they could, while the rest of the party tested the excellent quality of the viands.

We had no dancing, but excellent speeches by Moses Low, Esq.,—Superintendent of the A. B. S. School, who was appointed Chairman—the Rev. E. B. DeMill, Rev. D. Lawson, and Rev. G. F. Miles, who were attentively listened to. Our drink was cold water, and all were perfectly sober. Nothing to mar the enjoyment of the occasion, no sting, no remorse, but the happy reflection that we were engaged in a good cause, instructing the juvenile mind in the paths of virtue, and evidencing to them that happiness is to be found in the Society of the wise and good, not among the vicious and profane—a most important lesson.

When the fast setting sun reminded us that the day was nearly over, the company repaired to their coaches and carriages, drove round the old Fort Cumberland, and then to their homes. Thus ended a pleasant meeting, which we trust will be annually repeated for some time to come.

W. F. C.

Amherst, August 29, 1857.