

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 27th, 1858.

Subject.—ENCOURAGEMENTS IN AFFLICTION. For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xi. 23-26. | Heb. xii. 1-13.

JULY 4th, 1858.

Subject.—FURTHER ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PERSEVERANCE AND FIDELITY UNDER TRIALS. For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xii. 1-3. | Heb. xii. 14-29.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

18.—What king shut up the temple of God? 19.—By what expression did the Virgin Mary acknowledge herself a sinner?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 63.

63.—Joshua and the captain of the Lord's host.—JOSH. v. 13-15: vi. 1. Jericho is named "the city of palm-trees."

Sowing and Reaping.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Who are sowing? who are sowing? These young children now at play; And the scattered seeds are growing Night by night and day by day: Some with fruitful grain are shooting; Some will only weeds produce, Which, alas, will need uprooting, Ere the soil be fit for use.

Who are sowing? who are sowing? Children, manhood, youth, and age, And the scattered seeds are growing, Putting forth at every stage; All along life's pathway springing, Bearing fruit, or flower, or weed, On the air their odour flinging, Either for our bane or need.

Preaching to Children.

Children fare badly in our Sabbath services. The written sermons of our pastors are rarely adapted to their capacities, and they soon grow weary of attempting to follow what they cannot understand. The prayers, too, are a little above their comprehension, and they carry away with them from the sanctuary few influences except that the services are very long and wearisome. Every pastor needs to think of the children in his parish, and to ask himself if he cannot have an occasional service for their special benefit. A correspondent of a Western paper gives the following sketch of Alexander Fletcher, a lion among preachers:

I have several times heard Alexander Fletcher, D. D., of London, addressing the young. He is called in England, and not undeservedly, "the prince of preachers to children." I once heard him preach in a large church in Liverpool, to over a thousand children, the assembled pupils of the Presbyterian Sabbath Schools in that town. I have forgotten his text, but remember many of his remarks. Ministers, he said, were fishers. He was a fisher; the large, beautiful church in which we were met, was the pool or pond, in which he was fishing, and "you boys and girls," said he, "are the fishes that I wish to catch." He then went on to explain, in simple language, the spiritual meaning of all this. Again, ministers, said he, were sowers, and referred to the parable. He explained the operation of sowing in a way interesting to town children, describing particularly, the sheet called the "sowing sheet," in which, slung over his left shoulder, the English sower carries his seed. Then, said he, I am a sower. The seed which I sow is the truth of God. I have a sowing sheet too. I have it here, and I will show it to you. At this instant, talking in his easy way, he put his hand into his skirt pocket under his pulpit gown, for his handkerchief, and all the children present started to their feet, and eagerly looked to see the "sowing sheet," which they supposed he was about to produce. He then held up the Bible, which he said was the "sowing sheet," as it contained all the truths which he sowed, and took occasion to tell them what it said about Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, exhorting them to seek an interest in Jesus, and to love and read the Bible.

On another occasion, I heard him, in London, address an immense number of children, probably about two thousand. Text, Isaiah xxvi. 1: "We have a strong city." The object was to describe "the city of salvation." Among other things, he spoke of its streets. The names of many of them were mentioned. One was "Humility street." Most cities, he said, had a "High street," but he never had heard of any that had a Humility street. In London there is one called "Wormwood street." This gave him occasion to describe and recommend Gospel humility. Another street in the city of salvation was the "Way of Holiness." New York city had a street called "the Broadway." He then spoke of Gospel holiness and the broad way that leadeth to destruction.

Dr. Fletcher, preaching to children in this way, can keep their attention riveted for more than an hour. I have heard a few others who could do the same, though none that could do it as well as the Doctor.—W. & R.

Selections.

The Light-House Keeper's Daughter.

