

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 22nd, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL APPREHENDED AT JERUSALEM.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xxi. 12-14. | Acts xxi. 20-40.

NOVEMBER 29th, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xxi. 26-28. | Acts xxii. 1-30.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 39.]

AN athletic blind man, with dejected countenance and coarse garments, is sitting in a dismal room, having, in the place of windows, rude bars of iron, to prevent the escape of the inmates. His hands and feet are bound with brazen fetters. He is engaged in turning an immense millstone, which would be a severe task to any ordinary man, yet the only thing which appears to trouble him is the monotony and degradation of the employment. Although confined with criminals, yet his countenance exhibits traces of genuine benevolence, and occasionally he lifts the sockets, whence his enemies have thrust out his organs of vision, towards heaven; as if entreating to be released from this cruel bondage.

QUESTIONS to be answered next week.

89. What remarkable prophecy did Joshua make, and when was it fulfilled?
90. What book was every king of Judah required to possess, and how was he to obtain it?

Last week's Picture, No. 38, is the same as the above, No. 39; their SOLUTION we shall give next week.

ANSWERS to questions in our last,

87. The letter j.
88. Esther, and Solomon's Song.

Reading Aloud.

There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. Indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; and another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

Taught by a Child.

A lady who was very apt to complain about trifling things instead of thinking how to make the best of them, and trying to bear them patiently, paid a visit to a sick child. She found the little invalid pale and feeble, lying upon a couch by the open window, which looked into a pleasant garden, where his brothers and sisters were at play.

"It must be very dull for you, my poor child," said she, in a pitying tone; "do you not long to be well enough to play again?"

"No, not long," answered the little sufferer; "I should like it, if it were God's will; but He knows best about every thing."

The lady was taught a lesson, which she never forgot, and which she tried always afterwards to profit by.

Newspapers.

There lives in a certain city a man who is a prominent church member—his sons drunkards, and visitors of dens whose names we will not mention. How came this state of affairs? Years ago we happened to be at that gentleman's house, and while there, the father and older sons had an altercation about theatres and theatre-going. "You never taught us anything by your example," said one, "against the sins of which you complain. You take no religious periodicals or newspapers, and you never have. You have always had newspapers about the house

full of puffs of theatres, grog-shops, saloons, and all other places of amusement; and I never heard you say one word against those puffs, and you needn't blame us now if we want to enjoy ourselves a little." There was pungency in the young man's remarks, and the pungency startled us more than the disrespectful tone indulged by him. We ask you, professing Christian, to take some religious paper or periodical. Your boy there will have something to read; that girl too, will have something to interest and instruct; and if you fail to meet the wants of either, then look out for reprisals in coming years, that will make your ears tingle and your heart throb in agony. In a measure, you can guide the mind of your child aright. You can provide him with untainted intellectual food. You can shut the door against intruders that will work ruin if once admitted, and Heaven will hold you accountable for the way in which you do your work. Startling developments will be witnessed in the day of judgment; and one of the most startling will be the sight of the father who has murdered his child—murdered him by refusing to furnish him with such appliances as, under God, would have led to glory and immortality in heaven, rather than down to remorse and anguish in endless perdition.

The Boat-BUILDER'S WIDOW.

Within sight of our noble river, some ten years ago, a man named Jabez Lloyd was considered as treading the path to independence; he was growing from a village carpenter into a boat-builder. He was a courteous, frank and kindly fellow, becoming famous for launching those canoes in which "Oxford men" skim the surface of the Thames. Jabez was married to a meek, dove-eyed little woman—one of those who continue to work on silently through the world, attracting very little attention while they are with us, but if laid up by illness, or called home by death, leave a blank which, because we find it impossible to fill up, we know how well it must have been filled. In this instance, however, it was not the meek little creature—never happy but in the sunshine of husband's presence—who was taken, but the strong-handed Jabez; he was trying one of those painted skimmers of the Thames, and had just got free of the reeds and weed and rushes that weave a leafy barrier at a particular bend of the river, when, leaning incautiously a little on one side, to extricate his oar from the tough fibres of some water-plants, he went over, right into a bed of lilies, and was drowned before he could be extricated from the meshes of the golden-chaliced flowers and their broad leaves.

