

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 31st, 1857.

Subject.—PETER'S SERMON AT THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS.

For Repeating. Acts x. 21-23. For Reading. Acts x. 34-48.

JUNE 7th, 1857.

Subject.—PETER STATES TO THE OTHER APOSTLES WHAT HAD OCCURRED IN CESAREA.

For Repeating. Acts x. 34-35. For Reading. Acts xi. 1-18.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 14.]

It is a scene of summer beauty in Palestine. The fields, rich with their ripe and graceful crop, look like a waving sea of gold, and the reapers have begun their busy work. A small town, built on the brow of a hill, overlooks this glad scene. At its entrance we see an aged woman, travel-tired and weary, who is joyfully welcomed by many who press forward to meet her, while she herself seems overcome by sorrowful recollections of the past. By her side is a young and lovely woman, a foreigner, whose appearance excites much interest and attention.

Questions to be answered next week.

- 35. Who was the greatest fratricide mentioned in the Bible?
36. Where is exchange by money first mentioned in the Bible?
37. What great man remained two hundred years unburied, and under what circumstances?

Solutions to Picture No. 13.

Moses on Mount Sinai, Exodus xix. 16-20.

Answers to questions in our last.

- 32. Esther, Deborah, and Jael.
33. Naomi. See Ruth iv. 16.
34. Methuselah, the oldest man, died before his father. His father was Enoch, who, being translated, never died. See Gen. v. 24.

Selections.

The Baby is dead.

A long, black scarf, trimmed with broad white ribbon, hangs upon the door-knob. A death-like stillness pervades the entire mansion; all within moving with the softest tread, and speaking in softest whispers, as if fearful of disturbing the repose of some loved one. Those passing along the street observe the sombre scarf, and the instant change in the countenance betrays the thought, "the baby is dead!" Yes, the baby is dead, and not only those who have been familiar with its sparkling eyes, but the stranger, who received the intelligence solely from the scarf on the door, feels that a home has been robbed of a precious idol. How deep was the love that clustered around the innocent babe; and oh! how terrible is the blow its death inflicts.

The baby is dead! It no longer clings in innocent love to its mother's bosom, or stings with fondest joy its father's heart. Its prattling has ceased forever, and its once laughing eyes are closed in a life-long sleep. But even in death it seems to have lost none of its sweetness. It lies so calmly in its silken-embellished coffin, prepared with so much care; it has been arrayed in its costliest garments, its pure brow trimmed with a fragrant wreath, and flowers have been scattered over its lovely form. As it is thus arrayed the babe seems only to be sleeping; but alas! it is that sleep which hath no waking.

The baby is dead! Around it are gathered many whose sympathies it has aroused and whose love it has excited. The minister leans over the cold form, and touched with the sight, tears trickle down his cheeks, while he exclaims, "Thus saith the Lord, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

The baby is dead! It is about to be shut forever from the sight of those who loved it as no others could. Oh! how the mother clings to the lifeless form, and as she imprints the last fervent kiss upon its cold cheek, how her very heart-strings seem to break. And the father, though he has manfully braved toils, cares, and dangers, now feels unmanned, and weeps like a child, as he bends over the corpse of his lost one. Sympathy, at other times consoling, is now of no avail, and the heart of both suffer the deepest anguish.

The baby is dead! The tears have wet its

grave, and crushed hopes lie buried with it. Though its mortal existence may have been brief, its death has desolated a joyous home. Sweet babe! Orators may announce a nation's loss in the death of patriots great and true, and poets sing in touching strains the memory of the dead, who have accomplished mighty things—none but angels of heavenly birth will record the life, so pure and beautiful, so early lost.

The Infidel and the Christian Child.

"Uncle Bob" was a great scholar. He had taken degrees in both "physics" and "divinity," and was a student of many books besides those handled in colleges. He could quote texts from the Scriptures as well as from the infidel writers. I am sorry to say that he preferred reading the infidel writers, for the reason that he was an infidel. His little niece Nettie, about twelve years of age, was a Christian, and she felt truly sorry for her uncle Bob, and for all people who do not love God.

