

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 25th, 1858.

Subject.—REASONS WHY WE SHOULD REJOICE UNDER TEMPTATION.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xiii. 13-16. James i. 1-15.

AUGUST 1st, 1858.

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

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

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

22.—Where is it mentioned, as one characteristic of certain false teachers, that they would forbid to marry?

23.—Is anything said in Scripture respecting the treatment of animals?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 65.

The Shunamite woman fetching Elisha after the death of her child.—2 Kings iv. 18-30.

Stop Grumbling.

If all the grumblers in the world were summoned together by some thundering Calliope, what an army there would be. Since the days of Xerxes, nothing in numbers could compare with such a host. The late financial trouble have furnished all the recruits necessary, or that could be desired to keep the "regular army" complete. You find grumblers everywhere, as thick as the frogs of Egypt. No trade, calling, or profession is free from them. Now we have a word to say to such men, and we hope they will not grumble at us for so doing. Let us describe them:—

Grumblers are usually a very lazy set. Having no disposition to work themselves, they spend their time in whining and complaining, both about their own affairs and those of their neighbors.

Grumblers are usually a year behind the age, and therefore when they undertake an enterprise, they find themselves so far down the stream all the winds and tides of sympathy, so necessary to success, are against them.

Grumblers are usually very independent—"caring nothing for nobody." Determined to "go it blind," they find a "wide berth" and "a hard road to travel" wherever their footsteps lead them.

Grumblers are easily scared. They always see double. A lion is in the way sure—no mistake about it. There is always "something going to happen." "Look out for breakers!" is the great refrain of their every-day song.

Grumblers have a most capacious appetite for favors, as well as food, and are therefore always on hand and "just in time" to accept the "gift of a very particular friend." Their favourite motto is "small favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

Grumblers are always very jealous of their "character and influence in society," and generally "quite as good as anybody." They should therefore be treated with great consideration.

Grumblers are usually long-lived, in the opinion of their friends, and should therefore be cured of their disease as soon as possible.

Now, in order to prevent another financial crisis, and sundry other terrible events, too numerous to mention, we wish to give a little advice to our fellow citizens of the whole grumbling fraternity:

- 1st. Stop grumbling,
2nd. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something outside of your regular profession.
3rd. Stop grumbling.
4th. Mind your own business, and with all your might—let other people alone.
5th. Stop grumbling.
6th. Live within your means. Sell your horse. Give away or kill your dogs. Smoke your cigars through an air-tight stove. Eat with moderation, and go to bed early.
7th. Stop grumbling.
8th. Talk less of your own peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors.
9th. Stop grumbling.
10th. Do all you can to make other people happy. Be cheerful. Bend your neck and back more frequently, when you pass those outside of "select circles." Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you wish to see in others. Be a good man—a true Christian, and then you can't help—finally to
11th. Stop grumbling—Independent.

Into the Sunshine.

"I wish father would come home." The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered, "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air, "It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late, Oh, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phæbe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phæbe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child: I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by his unkindness of speech.

"Phæbe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an under tone, she added: "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son. You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it." "How?" "I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"Oh, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phæbe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and drew his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning; but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phæbe," was the

mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."

Phæbe was rebuked; while Richard looked grateful, and, it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed? Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.—Steps Towards Heaven.

A Precursor of the Tomb.

It was no gaunt-visaged spectre that had unceremoniously intruded upon my meditations. No hostile foes were approaching; no watery billows were menacing destruction; nor yet was fell disease unloosing the cords by which the clay tabernacle was upheld.

It was but a tiny thing, that thread of silver, but it was potent to awaken many solemn reflections. I knew it must come—that first grey hair—and that it would be followed by a train whose name was Legion. But I did not expect it so soon. I felt unprepared for the thought that I was no longer young. Less than half of the allotted threescore years and ten have passed away, but I already behold an evidence that after a few more revolving suns, "The grasshopper shall become a burden, and desire shall fail—the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain—and the spirit return to God who gave it." Yet why lament the flight of time? This brief journey of life is too often but a toilsome one—disappointments and sorrows attend its course, and before its close the weary pilgrim, like David, exclaims, "Oh that I had the wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." But

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to Heaven, And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Has the first gray hair found me steadily pursuing the heavenly way? Have I become more like our Divine Pattern, as year after year of a profession of faith in Jesus Christ has thus rolled around? And while Old Father Time has been scattering the first snow flakes of life's winter, has the spiritual nature become better prepared for the regions of unfading flowers and eternal spring? If I might satisfactorily answer these queries, then I might also hope that the daily duties of life had been discharged with becoming diligence. But the monitor within is too faithful to its office to render a clear verdict of "not guilty." There have, perchance, been many omissions to "set a trap to catch a sunbeam." The cares of life have been allowed to cast a sombre hue over the countenance, and thus shadows have stealthily crept in among the dear home circle. The impatient expression has too often arisen to the lip, and perhaps become vocal upon the air, because of the mistakes and misdemeanors of the beloved child or the untutored servant.—Influence too, that should have been more extensively useful, has not always been wisely directed; if, indeed, it has not been sometimes entirely neutralized by imprudence or thoughtlessness.

