

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 24th, 1858.

Subject.—THE LOVE OF THE WORLD INCONSISTENT WITH THE ENJOYMENT OF GOD'S FAVOUR.

For Repeating. For Reading. 1 John ii. 1-3. | 1 John ii. 12-19.

OCTOBER 31st, 1858.

Subject.—THE ANOINTING OF THE HOLY GHOST, AND ITS POWER.

For Repeating. For Reading. 1 John ii. 15-17. | 1 John ii. 20-29.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 71.]

A king is seated on his throne, when a venerable man comes into his presence and commences an address which deeply interests him. His countenance assumes a stern aspect and his anger is excited against the wrong which has been inflicted. The aged man now assumes a bold front and, pointing to the king, casts a withering glance at him which makes him cower and hide his face for shame at the charge brought against him. He confesses his crime: then he is told that judgement shall follow but that it shall be mixed with mercy.

Key to Bible questions in our last.

34.—Adam: because from him we derive our natural life: from Christ our spiritual life.—1. Corinthians xv 22, 45. Melchisedec: because in his priestly character he had no predecessors, successor, or superior.—Hebrews vii. 1, 10, 11, 15. Moses, as a Lawgiver and Intercessor and an example of meekness.—Number xii, 3; Acts 3, 2.

35.—The offering of the wise men, of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—Mathew ii. 11.

Prayer-Meeting at "Hell Corner."

"There is a locality," said a strange gentleman in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, "in New-Hampshire, concerning which I wish to state a few facts of recent occurrence, which go to prove that the Holy Spirit can work with means or without them, according to his Sovereign will and pleasure. In the locality of which I speak there are about twenty families living isolated, and cut off from all association with the surrounding neighborhoods. They have no communication with anybody beyond themselves.

These families are distinguished for their profanity, wickedness, gambling, and almost every vice. They have no respect for religious institutions. They are shut out from all means of grace. They are a reckless, hardened set of people.

On a late occasion, one of these men was in at a neighbor's house, and while there indulged in the most horrid oaths. The woman of the house said to him,

"If you don't stop swearing so, I am afraid the house will fall down over our heads."

"Well, I should think," said the man, "that you are getting very pious, from what you say."

"Well, I should think it time for some of us to be getting religious."

"If you feel that way, suppose that we have a prayer-meeting in your house," said the man.

"Yes, we will have a prayer-meeting; we will have a prayer-meeting," chimed in from many voices. And a prayer-meeting was agreed upon, and the time was fixed. They got a man to lead the meeting—the only man living in the neighborhood who had ever been a professor of religion. He was a notorious backslider, and of course answered their purposes all the better for that; for all this was meant as a burlesque upon prayer-meetings.

The time came for the meeting, and all assembled. The backslider undertook to lead the meeting, but broke down in his prayer and could not go on. They undertook to sing, and could not make anything out of that. They determined not to give it up so. They appointed another prayer-meeting, on the next Sabbath, at five o'clock, P.M. They sent to a deacon of a church, living three miles off, saying, "that there was to be a prayer-meeting at 'Hell Corner'—the common name by which the place was known—on next Sabbath afternoon, and wanted him to come down and conduct it." The good deacon did not dare to go. He thought it was either a hoax, or a plan to mob him. He however spoke to a neighbor about it, and asked—

"Had I better go?"

"Go, by all means, and I will go with you," said the neighbor.

So on the next Sabbath afternoon they went to the prayer-meeting at "Hell Corner." All were assembled, preparing to give solemn and serious attention to the services.

"I had been there but a few minutes," said the deacon, "before I felt that the Spirit of the Lord was there." Four or five of these hardened, wretched men, were struck under conviction at this first meeting. Another meeting was held, and more were converted. These prayer-meetings are continued, said the speaker, and many of those who were convicted have since become converted, and have become praying men and women. The work is going on with amazing power. At the last meeting heard from, more than 100 were present.

Here was a case where God's Spirit went before any man's—showing us this one fact, that He can work without them. It also shows us another fact: the wide-spread range of the field of the Holy Spirit's influences.

A Parable.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him, "What is your employment?" He said, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length." He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, "Go and make it twice as long." He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, "Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." There were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master the devil is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still." Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday night you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.

The American Spurgeon.

The following glowing description of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, is by an artist, resident at Brooklyn.—

"Last Sunday, I went with a friend to hear the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher. Long before we reached the door of the church I noticed crowds of people thronging in that direction; the street was so crowded that I could scarcely believe what I saw. Seeing the multitudes round the door I asked 'Where are all the people going?' 'Now,' said my friend 'this will give you an idea what Henry Ward Beecher is, for three times every Sunday does the same thing happen! Three times every Sunday do these countless throngs gather to hear the eloquence of this man, of which you have no idea, unless you hear it from his own lips.' We found the passage crowded to overflowing, every bannister, step, and window literally blocked up. I managed by some shoving and pushing to get a hole between a multitude of arms and hats to poke my head through, and thus contrived to get a peep at the appointments of this extraordinary church, theatre, or whatever you like to call it. Well, my head being forced through this aperture, I began to look down on the swarms of heads and bonnets beneath, and then round the galleries of this novel church, which he built himself, constructed exactly like a theatre, with pit, boxes, and stage complete! After drawing breath, and looking in vain for something in the shape of a chair (as I was in rather delicate health) or a bench, I asked Dr. P., 'Who is that gentleman in the pit below?' 'Beecher's father.' 'Where is Beecher?' 'You will see him emerge from that door immediately.' In breathless attention, I waited the appearance of that man of whom I had read and heard so much. So still was the assemblage that I could hear my own heart beat with expectation. Suddenly the subterranean door opened, and forth came as if rising from the tomb, Henry Ward Beecher! A flutter of ladies' fans, and a suppressed buzz of voices, announced his arrival.