She said to him one day, "Uncle, why don't you love God?" "I do love my god," said the infidel. "Who is that, uncle?" "It is The Beautiful—Beautiful objects in nature and art." "Do you mean the Falls of Niagara and the Crystal Palace?" "Well—yes." "Who made the Falls, uncle?" "I don't know, Nettie." "If you could see the One who made the Falls, uncle, would you love him?" "If that could be, I should adore him," said Uncle Bob.

"I love him, uncle," said the little girl, "just as well as if I could see him, and I love all who love him. You must read about him in my new Bible, uncle."

"I know the Bible, Nettie. It is nothing but a piece of Jewish mythology. You might as well believe any other mythological history."

"Are there any prophecies in other mythologies, uncle?" "Well—no." "All the world knows, uncle, that the Bible prophecies have been fulfilled, and I should like to know if any kind of mythology has ever been spread all over the world, and created love and peace and joy in people's hearts like the history of the Saviour?" Uncle Bob made no reply.

A Beautiful Idea.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

The Prayer-meeting.

A poor laboring man said, "I love the church; I love preaching; but dearer than all, I love the prayer-meeting; I always feel as if I were going into my Father's house, when I go into the room, where we meet for prayer."

"The room for prayer our Father's house!" It struck us as a beautiful thought. This poor man felt himself to be a prodigal, and where should a prodigal go, but to his father's house? He felt weary with his day's work, worn with the cares of life, and where should he seek for refreshment and rest but in his Father's house?

We remember a pious cartman who was always found in his place at the prayer-meeting and the lecture; and when he was told that he ought to stay at home, after the fatigues and exposures of the day, he replied, "I find I can rest all the better by going to meeting; I forget all my pains and labors, and feel stronger and better prepared for the next day's toil."—Evangelist.

Fidelity.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the cry of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

A Pastoral Letter.

The following is a beautiful pastoral letter addressed to the churches. Its brevity may commend it to some; its anti-sectarian character to all. Its authority is unquestionable; and if its advice were heeded, the most desirable results would follow:

"We beseech you brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves."—Paul.

Living and Dying.

The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked, "O, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied:

"There is a more important question than that my dear, which you should have asked first."

"Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "How did she live?" he replied.

Recognition in Heaven.

I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love. —Baxter.

IS THE VIRGIN MARY SPOKEN OF IN ANY OF THE EPISTLES AS AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP?—St. Paul, St. James, St. Peter, St. John and St. Jude wrote 21 Epistles, inspired by the Holy Ghost, to the early Christians, teaching them whom to worship, and how to worship.—How is it that the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary is not once mentioned in any of their epistles? Would this be the case if she were in any way to be worshipped? The Blessed Saviour himself said, "It is written, the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt thou serve." See St. Matthew's Gospel, chap. 14, and 10th verse in the Douay Bible.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, while below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

FRENCH PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY.—An interesting meeting has just taken place at Paris. The French Protestant clergymen, with the elders and deacons of all the Protestant churches, have come together to prepare a "fraternal but severe remonstrance" to the Protestant slaveholders of the United States. The address, which has been most extensively signed, asserts that Protestantism has been charged with the toleration of slavery, and conjures the American Protestants to wipe out this reproach.

A VAST SUBMARIINE PLAIN.—In sounding the Atlantic Ocean for the telegraph cable, the greatest depth attained has been 2070 fathoms (about two miles and one-third). For more than 1300 miles the bed of the Atlantic, in the direct line of the track, is found by these soundings to present an almost unbroken plain.

A RAILWAY FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM is under consideration, but funds are wanted. Sir Moses Montefiore and Sir Culling Eardley—a Jew and a Christian—are its patrons. Sir Moses, it is said, is about to erect a wind-mill on one of the hills of Jerusalem, to supersede the old tedious mode of grinding corn.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?—"Many Prayer Books are now sold with a looking-glass inside the cover, that ladies (and gents too, we suppose) may arrange their hair at church." Newspaper Paragraph.—This reminds us of a Couplet in the first volume of the Spectator 150 years ago:—"Together lie her prayer-book and her paint, At once to improve the sinner and the saint."

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—The sum of £131,800 has been paid out of the Consolidated Fund during the last five years to the theological professors of the College of Maynooth in Ireland, being at the rate of £26,360 a year.

