

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 16th, 1858.

Subject.—THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE UNDER THE LAW.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. ix. 24-26. | Heb. x. 1-10.

MAY 23rd, 1858.

Subject.—HOW THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS IS CONNECTED WITH THE SAVIOUR'S SACRIFICE.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. x. 1-4. | Heb. x. 11-25.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

- 12.—Where is the earliest reference in Scripture to the use of current money?
13.—What was the name of the first city on record, and by whom was it built?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 60. The sons of the prophets tasting poison in the pottage.—2 KINGS iv. 39-41.

An Imperial Baby.

A Paris correspondent of the London News, has gratified the public with a minute account of the little Prince Imperial's first attempt at walking. At the close of his description, he states the following, which illustrates the power of education in developing traits of character even in infancy:
"During the whole of his long walk he frequently rejected the proffered assistance of the governesses' hands, and seemed to delight in getting a little before them, to show his consciousness that he was a great personage, and they his attendants. It was the finest thing in the world to see him return the salutes of the sentries, who presented arms to him. He raised his hands to his cap in true military style, just at the proper moment, with an air of modest assurance, in which there was nothing playful or child-like. He looked as serious as Tom Thumb used to do when dressed as General Bonaparte. There can be no doubt that this child, in whom so many and such vast hopes are concentrated, has already, by the force of education, a precocious sense of his own importance. He carried in his hand a little flexible sword, which he brandished continually, with wonderful energy and determination, as if longing for something to strike. As far as the dynasty depends upon the health, strength and excellent conformation of the heir apparent, the Emperor and Empress have every ground for hope and confidence."

AN OFFICER'S LIFE SAVED BY A BOOK.—A captain in the 2nd Division, on joining the service, had received from his old nurse a prayer-book, which happily he valued much. During the battle (the Alma) when the balls began to fly thickly, one struck his shoulder and knocked up his epaulette, but did not hurt him; a second grazed his hip, carrying away a piece of his trousers; he then saw a Russian in front, with his musket levelled at him. The Russian fired, and Captain—felt a stunning blow on his left breast which brought him to the ground. His first impression was, "Well it's all over with me!" In a few seconds, however, finding that he was only stunned, he jumped up and went forward. The Russian who was loading, started at seeing the man he thought he killed again advancing, turned round and ran. Shortly after, a fourth shot in the ankle compelled the officer to leave the field and seek surgical care. On moving his great coat, which had been slung across his breast there in his old nurse's prayer-book we found the ball flattened that would otherwise have passed through his heart. He had valued the gift of his faithful though humble friend, and it proved his protection. Colonel Blake, who led the 33rd during the gallant advance of the Light Division, had bullet-marks all over his uniform and equipment. I met him very soon after the battle was over, and while he was telling me of God's merciful care of him, tears of gratitude filled his eyes.—Recollections of a Crimean Chaplain, by the Rev. H. P. Wright.

SIR COLIN'S VISIT TO LORD CANNING.—A letter from Allahabad says: "I saw Sir C. emerge from the railway carriage. His appearance was extremely ludicrous and unostentatious. He was wrapped up in a private soldier's overcoat—a school boy's cap, which looked much the worse for wear, and a pair of dingy gray russet-looking pants, rather tight in the legs, and several inches too short; but, upon closer inspection, there was, however, to be seen the stern square forehead, and determination of purpose strongly marked in every feature."

Sidney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, 'a few flashes of silence.'

Woman: Her Mission and Life

Is the title of one of the sweetest and ablest publications of the late celebrated Dr. Adolphe Monod, of Paris; and which has just been translated into English.

"I hesitate not to say it; the mightiest influence with exists upon the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of woman. Woman will be found everywhere in the world, as the poet represents Agrippina in the Senate—

"Behind a veil, invisible and presented."

