

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 26th, 1857.

Subject.—THE EFFECTS OF PAUL'S SERMON. For Repeating. For Reading. Acts xiii. 38-39. | Acts xiii. 40-52.

AUGUST 2nd, 1857.

Subject.—PAUL AND BARNABAS PERSECUTED FROM ICONIUM. For Repeating. For Reading. Acts xiii. 40-41. | Acts xiv. 1-18.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 22.]

In an apartment of a lowly dwelling sits a blind and aged man. He is alone, and the expression of his countenance tells us that his mind is fully occupied in great but sad thoughts. His eyes are closed to the world around him, but the soul within is full of light. He sits in a listening attitude; and presently the sound of approaching footsteps is followed by the entrance of a woman, apparently of humble station, bearing some choice delicacies intended as a gift. The blind man at once addressed her in words of warning and reproof, but with heartfelt sympathy; and his words reveal to us that his visitor, beneath the lowly guise of a peasant, conceals the lofty rank of a queen, and the beating heart of an anxious and sorrowing mother.

QUESTIONS to be answered next week.

- 55. What was the first battle of which we have any record?
56. Mention the name of a child who was the only pious member of a very wicked family, and the son of a wicked father?

SOLUTION to Picture No. 21.

Paul and Silas at Philippi.—Acts xvi. 26.

ANSWERS to questions in our last.

- 53. Three.—"The Tabernacle of the Congregation," Exodus xxxiii. 7; that built by Bezaleel and Aholiab, Exodus xxxvi. to xxxviii.; and David's, 2 Sam. vi. 7.
54. R-hoda, Acts xii. 13. A-dah, Gen. iv. 19. C-andace, Acts viii. 27. H-uldah, 2 Kings xxii. 14. E-uodias, Phil. iv. 2. L-ois, 2 Tim. i. 5.

Miscellaneous.

A Story for Little Girls

ABOUT STEALING.

"I never shall forget," said a lady one day to me, "my first, and I think I may justly say, my last theft." I entreated her to tell me the circumstances, which she did; and I will try to tell them to you as nearly in her own language as my memory will allow.

When I was between seven and eight years old, I went to a day-school in the neighborhood; and nearly every morning, on my way there, I used to stop in at Mrs. Bennett's, to see her little girl, Lizzie, the dearest little thing that ever lived, about three years old.

One morning I found Mrs. Bennett making a dress for Lizzie, of the most beautiful calico. I thought it the prettiest I had ever seen. I had read of fairies, princes, and genii, and I thought it must have taken six of each of those all-powerful beings to have composed and created such a lovely fabric. I wished I had a piece of it, to put in a patch-work quilt which I was making; but did not like to ask for any.

Oh, how pretty it was! The longing grew intense. Mrs. Bennett's back was turned. I picked up a three-cornered piece from the floor, and hid it in my bosom.

In two or three minutes I was on my way to school, every now and then looking at my beautiful calico, and thinking how cleverly I had managed to get it. But all at once, it struck me that I had stolen it! and I began to feel very badly. At school I couldn't attend to my lessons; there seemed to be great lumps in my throat, and the tri-cornered piece of calico, in my bosom, felt as if it were piercing me with every point.

My teacher asked me if I felt sick. I was going to reply "Yes," but fortunately I thought in time: "No, I will not tell a lie besides stealing." So I answered that I felt badly.

She very kindly told me to go out in the playground for a little while. Oh! how I wished she had not been so kind; if she only knew what a wicked girl I was, would she speak to me again?"

I went out, and determined to get rid of the calico; but where to put it! Everybody would

be sure to see it, and know I stole it. I picked a hole in a post, and thought that that would do for a hiding-place. I squeezed it in, and fancied that I felt happier; but the bright and beautiful colors haunted me yet. The children would see it. I must find some more secure place. I got it again, and tried to chew and swallow it. But it would not do. Oh, how wretched I was beginning to feel!

On my way from school, I had to cross a bridge over a running stream of water, and there I thought I could get rid of it. I threw it over, and watched it slowly floating along. Now it whirled in a little eddy; and now came swimming back again.

