

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 15th, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL GOES TO JERUSALEM.
For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xx. 36-38. Acts xxi. 1-19.

NOVEMBER 22nd, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL APPREHENDED AT JERUSALEM.
For Repeating. For Reading.
Acts xxi. 12-14. Acts xxi. 20-40.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 38.]

BLIND among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

Millon.

QUESTIONS to be answered next week.

87. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra
contains all the letters of the Alphabet except
one: Which is that?

88. Two of the books of the Bible have in
them neither the word Lord nor God. Which
are they?

SOLUTION to Picture No. 37.

The destruction of Ai.—Joshua viii. 24-29.

ANSWERS to questions in our last.

85. Og, king of Bashan.—Num. xxi. 33.—and
Pharaoh, king of Egypt.—2 Kings xvii. 4.

86. Moses, Exodus xxxiv. 27, 28; Elijah, 1
Kings xix. 8; Jesus, Matt. iv. 1, 2.

The above was given erroneously last week as the
answer to question No. 84, whereas it should have
been the following:

84. The introduction of sin into the world.—
Gen. iii. 6.—and the provision of a Saviour.—
Rom. v. 7, Hebrews ii. 9.

The Child's Gospel.

A very little girl had been early taken to
church, and taught to behave reverently there.
She was told that public worship had been ap-
pointed by God, and that she must attend serious-
ly to its several parts, till she should be able to
comprehend them. So she would fix her eyes
attentively on the preacher, and listen to all he
said, though able to understand but little.

But once a smile of joy was observed to pass
over her expressive face. Her eyes grew bright,
and her red lips parted as if to speak. She had
been repaid for her docile listening. In the
midst of his discourse, the minister had repeated
the Saviour's invitation, "Suffer little children
to come unto me, and forbid them not."

She had learned this passage by heart in her
infancy; but in the voice of the clergy-
man, whom she revered, it came to her with
force and authority. It was like an old friend
in a new garment—the shining garment of
heaven.

Hastening home to her mother, who had been
detained by indisposition from the public ser-
vices of the Sabbath, she threw her arms around
her neck, exclaiming with great animation, "O
mamma, dear mamma, I have heard to-day the
child's gospel!"

The poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my good lad, if you have a
patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace.
It speaks well for your industrious mother. For
our part, we would rather see a dozen patches
on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar
word escape from your lips, or smell the fumes
of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will
show you because you cannot dress as well as
your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes
laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good
lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and
good man, who was once as poor as you. Fear
God, my boy, and if you are poor, but honest
you will be respected—a great deal more than if
you were the son of a rich man, and were ad-
dicted to bad habits.

Don't forget to Pray.

A lady who had the charge of young persons
not of kindred blood, became on one occasion
perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired
to her own room to meditate, and being grieved
in spirit laid her head on a table and wept bitter-
ly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter,
seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to
bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole
softly to her side, and, taking her hand in both
of her own, said, "Mamma, once you taught me
a pretty hymn:

If'er you meet with trials,
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken,
and relief came. The mother was repaid for
rightly training her child, by having her become
her own blessed teacher. "Out of the mouth of
babes and sucklings God has ordained praise."—
Sayings of Little Ones.

Our Prayer Meeting.

Making it my business to attend the prayer-
meeting as a matter of course, I confess I often
come away with a heavy heart. Two or three,
or many more, are gathered together in the
name of Christ, and doubtless He is there by his
presence, but there is no manifestation of that
presence. Men come and go, having "perform-
ed a duty;" you see nothing more.

I have tried to awaken other members of the
church to the importance of attendance; it is a
subject on which our pastor often exhorts us.
With one of the "devoted women" especially,
whose life shows the power of godliness, I ven-
tured to remonstrate. She never attends, has
many home duties, has "no one to come with
her," and I know this is true in her own family.

"But," I said to her; "how is it that you can
go to a lecture, a concert, a visit, and yet so sel-
dom to the prayer-meeting?"

"Oh," said she, "I can invite some friends to
go with me to those places."

"Why not then to the prayer meeting?" said I.

She looked me full in the face as she said, "I
will answer your question by asking another, you
know my young friends, M. and N. and R.
Would it do them any good to go to our meeting
for prayer?"

I answered her never a word, and she pro-
ceeded. "I went formerly, when I could, and I
am obliged to confess it, not with benefit to my-
self. I went one night with a heart burdened
with anxiety for two or three souls some of whom
I knew were thoughtful." A chapter was read,
and a hymn sung,

'Far from my thoughts, vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone.'

Is it so, I thought, that the *vain world* has a
place in the Christian's thoughts? and what are
the hours that are not *religious* in a Christian's
life!

