

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 1st, 1858.

Subject.—DUTY OF HEARKENING TO THE WORD OF GOD.

For Repeating. For Reading. James i. 5-7. | James i. 16-27.

AUGUST 8th, 1858.

Subject.—THE EVIL OF JUDGING PERSONS BY OUTWARD APPEARANCE MERELY.

For Repeating. For Reading. James i. 26-27. | James ii. 1-13.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 66.]

Reclining on a couch we see the wasted form of an aged and dying man. By his side stands one of royal presence, who, with the tears still wet upon his cheek, has taken an arrow from the quiver at his side, and prepares to let it fly from his full-drawn bow. He appears to be directed by the aged sufferer, whose thin pale hands are laid on his, and whose countenance is inspired with holy energy and triumph, in contrast to that of the young king, who is evidently filled with deep dejection. The casement opening to the eastward shows the valley of the Jordan in all its beautiful fertility.

Key to Bible questions in our last.

22.—1 Tim. iv. 1-3.—"In the latter times some shall depart from the faith. . . . forbidding to marry."

23.—A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.—Proverbs xii. 10.

Covetousness.

We think it would be difficult to find a more striking picture of a covetous man—of the real meanness and madness of greediness for gain—than the following passage from that excellent work, *Love's Serious Call*. And how strikingly, too, have the miserable consequences of the "love of money," as here set forth, been witnessed during the past few months. When will men cease "making haste to be rich?" When will the rich learn that to be truly rich and happy, they must "do good and communicate?" How many burdened hearts would be relieved by lessening their heap of gold. It is that, hoarded up to rust, or if spent, squandered for self, which weighs so heavily upon many a man. *He has too much money to be happy.*

"If you should see a man that had a large pond of water, yet living in continual thirst, not suffering himself to drink half a draught for fear of lessening his pond; if you should see him wasting his time in fetching more water to his pond, always thirsty, yet always carrying a bucket of water in his hand, watching early and late to catch the drops of rain, gaping after every cloud, and running greedily into every mire and mud, in hopes of water, and always studying how to make every ditch empty itself into his pond; if you should see him grow gray in these anxious labours, and at last end a careful, thirsty life by falling into his own pond, would you not say that such an one was not only the author of his own disquiet, but was foolish enough to be reckoned among madmen? But foolish and absurd as this character is, it does not represent half the follies and absurd disquiets of the covetous man."

Missing at the Prayer-Meeting.

Ah! and who missed me there? My Saviour, and pastor, and brethren and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of my heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missing at the prayer-meeting? I forgot the hour, and was engaged in other things, or was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

My dear reader, if we love the Saviour, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be missing at the prayer-meeting again.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

STAFF OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England employs 1,016 persons, viz.:—814 officers and clerks, 23 agents and sub-agents, 86 door-keepers, messengers, and porters, and 93 mechanics. The secretary has 900l. per annum, with residence; and the deputy 650l. The chief accountant, 1,200l., with residence; the deputy 1,000l. The chief cashier, 1,200, with residence; the deputy-assistant, 1,000l.; the principal of branch bank office, 1000l.; the principal of discount office, 1,000l.; the agents and sub-agents at the branches receive incomes varying in amount from 400l. to 2,000l. per annum, mostly with residences and coal-allowances.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

What our Neighbours think of us.

The following is an extract from a letter in the Boston *Christian Era*, we believe, from the pen of the Rev. D. C. Eddy of Harvard Street Baptist Church, Boston. Although it is not a very flattering opinion yet it may have none the less of truth than if it were a more highly colored picture. Our metropolis doubtless suffers by being contrasted with such cities as Boston especially when parties get their impressions of the city from the neighbourhood of the Steamer's landing. Doubtless this is the cause of such unfavourably opinions of Nova Scotia being formed by travellers who merely call on their way between Europe and the United States

"I can stand almost anything but sickness. This is the third time I have crossed the Atlantic, and not an hour's exemption have I yet had on either voyage from the gripe of his oceanic majesty. No one gets any sympathy for sea-sickness; there is no medicine to cure. To me there is something very provoking in it; it makes me mad. Why, here among us, are pale, thin, lank, cadaverous, white livered looking creatures, who on land look like wilted cabbage, but at sea are jolly and gay as old sailors, while I, corpulent enough for a doctor of Divinity, (no disrespect to those very thin Doctors who were at East Boston to see our vessel sail,) mope about, unable to eat, sleep, or what to me is a greater luxury, read or write. But it is of no use for me to dwell on this topic.