Would it never float out of sight? and if it did, where would it go? Wouldn't it be sure to float right in front of some one who would know that it was Mrs. Bennett's calico, and that I had stole it?

While I leaned over the bridge, and watched it with all the agony of childish remorse, it caught against the root of a bush which grew upon the bank. Yes, there it stuck, where every one would see it. I was sure they couldn't and wouldn't see anything else. I heard wagon-wheels coming—coming towards the bridge.

I felt certain that Mrs. Bennett was in that wagon, and all my uncles, and aunts, and playmates, and every one that knew me. They would all see the calico, and knew I had been stealing. I climbed over the bridge, at the risk of breaking my neck, crept down the bank, and hid until the wagon had passed.

When all was quiet I came out of my hiding-place, and tried to reach the calico; but my arm was too short. I took off my shoes and stockings. Oh, if any one should see me now! With a desperate effort I reached the calico. But what should I do with it, now I had got it? While putting on my shoes and stockings, I determined what to do. I ran along towards home. I reached Mrs. Bennett's. She was sitting near the open window. I opened the gate, went up to the window, threw in the piece of calico, and was running away when she called after me.

"Sarah, my dear child, what ails you? I hardly dared to turn back; but she called again. I went in slowly.

"Why, Sarah, what is the matter with you? you look quite pale. What did you throw the piece of calico in the window for?"

"I stole it," said I desperately, expecting that she would look horrified, and tell me never to come into her house any more; that she couldn't have such a wicked girl play with her dear little Lizzie. She put down her work, laid hold of my hand; drew me towards her, put her arm around me, and said, pityingly, "My poor child!"

I had not shed a tear all the day; but my head felt as if it would split, and my throat ached. Those three words opened the flood-gates of my poor little heart. I leaned my head on her bosom, and burst into tears. "Sarah, dear," she said, as she held me close to her, "tell me all about it."

I did tell her, and my heart grew lighter and lighter. When I had finished, she said, "I am sure I need not say a word to add to your sorrow; you have suffered enough to-day, and I don't think you will ever be tempted to be dishonest again. Take some of these pieces of calico, and put them in your patch-work, and whenever you see them, remember this day." My children sleep under the quilt now, and it is an unflinching monitor.

Preaching Politics.

Some one lately sent the following paragraph to Henry Ward Beecher:

"One day, says Luther, as Satan and his imps were gathered together to consult in relation to their plans and to give an account of what each had done, one said—I let loose the wild beasts upon the caravan of pilgrims, and now their bones lie bleaching upon the sands of the desert." "Pshaw!" said the devil, "their souls were all saved;" and I, said another, "by tempest wrecked a ship loaded with Christians on their way to found a new community." "Pshaw!" said the devil again, "their souls were all saved;" and I, said a third, "cultivated an intimate acquaintance with 'an independent preacher,' and after long persuasion I induced him to drop his Bible and go to preaching politics," and then the devil shouted in exultation till the arches of Pandemonium rang and all the night stars of hell sang together for joy."

On last Sunday evening, says a writer in the Times, Mr. Beecher read this scrap, during his sermon, and then said:

"Whether Luther ever wrote that or not, it is true; I don't wonder that when the man dropped his Bible and went to preaching politics, he went to the devil at once; but he would have had no trouble if he had lived in our day. It is not such preaching as that that makes disturbance now—it is when a man takes the Bible and applies its truths hissing-hot to the side of public affairs, that the devil screams."

Praise your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good, for all that and you too.

There are many women to-day, thirsting for the words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through Summer's heat, and Winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labours, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely, every day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty—"Why how pleasant you make things look, wife! or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the lecture room—in short they thank everything out of doors, because it is the custom; and come home and tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

"I tell you what men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of house-keeping your wives, if you give them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, if you would stop the badinage directed at them at which they sometimes may laugh for the time, but it afterwards leaves a sting, if you would cease to speak of their faults, however humbly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your apparently cold, sordid affection. Praise your wife then, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

Printers' Mistakes.