"Then followed prayers, confessions of cold-
ness, and unbelief, and hardness of heart. Yes,
Christian men stood up before God and said,
'We do not believe Thy promises, we know that
Thou hast said that where two or three are met
in Thy name, Thou art in the midst of them;
that Thou art 'waiting to be gracious,' and that
Thou hast promised to hear and answer prayer;
that we have only to ask and we shall obtain this
great blessing, the salvation of souls. Yet we do
not believe it, though we hope that sometimes
some will be converted.' If they did not say this
in so many words, what else did their repeated
confessions of unbelief mean, when translated
into language to be understood! "Then follow-
ed remarks of the same tenor, 'we are cold and
dead, and we confess it,—there was little said of
forsaking:—the whole air was deadening and
discouraging. Another prayer, then a hymn:
and by the way, we sat the whole time; we did
not even relieve the deadness by rising to sing.
But we sang,

'At this poor dying rate.'

and then more prayers were offered at the same
rate.

"I could not help thinking, if all this confes-
sion and preparation had been heartily made at
home, might not these souls have come here,
ready to pour themselves out for the salvation
of sinners, and the reviving of the whole church?
for, 'I will be inquired of by the house of Israel,
to do these things for them.'

"Being a woman, I was not allowed to speak
or to pray, though my heart burned within me,
but I bowed and prayed inwardly that we might
be revived.

"However, I was hopeful, and said, 'all these
confessions being made, perhaps the next time
we shall go a step forward, and ask for a bless-
ing.' But the following meeting was a repetition
of the last, and so on, as long as it was in my
power to go. I did wish that the brethren

would make their confessions at home, and pre-
pare their hearts, and then come together to
pray.

"Now I ask you plainly, what would be the
effect, should I invite one of our friends whom I
named to go with me to such a meeting? You
know them, they have been taught from the
Bible, but are indifferent or try to appear so.
If they be indifferent, would this arouse them?
If thoughtful, would not feeling rather be dead-
ened under such influences: to hear Christians
confess how much they care for the world, and
how little for the Saviour that bought them?"

I could not gainsay the reasonings of my
friend, and was forced to confess that she could
not in wisdom, in the present state of things,
hope for any good to the impenitent from their
presence at our assembling together.

"Were I a man," said she, "I would go; and
though I do not profess to be better than others,
and know my own short-comings, I should try to
speak to them of the fullness of the gospel, and
of the weight and meaning of those exceeding
precious promises made by our Heavenly Father
to His children. 'Whatever things ye desire
when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and
ye shall have them.'"

"I understand this as referring to spiritual
blessings, and to be received without limitation.
For temporal gifts, we of course ask, with sub-
mission to the will of God, but as He desires not
the death of a sinner, but would that all should
come, we may pray with confidence and the be-
lief that now He will hear us. 'While they are
yet speaking, I will hear.'"

"My dear friend," added she, as the tears stood
in her eyes, "we want simplicity of faith."

I went away from the interview pondering
these things in my heart, and I am convinced
that this is what we need. There are two things
especially to be asked in our prayers, the con-
version of souls and the outpouring of God's
spirit on His own churches. How much we
need this! The spirit of Christ shining forth in
all who profess to be His!

As to the impenitent, there is great hope in
personal, individual effort for their salvation,
with direct prayer for a blessing on these efforts.
And this we may seek, not with any confidence
in ourselves. Our very interest will lead us to
say what we may to persuade them: and our
sense of weakness to trust in Him who alone can
reach the heart, and in the Saviour who died for
their redemption. Let us pray.—*N. Y. Obser-
ver.*

Temperance.

Thrilling Incident.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some
years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of
wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own
satisfaction to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and
healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a
plain elderly man arose, and asked the liberty
of saying a few words. Permission being granted,
he spoke as follows:

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had
long been intemperate, was prevailed on to the
joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire ab-
stinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept
his pledge faithfully for some time, though the
struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening,
in a social party, glasses of wine were handed
around. They came to a clergyman present,
who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication
of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man,
if clergymen can take wine and justify it so well,
why not I? So he took a glass. It instantly
rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and
after a rapid downward course he died of delirium
tremens—a raving madman!" The old man
paused for utterance, and was just able to add—
"That young man was my only son, and the cler-
gyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just ad-
dressed the assembly."

At the Mouth of Hell.

