

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 21st, 1858.

Subject.—CHRIST JESUS, A PRIEST AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHISEDEC.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. vi. 11-12. | Heb. vii. 1-10.

MARCH 28th, 1858.

Subject.—THE SUPERIORITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST TO THE JEWISH, ARGUED.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. vii. 1-3. | Heb. vii. 11-19.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 56.]

We look on a quiet spot, which seems the more tranquil in contrast to the busy city which is near. Many grateful trees throw their refreshing shade around, and beyond lies a sheet of still blue water, sparkling in the bright beams of an Eastern sun. Two figures are approaching this calm seclusion. One, with closed eyes and helpless bearing, seems to trust altogether to the guidance of his companion, whose hand leads him tenderly and carefully along, while his eyes are bent on him with compassionate interest.

SOLUTION to Picture No. 55.

Jehoiakim burning Baruch's roll.—JEREMIAH xxii. 20-25.

Little Harry Russell.

On a couch of softest down lay little Harry Russell. Everything which the wealth of his parents could purchase was around him. The most costly playthings, the most beautiful pictures, and the most luscious fruits. But one after another was laid aside, and still he moaned and cried.

"I wish I was well! I do not want to lie down here; I am afraid I will die!" His nurse tried to soothe him; for she was afraid he would die, and she wished to get him to think of Christ. So she said, "Harry, wouldn't you like to go to heaven?" "No," said Harry, "it is too far, and I do not know the way; and when I would get there, I shouldn't know anybody, and I would cry to come home to mamma."

Poor Harry! he spoke the truth. He did not know anybody there; for his mamma had never taught him about Christ, and if it had been possible for him to get there without knowing Christ, he would have been very unhappy. Perhaps some of my little friends think if they only get to heaven, it is no difference how they live while here. But they must remember that unless God prepares us for heaven, we would be very uncomfortable if we were taken just as we are.

Suppose you had been playing in the street, and had fallen in the mud, and your mother, to punish you, had taken you to the parlor, where a number of guests were assembled, and compelled you to remain there in your soiled garments, wouldn't you feel very much ashamed, as you compared yourself with those around you?

It would be just so if you were taken to heaven without a change of heart. Every one there would be ashamed to look up. Angels, who never sinned, would be tuning their golden harps to the praise of the Saviour. Redeemed saints would join the song with still sweeter melody—to tell something of wondrous love, but you, you alone would be silent. You could not tell how he had changed your heart, and given you a heart that could love him, for your heart would be unchanged. You could not praise him for bringing you there; you would rather beg him to send you with those who were not better than yourself, so that they could not look down upon your miserable condition.

Think on little Harry, and do not close your eyes without asking your Heavenly Father to give you a new heart, that you may love him more and serve him better than you have ever done before.—Presbyterian.

Introductions in Heaven.

"I think, my brethren," said the preacher, "I think when a Bible-reading Christian gets to heaven, he will need no introductions. Like going to a camp-meeting, so it will be. We know the leading saints, and shake hands about the altar, as though we had been acquainted all our lives—heard of them before—knew their standing in the church. The fame of their piety had gone abroad and met us, and at first sight we say, 'This must be brother such a one.' The communion of saints, my brethren, is peculiar to Christianity. I feel like if I was to die, and to be received up there, I would not ask any angel to take me by the hand and lead me about, and say, 'This is Abraham, or Paul, or John.' My thoughts have been so much with them and about them, and my Bible tells so many things of them, I believe I should know them at sight."

Something in that. Bible biography is various in incident and rich in lesson. It is a gallery for devout study. Beyond mere interest, it has use; hence so much of the Bible is made up of living as well as teaching. Conceptions of abstract doctrines are thereby corrected. Imaginations are restrained by facts. That Christian is not "thoroughly furnished" who has not studied the characters of men and women, as portrayed in his Bible. His theology may be systematic, but it lacks practical touch.

