

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

APRIL 26th, 1857.

Subject.—SAUL TAKES LETTERS TO DAMASCUS, AND IS MET BY CHRIST.

For Repeating. For Reading. Acts viii. 35-37. Acts ix. 1-16.

MAY 3rd, 1857.

Subject.—CONSPIRACY AGAINST PAUL'S LIFE AND HIS ESCAPE.

For Repeating. For Reading. Acts ix. 13-16. Acts ix. 17-31.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 9.]

'Tis night, and golden lamps have shed Their lustre o'er that inner room, Where warriors from the battle fled Have met—each brow o'erhung with gloom; Each eye fixed on a form that stands Wrapt in a royal mantle there; With down-cast look and clasped hands, The silent image of despair.

If God in prosperous days we leave, And thus his Holy Spirit grieve; What but the blackness of despair, In sorrow's hour, can be our share; Unless the Saviour's death we plead For grace to help in time of need!

QUESTIONS to be answered next week.

20. What three verses of scripture are exactly alike?

21. When did a mere rumour save a city from ruin?

22. What word occurs but three times in scripture, and reads the same backwards as forwards?

SOLUTION to Picture No. 8.

Deborah and Barak, Judges iv. 4-9.

ANSWERS to questions in our last.

17. In Genesis xxxvii. 23-28.

18. Ahimelech, 1 Samuel xxii. 13-16.

19. Elizabeth, Luke i. 18.

The Angel of the House.

There is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child. Or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps towards heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with sinless feet. We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved, she only saw misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawless, and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curbstone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have brought bread was spent in gin. And the patience that the angel wrought with made her face shine; so that, though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognise the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of his dishonour. From her humble grave he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her much-enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child. Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

Patronage.

Patronage! none but a fool stands in need of patronage: be your own patron! Friendless as you seem, you have three very powerful friends your health, your intelligence, and your character; and as long as you keep on good terms with these, you are all right, you are invincible, you may—you must—succeed. You are far better off than many who have prospered. Thousands of men labouring under the disadvantage of very feeble health have contrived to make their way: numbers whose education had been utterly neglected have mastered the difficulties of their position. You are poor, you say; not poorer than Samuel Budgett, when he picked up an old horse-shoe and sold it at the nearest smithy for a penny. You are friendless, you say; not more friendless than William Hutton, when he slept on a butcher's block in the street of Lichfield, and went to Birmingham, living on the turnips which he took from the fields by the way-side. Your position cannot be more forlorn, your prospects cannot be more gloomy, than those of hundreds who have fought the battle well, and against tremendous odds. But, in fact, it signifies little what odds are against the man of physical, intellectual, and moral strength. The order and the law of the universe are in his favour, and he can beat the world. He is a perfect Sampson on the battle-field of life: give him only the jaw-bone of an ass, and, heaps upon heaps, he will slay his thousand men. Do not be discouraged my friend, by what you call the unfavourable circumstances in which you are placed. Do not imbibe that feeble and enfeebling philosophy which teaches you that you are the creature of circumstances, and entirely at their mercy. The disciples of that philosophy may be the creatures of circumstances, and very poor creatures they are; but men that are men feel that they are to a great extent masters of circumstances—yea, creators of circumstances: they can make a thousand untoward circumstances bend to their strong imperial will; they can dash through the unfavourable circumstances, knock them hither and thither, right and left, trample upon them, destroy them, and form new circumstances that shall—that must—be favourable.—The battle of Life, a Lecture by the Rev. H. S. Brown.

Agriculture.

Root Crops.

THE SUGAR BEET.

The profits of the farmer may be more rapidly increased under a judicious cultivation of the various roots, than in any other way, more than double the value, per acre, may be obtained from them than from hay crops, and more, even, than from the small grains, or Indian corn.

The cultivation of the sugar beet is beginning to enlist the attention of farmers. It is not only very productive, but one of the best roots that can be fed to milch cows and young cattle—causing a rich flow of milk in the former, and great vigor, sprightliness and hardihood in the latter.

It should be planted in drills, on good, deep, and rather warm soil, well stimulated with rich and invigorating manure, and should be carefully hoed and kept clear of weeds.

A mechanic having a cow, and but a small piece of ground from which to derive the means of sustaining her, cannot do much better than to plant a portion or the whole of it with sugar beets. He will in this way secure more salutary aliment for his animal than in any other way, and at less expense. From eight to thirteen hundred bushels have been taken from an acre, and in several cases, the crop has amounted to fifteen hundred. The roots attain a large size, and are very nutritious and wholesome. Swine fatten rapidly on boiled sugar beets, and the pork made on this food is said to be more solid than that made on potatoes or any other root. We advise every one this season, to put in a small plot of this vegetable, and give it a trial.

Carrots.