A short time since, I was called to the bedside
of a sick man. He was a rum-seller. In health he
seemed to be perfectly contented with his un-
hallowed traffic, but now he has changed. His
physician entertains no hope of his recovery. The
poor man was racked with bodily pain, but
this seemed nothing compared with his anguish
of mind. He was the son of Scotch parents.
In early life he had been instructed in the Scrip-
tures, and he was able now to quote many passages
with remarkable accuracy. He had intelligent
views of the plant of salvation, and thought that
God in his mercy through Christ would forgive
him if he had not been engaged in such business.
But now said he, there is no hope for me. I
have been making a living at the mouth of hell.
To the surprise of all, that man recovered, and is
now engaged at the same business, at the same
place! The poor man now doubtless regards
the view he then had as an illusion, but we have
reason to fear that at the final day it will prove
reality.—*Messenger.*

Agriculture.

The Art of Agriculture.

All hail the art, to which we owe
Weste'or gives happiness below:
The source of all, in church or state,
Or social life, that's good or great;
For should our agriculture stop,
Society must shut up shop;
Our brightest belles and beaux must please
To dwell in caves and hollow trees;
On roots and acorns dine; like shoats,
And sup on leaves and buds, like goats.
Woodchucks would burrow in State Street,
And gaunt wolves prowl where merchants meet!
Churches by catamounts be haunted,
And gruff bears growl where hymns are chanted,
And hoot church airs with pipe sonorous,
And creaking crows caw, caw the chorus!

Should cultivators fail, their fall
Would implicate and ruin all,
For as old Atlas bears the pack
Of all the heavens on his broad back,
The farmer, by his care and pains,
The sublunary world sustains;
And if by some mischance he stumbles,
The whole wide world to ruin tumbles!

T. G. FESSENDEN.

One hundred tons of Grass to the Acre.

A statement was copied from an English pa-
per some time since, setting forth that one hun-
dred tons of grass had been grown in one season
from a single acre, on land belonging to the
estate of Lord Derby. Many supposed that there
must be a mistake in these figures, but a gentle-
man who visited this estate recently, says:
"Four or five crops of the heavy, stout Italian
rye grass is not unusual; and Mr. Mechi, of the
celebrated Triptree Farm, informed me that he
had once grown seven crops during the Summer.
This grass grows with great rapidity and luxuri-
ance under the system of irrigation adopted on
many of the large estates of England, and par-
ticularly by Mr. Mechi, of applying liquid ma-
nures through pipes imbedded in the soil." In
publishing this fact the *Valley Farmer* says:
"The American farmers can hardly form a re-
mote idea of the benefits that are yet to result
from science applied to farming. Land drain-
ing, trench plowing, irrigation, liquid manuring,
are agencies yet to be employed to swell the
products of our leading crops to an extent now
almost exceeding belief."

Saving Cabbages.

The best way to preserve cabbages green all
Winter, so that their good qualities shall in no
manner deteriorate, is as follows: As late this
month as the weather will allow, dig out your
cabbages that you have set apart for Winter use.
—dig trenches, say eighteen or twenty inches
apart, and from twelve to twenty feet in length,
as may be most convenient, and in accordance
with the quantity to be preserved,—transplant
your cabbages firmly in these trenches, as close
ly as they will stand together. When your bed
is finished, raise a platform some eighteen or
twenty inches high, over them, which can be
made of any refuse posts, rails, or boards about
a place; across this place a few bean poles or
lath, and upon the whole throw a quantity of
bean haulm, cornstalks, straw, or any material
of this kind, as a protection against wet and
frost,—and you can eat green cabbage up to
April, finer than if plucked from the garden in
October.—*German town Telegraph.*

GREAT PICKLE ORCHARD.—"Where's the
peck of pickled peppers?" While visiting the
vicinity of San Leandro, we took a peep at the
small (?) pickle ground that supplies A. D.
Baker's pickle warehouse. It is only forty
acres. Just think of it; forty acres of pickles.
Do you remember how the pickles tasted? We
never saw a finer lot of vines, and the following
is the result: A contract was made to supply
one hundred bags a day, of pickles for the ware-
house; the price \$2.25 per bag. Already they
have averaged seventy-five bags per day. They
will raise 4000 sacks this season, realizing the
pretty sum of nearly \$10,000 for forty acres of
ground. A. D. Baker's pickles are now superior
to any imported.—*Cal. Farmer.*

CELERY may be watered with guano water in
the trenches, before the filling up has gone so far
as to raise the earth much above the roots. It
will be found to give the plants a quick, thrifty
growth, and plants set late may thus be made to
reach a larger size and greater tenderness before
the cold weather.—*Homestead.*

An important discovery has lately been made
in one of the tombs of Memphis, of a whole li-
brary of priestly chronicles on papyrus, which
have been secured for the British Museum. Mr.
Birch, of the Museum, has deciphered one of
these curious manuscripts, which turns out to
be a complete history of the Royal dynasties,
registered under the numbers 18 and 19 in
Manetho's Chronological Canon.