During the Mexican war, one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a battle, (battle.) Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown suit was yesterday brought before the police court on a charge of having stolen a small ox (box,) from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft,) says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat; and so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General Ruckinofskowsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter (slaughter.) Again—A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver, for demanding more than his fare. At the last Fourth of July dinner in the town of Charlestown, none of the poultry were eatable except the oats, (fowls.)

Gentle Reader,—When you consider that a page of a newspaper such as the Christian Messenger requires about twenty-five thousand distinct pieces of metal, making not less than about two hundred thousand for each number of the paper every week, and every small piece of metal is picked up separately, you will be disposed to make allowances for an occasional error such as the above, although you may enjoy a laugh at their absurdity.

VALUE OF A SINGLE TREE.—The bark of an oak tree felled in 1810, in Monmouthshire, England, was sold for \$1,000, and its timber for \$3,350. Who planted that acorn?

Practical Good Sense.

It is related that an Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. The philosopher, in the spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in recrimination, coldness, and estrangement. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares, and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not depreciating or decriing wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessors influence, position, and power. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess it.

THE HUSBAND'S HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—Rev. C. Hamilton.

Agriculture.

The Crops.

The account of the crops from all parts of the U. States, are every week becoming more favorable. We subjoin a few of the latest specimens:

A gentleman who has travelled quite extensively over the Western States, writes to the Cincinnati Gazette, that in his judgment, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, there will be a larger crop of wheat harvested the coming harvest than ever before.

The Executive Committee of the Kentucky Horticultural Society say that the fruit crop generally will exceed the general average, but that the crop of peaches will be light. The Wilmington Gazette states that at present, in Delaware, the peach crop bids fair to be more abundant than it has been for many years.

HOW TO SAVE PLUMS.—Having been disappointed for several years in raising this excellent fruit, by the ravages of the curculio, I was induced in the year 1854 to try the following experiment: About the middle of June, or perhaps later, every evening I syringed the trees with a pailful or two of slaked lime water. In the following fall I gathered an abundant crop of fine fruit. I do not say that this remedy is infallible, but "seeing is believing."—Waltham Sentinel.

DANIELS that produce quantities of branches should have some of them cut out occasionally, to admit air and light, which will conduce to the number and quality of the flowers.

LAWNS must be frequently mown and rolled, if it is wished to have the grass fine in quality. All weeds must be taken out by the roots, with a tool that is sold for the purpose at the seed-stores.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Where fruit has set too thickly it should be thinned out, both for the sake of the permanent welfare of the tree, and for the purpose of having a crop of fine quality.

Budding may be commenced in many localities. Fruits that cease growth early should be first budded. The two points are to have the stocks in an active state of growth, and the buds to be inserted well matured.

SAND YOUR STALLS.—Let fresh, clean sand be sprinkled every day over the floors of your tie-ups. This will keep the animals clean, and prevent their being attacked by vermin. Every morning remove the excrement to the manure shed, and throw over it a few handfuls of gypsum or pulverized charcoal.

CHARCOAL FOR HOGS.—Provide a trough or other suitable receptacle, fill it with charcoal, and place it in your hog pen. Few articles that can be administered to swine, will prove more beneficial than this.

FENCE POSTS.—Char your fence posts to a coal before setting, and set them top down. You will find this an excellent preventive against the rot. Posts thus treated, will last much longer than if set in the ordinary way.

Gates are much handier, and far more economical in the long run, than bars. At every entrance, set a good stone post firmly in the soil, and append thereto a light but strong gate. With the proper materials and tools almost any person can construct a good efficient gate, and hang it. It should also be protected from the weather by a good coat of paint.

NEW KIND OF FUEL.—A new and effective kind of fuel has been invented, in the form of balls composed of the fire clay, which when put in the fire soon become hot, and continue heated for a long time, while of course, they occupy a considerable space which would otherwise be occupied by coal. These fire clay balls last an indefinite time, and are said to effect a saving of 33 per cent. in the consumption of coal.