

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 12th, 1858.

Intended to be committed to memory and recited by all Doctrines.—SANCTIFICATION.—Ezra xxxvi. 25-27; Acts xxvi. 18; 2 Thes. ii. 13; John xvii. 17-19; 2 Cor. vii. 1; Acts iii. 26; Heb. ix. 13, 14.

DECEMBER 19th, 1858.

Subject.—THE POWER OF FAITH AND PRAYER THROUGH CHRIST.

For Repeating. For Reading. 1 John v. 1-3. | 1 John v. 10-21.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

42.—Find the passages of Scripture referred to by the poet Cowper in the following stanzas:—

The scape-goat on his head The people's trespass bore, And, to the desert led, Was to be seen no more: In him our Surety seem'd to say, Behold, I bear your sins away.

Dipt in his fellow's blood, The living bird went free: The type well understood, Express'd the sinner's plea; Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd, And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

43.—Give the names of two persons who obtained from intoxicating drinks—one from the Old Testament and the other from the New, against both of whom no error or fault is recorded.

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 74.

MARY and her husband bringing Jesus into the temple for circumcision.—LUKE ii 22-39.

He who can do all he wishes rarely does what he ought to do.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Simplicity of manner, as of dress, is a charm that a woman generally admires in another more than in herself.

A helping hand to one another in trouble, is often like a switch on a railway track—but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

ARAB PROVERBS.—If your friend is made of honey do not eat him all up.

If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself.

When you are the anvil have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well.

He who can not take a hint, can not comprehend a long explanation.

Take counsel of one greater and one less than yourself, and afterward form your own opinion.

Politeness is to social intercourse what oil is to machinery.—It eases friction, stops creaking, and causes the wheels of life to run smoothly. Meeting a well-bred person affords you in a higher degree the same pleasure that inspecting a well lubricated engine does. The movements of each are performed with grace and celebrity; no force is thrown away; and everything is done in the right manner and at the proper moment.

SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.—An elderly London lady and a Staffordshire "old fogey" while waiting before the fire in a railway station, were overheard, says the Birmingham Daily Post, in the following scientific dialogue: What do you think is the origin of coal? Old gentleman—O, the flood—the flood, ma'am. It threw all things into chaos—into confusion, ma'am, (throwing his arms all about to suit the action to the word,) and they all got mixed up together, you see; and then they settled down again in stratum and layers, like, and then they ignited from time to time and became coal. Lady (apparently greatly astonished, pleased and satisfied in her mind)—Indeed! Old gentleman in continuation—Then there's fossils, too; and there's trees down the pits, only they've got no leaves hardly. Lady—O, geology's a lovely science. Old gentleman—It is, ma'am. Lady—Only it's not studied as it ought to be—is it, sir? Old gentleman—No, ma'am; but it is more studied than it has been.

CHRISTIAN SLAVES.—The following figures show the number of slaves at the South, who are church members, and the churches they belong to:—

Table with 2 columns: Church denomination and membership count. Includes Methodist Ch. South, Methodist, North, in Virginia and Maryland, Missionary and Hard Shell Baptist, and others.

Meeting at Aunt Betsy's.

It was my first visit to the prayer-meeting at Fulton Street, where God has so signally manifested his presence. The room on the first story was full, and I made my way up to that on the second. I found a seat in the middle of the room, from which I had a good view of the persons around the pulpit, and could look out of the windows in its rear. And as I glanced upon the high brick stores in Ann Street, the memories of other days rushed in upon me. Where those brick stores now rise, upwards of thirty years ago there stood some wooden buildings of very lowly pretensions. In an upper room of one of them, there dwelt an old colored woman, then widely known as Aunt Betsy, or Sarah—which, I now forget. She was very old, and very feeble, and remarkably pious. To what church she belonged, I do not remember, nor is it necessary to my present purpose to know. She was dependent upon the hand of charity for her daily bread; nor was she neglected. Some ladies, not now unknown in the religious circles of New York, were sent to her room by their parents, on their first errands of mercy to the poor. And some young men, mostly from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, held a prayer-meeting in her room on each Sabbath afternoon, as she was too infirm to attend on any of the public means of grace. She lay on her lowly bed during these meetings of prayer; and as we retired, she took each of us by the hand, and gave us her parting blessing.

That meeting in the upper room of that poor disciple had passed away from my recollection, although it was in it I offered the first prayer I ever uttered in the hearing of man. But now, in a meeting for prayer, and in sight of the very place, it came up in all its freshness before me. The old buildings took the place of the lofty stores. I could go round the room of Aunt Betsy, and count its chairs, and almost talk with the young men that sat on them, I could hear them pray, and see them retire, each receiving in his turn, the blessings of the "aged disciple." And as I was busy with my own thoughts, scarcely hearing the singing and praying that occupied all in the room, I was waked from my reverie by a voice from behind me. It was that of a merchant exhorting his brother merchants to a deeper interest, and a warmer zeal, in the salvation of men. As the voice seemed familiar, I turned round to see who was the fervid and fluent speaker. He is now one of the princely merchants of New York, but in his youth he was one of the young men who met for prayer in the room of Aunt Betsy, and his wife was one of the little girls, who, as the ravens did to Elijah, carried to her daily food!

