

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 14th, 1858.

Subject.—LOVE TO CHRISTIANS; EVIDENCE OF LOVE TO CHRIST AND ACCEPTANCE WITH HIM.

For Repeating. For Reading.
1 John iii. 10-12. | 1 John iii. 14-21.

NOVEMBER 21st, 1858.

Subject.—THE DUTY OF COMPARING THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF TEACHERS WITH THE SCRIPTURES.

For Repeating. For Reading.
1 John iii. 20-22. | 1 John iv. 1-11.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

38.—Who was the thirteenth Apostle? and how was his claim to the Apostleship sustained?
39.—How many persons were engaged in writing the New Testament?Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 72.
Jesus casting out the deaf and dumb spirit.—MARK ix. 14-29.

That's enough for me.

"WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to? asked a child who had a mother of one who had not;—her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, He says He will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer was that! And what was enough for this child is enough for all.

Are you tired of carrying the burden of sin? "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I am unworthy of His forgiving love. Never mind that. "He says He will, and that's enough for me." Take the Lord Jesus Christ at His word, for the forgiveness of your sins, and for peace to your souls. "My peace I give unto you," He says. Oh, His peace is very precious. Will He give us His peace? "He says He will, and that's enough for me." Trust Him; His word never fails.

"Don't be frightened into religion," some say; "there is time enough yet to think of dying; besides, God is merciful; He will never cast the wicked down to hell."

Ah you may do as you please, but as for me, I will take Him at His word. "He says He will, and that's enough for me." God is angry with the wicked every day. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Let me act accordingly, and flee from the wrath to come!

Good Spelling.

Are our readers aware that many of our so-called well-educated men and women are most wretchedly bad spellers? If they are not, they have certainly held but little correspondent with such classes.

The fact is, when a "common school education" was all a person could have, good spelling was what one must be versed in, or he could not "graduate." It was, in fact, the basis upon which his scholarship rested. Then, tenfold more attention was bestowed upon this branch of education than at present, when superficial accomplishments have overshadowed the more substantial.

The plan of pushing children ahead in their studies before they have mastered the rudiments may be popular, but it certainly is most unwise. Not a few of the graduates of our best colleges unable to write a page of note-paper with any degree of accurate spelling. Their scholastic accomplishments may for the time overshadow the defect, but in the practical business of life, they will find their defective education ever a source of annoyance, and a cause of deep regret.

The school boy of the present day has no excuses for being a poor speller, if his parents have done their duty by him. Every child loves to spell when the parent takes sufficient interest in the matter. If the child is deficient in this respect, the mother and father are responsible. Parents are too indifferent to the subject, seldom if ever, "put out words" to the little ones, never visit the school, only desirous that their child shall get along as fast as the rest. If the child is managed properly at home in reference to spelling, there is no fear but what the teacher will feel the influence of such parents' wish and desire. But if this matter is not properly attended to in childhood, the evil cannot be remedied in after years. A poor speller lives and dies such.—Home Journal.

The Revival Spirit.

The revival spirit is a tender, humble, heart-broken spirit. This is essential to the spirit of prayer. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." This is accompanied with feelings of deep self-abasement. The prayer of Daniel previous to the return from the captivity, may be regarded as an excellent specimen of genuine revival feeling. A great portion of this prayer is the language of broken hearted confession. And such will be found to be the language of Christians, on awakening from a long season of spiritual slumber; and whenever this melting spirit becomes general in a church, great and glorious is the work of the Lord.

This spirit is far removed from noise and confusion, and vain confidence. The accents of humble, broken-hearted penitence will be heard in the pulpit, in the social meeting, and at the family altar; and the secret places will witness the deep struggles of spirit, where the humble souls wrestle with their God, for spiritual blessings upon themselves and others. The unhumiliated heart cannot approach near to the mercy-seat, "for he knoweth the proud afar off." He will not accept the sacrifice of the self-confident or of the vain-glorious, even though, like Baal's priests, they cry aloud from morning to evening.

This is also a tender, melting spirit. It meets a response in kindred hearts, and an affectionate, loving spirit pervades the little band of praying souls. It administers warning, exhortation, and entreaty to impenitent souls, in a tender, kind, and gentle manner, and repulse, and even abuse is met with meekness. It is opposed to harsh, austere, and bitter rebukes, which stir up the wrathful passions of men.—Even opposition and violence are disarmed before it; and rebuke from such a spirit enters into the soul like a sharp, two-edged sword. But this spirit cannot be acquired without deep struggles of soul, nor maintained without great watchfulness and care. It shuns the noisy scenes of carnal strife, and dwells not with the soul that harbors envy, ill will, bitterness, wrath, or an unforgiving temper. O that such a spirit pervaded the whole Church militant! How soon would the banner of the cross be displayed over the ruins of Satan's empire!—Revivalist.