Then how desire after the heavenly state is strengthened by forming acquaintance here with those of whom the world was not worthy; patriarchs and prophets, saints and martyrs. Even a heathen, Socrates, when dying, solaced himself by calling to mind the noble companions death would join him to.

A Bible Christian goes no stranger to heaven. Besides that central and glorious One, whom having not seen, yet he has loved, there are spirits of just men made perfect he has long been in sympathy with; companions ready for him. Their example has stimulated him and by considering their trials he has better endured his own.

How with him who has neglected the Bible? There are glorious careers and characters in it he is a stranger to. Are there not Christians, old and respectable, who have never read their Bibles through? Plenty of them! Much need they will have of introductions. They will be slow entering into the joys of their fellows. There are truths and revelations in their book—great, precious, wonderful things, that would be news to them in heaven! For the first time they will hear of them, and have shameful need to be taught, when now they ought to be teachers as well as judges of angels. Neglecters, despisers of the word! But let the preacher tell it:

"Now just suppose one of this sort, as by fire or the skin of his teeth, gets into heaven. He has a smattering of Scripture, just enough to blunder on; goes up to a 'shining one,' Elisha, and essays to commune with him—

"You are the brother that went up in a chariot and horses of fire?"

"No, that was Elijah!"

"O, ah, I didn't know there was but one of you—names very much alike."

"Had you not a Bible to read?"

"Yes, one of the best morocco bound, with gilt clasps."

"I dare say, brethren," continued the preacher, "he would then see a difference between having it and reading it. A plain one would have better fitted him for heaven."

"But he goes blundering on, and comes up with one called Judas, and is sure he can't be mistaken this time—

"Ah, can you be here? You that betrayed your Master and committed suicide? Can this be heaven, where such as you are? Avaunt!"

"Not so fast, friend. There was a 'Judas, not Iscariot,' hast not read of him? One of the twelve—brother of James and our Lord. Had you no Bible? Perhaps you could not read, or lived before printing was invented, when it took the wages of a laboring man thirteen years to get a copy of the holy Scriptures. Friend, of what century?"

"Of the nineteenth century on the earth, in the time of the American Bible Society. I often gave liberally to send the Bible to the heathen, for Bibles were cheap, and the heathen were said to need them."

"What, friend—sent all your Bibles to the heathen, and kept none for yourself and family? That was doubtful charity."

"O, yes—had a splendid one at home; the old family Bible that lay on the stand."

"Yes," said the preacher, "it did lay on the stand, that was the misery of it. Just think of a Christian going from this land and age so ignorant that he shies one of the apostles. Better quit, O Christian of the nineteenth century. You are out of place, and ought to be ashamed. You that sent the Bible to others, and had half a dozen in one shape or other about your house, and yet find yourself cut off, as by a gulf of ignorance, from communion with choicest spirits. As very a stranger as though you had come up from Central Africa!"

"But he stumbles on. Encounters on the banks of the river a spirit small in stature, but none the less glorious for that; thinks he can't be mistaken, for he overheard the name. Makes boldly up—

"You must have felt awful when the angel met you in the temple, and made you dumb."

"I was a great sinner once, but never dumb."

"Am I not speaking to the father of John the Baptist? Pardon me."

"No; his name was Zacharias; mine Zaccheus."

"O, ah, yes. Zack—something. O, yes, you are the brother that climbed the sycamore-tree."

"Right at last, and for once," said the preacher, "and that on a matter of no great consequence. Brethren," he added in solemn conclusion, "I only suppose such a poor, Bible-ignorant soul in heaven; and have spoken not irreverently or lightly of heavenly things, but only in keeping with the extraordinary supposition. How unfit for the companionship of heaven would any such be! The gulf between Dives and Lazarus is hardly wider than that between such Bible-ignorant souls and those who delighted in God's word, and meditated on it. In the case of infants, and heathens, and idiots, and those who followed the best lights they had, I can conceive God's goodness using means to bring them up to their company; but can those who neglected the appointed means of heavenly knowledge expect preternatural helps to remedy the defects of mundane indolence?"