Those young men were not the sons of wealth; if not poor, they supplied their own resources by their daily employment, and all of them were too young to have made for themselves position or character. They were Sabbath school teachers, most of them were communicants of churches and all of them professed to love the Bible, and the place where prayer was wont to be made. And what has become of these young men that met weekly in the room of Aunt Betsy? Of the subsequent history of some of them, I have no knowledge. It is to be hoped, that, having commenced aright, they held on the even tenor of their way,—that they have finished their course with joy, or yet live to be useful. But as to others of them, my knowledge is distinct and full.

One of them rose to eminence as an accomplished writer and editor. He became an honorable politician, and for years has served his country, and the cause of Protestantism, with distinction, as a minister at a foreign court.

Another of them is an ex-Mayor of the city of New York, whose hand has never been withheld from any work of religion or philanthropy.

Another is the honored partner of one of the largest publishing houses of the city of his residence.

Another of them has held on the even tenor of his way; has risen to eminence as a merchant, has acquired a large fortune, and is a pillar in one of the most important congregations and one of the best known in the British Isles.

Another was the merchant behind me in the room of prayer, so affectionately addressing the audience, and now the head of one of the largest mercantile houses of the Union.

Another is also a well-known merchant of New York, who has a heart for every good work; and who has never withdrawn his hand from the plough.

Another is a useful minister in the Western States, whose labors have been eminently blessed in turning many to righteousness.

Two others, who gave fair promise of usefulness in the more secluded walks of life, were early removed to their home in heaven. I was,

myself, among the youngest of the company, and when I was first invited to join the circle in the room of Aunt Betsy, was not a communicant of the church.

On a subsequent day I made the above statement at the prayer-meeting in Fulton Street, and based upon it an appeal to young men to make the religion of Christ the law and the rule of their life; and as they valued their prosperity in this life and the life to come, not to neglect the place of prayer.

When I sat down, a man rose in another part of the room, his tremulous accents showing the feelings that were within him. "I have," said he, "recently visited the prison at Sing Sing. As I went from cell to cell, I met with an old man who told me a very different story from that just narrated. He said that when young he was one of a company of young men who formed an infidel club, and who met once a week for talking infidelity, gambling and drinking, not very far from the upper room of Aunt Betsy. And I was shocked as he told me of the end to which his companions came. One, said he, died by his own hand; another by the hand of violence; some in State prison; some of delirium tremens; and as far as I know, I am the only one of them surviving: and here am I in the garb, and daily at the work of a felon." And he also ended his narrative with a most striking and touching appeal to young men, to remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

The contrast which the two narratives presented was most striking. All felt it to be so. No doubt the room of Aunt Betsy, and the gambling hell, were very differently furnished. The companies that met in each were very different in character, and in their governing objects and principles. And their end was very different. Religion has the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come. Nor are there any youth more likely to become men, than those who first seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness. Even now do I feel the warm pressure of the hand of Aunt Betsy, although for thirty or more years she has been with her Lord; and it may be that the blessings which have followed those who met for prayer in her room, have been in answer to her benedictions and prayers. True religion, early embraced, is a great element of success, even as to the life that now is.—KIRWAN, in N. Y. Observer.

The Boy Mortara.

There appears great difference in the reports of this case according to the parties they come from; some asserting that the boy is a rejoicing convert to Romanism, others that he retains all the antipathy of his parents to (Roman Catholic) Christianity.

Notwithstanding that letters have been sent to the Pope, from several of the Great Roman Catholic powers of Europe for his release, yet His Holiness has replied that his return to his parents is impossible.

The Gazzetta dei Popolo publishes a private letter giving an account of the journey of young Mortara from Bologna to Rome, from which it appears that his conversion to Christianity is not by any means so far advanced as was pretended some time ago by an ultramontane paper. It is stated that the poor child did nothing but cry all the way, and call for his father and mother. The sergeant under whose charge he was, having endeavored to force a chaplet into his hands with a little cross at the end, the boy did all he could to reject it, crying that he wanted the name of God, such as is worn by other Jewish children. The father in one of the visits which he was allowed to pay his son, told him of the hopes he had that the Pope would relent and restore the boy to his parents, at which the boy expressed the greatest joy.

The letter concludes with an account of the journey of the father and mother to Rome, of the indignities they were exposed to in endeavouring to obtain audiences, and of the calumnies which had been studiously spread among the populace regarding them, viz. that it was their intention to go and murder their own child!—in consequence of which their very lives were in danger in passing through the streets of Alatri, whither the boy had been conveyed.