We have seen rich land which was deeply subsoiled for carrots, and the crop treated in the best manner, that produced, in our mind, a very unprofitable crop. The carrots were from 14 to 22 inches in length, but very thin and weighed very lightly. We also saw the same season, a crop, the ground on which it was planted was not subsoiled, and plowed only the usual depth for a root crop, which yielded a much greater amount in weight, though the carrots were scarcely more than half as long. The roots penetrated to the hard ground, then spread, and the carrot thickened. The labor of digging also was not more than half as much as the subsoiled crop.—Germantown Telegraph.

TO DRESS SKINS WITH THE WOOL OR FUR ON.—Take two table-spoons full of saltpetre and one of alum; pulverize finely, mix them and sprinkle evenly over the flesh side of the skin. Then roll the skin together, and let it remain a few days, according to the weather. Unroll and scrape them with a chip, or dull knife, or draw them over a board fence, until they are dry, soft and pliable.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, March 27, 1857.

(Concluded.)

DEAR SIR:

THE OLD AND NEW PARLIAMENT.

"Get you gone, and give place to honest men!" said Cromwell, to the members of his time. "Get you gone, and see if you can come back again!" says the Cromwell of our day, Lord Palmerston. He has beaten his enemies with their own weapons. They hoped he would resign; but, cunning master of fence as he is, he dissolved Parliament instead, and sent them whining to their constituents. And he did wisely. Such an anomalous combination of diverse elements as outvoted him could not together carry on the Government for a month. They would be at loggerheads on the first question at issue. The national mind, also, is by a great majority on the Premier's side, and of itself would unsettle such a hollow mockery of combination.

The charge brought against the majority, that "a coalition" had taken place between the respective hostile parties, was indignantly repelled. Lord Derby, the head of the Tories, was especially wrathful at it, and pledged his honour that the charge was false. Therefore, being bound to accept his word, the charge was altered to "a most singular combination of diverse elements;" but the fact remains the same as to the union.

The dissolution is anything but favourably received by those who caused it. Their speeches to the electors are explanatory, humble, and deprecatory of vengeance being taken on them for it. Such is the expense of election, that many would rather have gulped down hostile opinions, than try their exercise, and so unseated themselves, had they seen the result beforehand. But it is done, and they must make the best they can of it. There can be little doubt that a larger and stronger majority will be sent in, to sustain the Premier against future attacks.

Mr. Cobden made one of his best speeches on the matter, at Manchester; but he leaves the West Riding, and only contests Huddersfield. Mr. Bright writes from Rome (where he is recruiting his health) that he should have voted against Palmerston, and puts up again for Manchester. Lord John Russell also keeps to the city, and appeals somewhat like an old servant asking for forbearance on the ground of past service. His pettishness, intrigues for office, and inconsistent course, of late, have seriously damaged his reputation; still he is a great statesman, and will probably be returned, with a strong hint as to future amendment.

Lord Palmerston declines invitations from London or Liverpool, and keeps to his own pocket-borough of Tiverton, where no one can oppose him. It is objected to the Noble Lord, that, while impudently assuming the leadership of the Liberal party, he is in reality a Tory, and opposed to Reform. An extract from his address, however, disproves this. He says:—

"Abroad it will be our earnest endeavour to procure peace, but peace with honour and with safety, peace with the maintenance of national rights, peace with security to our fellow-countrymen in foreign lands. At home our guiding principles will be judicious and well-regulated economy, progressive improvement in all that concerns the welfare of the nation, the continued diffusion of education among the people, and such well considered reforms as from time to time may be required by changes of circumstances and by the increasing growth of intelligence."

Lord Palmerston is, there can be no doubt, one who takes the path which leads to popularity and safety. Now, he has never been a favourite at Court: Lady Palmerston, until recently, was not honoured by the Queen's notice, as usual in the case of a Premier's lady. He was sent for on compulsion, and so remained. To the much-spoken-of German influence at Court, wielded by Prince Albert, he is opposed: Therefore, his strength lies not there. Neither does it lie in the aristocracy, which always follows the Court. While his course as regards China is nationally indorsed, there are other cries forced on him—cries which call emphatically and earnestly for retrenchment and reform in all the departments of State. He must accede to these, or lose at once the position he will hold. Enemies and supporters are alike on the watch. The former would taunt him with betraying the people who returned him; the latter, charge him with hypocrisy and ingratitude, and join his foes to revenge themselves. Thus only one straight course

is left him—to lead the people, and accede to their wishes. Such will undoubtedly be his course; and so, even out of the temporary check, through dissolution, real Reform will receive a vast impetus—and the extension of the franchise, ecclesiastic purification, and many other desiderata, be brought nearer than they would otherwise have been.