There is, on a rugged and dangerous part on the coast of Cornwall, England, an old light-house. Its site was formerly on a projecting point of rock, which forms an island when the tide is high, but is joined to the main land by a sort of raised causeway when the waters are low. By means of this causeway, the persons who had charge of the light-house held communication with the shore, for the purpose of obtaining provisions, and recruiting their stock of oil.

The family of the light-house keeper consisted of his wife and his little daughter, a child of about ten or eleven years of age. The parents were good Christian people, and brought up their child in the fear of God, and taught her early to read and love His word. A little before the time of which we are speaking, the mother died; and the most precious thing she had to leave her child was a large, well-worn family Bible. There were then left to take charge of the light-house only the man and the little girl.

One morning, after the light-keeper had trimmed his lamps, and got them all ready for lighting in the evening, he set off with his basket on his arm, along the causeway, for the purpose of getting provisions, intending to hasten home before the tide should have flowed and covered up the path.

But there were some men at a distance on the shore, who saw him coming to land, and who formed a wicked scheme to prevent him from returning to the light-house. These persons were wreckers. These were people who frequented the coast for the purpose of robbing any wreck which might come on shore. Instead of helping the poor sailors they ill-treated them, and took away what they had saved. It was their wish to have as many wrecks as possible that they might get the more plunder. The object for which the light-house was built was to prevent shipwrecks. It warned sailors that they were near the dangerous rocky coast; it directed them to keep out to sea; and showed them the channel in which they must sail, if they would reach in safety their desired haven.

A number of these wreckers saw the light-keeper come on shore. They were expecting some merchant vessels, with valuable cargoes, to come up the channel that very day, to say nothing of the great number of ships which are constantly passing that coast: so they agreed to way-lay the poor man. They knew there was only a little child in the light-house; and what could she do? If they could prevent the man from returning home, no lamps would be lighted that night, no friendly beacon would shine, no warning ray be thrown out on the dark waters; the vessels they expected would certainly run ashore, or be cast on the rocks, and they would have abundant spoil and riches in return for their wicked and cruel plot. Such was their reasoning. So they came unawares on the keeper, who was now on his road home, surrounded him, took him away to a lonely shed on the beach, tied his hands and feet, and there left him. They supplied him with food, for they did not wish to do him any harm; and, having left two of their party to watch the shed, the rest of them went about preparations for their dreadful night's work.

Now let us leave the poor man, who, in spite of his entreaties and prayers, is bound in the shed; and let us go the light-house, and see the little girl. For several hours she goes about her usual employment. She makes the rooms tidy, she cuts up a stock of lamp wicks, she strains the oil for future use, she prepares for her father's return. Now and then she looks out of the narrow little window facing the shore, thinking that it is time she should see him coming. The waters are beginning to flow over the causeway, but no one is yet in sight. She becomes more and more anxious, the waves rise higher and higher, and at last the road is completely covered by the tide; but she sees nothing of her father. Still the afternoon is not far advanced, and, although she is anxious and somewhat fearful, she knows there are boats on the shore, in any one of which her father may return. Another half hour, and she becomes alarmed. She looks out to sea; the waters are becoming black—not black with darkness of night, but with that darkness which, as she well knows, foretells a storm. The clouds are gathering, and wind rising; the waters are now tipped with white: she knows that a tempest is at hand. She looks down westward, and just at the entrance of the channel she sees the merchant-ships, which the light-house

keeper, as well as the wreckers, was expecting; she knows that at midnight, or perhaps before, the vessel will be near that part of the rocky coast where she is; and the sailors will look out for the beacon;—but her father! he is not coming yet. Is it possible? There will be no light to-night; the vessels will be wrecked.

The poor child sat down, and cried. But presently she thought of the text which she had learned that morning: it was this, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." So she knelt down and prayed. She asked the Lord to be with her, and to show her what to do. When she had finished her prayer, she felt so strengthened that she began to think whether, if her father did not come back, she could possibly light the lamps. She went up into the lantern, but there were the lamps, far, very far, out of her reach: she was but a little girl, she feared she could do nothing.