Agriculture.

Vitality of Vegetable Seeds.

The vitality of some of the more common vegetable seeds, when kept under favourable circumstances, may be relied upon for the following periods: Parsnips, rhubarb, and other thin scaly seeds, for one year; balm, basil, beans, carrot, cress, onion, pears, peppers, tomato, and small herbs in general, two years; artichoke, asparagus, corn-salad, egg-plant, endive, Indian corn, lettuce, marjoram, mustard, parsley, spinach, for three years; broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, radish, and turnips, for four years; beet, celery, cucumber, melon, pumpkin, and squash, five or ten years. In order to test the vitality of seeds, sow a few in a pot or box of earth, and keep it warm and moist, exposed to the sun for a while, and if good, they will begin to sprout and grow. Onion seed, soaked a few minutes in cold water, and then boiled half an hour in hot water, will begin to grow and germinate, if vitality remains. Indian corn, peas, and numerous other seeds, soaked four hours in a tepid solution of chloride of lime and water, mixed in the proportion of one-fourth of an ounce of the lime to a gallon of water, and then sown in the ordinary way, have been known to throw out germs in twenty-hours. The seeds of common garden cress, immersed in oxygenated muriatic acid, will germinate in six hours; whereas, when immersed in water alone, they will not show signs of vegetation in less than thirty hours. Steeping in tepid water for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and then coating them in plaster or ashes, will hasten the germination of most dry and hard seeds.—Examiner.

At the Legislative-Agricultural meeting held in Boston, some time since,

The topics for consideration were:—"Feeding of cows with reference to the production of milk; and the feeding and breeding of swine."

Mr. SHELDON said the best possible feed for milk cows is good grass and plenty of it. Every thing else is only a substitute. At this time of the year he cut his hay and mixed with the fine feed, water sweetened with molasses, so as to give to each milk cow a half a pint of molasses in a day, which will add four ounces of butter daily. He liked corn for fodder, and sweet corn better than any other kind. He would advise a farmer to try to raise a variety of feed for cows, and he never heard any complaint of any bad taste in the milk, when cows were partly fed on turnips. As to hogs, he believed the Almighty made them on purpose to eat every thing, and that they would not thrive so well on any one thing, as on every thing. Generally, he preferred to have their food cooked, but he had found that if it was fermented so as to become sour, it was quite as good in the summer time. He was sure of that, though he would not once have believed it. He tried an experiment in feeding fifty barrow hogs, twenty years ago; and their keeping through the winter cost twelve and a half cents a day. One of them brought him in return, twenty cents a day, and ten cents over. A gentleman in Winchester has tried feeding to his cow half a pint of molasses a day, in addition to her other regular food, and he found her milk to increase a pint and a half in three days.

A WATER-PROOF MIXTURE FOR LEATHER.—Take one pint of tanner's oil, half pound tallow, a lump of good rosin, the size of a common shell-bark, burgandy pitch, size of a hen's egg, lamp black, three cents' worth—mix together, and melt gradually over a slow fire. When to be applied, the mixture should be made about milk warm, and put on with a clean sponge. The leather may be made a little damp, not wet. The above cement, when applied to boots and shoes will effectually prevent their soaking water, and keep the leather pliant and the feet of the wearer warm and dry. Every farmer who regards comfort as a desideratum, should supply himself with this article, and apply it to his boots and shoes.—Germanstown Telegraph.

NEW IMPROVEMENT IN WELLS.—An important improvement upon the usual method of obtaining water for irrigation and domestic purposes, has recently been introduced into the city of Stockton, by means of which a constant and inexhaustible supply of pure water may be obtained at very trifling expense. It consists, simply in the sinking of a shaft by means of a two-inch augur, attached to light bars of iron, with other apparatus for pumping, drilling, etc., similar to that employed in boring the artesian well upon the public square. It requires but the labor of a few hours, with this apparatus, to reach a depth of fifty feet, whence can be obtained a supply of water that cannot be exhausted by constant pumping.

REMEDY FOR HOG CHOLERA.—Salt, sulphur, charcoal—equal parts—in their food; table-spoonful of the mixture twice each day. Keep the animal warm. DR. DADD.