We arrived at Halifax on Friday morning, and at once drew up to the wharf. Having two hours to stop, we went up into the city. The people were asleep, and all was as silent as a city of the dead.

Our own tramp on the hard ground, our own voices ringing on the still air, alone disturbed the general quiet. As we moved along the streets, we seemed to be taken back a whole century. No paved thoroughfare, no brick sidewalk, no signs of recent improvement greeted the eye in any direction. The houses are generally small, built of wood, shingled roof and sides, and mean and uncomely in their appearance.

We saw one or two churches, one wanting paint most desperately, concluded to be the Baptist church (? Ed. C. M.) as that is the condition of Baptist meeting-houses generally, in places like this. On the hill-side, overlooking the city, frowns a formidable fortification, which looks as if able to pour its deadly fires with murderous effect upon any hostile fleet that might venture into the waters below.

It may be proper to add, that a person landing from the steamer, and walking about for an hour, would probably see the worst part of Halifax, as that section near the steamer landing, is most wretched and unseemly. The people of Boston would not wish to have their city judged by a person who should wander about an hour in some of the lower localities. And yet such an estimate would be as just, perhaps, as our's was on the morning in question. And still the difference between a New England city, all alive with Yankee enterprise, and Halifax, I am convinced is about the difference of half a century. A war between England and America, however unfortunate it might be for the two great nations, would be most advantageous for his venerable city.

After a ramble of an hour or two in Halifax, we again embarked. The morning was fine, the wind fair, the ocean clear, and with paddles working, wheels turning, and all sails set, we went crashing, like a city afloat, towards the Old World. I had by this time so overcome sea-sickness, as to eat a little, cultivate acquaintance with my fellow voyagers, joke somewhat mournfully with some poor creatures not as fortunate as myself, and have as good a time as a sea voyage will allow.

Thus Friday and Saturday passed away, and Sabbath dawned upon the deep. O; how different from Sabbath on the land!

At the proper hour we all assembled in the dining saloon, for religious services. The captain had invited me to read the Church of England service, but not knowing how to put the parts together correctly, never having read a prayer in all my life, and for some other reasons, I thought best to decline, and that work was done by the ship surgeon, who went through the lessons and prayers for the royal family, the bishops and clergy of the Established Church, while we, Jews and infidels, Catholics and heretics, responded as well as we could. I then preached a sermon, on a plain gospel subject, exhibiting Jesus Christ, my Saviour, as a vicarious sacrifice for sin. We had no other religious service during the voyage, though we had two or three clergymen on board.

The laws of the ship's company require the English service to be read on Sunday, and until recently, the delivery of sermons by any other than an Episcopal clergyman, was strictly prohibited; but a few years ago a stir was made about it by Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the *N. Y. Observer*, and by various other editors and public men, and the agitation has brought about a change, and now Protestant ministers are invited to preach, whatever may be their sentiments."

* We are not desirous of purchasing advantages at such a price. Whatever a war might do for Halifax, we have no doubt but a war between these two countries would somewhat spoil the features of the writer's own City of notions.—Ed. C. M.

AMERICAN LADIES ON HORSEBACK.—There is to be a Ladies Equestrian Convention at the Union Race Course, Long Island, on the 8th of September, at which a pianoforte valued at \$500, a silver pitcher and goblet worth \$300, and a watch valued at \$200, will be awarded as prizes to the best female riders.

Anecdotes of Baptism.

A correspondent of the *Secretary* furnishes the following:

Mr. S, an old friend of mine who is a Congregational or Presbyterian clergyman, (I am not sure which) and who twenty years ago, was the very efficient Principal of the Centre School in your city, was making me a call some time since.