The Giornale Ufficiale di Roma at length contains a note, in reply to the indignant outcry of the press of Europe against the abduction of the Jewish boy. This tardy manifesto of the Papal Court, instead of containing elaborate arguments fortified by documents and precedents to justify the act, is nothing but a jejune endorsement of the bigoted doctrines of the Unifiers. The following is the whole of it:—The Unifiers, of October 24, publishes a long and learned article by Father Guéranger, in which, apropos of an event which has led to much noise, on the part of the irreligious press, it is demonstrated that naturalism has taken possession of most minds. It shows that many Christians, having lost the true spirit of the church to which they belong, manifest, on the contrary, great anxiety, not for the sovereign domination of Christ, of whom they are members by baptism, but for the authority of the natural family; not for the rights of the church, but for the pagan prejudices of modern society, and those ideas of personal liberty which seem to them a conquest to which every thing else is to be sacrificed. They consent to look upon faith and christian practices only through the perverted medium of naturalist prejudices.

Remarkable Verification of a Dream.

A lady from the South, sojourning at the house of Mr. John Elitch, No. 36 East Fifth Street for some weeks, dreamed night before last that a favourite sister to whom she was much attached, and whom she left at Mobile in the full enjoyment of perfect health, had died, and so greatly was grieved that she awoke at once, and could not sleep again. She was in great distress and walked about her room, wringing her hands, and weeping as if her heart would break. Several persons in the house, among them Mr. E. himself, endeavored to comfort her, assuring her of the folly of mourning over an idle dream. The lady, however, insisted upon the truth thereof, declaring that she knew her sister was no more. She had supposed herself at her bedside, she said, and had supported her sister in her arms. She had seen every lineament and expression of the face of her relative, who grew paler and paler, and her breath shorter and shorter, and, asking to be lifted up, pointed to a clock in the apartment where the narrator imagined she was, and as it struck the hour of two, the suffering patient fell back and expired.

During the remainder of the night the distracted woman paced the floor in all the agony of bereavement. It was useless to reason with her, or seek to assuage her sorrow. Morning came, and the breakfast hour, but she could not touch a morsel of food. Still the storm of woe swept across her soul.

About ten o'clock a messenger from the telegraph office entered, and delivered a despatch addressed to the lady. It was delivered—she tore open the envelope with trembling hands, and her eye glanced over these words:—

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 13. Mrs. —, Your sister died of yellow fever at two o'clock this morning.

The poor woman simply said: "I knew it!" and fell fainting to the floor. For more than fifteen minutes she lay in a profound swoon, and when she recovered, it was but to weep and agonize anew.

This is another remarkable instance added to the list of prophetic dreams, the relation between which and the truths they foreshadow, no metaphysician has been able to trace; but there is often a strong and incomprehensible power of sleep, as many well authenticated facts attest. The thing may be reasoned upon as in Addison's theory, which is fantastic, though rational enough without, but no satisfactory solution can be given. The mind can be half convinced, but the soul is not satisfied, unless with the thought of the poet:

"The mysteries of earth the wand of dreams Removes, and blends the future with the hours In which imagination paints the world."

Cincinnati Enquirer, Oct. 15.

Horse Taming Extraordinary.

The following remarkable instance of Mr. Rarey's power over the horse is from Fraser's Magazine:—

HOW CRUISER WAS TAMED.

Accompanied by one individual alone, a nobleman of indisputable nerve, temper, and physical strength, Mr. Rarey proceeded to the encounter. As we have heard the story told, his injunctions to his comrade were characteristic enough. "Whatever happens, my lord," said he, "don't you speak or interfere. At least, not till you see me down under his feet, and him worrying me." This compact made, he resolutely walked into the arena, which consisted of a loose-box divided by a half-door of some four or five feet more in height. Stepping quietly up to this barrier, he leaned his arm upon it, so that it was just covered by the iron bar that ran along the top, and looked fixedly at the subject he intended to tame. Cruiser, from whom muzzle, head-stall, and all such impediments had been removed, we believe by some mechanical arrangements, for none dared go near enough to touch him, made his usual dash at the intrepid stranger, to pounce on him as a cat would on a mouse. Rarey stood perfectly motionless, neither altering his attitude nor the expression of his countenance in the slightest degree. Thinking he had his enemy by the arm, the horse seized and worried at the bar as if he would have bitten it through. Again and again retiring for an impetus to the corner he rushed at the mysterious stranger, actually screaming in the uncontrollable violence of his rage. Rarey sustained these successive charges with the same sang froid that he had shown at the commencement of the engagement. At length, after more than an hour of this wild scene, with its frantic fury on one side, and its calm scientific superiority on the other, the redoubtable Cruiser, blown, exhausted, dripping with sweat, and completely puzzled in his quine mind as to the properties of this figure, which he could no longer believe to be human, came quietly close to it, and true to its nature, warped as it was, smelt at it and touched it with his nose; then Rarey threw open the half-door and walked boldly up to him. The last sentence speaks volumes. It was a trait, not of the system perhaps, so much as of the man. But what confidence the man must have had in his system, thus to preserve his coolness and equanimity in a position which to every one but himself would have been of mortal danger. The "salt was now on the bird's tail," and when his own peculiar method had been resorted to, and Cruiser, converted into a quiet, docile, and not particularly showy hack, had been ridden before astonished hundreds, the horse-tamer was universally recognized as such, and both the papers and the public expressed themselves satisfied with Mr. Rarey.