

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 2nd, 1858.

Subject.—THE PERFECT SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.
For Repeating. For Reading.
Heb. ix. 1-5. Heb. ix. 11-17.

MAY 9th, 1858.

Subject.—THE SECOND COVENANT CONFIRMED AND RATIFIED BY BLOOD, AS WAS THE FIRST.
For Repeating. For Reading.
Heb. ix. 11-12. Heb. ix. 18-28.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

10—What does the Bible compare to a spider's web? and why?
11—Which of the prophets, when describing Jerusalem in prosperity, speaks of children playing in the streets as one of its signs?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 59.

33—The marriage of Caleb's daughter.—JUDGES i. 12-15.

Two Standards of Measurement.

"Mamma, how tall was that great giant of whom papa was telling us?" said Harry, who, after standing with his back to the door, a pencil in one hand, and a ruler in the other, was busily engaged in examining some marks which he had made on the panel.

"He was nearly seven feet high, I believe," replied Mrs. Prince, without raising her eyes from her work.

"And how tall do you think that I am?" said the little boy with a look of conscious pride.

"You? I should say, about four feet my dear!"

"I am eight feet high!" cried Harry with exultation.

"Impossible!"

"I have just measured myself, mamma."

"You have measured wrong."

"I have been very careful; see, here is the mark for each foot upon the door—one, two, four, six, eight."

"But what is your standard measure, Harry?" said his mother with a smile.

"This pretty little ruler, that I made for myself, cried the child, exhibiting his paste-board measure, neatly marked with divisions for the inches, but only half the proper length! "You see, dear mamma, that I am taller than the giant!"

"Foolish child?" you say; and I should say so too, did I not fear that half the world act exactly as he did. We are all apt to make our standard measures for ourselves, laying aside the only true one, which we find in the Bible, and thus we often deem ourselves sensible and good, when our wisdom is folly, our actions full of sin. The Bible tells us that holiness is absolutely necessary.

"There is no need to be so very particular," cries the world. The Bible declares that we shall be judged for every idle word. "My words are my own," says the trifler.

It is clear that there are two standard measures before us; one short and easy, the other long and trying; one that makes us seem like giants, the other like dwarfs. Thus we are too ready to choose the standard of our own making and willfully to deceive our own hearts. But, O! let us ask ourselves one solemn question; by which standard shall we be measured at the last day?

One of the Boys.

Rev. H. W. B., a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage sleigh, from the depot in W——, (a New England town, where railroad communication then ended,) to B——, a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams of horses any good, and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line, he called up that particular driver, (Sam,) and asked how he came to drive his horses that day at such a rate. "Well," said Sam, "I had one of the 'boys' on the box with me—he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!"—*Evening Post.*

THE OLD, THE YOUNG, THE NEW MAN.—An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man."

THE SABBATH-BREAKERS.—It was the saying of Sir Robert Peel, "I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week."

Singing at Funerals.

An appropriate psalm or hymn sung at a funeral is a grateful and useful service. It prepares the mind for the truth, and deepens its impressions. Far more impressive often than the able sermon or eloquent address. And what a comfort to the mourners! what a balm to wounded hearts!

The writer has recently attended two funerals of persons who died in the Lord; the one in a full schoolhouse in a new settlement in Maine, and the other in a crowded church in the city of New-York.

At the former the little choir sung to the tune Hamburg, in distinct and subdued tones, Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful hymn;

"How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks his weary soul to rest!"

The words distinctly uttered, the music tenderly sung, and the sentiments clearly seen, went to the heart. It was an eloquent song. I left the subdued audience in tears. The sermon which followed must have been a failure but for its text—Rev. 14: 13, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" being in sentiment and spirit in harmony with the song. Such a funeral service it was worth a journey of four hundred miles to witness, to feel, and improve.

The city funeral service also opened with a song by the small choir. It was a voluntary, commenced by a female voice, the other parts, including the organ, in due time falling in. But what was "piped or harped," who can tell? Was it an Italian Opera song? Perhaps so, it was in that style; but why produced on such an occasion? "There are, it may be," says the Apostle Paul, "so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." But what did the voice of that song signify? The writer could not hear one syllable, so as to determine its sentiments or its language. There was an "uncertain sound," like, very like, a March squall, dubious, dry, and windy; or like the wail of kind mourners at an ancient Hebrew funeral, but equally destitute of sense, sentiment, and feeling. This over, the other services proceeded instructively and impressively till the closing hymn:

"Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead."

It was tenderly and beautifully read; but the singing! in a tone familiar probably to none but the members of the little choir; repeating the second and fourth lines of each verse, and the whole rendered so indistinctly, and in a voice so unnatural, as to defeat the great purpose of intelligent devotion.—*New York Evangelist.*

"The Gift of Gab."

George Stephenson, though one of the most profound thinkers, like many other great men, was frequently at a loss for words to express his thoughts.

Sir Robert Peel, on more than one occasion, invited Mr. Stephenson to Dayton. He refused at first, from an indisposition to mix in "fine company," but ultimately went. On one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland, on one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal; but the result was, that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning, before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follet came up and asked what he was thinking about. "Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words that he has, I'd have beaten him."

"Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you." The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case, entering into it with the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interest of his client.

After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbed his hands with glee, and said, "Now I am ready for him." Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that, in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law, and Sir William Follet had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland.

"What do you say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert laughing.

"Why," said he, "I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to be no power so great as 'the gift of gab.'"

On another occasion, a highly original idea was struck out by Mr. Stephenson in conversation with Mr. Buckland. "Now Buckland,"

said he, "I have a poser for you: can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?"

"Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines."

"But what drives the engine?"

"Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver."

"What do you say to the light of the sun?"