Mr. S. is a fine scholar, a graduate of Amherst College. Rather incidentally in our conversation the subject of Baptism was introduced, by my friend. I seldom introduced it myself in conversation with those of opposite tenets, possibly too seldom. Addressing himself to me, my friend said, "there is not much difference betwixt your denomination and mine except no one subject, viz. the subject of Baptism," and he continued, "on that subject the classical and historical argument is pretty much all on your side." I told him I supposed so.

He then went on to relate an anecdote of an occurrence in Amherst College when he was a student there. Himself and a *chum* whom he named, and who both, he said had read Greek enough to know that neither *bapto* or *baptizo* could ever mean to *sprinkle*, came to an agreement on this wise; In their Greek lesson (in Xenophon I think) there was a passage, where in some of the conflicts of the old Greeks, one plunged (baptizo) an iron poker into the eye of his antagonist and put it out. Now the agreement of the two youngsters was that in their division recitation, if the passage in question came to either of them, and they supposed it would come to one or the other, he to whom it came should render the '*baptizo*' *sprinkle*.

To his companion the passage came, and he with *rotund mouth*, roared it out, "He sprinkled (baptizo) the poker into his eye." The whole division laughed out at the fun.

The professor in attendance on the recitation, was the Rev. Mr. Fiske, a very superior Greek scholar, and a Congregational clergyman. He was an odd sort of man, and after some grimaces of surprise, said "Well, no doubt the true meaning of that word is *dipped*." He understood the allusion of the humorous student, and although as a minister, he went by his creed, yet as a scholar and Professor he would not mislead, but speak out his true opinions.

Another G. P. a very consistent and thoughtful young man, a graduate of Yale College, two or three years ago, united with the First Baptist church, in this city by baptism, during his senior year.

In relating his experience before the church, he said that being congregationally educated, and living in a town where there were few if any Baptists; his thoughts were never turned to the subject of Baptism, until he read Wayland's *Life of Judson*. In reading the account of the change in Judson's mind on the subject under consideration, he said it struck him that the reasons given by Judson were strong. He thought, however, that he would read the other side, and turned and read what are esteemed the best *Pedo-Baptist* authors on the subject. But their arguments he said seemed to him so feeble, that his confidence in *Pedo-baptism* was weakened instead of being strengthened by their perusal—especially as he knew these authors to be capable of writing so well on other subjects.

He then turned and studied the scriptures for himself, and was not long in embracing the doctrine of Believers' Immersion as held by us.

A True Heroine.

Mrs. Caroline C. Stranburg, wife of P. P. Stranburg, of this city, was a passenger on the Pennsylvania, which was burned to the water's edge in the Mississippi, sixty miles below Memphis, on Sunday morning, 13th inst. Mrs. S. left her berth just before the explosion took place; and when she heard the report, which shook every piece of timber in the boat, she caught hold of her little child, which was only two months old, and rushing into the ladies' cabin at the very moment that a large piece of machinery came rushing through the floor. She ran to the captain's room and told him that the boat was on fire, but he said she was mistaken, and advised her to be calm. She said she was not mistaken, and her manner was so earnest that the captain, thinking she might be correct, went down to the boiler deck. He returned in a short time, and remarked to Mrs. S., "There is no danger now—the fire has been subdued." Mrs. S. however, would not be convinced; she insisted that the boat was in flames, and told the captain to make preparations for saving the passengers. As she finished speaking the flames burst through the cabin floor, and in less than a minute the cabin was filled with smoke. She saw that the time for action had arrived, and she knew that her

life and that of her child depended upon her own exertions; so she went down the private staircase, and was fortunate enough to reach the boiler deck in safety. Knowing that she would perish by fire if she staid on the boat, she determined to leave it, and run the risk of meeting her death by another method. She accordingly seized a board about seven feet long and eight or ten inches wide, and grasping her child with one arm and the board with the other, plunged into the river.