The Old Sailor's Faith.

A poor old sailor went to see Mr. Jones pastor of the Mariner's church New York, and asked, with tears gushing from his eyes, if he thought Jesus had any mercy for him.

"What is your case! kindly asked Mr. Jones. "Five times have I been shipwrecked," said the old sailor man; "nine times have I been washed overboard. I was once twenty-six days without tasting fresh water, and living alone on seals and penguins' blood, and it seemed as though the very angels stood by me. I always promised in that time of suffering, that if God would deliver me, I would serve Him; but though He saved me, I did not keep my promise and what kills me is, that no sooner had I got dry clothes on, than I turned round and cursed Him, and lead a life as bad as ever. Can I hope for His salvation?"

The pastor said it was to save just such that Christ died, and if there was any hindrance on his side he must instantly get rid of it.

"Do you drink?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," answered the old man, "and the doctor says I shall die if I quit my grog."
"But you want no doctor now except the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Physician of souls. Can you trust Him! Are you not willing?"
"I will," cried the old man, lifting his streaming eyes towards heaven, "I will, if I die."

This promise he kept. He quit the grog shops, and turned to slake his thirst at the fountain of living water opened for sin and all uncleanness. There was mercy for him, and Christ is now precious to his soul.

A Struggle and Victory.

OR, THE MINISTER AND THE HAMS.

Many years since there lived in Philadelphia a gentleman of talent and cultivation who had acquired a penurious habit. It was so well known, that after he had become a professor of religion, it was regarded as a task both distasteful and useless to call upon him for any benevolent enterprise. On one occasion, however, a committee of two gentlemen made up their minds to put him to the test. The object, on behalf of which they desired contributions, was an eminently good one, and they were courteously received, but when their object was made known, the gentleman's visage lengthened, and he was profuse in the expression of his

good wishes, but he really could not contribute. Determined not to be easily foiled, the collectors set the object before him in all possible lights, and kindly said some thing which might chance reach his conscience. He became evidently disturbed, a mental conflict was going on within, he started to his feet, went to his desk and hurriedly took from it a large bank-bill, and, as he handed it over, he struck his breast smartly with his fist, exclaiming, "There old man, I have got the better of you for once!" It was a struggle and a victory.

I had the following narrative from a most reliable source, and as near as may be, will give it in the language of the narrator:

"I knew a man who, until past the meridian of life, manifested in all his transactions a mean, miserly spirit. Money was his God. He was proverbially a 'mean man.' Between forty and fifty years of age, he became a subject of 'Sovereign Grace.' His eyes were opened to see with great distinctness the truth of that word, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. In a word, he was truly converted. At the period of which I speak, he was a wealthy farmer, on one of our rich prairies. He united with the people of God, he confessed and most deeply deplored the sin of covetousness. He promised with Divine help to 'Live no longer unto himself.' He was sincere in his promise and his purpose. Little did the poor man know himself, the power of habit, of temptation, or of the conflict before him between the 'Old and the New man.'

As was then the custom in the Methodist Church in the country, and is to some extent at this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, &c. Soon after 'Old Covetous' united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he 'harnessed up' and rode over to Bro. C's house.

"Good morning, Bro. C—"

"Good morning; glad to see you; wont you light?"

"No thank you. Wife says we are out of meat, and I thought—"

(Old man.) "Out of meat are ye!" (New man.) "Well I'm glad to hear it; it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smoke-house, yonder, and take the best ham you can find—mind and take the biggest."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing twenty pounds. He passed it on to his waggon.

Now came the conflict.

(Old man in his heart, *solus*.) "You old fool! that ham weighs twenty pounds! Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per pound." (New man, *solus*.) "God loveth a cheerful giver." "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" O God forgive me! "Get thee behind me, Satan." Here Mr., come back! come back! "Now," said he, "go again to my smoke-house, and this time get two hams. Get the very best—mind you get rotters."

Soon he returned, bearing forty pounds more of the precious meat; then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old man.) "Well you are a fool! You will die in the Poor-house yet! Forty, sixty pounds—worth eight dollars! Eight dollars gone sick! (New man.) "Honor the Lord with thy substance. Give, and it shall be given unto you." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; though I fall, I shall rise again." "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil." O! I am—I am in the Valley."