Begin to read up, Brethren. Get ready for the company as well as the place you profess to be going to. Saints have communion there as well as here.—New Orleans Christian Advocate.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, February 25, 1858.

FRENCH BULLYING, AND ENGLISH RECEPTION OF IT.

MR. EDITOR,

Your readers are aware of the atrocious attempt on the life of Napoleon, and have shared in the feelings of indignation and abhorrence with which it was viewed here: but they yet require to be told of all the eventful and startling changes which have occurred, in consequence of, and springing from, that event.

That right of asylum which we vouchsafe to all, was abused in the persons of those wretched conspirators. We cannot deny it, nor do we wish. Our constitution involves those facilities in common with that of America; but our laws are unfettered by connivance with that crime, and our populace with sympathy in its concoction, or knowledge of it. All men—even those who are opposed to the Emperor, and to his dynasty,—joined in execration of the crime, and were willing to lend a hand towards detection and punishment of any who had so abused our national hospitality and imposed upon our good nature.

But this was not enough for France. The Emperor seized the opportunity allowed him of tightening, almost beyond belief, the already tight rein he held over France. Frenchmen have been so accustomed to a gradual diminution of personal freedom—so accustomed to see France's best men mercilessly sent into exile—their press gagged, till even a mere speculation on public events became a crime—that the additional yoke placed on their necks was submitted to. There, even the gossip of a barber's shop, conveyed to authority by the Midas-ears of paid spies, was severely punished. France bowed; and her deep debasement and humiliation were apparent. But what wonder, when the throne has gamblers for its courtiers, the ferocious Marshals of Algerian troops for its counselors; and when a soldiery, bought by sausages and wretched champagne, are ready to spill blood in the streets of Paris wholesale, as they did at the *coup d'etat*? With such provocatives—with such a mere governance of terrorism by the cannon and bayonet—the wonder is, to my mind, that Louis has not fallen before, by the reverse application of that doctrine of illegal force which first set him up and has since maimed him. It is the fate of tyrants, to "dig their own graves;" and if Louis was shot at, he must seek for the cause in his own conduct and example, not charge it on us.

A singular accompaniment of this, has arisen, in a recent discovery that within Louis' reign, a pension, with arrears, has been paid up to a wretch named Catillon; to whom the first Napoleon left it on his death-bed, as a reward for attempting the assassination of the late Duke of Wellington. Whether Louis were aware of this payment and sanctioned it wilfully, or no, is beyond positive proof, though his signature appears to a state document containing the item. Certain it is, the money has been paid—certain it is, too, that Louis himself, in that absurd attempt at revolution which lodged him as a prisoner in Ham Castle, shot and killed a man: certain also it is, that by his order and will the citizens of Paris—men, women, and children—were slaughtered like sheep in that *coup d'etat* which made him what he is.

Now, this is the man who turns round on us—us, who befriended him in his exile; protected and lodged him, instead of giving him up to answer for his antecedents. This is the man who asked, in imperious tones and with insulting threats, that we should expel, and give up to his tender mercies, all those unfortunates who, flying from the dishonour of France, too dignified to succumb to his rule, or too dangerous from the strength of their character, have found asylum here, and have honourably acquitted themselves as peaceable men.

It mattered not to us who governed France. We had our own opinion about it, and spoke it plainly; but if the French were satisfied with their ugly Emperor, let them have him and welcome. He courted our favour, fought with us in the Crimea, and behaved well to us. So far, so good; and the reception we gave him on his visit here proved that we resolved not to have anything to say against his queer antecedents.