"How can that be?"

"It is nothing else," said the engineer; "It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." Such an idea was more an immediate intuition of genius, than the result of methodical reasoning.

Common Sense of Infant Baptism.

Many of our readers well remember the visit of the late James Silk Buckingham, Esq., a member of the British Parliament, to this country nearly twenty years ago. It is not, however, generally known that he was a Baptist, and when about twenty years of age was baptized at Plymouth Dock, now called Devonport, by the late excellent Isaiah Birt, who baptized a considerable number of persons that were united with Baptist churches.

Before his decease Mr. Buckingham published a large portion of his auto-biography, containing many highly interesting facts; one of these will amuse the reader if it does not instruct him. In his first volume he writes:

"An event which occurred about this time, and was much talked of in society, contributed largely to my convictions of the irrationality of infant baptism. It appears that a party—composed of an infant, its parents and the usual number of sponsors—went to one of the Plymouth churches to have this child baptized. The godfather, who stood next the infant while in the nurse's arm, was in the course of the service, addressed by the clergyman, who read over to him the usual articles of the Christian creed from the prayer-book, and then said to him: 'Dost thou believe all this?' to which the sponsor replied, 'I do.'

The next question was, 'Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?' to which the godfather replied, 'Sir, I have been baptized already.'

The clergyman rejoined, 'But this question is addressed to the child through you.'

The sponsor asked, 'And was the question relating to the belief in the Christian doctrine also addressed to the child?'

The clergyman replied, 'Yes, through you.'

'Then,' said the sponsor, 'the mistake was mine, since I answered as for myself, seeing that I really do understand and believe all that you recited; but as for the child, it is impossible for me to communicate to it the requisite degree of intelligence to comprehend your questions or to answer them; and in this state of ignorance it is perfectly passive. I think, sir, therefore, with your permission, that we had better take the child home; and when it is sufficiently advanced in years and knowledge to comprehend what you say, and to understand the nature and object of the baptismal rite, it can come again and answer for itself, and be thus a voluntary agent in this solemn profession of the Christian faith.'

The clergyman made no reply; and the party returned, to the great surprise and disappointment of the mother and nurse, who thought these scruples most ill-timed and unreasonable."—*W. & R.*

Mirth a Medicine.

I know of nothing equal to cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the spurts of mirth may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—*Arnold's Illustrations of Proverbs.*

JOY IN ADVERSITY.—All birds when they are first caught and put into the cage, fly wildly up and down, and beat themselves against their little prison; but within two or three days sit quietly upon their perch, and sing their usual melody. So it fares with us, when God first brings us into straits; we wildly flutter up and down, and beat and tire ourselves with striving to get free; but at length custom and experience will make our narrow confinement spacious enough for us, and though our feet should be in the stocks, yet shall we with the apostles be able even there to sing praises to our God.—*Hopkins.*

The Scriptures on Infant Baptism.

Ask a Pædobaptist to prove his doctrine from the Bible, and he will quote passages which may be classified under three heads:

1st. Those which speak of infants, but not of baptism. Matt. xix, 13; Luke xviii, 15; Acts ii, 29.

2nd. Those which speak of baptism, but not of infants. Acts xv, 15-33; 1 Cor. i, 16.

3rd. Those which speak neither of infants nor baptism. Romans iv, 11-16; Gal. iii, 18; Eph. vi, 1; Col. ii, 11, and some quote John iii, 5.

They never quote passages in which baptism and infants are linked together.

They neglect to quote such passages because inspired penmen neglected to write them.

Chiseling.

A writer in the *Home Journal* thinks that mental activity tends to keep the body young: "We were speaking of handsome men, the other evening, and I was wondering why K—— had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was famous. 'Oh, it's because he never did anything,' said B.; 'he never worked, thought, suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features if you want handsome middle aged men.' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch, at the theatre, opera, and other places to see whether it is generally true—and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

A Curious Curiosity.

We clip the following paragraph from one of our exchanges:

It turns out, from curious statistics of life made by a gentleman in Flanders, that those persons who subsist entirely on farinaceous and vegetable diet live longer than those who eat flesh meat, in the proportion of nine to seven, and that they enjoy better health, and die with little or no pain.

Such "curious statistics" are very common. The world has been full of them for several thousands of years. And we might add another to the list more curious than all which have yet been mentioned. It is the fact that all the working animals of the world are now, and always have been, vegetarians. No flesh-eating animal can endure severe and prolonged toil. The horse, the ox, the reindeer are herbivorous; and the camel, whose extraordinary capacity to endure seems almost marvelous, who will travel sixty miles per day, for several days, under a heavy load, over the burning sands of the desert, without food or drink, derives its whole nourishment from the simplest and coarsest herbage, as boughs, grass, thistles, etc.

The great physiological truth that underlies the explanation of these "curious statistics" has been too long overlooked. If human beings would take nature for their guide in all matters which pertain to organic life, they would have better health, greater vigor, longer life, and a more natural death as the consequence.—*Life Illustrated.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S MAGIC LANTERN.—Shinte was most anxious to see the picture of the magic lantern, but I could not go on for several days. When I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court-beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac. It was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad. The Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a God than the things of wood and clay they worshipped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible we held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moved towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. "Mother!" "Mother!" they all shouted at once, and off they rushed, helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol-houses and tobacco bushes. We could only get one of them back again.

A white fur on the tongue attends fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the centre, or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white, velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the lips, becoming dry, brown and glazed, attends the typhus state. The description of symptoms might be extended, taking in all the propensities of mental and moral condition.

[THE SKETCH OF GENERAL SIR HENRY HAYLOCK will be continued in our next.—Ed. C.M.]