The current, owing to the high stage of water, was very rapid, and Mrs. S. had as much as she could do to keep herself and child above the surface; but she proved equal to the dangerous situation in which she was placed, and her perilous journey down the river would not have been attended with half the danger that it was, if her unselfish heart had not prompted her to save a man who was unable to save himself. A short time after leaving the boat, she saw a man struggling in the water, and she knew from his movements that he was too much exhausted to save himself from going to the bottom; so she generously and nobly jeopardized her life to save his; she grasped him by the arm, at the risk of being pulled from her frail support, and assisted him in getting upon a piece of plank that was hardly sufficient to keep herself and child above the surface of the Father of Waters.

After floating for an hour and a half, the three were rescued by some men, who having heard the explosion, launched a small boat and started up the stream to render assistance to the unfortunate sufferers. When the man who was rescued by Mrs. Stranburg placed his feet in the boat, he tried to express the gratitude which he felt for his preserver; but his heart was so full of thankfulness that his tongue refused to give utterance to his grateful feeling. Mrs. Stranburg left this city about three months ago, and went to Clinton, Mass., her birth-place, where her relatives reside. She took passage on the Pennsylvania, at Vicksburg, and was fortunate enough to arrive at her own house in this city on Monday evening. Her conduct entitles her to the admiration of all who can appreciate a noble act.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Paptograph*.

"Valuable Additions."

We noticed lately a curious congratulation by a Southern Bishop of the Episcopal Church, upon a confirmation in which there were *no females*. One of our best neighbors of the New-York religious press, in commenting upon an accession to a certain church, indulges in a like congratulation, though less infelicitously worded, upon the "somewhat unusual circumstance, that twenty-one out of this number were *males*, thus making *this addition very valuable* in its relation to the future strength of the church." It is a source of untold evil, that we are so prone to look upon converted sinners, not simply as souls graciously saved from death by Almighty compassion, but rather as "accessions" to the strength of the church, and to the actual resources of CHRIST'S cause! But besides this, we are prone to estimate this imagined accession of strength, by low and material elements, and exult over the conversion of the rich, the wise, the mighty, more than over that of the feeble and slowly—"females," for instance. Who has taught our Bishops and "dominies" that a "female" is a less valuable addition to the church than a man? "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world—rich in faith?"—*Examiner*.

Temperance.

DR. COX ON TOBACCO.—From 15 to 20, I am ashamed to say, I smoked! my conscience often upbraided me, as well as my best earthly friend; still, I made excuses; my physician, a smoker, helped me to some, and so I continued, till once, on board a steamer, a drunken gentleman, who felt and claimed a fuliginous brotherhood to me, though I recollect him not at all, came strutting up to me, and bringing his gross-smoked fumes almost into contact with my mouth, said, with tuneful erudition, "Give me a—a—light, Dr. Cox?" I handed him my cigar—he returned it—I threw it overboard; and since that have been enabled to keep myself from so foul and odious a sin! Since then, 34 years ago last September, I have felt ingeniously pained at the sight of smoking, chewing, and snuffing.

MR. GOUGH'S LIBEL SUIT.—The libel suit of John B. Gough against Dr. Lees was tried in England on the 21th of June. Dr. Lees was a temperance lecturer, and an advocate of the Maine law, and in a series of letters had charged Mr. Gough with being intoxicated, eating opium, and generally with using narcotics as a stimulus. At the trial Mr. Gough was sworn, and testified that he never ate or chewed opium in his life, and never took spirits since signing the pledge but once, in 1846, when they were given to him as a medicine. There was not a word of truth in the statement that he had been intoxicated in the streets of London. He testified also that he delivered some 200 lectures a year, for which he was paid ten guineas each—about fifty dollars.

After Mr. Gough's testimony had been given, the Judge suggested that after this positive denial some arrangements might be made satisfactory to all parties. Dr. Lees offered to retract the justification he had pleaded, not being prepared to substantiate it, but Mr. Gough would be satisfied with nothing less than a positive and unqualified retraction of the charge, which was finally made, and a verdict returned for the plaintiff for five guineas damages.