Jabez left absolutely nothing, or "less than nothing," to his widow. After the sale of spars, and paint and fishing tackle and household goods, there was barely enough to pay the funeral expenses, and to purchase unpretending mourning. And in the overwhelming and miserable loneliness of her first widowhood, the little creature was forced to think of what she should, or could do, to keep from out of the workhouse. She was quite uneducated; he married her when she was but sixteen, just learning to be a dressmaker. What could she do? She could sew, and attend a cottage home; she could be a farm servant—that little delicate pet of a woman, whom the great boatman cherished and watched over, and tended as if she was his own darling child—poor Mrs. Lloyd a farm servant! She tried it. She hired herself out at three shillings a week at the farm—you can see the ricks and trees of that large farmhouse from where we stood; and the farmer's wife—a great glory of a woman, as far as size and good nature goes—trained her voice to speak gently, and abandoned altogether the tone of an ill-used woman she was wont to assume when addressing her domestic, saying, "thank you," to Mrs. Lloyd, for every service, meek and useless as she thought it, which the poor little woman rendered. She washed and ironed, and took most loving care of the poultry; chickens grew rapidly under her superintendence, and young turkeys "cut" their red heads—as children do their teeth sometimes—with very little difficulty. She worked, too, at her needle. She did all she could; but she was so neat and exact, so fond of doing everything she knew how to do in the best manner, that the farmer's wife considered her "slow." She preferred her "helps" to be quick and slatternly; she could not bear them to be slow. The little widow felt this; but what could she do more than she did? and, despite the sympathy of the farmer's wife, her quick temper overcame her humanity, and she gave the widow warning.

Just at this time the curate of the village wanted a housekeeper, and, with a belief in her being quite unfit for such a post, Mrs. Lloyd still felt it a duty to "try;" and so, with a trembling hand, she raised the garden latch and presented herself

as a candidate. The curate, besides being the earnest, hard-working minister, so suited to a country parish, was just the person to inspire poets with a subject, and young ladies with the enthusiasm which leads to the manufacture and presentation of pen-wipers, slippers, and foot-stools; he was pale and thin, with a clear, soft voice, and such truthful eyes! Well, he told Mrs. Lloyd that he was too poor, he feared, to offer her sufficient remuneration; he could not afford to pay a good servant. And Mrs. Lloyd assured him she was NOT a good servant, and, if he would try her, very moderate wages would be more than she deserved; indeed, she feared she was hardly worth wages, but she had something to do before she died, and she could not be happy until it was done. Accordingly, that evening she brought a bundle, and the clerk carried her box. She was installed in the smallest of all kitchens, and had even a smaller bedroom; but there was room on the white wall for a portrait of her husband, which some Oxford youth had painted, and though a dreadful daub, 't was a likeness. Before that she knelt, and before that she prayed; and at the end of the week the curate thought—such was the peace, and comfort and quiet and neatness of his cottage—that he must be entertaining an angel in a-ware.

The curate had eighty pounds a year, and the rector, who had eight hundred pounds a year, cautioned him, in a fatherly sort of way, not to be extravagant. The advice was very good, and the young man profited by it, for he kept out of debt, and often sent his sister, who was a governess, small sums in postage stamps. All he could pay the little widow was about two and sixpence a week, and she had to find her tea and sugar and "beer" out of that. Do not pity her! She was bright and cheerful. She could do very well without sugar, and as her master could not afford "beer," surely she was better without it. She was her own mistress—never found fault with; her black dresses (she had two,) wore to a miracle, but she was forced to buy another, because she must look respectable; that took away the savings of more than six months. But she went on saving, adding half-pence, denying herself everything almost which the humblest servant considers she wants; sitting up at night when the moon was at full, (for she would not waste her master's candle,) making her caps "do," and ironing out her cap-strings—darning, turning, trimming, all to spare perhaps twopence. But she had a purpose to work out. She rarely opened the garden gate, except to go to church, or to do the small marketings. On Sunday evenings she indulged in the luxury of tears over her husband's grave; and returning from market, she always paused at the stone-cutter's yard, eyeing the tombstones.

Once she entered timidly—she was timid in all things—and inquired the various prices; and the stone-cutter, when he saw her threadbare, but neat dress, and observed the flattering of the washed-out crape curtains on her bonnet, and noted how limp and poor she looked, wondered why she troubled him; but he was a kind man, and did not say so. Time wore on. The curate had an ever-accumulating stock of pen-wipers, slippers and foot-stools; sometimes went out to dinner, and more frequently to tea; and still more frequently visited the poor and the schools, and lectured, or at home, or, as a great luxury at midsummer, when there was not much sickness in the parish, and it was holiday time in the school, took his rod to wander beside the queenly river he loved so well. The rod was simply an excuse for loitering, though he did sometimes bring home some little fish that would have formed good subjects for the microscope. Time wore on, and some people wondered why the curate permitted his little servant to wear such threadbare black; but others—the majority—only saw the widow's meek, thankful face and her soft, hopeful eyes, and marvelled, with more reason how neat and pleasant she made all things in her master's house. How different are the meanings different people drew from the same readings!