New for the church. In the first place, there was no pulpit, no pews, no desk, no clergyman. Nothing but a man standing upon a platform with long hair, placed behind his ears. In front of the pit was a platform resembling a stage, on which reposed a table, containing a huge Bible, and a hymn-book. When he appeared the organ played the air of a hymn, and when the sweet music ceased, Beecher commenced reading the hymn over to the congregation. Never did the words of any poetry sink so deeply into my soul as those simple sentences read by that man, whose every breath is a spark of fire! I might have read that hymn a thousand times without any great impression of its sublimity, but every word and every syllable seemed to float through the church with such deep pathos that even the singing of the choir, beautiful as it was, was nothing to the reading of those divine words—

'Nearer to Thee!' 'Nearer to Thee!'

He now commenced a prayer, with his eyes closed, talking like one in a dream. Then came a chapter in the New Testament: the reading wonderfully clear, and expressive of deep thought and study. Afterwards, another beautiful hymn, and then another prayer. During all this time nothing but intense excitement kept me on my legs for three hours. I poked my head through the crowd, endeavouring to procure a sketch of Mr. Beecher, but nothing could we find in the shape of paper or fly-leaf, nor even a pencil, in that terrible corner near the door. However, in the interval between the last hymn and sermon, I contrived to procure the necessary articles; but if the sketch is defective, please to remember my position, also the effect of late fever and ague upon an artist's hand. But now a great excitement prevailed among the audience; I strained my eyes and neck to see what it was. Mr. Beecher had taken off his great coat, and prepared to commence one of his immortal sermons. The text was from the close of the beautiful sermon in Romans—'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' He began by talking slowly, and in a studied, solemn manner, still standing at the table, with one finger on the text; then, as he warmed up with the subject, he moved first one arm, and then another, till at length oppressed and bewildered by the power of his wonderful imagination, and completely absorbed in his own world of thought, he began to walk about the platform, striking the air, stamping his feet, going over the whole of the chapter—sometimes shouting at the top of his manly voice, then subsiding into subdued language—till, at last, as his ideas began to press too thickly upon him, bursting out into such peals of thunder! such oratory! such similes! such attitudes! At this time, no sound was heard among the vast assembly; not one breath, but seemed to mar the silence of the place. Nothing was seen, nor heard, but the soul-stirring voice of Beecher. No one coughed, no one moved; I saw nothing around me, or beneath me; I could not tell you who sat on my right hand or on my left—for I saw nothing but Beecher's form, and heard nothing but that deep voice, which bore me on, wherever its boundless spirit chose to soar.

Hinges all over.

A converted native of the South Sea Islands was once endeavoring to give account of the manner in which he persuaded himself that the Bible was the word of God.

"When I look at myself," he said, "I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges in my legs, my jaws, my feet, my hands. If I want to lay hold of anything, there are hinges in my hand, and even in my fingers, to do it with. If my heart think, and I want others to think with me, I use the hinges to my jaws, and they help me to talk. I could neither walk nor sit down if I had not hinges to my legs and feet. None of the strange things that men have brought from England in their big ships, is to be at all compared to my body. He who made my body has made all the clever people who have made the strange things which they bring in ships; and he is the God whom I worship.

"But I should not know much more about him than a great hinge-maker, if men in their ships had not brought the book they call the Bible. That tells me of God, who made the skill and the heart of man likewise. And when I hear how the Bible tells of the old heart with its corruption, the new heart and a right spirit, which God alone can create and give, I feel that his work in my heart and his work in my body fit into each other exactly. I am sure, then, that the Bible, which tells me these things, was made by him who made the hinges to my body. And I believe the Bible to be the Word of God."

Electricity is now used in drawing teeth, as an anæsthetic instead of ether or chloroform.

Running the Gauntlet.

When he was stripped of his coat and shirt and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled; its low and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession. When he received the first stroke his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast, and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen blood came: but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had but been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again. There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous, and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures. When the victim had arrived at the file-leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said with a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place, "I have to—thank your Honour for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.—Household Words.

The two Dissenters.

When John Brown, D. D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body; but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington?" "Yes, sir," replied the parishioner. "Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?" Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post." "That is just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?" The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever.

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OUT OF AN EMPTY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water on the road to a public-house. When you want a "dram," take the price of it in your hand and start to the public-house; go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung-hole, take a good draught of water and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building. Fact! —Patchwork, by Howard Paul.

AN APT REPLY.—The Churchman says that the "Founder of the Baptist 'sect' was expelled from the church as a heretic, hundreds of years ago." The Religious Herald replies: "We confess it. This event occurred A. D. 29. The sentence of excommunication was pronounced by Caiaphas, and followed by the crucifixion of the 'heretic' under one Pontious Pilate. His name—does not the reader know it? Oh, may he but love it."

Said Anna's preceptor, "A kiss is a noun, But tell me if proper or common," he cried; With cheeks of vermillion and eyelids cast down, "Tis both common and proper," the pupil replied.