As by a woman Satan entered into the innocent race, so shall we generally trace to woman the calamities and crimes which desolate humanity—the hatred, the revenges, the trials, the suicides, the duels, the murders, and the wars. And as by a woman our Saviour came into the fallen race, so shall we equally trace to woman the thoughts and the works which elevate and bring peace to humanity—the tender devotions, the generous sacrifices, the holy aspirations, the religious institutions, and the public charities. Is it not for this reason that art and poetry, in all ages, have personified the moral powers by women?

The greatest moral power in the world, is that exercised by a mother over her child. Demand not from her a systematic account of it. She acts from inspiration, more than from calculation, and perhaps never says to herself what I say to you. God is with her in her work, and here is the secret. She appears to you, perhaps, to guess at it; but let her alone. She understands it better than you, and will accomplish more by guessing, than you by your reasoning and calculations. Believe me, nothing is more irresistible to man, nor at once more indestructible in man, than those early impressions left by a pious mother, and shielded by the vague and simple charm of youthful remembrances. A son will twice doubt the mind of his father, before he doubts once the heart of his mother.

Love, it must be acknowledged, is less spontaneous, less disinterested, in man than in woman. It is less spontaneous. Man often needs to conquer himself before he can love; woman only needs to listen and to follow her inward impulse. This is the reason, perhaps, why Scripture, which frequently commands the husband to love, refrains from enforcing it upon the wife, as if she were competent, from her nature, to supply it. But above all, it is more disinterested. Man loves woman more for himself than for her; woman loves man less for herself than for him. Man, because he is not sufficient unto himself, loves her whom God has given to him; woman, because she feels herself impelled to love him whom God has given to her. We are familiar with that touching word of a woman, "Love is only an episode in the life of man, it is an entire history in the life of woman." She might have said yet more; it is her whole being.

Woman has not a mission, as man, to preach the Saviour, and to reveal Him; she does even more; she gives birth to Him by virtue of the Holy Spirit. She gives Him, all living, complete. Instead of declaring Him by thought and word, she communicates Him by act, by sentiment, and, if we may so speak, by inspiration. She is not to preach the gospel to her husband, but to insinuate it into him in her slightest words, in the pure and limpid depths of her being, in all the course of domestic life, making it all-pervading, without seeming to place it anywhere.

Imagine Eve kneeling with Adam beside the corpse of one son murdered by the other, whom the Divine curse drives far out upon the wild and solitary earth. In sight of the visible and present fruits of sin, and with the thoughts of its invisible and future results, if the tender look of Adam said not to Eve, Give me back the favor of my God! give me back my peace with myself! give me back the days of Eden, and my sweet innocence, and my holy love for the Saviour and for thee!—doubt not that she said all this to herself! To her, it seemed very little to heap upon him the consolations of earth, if she could not bring to him those of Heaven; and unable to repair the wrong she has done him, she urges, she implores him to turn his weeping eyes to the Deliverer promised to repair all, to re-establish all, and to open to the fallen but reconciled race, a second Eden more beautiful than that to which the sword of the cherubim henceforth forbade entrance. If such are the sentiments of Eve, let her be blessed, although she be Eve! With this heart, Eve approximates Mary; and in the woman who ruined the world by sin, I discover already the woman who will save it by giving to it the Saviour. Well, now, this that she would do, do yourselves. Though no one of you has been an Eve to man, yet be each of you a Mary to him, and give him a Saviour! This, this is your task!

Slang.

THE REV. H. S. BROWN ON MANLINESS OF SPEECH.

The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness in speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "Stand Sam?" If he meet a savage-looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he sees an eccentric man, he calls him "a rummy old cove." A sensible man is "a chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is "a cake," a "flat," a "spoon," a "stick,"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up"—never pays, but "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up"—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or, what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky." The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and the "needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated, is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant is "jolly." He says: "Blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged" if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "My eye!"—"my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars, he would be "flummoxed." Then he swears "By George"—"by the piper," on special occasions, he selects "the piper that played before Moses." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor," as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the "relieving officer." Does it not betray on the part of young men great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned.—[The above amusing extract has appeared in The Times and several other papers, as from a lecture by the Rev. A. Murcell. This is a mistake. It is from an able lecture entitled "Manliness," by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.]