Poor man, he was, and like Bunyan's Christian, he sheathed his sword and cried to Him who was 'able and willing'—Lord save me."

(New man.) "Here Mr., come back! come back! Now his manly form trembled! The water stood in his eyes, and then like a little child he wept and sobbed as he told his minister of the warfare within. "And now Mr. Devil," said he, "If you don't quit this business, I'll give away every ham I've got in the smoke-house!"

Then 'Apollyon' spread his wings and left him for a season.—The Presbyterian.

Sectarianism.

When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him, and asked him if he knew that John Bolles had started an opposition meeting.

"No," said he; "when—where?"

"Why, at the old court-house."

"O, yes, I know it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are baptists, to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear them."

"Go!" said the man, "I am a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. Strong, "but that need not prevent us from wishing them well, You had better go."

"No," said the man, with energy, "I shan't go near them. Dr. Strong, ain't you going to do something about it?"

"What?"

"Stop it, can't you?"

"My friend," said the doctor, seriously, "John Bolles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there, we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

The following note was written in reply to an invitation to a fashionable party:

My Dear Mrs. T.—My husband and I are tired of evening parties and morning headaches. I must be honest. Jane and Mary Ann say that it is "a horrid bore," but they will "accept with pleasure." I am sorry that they feel obliged to resort to such hypocrisy. Besides, you know you don't want us. You only think you must make a party because you have been invited to others to which you did not want to go. When it is over, you and your guests rejoice equally. Allow me to make a suggestion. Why not confer a favor upon yourself and them, and upon those who would appreciate the kindness, by giving up the party, and by investing the money intended for wine, oysters, and low-necked dresses in solid nourishment for those to whom a biscuit would be a luxury, and whose bare shoulders would no longer shiver were they covered with comfortable shawls? Truly and sincerely yours.

LOW NECKED DRESSES.—In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upwards, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court house, tavern, ball-room, theatre or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, (i. e. low necked dress,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than one or two hundred dollars."

The closing paragraph of the law, however, permitted women of questionable character to bare their shoulders as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste.

A young man, engaged in teaching mates was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," and requested one of them to write on the black-board a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward, and wrote the following—"Boys love to play, but girls to dis-play."

Agriculture.

WHEN AND WHERE DEEP PLOUGHING IS BENEFICIAL.—An English paper discusses this subject at some length, and the points brought out will interest and instruct American readers. We condense them in the paragraphs below:

Deep ploughing is most effectual in autumn, exposing the soil to the influence of frost, rain, and air, during the winter, which act upon the mineral ingredients of the soil, rendering them available for succeeding crops; also, pulverizing the soil, and thus facilitating the passage of the roots into the subsoil. As regards the period of the rotation, it should precede root crops, (or in this country, Indian corn,) or may be the first ploughing for fallowing preparatory to the wheat crop.

Deep ploughing is most beneficial to stiff clays, and, as a rule, we may plow deep when the subsoil is of the same character as the surface, if both are tenacious, or when the subsoil is composed of good clay only, acquiring atmospheric influences to sweeten it. Deep cultivation should be avoided in nearly all very light soils, and in ploughing for crops after large applications of manure, thus burying it too deeply; or in turning under clover or other green crops. Deep ploughing in autumn, on most clays, is equal to a half dressing of manure. Clay from which the air is excluded, exhibits a dark bluish color. After draining, it is not advisable to bring to the surface more than two inches of clay subsoil at a time, otherwise more is brought up than the frost, &c., can fit for growing good crops.—Rural New Yorker.

BAKED BEETS.—A correspondent, who has travelled in Italy, says that one of the interesting novelties in that country was "Baked Beets," carried hot from the oven and sold in the streets at almost all hours of the day. He tried them as a matter of curiosity, at first, and found them very delicious when eaten with butter, salt, and pepper. Thousands buy and eat them thus, and, not unfrequently, make up an entire meal in this way. This is not new to us. We can assure all who will adopt the mode that they will find it much superior to boiling, as baking renders them much more tender, sweet and juicy.—American Agriculturist.

To make good vinegar that will cost less than 25 cents per gallon:—One quart of molasses; 3 gallons of rain-water; 1 pint of yeast,—let it stand four weeks.

A handful of bran meal, mixed occasionally in the mess of a cow, will pay ten fold its cost in the richness of the milk.

A gentleman, living near Richmond, Va., has a field of crimson cotton. It is not a disease, but a new variety.