Time again passed on, and it was now three years since the strong boat-builder had found his death in the Thames, when the "widow" again entered the stone-cutter's yard; she placed a slip of paper in his hand, and he read:

Sacred to the memory of
JABEZ LLOYD,
aged twenty-eight, boat-builder,
who was drowned in the sunshine of the 24th of June,
18—, among the water lilies of the Thames.
He was beloved by God and man.

She pointed to a tombstone—the one on which her heart had long been fixed.

"But who will pay for this?" inquired the stone-cutter.

The little widow put the money in his hand. The man looked at her with astonishment, and involuntarily lifted his hat while he spoke.

"It is a very humble stone," she said, "and no one can think I have taken liberty in putting it up. I have worked and saved for it day and night. I shall be able to see it every Sunday. You will put it up at once, sir?"

"God bless the woman!" exclaimed the stone-cutter. "I would have done it long ago, if I had given it a thought. I loved Jabez; and as to your money, I'll not touch it. You shall see the stone in its place next Sunday."

Such a warm color as came to the widow's cheeks! such brightness as flashed from the widow's eyes! and how she trembled beneath her threadbare drapery!

"You must take the money," she said firmly—"it must be my doing. Take the money, sir, or I must go elsewhere. Only thank you for your offer; you meant it for kindness."

The following Sunday it was in its place, and the stone-cutter told the story over and over again interrupted occasionally by a guttural sort of sound in his throat. The only one who did not appreciate this woman's offering, was the churchwarden, who stoutly contended that the poor had no business with such fine feelings, and grew very red, and looked very indignantly at the tombstone. Nevertheless, it excited a good deal of interest. After evening service, even the little children retired from the corner of the churchyard in which it was placed, knowing who had a right to kneel there in solitude and silence.

VARIETIES.

BARNUM HIMSELF AGAIN.—Many have expressed the conviction that if this deeply "injured" individual should prove to be really penniless, and come off second best in the contest with his creditors, he could not be "the man they took him for." The Stamford Advocate now announces, that he has bought all the claims against himself for from five to twenty five cents on the dollar, with the exception of some \$15,000 held in and about Danbury, which he will probably have to pay in full. The whole of the vast property assigned by him for the benefit of his creditors has again passed into his hands, and he is now re-furnishing and re-fitting "Iranistan" in a good style for his future and permanent residence!

A QUENCHER FOR VESUVIUS.—Among a party of Americans travelling in Europe was one (a Yankee,) who, unwilling to admit of any superiority in Europe over his country, would always tell of something to match whatever he was taken to see. In Italy they ascended Vesuvius when that volcano was much disturbed, and he remarked, "Well, it is considerable of a fire, but we have a water privilege in America (meaning Niagara) that, I guess, would squirt it out in about five minutes."

"DIED POOR."—As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying did not loose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time. No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements. And yet men have been buried by Charity's hand, who did die rich—died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes of glory.

A WIFE'S RETORT.—A clergyman of our acquaintance, being recently in company where several ladies were present, his wife among the number, and the recent crimes of Mrs. Cunningham becoming the subject of conversation, remarked, with a sort of roguish leer, that when a woman fell she was far worse in her conduct than one of the other sex.

"My dear husband," replied his wife, "you will recollect that the height from which she falls is infinitely greater."—Cambridge Chronicle.

THE SIN OF COVETOUSNESS.—We read in the Bible of persons falling into gross sins, and yet being restored and saved; but not of the recovery of one who was guilty of the sin of covetousness. Balaam, Gehazi, Judas and Ananias are awful examples.

EXAGGERATION.—The late Bishop Hedley used to tell the story of a young minister, who was arraigned before one of the Conferences for too great excess in the use of exaggeration. Not that he positively lied, but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue that often great harm was done. He was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the chair. The Bishop administered a severe rebuke, when the young man arose, bathed in tears, acknowledged his fault and his determination to do better. In closing he said: "I regret it; I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say that it has already caused me to shed barrels of tears."