And now evening was fast coming on. At sunset the lamps should be lighted; and if they are not, the howling tempest tells her that on that dark night there will be fearful wrecks. She takes one more look towards the shore; but her father is not coming, and she resolves to make another attempt. First of all, she kneels down again to pray; then she carries her father's steps up into the lantern, and mounts upon them to see how nearly she can reach the lamps. But she is still a long way off. There is but one more movable thing in the house which can be of any service; it is a small table, which, by dint of great exertion, she carries up, step by step, to the top; she puts the steps upon the table, and joyfully jumps upon them: now she thinks she shall surely be able to reach the lamps. But, alas! she cannot; she is within a few inches, but she cannot reach them; she might just as well be on the ground: all her labour is lost.

The sun has just gone down, and the storm is increasing in violence. The sailors get nearer and nearer to the rocks. They look out for the lights. Where are they? Have they mistaken their course? They are in great fear. The father in the shed is praying for his little girl, that she may be guided aright, although how it can be he does not know; and she, alone in the lonely tower,—no, not alone, for God was with her. All of a sudden she thought of her mother's family Bible. Down she ran to fetch it; brought it up into the lantern, climbed on the table, then up the steps, and laid down her Bible upon them.

She paused a moment. Her mother had taught her to reverence even the outside of that sacred book. "I cannot bear to stand upon dear mother's Bible," thought she; "but if she were here, I think she would bid me do so now. I must try to light the lamps." So up she climbed, stretched out her little arm to the utmost, lifted up her taper, and in a moment or two there shone out a lamp upon the black deep, then another and another, and at length the whole lantern sent forth its accustomed light, far, far out on the stormy sea. The sailors saw the light, and, by its help, steered their course in safety. The father heard of it, too, with delight. The wreckers were disappointed of their unlawful gain; for there were no wrecks that night.

Over the dark and stormy waters of a benighted world, millions of our poor fellow-creatures are hastening onward to destruction. There are dangers all around, but they see them not: as they go on, their way gets darker and darker, more and more hopeless. And are there no wreckers abroad? Yes, there is the great captain of that cruel band, eager to destroy benighted souls. There are his servants, active and unwearied, watching to catch souls; some trying to put out the true light; some setting up false and deceitful lights; all seeking to destroy.

And is there no light? Yes, indeed there is: "I," said the Lord Jesus, "I am the Light of the world." And again: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." It was thus, when on earth, that He bade the poor darkened eyes around look upon Him, that they might see the true light.

But now he has left the world. Is there, then, no light now? Yes; before He came, David said, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path;" and now that Jesus Christ is gone back to heaven, His word, His Spirit, Himself—for He is the Sun of righteousness—all give light. Happy are they who see this light, who walk in it, and let it shine, so that others, seeing it in them, may turn towards its blessed rays.

Dear young reader, do you ever think as the little girl did, "I am young, or a little child; I can do nothing; I cannot light the lamps?" Remember that she did light them, nevertheless; and remember how. She prayed, and you must do the same;—Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Teach me to obey thy command, to do thy will, by helping to send the gospel to every creature."

Then she tried, she did her utmost, and she succeeded. May it be said of each of you, "She hath done what she could!" See to it first that you have the light in yourselves, Christ in you, the oil of the Holy Spirit in your hearts; and then let your light shine. Let parents, brothers, sisters, companions, neighbours, see the light in your holy, humble, Christian behaviour; and then do all in your power, to make known to others the saving name of Jesus, to direct their eyes to him who says, "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.)

The Three Great R's.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH OF CHELTENHAM.