Then every thing works.

A good old man said, "When God works then every thing works." He was speaking of those times when God pours out his Spirit, and works in reviving his people, and in converting sinners. Such are times of unusual activity. Many who are not active at other times are active then, and seems to be endowed with new energy. This was perhaps the full import of the language as used originally, When God works every thing works. But it is true in a wider and more comprehensive sense. When God works in a revival

—then SATAN works. He is always busy, do mischief in some way. Satan is never idle. But in times of revival he is peculiarly busy. He works then, and works very hard. Who ever knew of a revival of religion, during the progress of which Satan was not active? He feels then, that his territory is invaded, his subjects are deserting him, and in his anxiety to retain them, he exerts himself to the utmost. O yes, he works busily then!

WICKED MEN work at such times. Let there be a revival in any place, and how soon the wicked will show opposition and work against it. Openly, if they dare, but if not openly, they will do it in a private manner; perhaps under the garb of friendship. They are allies of Satan. He lends them captive at his will—not only works himself, but keeps them at work also. Sometimes he employs them in one way and sometimes in another. Have you not noticed how much more busy and active wicked men are in opposing religion, influencing others to do wrong, and keep them from the house of prayer, in times of revival, than at any other times? How many rides, and parties, and balls, and secular concerts, will be proposed then? Yes, when God works, wicked men work.

CHRISTIANS work also at such a time. They work for God, with God. It is a work in which they are especially interested. A revival is to them a time of refreshing. New vigor is imparted to their energies, and increased vitality to their graces. They feel as the husbandman feels in harvest. The fields are all white and inviting to labor. Every thing is calculated to awaken activity, and by day and by night they feel that they must be employed, lest the harvest be wasted. O, how earnestly, constantly, good men work in revival! God works through them, in them, with them, and they are very, very active.

YOUNG CONVERTS work in time of revival. In the freshness and fullness of their first love they are active. They want to do something for their Saviour. Their associates, their friends, their neighbours, they would have go with them. The world, the whole world, they would have favored with light and salvation. And for these objects they work. Perhaps no class work more diligently, more effectively, in a time of revival than they.—Zion's Advocate.

Good News.

No poverty is there! Millions of good men left the earth poor; but never has one entered heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate; but in a moment after death his estate had grown so fast, that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his affluence, in comparison with him was only a penniless pauper. O, poor believer! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance. It is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeeth not away." It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable. Has it not been your endeavour to lay up (for yourself) treasures in heaven? Why not oftener think of results there? Fear not. There is "good news" from that "far country." Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth; your heavenly schemes have all prospered. The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe, perfectly safe. Neither "moth nor rust" corrupts it; nor can "thieves" break through to steal it. Moreover it shall increase—forever increase.

As long as you live on earth you may add to the principal, and its interest will multiply beyond all computation, to all eternity. Croesus was rich, Solomon was rich, Lucullus was rich, and the Rothschilds are rich, but the humblest heir of God is richer than them all. It may be that the stores you have accumulated in heaven would buy this town, buy this district, buy our country, buy this world, and still be comparatively untouched.

Nay, think not this extravagant! I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart, my poor depressed brother, lift up your heart; let it expand, and fill, and overflow with bliss. At the close of your short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your own boundless and endless possessions. Be not proud, indeed—alas, for the folly of all pride!—but be grateful, thankful, hopeful, and happy.—Stockton's Sermon.

When a man unites with the church, he should not come saying, "I am so holy that I think I must go in among the saints," but "O, brethren, I find I am so weak and wicked that I cannot stand alone; so, if you can help me, open the door and let me enter."—H. W. Beecher.