But amidst numerous causes for self-reproach, the first grey hair may also awaken joyous reflections in the heart of a Christian. The head may finally be covered with silver, but if found in the way of righteousness, "The hoary head is a crown of glory." It shall find its last pillow in the dust, but the spirit shall at length be united to the regenerated body, and within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, they shall together flourish in immortal youth and vigor.—Advocate and Guardian.

The Axe.

In a letter to the publisher of the Gymnast, Horace Greeley in speaking of clearing land of timber, says:

"I unhesitatingly recommend that as the most healthful and invigorating of human occupations. The axe is the first of implements for the dyspeptic, the hypochondriac, the low-spirited. If I ever get leisure for a new undertaking, I mean to buy a forest tract on some sunny, breezy slope of the Catskills or Alleghanies, and set up an infirmary for all manner of nervous and intestinal disorders, with the axe for my chief remedy. I have high hopes of making my wood-cure as effective and as celebrated as the water-cure of Priessnitz."

Open Communion.

It is stated in the religious journals that many of the churches who have practiced close communion, are now adopting open communion. The result of the union principles in this revival has tended to this.—New York Times.

The union meetings held so generally, within the last six months, cannot fail to produce a more tolerant and catholic spirit among Christians of different denominations. But while we hail this liberalizing tendency, as one of the blessed fruits of the great awakening of 1858, we are glad to state that we have not yet heard of one regular Baptist church that has adopted the practice of open communion. According to our knowledge and belief, Baptists, as a body, are as much inclined, as at any previous time, to hold fast to the good old principles which have hitherto sustained them. They intend, as we hope, to cultivate brotherly kindness and charity towards all who differ from them, but they do not intend to be so charitable as to make the commandments of Christ of no effect.—N. Y. Chronicle.

Questions for daily use.

- Am I vitally united to Jesus Christ?
Am I crucified with Christ?
Am I entirely consecrated to Christ?
Am I daily receiving grace from Christ?
Am I growing in conformity to Christ?
Am I a friend to all the friends of Christ?
Am I living for the glory of Christ?
Am I an honour to the name of Christ?
Am I walking in the steps of Christ?
Am I breathing the spirit of Christ?
Am I a blessing to the church of Christ?
Am I bringing sinners to Christ?
Am I daily, hourly, always, and in all things aiming to please Christ?
Am I grieved on account of the dishonour done to Christ?
Am I desiring to be with Christ?
Am I looking for the advent of Christ?
Am I ready for the coming of Christ?

The Slave's Heaven.

I took my text from Revelation 22: 5—"And there shall be no night there." I attempted in a simple manner to tell the colored people why there should be no night in heaven. One of my points was, that there should be no night, because people there had no need of sleep. "People that have to work, my friend, could hardly do without night in this world. But they have no night in heaven, because people never get tired there." There was a universal shout among the black people, and to confess the whole truth, my own gravity was near being upset by sheer force of sympathy with my delighted audience. I had reached the zenith of my preaching talents as far as that congregation was concerned, and as speedily as possible I closed my sermon.—New York Observer.

Human affections are leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!

What a sovereign man is the intelligent, industrious farmer. The balance of the world's life and comfort he holds in his own stalwart hand. Neither courts, nor camps, nor fleets can exist without his aid. Cities spring from traffic in the products of his industry. Commerce is born at his behest. Lord of the land, no man has a firmer hold of the essential title of nobility.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices.

Commend us to children for pretty antics and gems of thought. Here is one from a little pet of our acquaintance just learning to talk:—A thrush came and sang on a tree near by window. She was much delighted, and asked, "Who made her sing so sweet, mother? Do he at flowers?"

Some one asked Charles James Fox what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms—"He clothed himself with cursing like as with a garment."—"The meaning," said he, "I think is clear enough;—the man had a habit of swearing."

Many Christians are like chestnuts pleasant nuts, but enclosed in very prickly burrs, which need various dealings of nature, and her grip of frost, before the kernel is disclosed.—H. W. Beecher.

It is in any man's power to be contented; of very few to be rich. The first will infallibly make you happy; which is more than you can depend upon from the latter.

TIME TO ADMONISH.—To admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slacken, and then thou mayest expect a hearing.