The excellent, but eccentric John Ryland, whenever he was called upon by any young minister of the Gospel, always urged upon him one thing, to make the three great R's prominent in his preaching. On one occasion when a young minister called, he said, "And so you are going to preach at— Now if I was in your place, when I got into the pulpit, I should look at them very earnestly, and tell them that they were all RUINED, to a man; then I should inform them that there was no REDEMPTION, but by our Lord Jesus Christ; then I should insist upon it, that they must be REGENERATED by the Holy Spirit, or be lost for ever; and then, if I saw they did not like it, I should preach hell and damnation to them, and solemnly tell them there was no other way to escape it." Here are his three great R's, ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. Let us glance at them for a minute or two, for they are very important. Man is—

RUINED BY SIN, by his own sin. He has broken God's pure and perfect law; he has deprived himself of all power to obey it in future; and he has brought himself under its tremendous curse. He is, as a wilful transgressor of God's loving law, doomed to be banished from the presence of the Lord, to be associated with all the impious rebels against God's authority, both human and angelic, and to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. He has no power to break his chains, escape from the grasp of justice, or satisfy the demands of the violated law. Unless some one interfere for him, and some one who is able and willing to meet all the demands of the great Lawgiver, and as his substitute meet and satisfy all those demands, he can never escape from the desert of his sins. All is in a hopeless state. His condition is most perilous; his prospects are dreadfully alarming. Hell is the place where he must endure punishment. Devils and the most degraded of mankind will be his companions in agony and woe. Oh, fearful state! Oh, dismal condition! Oh, dreadful doom! Yet this is the state, doom, and condition of every sinful child of Adam by nature. He is ruined—totally ruined—and, left to himself, eternally ruined. But there is—

REDEMPTION BY CHRIST. O, wondrous love! Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, undertook our cause, and in order to qualify himself to become our Redeemer he took our nature, and thus became one with us! As one with us, he stood forth for us, and engaged to fulfill the law that we had broken, pay the penalty we had incurred, and give full satisfaction to the justice and government of God for all our sins.

What he undertook he accomplished, and by his holy life and bitter death he redeemed our souls from hell. His precious blood he paid down as the price of our ransom, and now "we have redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins." For every one that believes in his name, he has done all that the law can demand, and suffered all that the law can inflict. To every one that trusts in his blood, he has become a perfect Saviour, and will save them for evermore. Oh, astonishing manifestation of grace on the part of the Father, to give his only Begotten Son for such a purpose, and for such unworthy rebels! Oh, amazing manifestation of grace on the part of the Son, to be made flesh, to come under the law, to undertake our cause, and engage to save, freely and for ever, all, and every one, who will come to God by him! What a price to pay! What condescension to display! What a theme to put into our mouths, for we "know that we were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold, from our vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Nor is redemption enough, for though that removes all legal impediments out of the way, so that justice has nothing to object, nor can the law present any hindrance to our liberation and salvation, yet a change of nature is necessary before we can be qualified to serve God acceptably on earth, or enjoy God perfectly in heaven. Therefore, being ruined by our own sin, and redeemed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, we must yet receive something more, and that something is—

REGENERATION BY THE HOLY SPIRIT. Yes, we must be born again. As dead in trespasses and sins, he must quicken us. As corrupt, depraved, and polluted, he must new create us. As blind, dark, and afar off from God, he must give sight, enlighten, and bring us nigh. We did not more need the mercy of the Father in providing a Saviour, nor the grace of the Saviour in coming into the world to save us, than we need the power of the Holy Spirit to make us new creatures in Christ. For though the work of the Holy Spirit totally differs from the work of the Son, it is none the less necessary for us. In vain had Jesus died for us, in vain had he paid down the price of our redemption, if the Holy Spirit did not come to emancipate us by his power. It is his to open the prison doors, to knock off the iron fetters, to pour light on the blind eyes, to impart vigour to the paralysed faculties, and infuse life into the dead

soul. He awakens in fore us the Christ, approduces uned Spirit, spiritual life, joyed the These, t are you ac what it is ble to do ance? H blood of J and its world in you expe Holy Spirit you born led by the thou. To tally is to safe. Bu our ruin make us that ther not enjoy rors of t can only erating; The Fat us when the Rede the Spirit applying situate o

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