But now the whole affair is altered. Blinded by success at home—accustomed to see slaves bow their heads, and deceived by the flattery of his minions and the prestige of an iron sway—he forgot old times, and made us recall them. The *Moniteur* teemed with adulatory addresses

from ferocious Marshals and colonels, calling us all that was bad—a nation of conspirators, a hot-bed of murder—a people among whom the doctrines of assassination were openly proclaimed, and cordially received. "Only give us command, Sire," said those gentry, "and we will follow those conspirators even to their hiding places, and hunt them down." Of course; and, at the same time, serve us as Marshall Pelissier did the Arabs—suffocate us in the retreats to which we should be sure to fly! Much more such stuff was openly proclaimed, to the world, but the above will do for a sample. It is too ridiculous to suppose that these insults crept into the official organ by accident. The scissors are used too well—the bayonet is too close to newspaper doors—in France, for that: and besides, who edits the *Moniteur*, but Napoleon himself! No mealy-mouthed Editor is he, to give place to those military contributors, against his will; therefore we were perforce obliged to accept those threats as indorsed by Louis himself.

Even were there a doubt about it, such is dispelled by other proceedings. Most urgent demands were made to Lord Palmerston, for a wholesale persecution of the refugees here, and a Bill which should second the swarms of French detectives sent over to hunt them down without regard to guilt or innocence. We know too well, by past experience, that the *razzia* would have chiefly fallen on those honourable men who, from their dignity and capabilities, form the foes that Louis most fears—those who, unsullied by arts like his own, form a dangerous contrast to his system.

Such was the feeling of Englishmen. It took some little time to rouse them, but they were not asleep; and when the Bill was introduced, their opinions were manifested in the way that will appear further on.

The greatest wonder—and greatest cause of regret—is, that Palmerston should have acted as he did. If he had credit for anything, it was vigour in repressing foreign aggression. He was called formerly, by his enemies, "the firebrand of Europe;" and despots were about as fond of his name as children are of Old Bogey. He brought the Colossus of the North to his knees—rattled Canton about the ears of Yeh—carried on to success the Persian War—and, earlier, took up arms even for a Don Pacifico. Yet, after all, he gave way to threats from Louis. Certainly, explanations were demanded for the passages in the *Moniteur*; yet, even when given, they were not inserted in that organ, to counterbalance the effect of the original threats, and but few knew such had been given. The Marshals were in ecstasies; English residents in Paris were crowded over; it was widely and publicly proclaimed that we had shown the white feather; and the introduction of Palmerston's Bill against aliens was regarded as a proof that the Emperor had become Dictator of England. French opinion says nothing by halves; and it crowded again over the coming downfall of that barrier which, for ages, it has been the boast of England that she erects against oppression. The sanctity of freedom on our soil was about to depart; Austria would soon follow the steps of France; even Bomba might bargain for prisoners, and America claim an extension of her Fugitive Slave Bill—first to Canada, the Negro's sanctuary, and afterward, to Liverpool and London. With all the insolence of tyranny, too, Englishmen began to be annoyed in Paris; our character was gone, and, being down, we were at once to be kicked. Such was the first fruit; and what would have followed, I could easily enlarge on, but my readers may imagine it without.

But we were not quite so easily frightened. Public spirit began to manifest itself: and, although a Minister deservedly popular, having substantial grounds of favour, and stronger in Parliament than even Peel—even though he stood in the way—yet, behind him, beyond and above all, stood this grand, time-honoured principle, endeared to Englishmen by the treasured associations of ages—a right of asylum to all, of whatever country. "Tis not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more," said somebody of old: and Parliament said—"We love our national dignity better than Palmerston. Palmerston has infringed our dignity, he persists in it; and therefore there is no help for it, Palmerston must go."

So he did. On the second reading of his Bill, it was thrown out by a majority of 19, and the government were forced to resign. More excitement was manifested, than the House of Commons has seen for some time—the debate was one on a question of England's honour, and all beside was abnegated. Still "we deeply sympathize with the fallen Minister who, after a long and brilliant career, has failed in that which has been his avowed and peculiar pride—the maintenance of our national honour; for a