It is a great moral spectacle, that of the Chief of a country being compelled to submit his course to the million voices of the nation, for approval or rejection. In despotic countries, where no such facilities for popular expressions of opinion are allowed, these events might have led to revolution, bloodshed, and anarchy. But here, a month settles all peaceably; and statesmen are checked from outraging popular opinions on the one hand, while they are assured that, so long as they faithfully serve the nation, the nation will take care to back them against courtly disfavour, aristocratic enmity, and the factious cabals of place-hunting combinations.

PUSEYISM IN THE CHURCH.

The long-litigated question regarding the Churches of Saints Paul and Barnabas has at last been decided by the Privy Council, to whom appeal was made from a decision of lower courts. The service in these churches is monotonous, and there is a brazen screen to keep out the laity from the altar; the altar is of stone, with a large cross and tapers on it, and crosses are on the stone credence tables behind. An elaborately embroidered cloth also takes the place of "the plain linen" one, directed by the Rubric. The clergy file in, making repeated bowings to the cross; and the sermons are of a piece with the whole proceedings.

The judgment only directs removal of the stone altar and cross, and its cloth; in other respects it is just what the Puseyites would have it; and, as both parties are to pay their own costs, a premium is given for the repetition of such practices, and a check to interference with them. The weightier matter, of the doctrines preached to immortal souls, is left untouched, and thus professedly Protestant ministers may mislead their hearers, and woo onward to Catholicism and mere image-worship the unwary, by sanction of the Establishment.

What else, than such a trimming policy, could be expected from professional lawyers deciding on spiritual matters? What an anomaly is it to gauge creeds by human law, and decide by civil power what alone should be matter of conscience! But such is the constitution of a so-called spiritual system, reckoning the Chief Magistrate of the State as its head. Fit finale is it to the mockery which styles our King "Defenders of the Faith,"—a title given to Henry VIII., for defence of Romanism; and fit exponent, too, of the hollowness of State-fixed, State-paid, State-upheld hypocrisy. What of the plain "upper chamber" in which Christ gave his disciples their commission? What of the statement, "My Kingdom is not of this world"—"render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's"? When shall the substance be looked for instead of the shadow? and when shall Englishmen learn to depart from the mere associations of form, to worship their Maker "in spirit and in truth"? The Church is becoming more Romish every year, and soon these in communion who still retain the Protestant opinions must come out from it,—leaving the rest to go over altogether to "the great apostasy" they now coquet with.

Mr. Miall's intention of directing Parliamentary attention to the Irish Church may be set aside by the dissolution; but it will come in some other shape before long. That one branch attacked, others will afterward share the assault. But what can we say of the result? Only this—that, though long delayed, the truth will at last conquer, as it has done of old.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

FRANCE.—The French Government continues with rigid impartiality to seize and confiscate English journals of all shades of politics, which contain any fact or opinion concerning politics, morals, religion, literature, or art, displeasing to the eyes of those who wield ministerial authority for the hour. On Saturday week, *The Morning Herald*, *Standard*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Atlas*, and *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, were seized and on Sunday *The Athenaeum*, *Examiner*, *John Bull*, *Leader*, *Saturday Review*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Morning Herald*, were amongst the captures. A review of Mr. St. John's work, "The Life of Napoleon III.," was the obnoxious article in *The Leader* and *Athenaeum*.

The publisher of the Jesuit's journal entitled *L'Armonia*, at Turin, has been convicted of a libel on the personal character of the King of Sardinia, sentenced to a fine of 2,000 lire and three months' imprisonment.

Sir Morton Peto is now on his way to Algeria, with the view to the construction of railways in that important French colony. After visiting Algeria, Sir Morton will proceed to Portugal.

DEAR BROTH... I know no... with the prog... point of "don... last fall, by... Hillsburgh, a... Should this be... gratitude has... neglect. My... being, first, a... ing anything... had considere... giving public... since been soc... perfectly satis... Westron, we... influence publ... reward was ei... an embelied t... from oppress... fondness by... gold—brother... erations, am... with the prog... and mad... storms of win... the inquiry w... What shall... Capt. Pinkne... some of my... have not ceas... turning year... last mail I r... you for publ... DEAR BROTH... Many of t... regret the los... dental arrat... sign your pa... Brethren... I had a dre... of it which... here relate... Brother, can... U., as he had... funds on han... C. and when... said "he wo... a dream—but... I soon found... not that I p... may be a me... tion of writt... Upper Falm... Brother Ran... note below... free-will-offe... and believe... Falmou... Hantspo... I beg to... ments to my... to my anno... his future d... be gratifyin... Omiscient... ledge his k... last, as h... closing, I w... my friends... proving with... their liberal... in their pra... Rose Cott... DONA... Mr. Edw... The Chu... in Decembe... the Rev. M... engagements... file, on V... now-storm... Wednesday... the general... of any who... left home... make arran... which has... set localitie... could not... travelling w... The old a... where th... writstar... was, that... case. It... had come w... and we wer... previous c... Chambers,