Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

DECEMBER 26th, 1858.

Subject.—EXHORTATIONS TO PERSEVERANCE IN CHRISTIAN LOVE AND BELIEF.

For Repeating.	For Reading.
1 John v. 10–12.	2 John i. 1–13.

JANUARY 2nd, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 1–23: Birth of John the Baptist predicted, and GENESIS i.: The creation of heaven and earth.

Recite—2 John 7, 8.

NOTE.—For the ensuing year, we purpose taking the Series of Scripture Lessons as given in the CONSECUTIVE UNION QUESTION BOOK.—Gospel according to LUKE.

In addition to the New Testament Lesson, we commence a Series of Old Testament History.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

44.—Mention six distinct and different names given in the New Testament to *the place of future happiness.*

45.—Mention seven different names by which *the place of future misery* is described. Give the texts.

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 75.

Peter denying Christ.—MATT. xxvi. 69–75; MARK xiv. 66–72; LUKE xxii. 54–62; JOHN xviii. 15–27.

A Christmas Story for the young folks at home.

THE TEN FAIRIES.

CHRISTMAS had come, bringing with it the snow flakes and the frost, short days and long nights, holidays and merry-makings, and rejoicings, and everything that is pleasant and delightful in association with those famous Christmas plants, the holly, and the mistletoe.

Christmas had come, and boys and girls at school who had been watching for its approach, hailed its arrival with great glee, and, with their trunks and parcels all duly labelled, set off, per coach or rail, for that dear home of theirs—east, west, north, or south, no matter where, so long as it was lighted by affection and warmed by love.

Christmas had come, and there were preparations for great doings everywhere. The tradesmen made their shops—which all the year looked smart—look smarter still. The Christmas markets were a fine sight—beef, poultry, fruit—everything good to eat, and everything—that you might well be doubtful—whether it was good to drink, was temptingly set forth.

Cheistmas had come, and brought with it hard weather for the poor. Work was scarce and money was scarce, and very pinched were they who lived by daily labour. The frost that made the fire burn clear sent sharp twinges of pain to the poor and weary; the snow-flakes that fell so rapidly, and set the boys and girls a laughing, formed but a cold and sorry bed for the homeless outcast, and the wind, which sounded not amiss while a cheerful song was singing or a pleasant tale a telling, was pitiless to these who had no shelter.

Christmas had come, but let us hope the poor were not forgotten by the rich. Let us hope that those who could give gave, as you and I will do this year, however little we may have to give; and that they remembered Him who, "though he was rich, yet for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

Christmas had come, and of all the cheerful gatherings it brought together none were more pleasant than that of Farmer Blake's. He had a great farm-house, and a great farm round it—such a pond for sliding!—such an orchard for snow-balling!—such a barn for blindman's buff, as you never saw in your life! And when the farmer's family and some of the neighbours—neighbours who lived more than a half a mile off, but were next door neighbours for all that—when they and the youngsters all gathered round the fire, and chesnuts were roasting, it was a merry party, I can tell you.

Old Farmer Blake—that is to say, Grandfather Blake, Farmer Blake's father—was in himself enough to make any party of youngsters merry. At Christmas time especially did this good old gentleman exert himself to be agreeable, and he never tried in vain.

"Grandfather, grandfather, tell us a story?—that was the invariable request. Who can withstand a request made by a dozen pair of pretty lips. Certainly not Grandfather Blake, so that all he had to do was to say—

"Well, what am I to tell you?"

All the stories of his boyhood, of his school-days, of his schoolmaster and his school mates, they had listened to over and over again. Sometimes they would ask for one story, sometimes for another, and whatever they asked for, Grandfather gave them as well as he could, always, as he himself remarked, seasoning his stories with a grain of salt. What he meant by this was, looking for a moral, so that from the story they might learn some useful lesson.

On the particular occasion to which I refer, when Grandfather was asked to tell a story and had put the usual question, "What shall I tell you?" Jenny, a black-eyed lass of five summers, looked up with a strange inquisitive expression, and said,—

"Grandfather, did you never hear tell of fairies?"

"Fairies," said the old gentleman, "ah, I have heard of them, but there's no such thing in nature, darling, and never was since the world began."

"I read about them one day in a book," said Jenny, "and I liked it very much. They were such little things, those fairies, grandpa', all dressed in green or white, and so small that they could hide in a bell-flower and ride on a bit of thistledown."

"I have read about them, too," said James, a lad of thirteen, "but I have never had much faith in the story. I took it to be a pretty conceit of the verse-makers and story-tellers."

"But I have known people who believed in fairies, whether they be true or not," said John, who was a year or two younger. "Why, there's Widow Macklin, who keeps the park gate, she has told me about them many a time, and shown me places where she says they dance together on a moonlight night."

"The Widow Macklin is a silly woman to believe anything of the sort," said Grandfather. "James is right in saying they belong to the verse-makers and story-tellers. Sensible people are too wise to believe in fairies, or anything of the kind; but as Jenny asks me I will tell you a story about them, with," says Grandfather, "the customary grain of salt."

At this the children clapped their hands and made themselves ready to listen.

"Once upon a time," says Grandfather, "and a long way off, there were ten fairies. That is to say, there was a king fairy, a stout able-bodied monarch, and a fairy queen, as stout and sturdy as her lord, and not at all like that fairy queen of whom an English author has written so charming a poem. There were their eight vassals or servants. These were of different heights, but of corresponding couples. The king's middle-man, as he was called, was exactly the same height as the queen's middle-man, and the queen's page, the shortest of the company, was as short, but no shorter, than the king's page. All the fairies, including the king and queen, wore a sort of horny helmet to defend their crowns, and very necessary and useful things they found them.

Now, the wonders which these ten fairies accomplished exceed everything that was ever written of their race. They crept out into the forest, and felled the stateliest oak that ever stretched its leafy boughs over the rich green grass. They fashioned the oak into a gallant ship, that floated on the waves, and spread its canvas to the wind, and gathered up the riches of the earth from the four quarters of the heaven. They buried themselves in the quarry, and brought up stone and marble. They reared up stately palaces, and ornamented them with sculptured figures. They gathered and mixed up, and melted different sorts of earth, and made thereof glass as clear as crystal. They caused bridges to span the broadest rivers, and tunnels to pierce the loftiest mountains, they managed to sink down to the very bottom of the sea, and to rise up above the clouds in the sky—whatever they determined to do they accomplished, and wherever they went, peace, and comfort, and prosperity went with them. Where the wild beast wandered, and where the wild bird made her nest, there they called up cities, and where no human voice had ever been heard, there they induced whole multitudes to settle, and made them thrive exeedingly. They helped to build the house, to dig up the garden, to sow the seed, to gather the harvest, to mind the sheep, to drive home the cattle, to guide the ship, or to row the boat. They entered into every work-shop and assisted the men in their daily toil. They were in the smithy beating the glowing iron on the anvil; they were in the shed sawing planks of wood and smoothing them with the jack-plane; they clustered on the bows of the shears when the tailor cut out a coat, and they drove home the needle when the seamstress stitched at her work. They were as willing to help the poor servant girl scrubbing the floor as they were to sit astride the painter's pencil as he completed some matchless work of art. When the poor boy, far away over the seas, wanted to tell his old father how he was getting on, they manufactured him some paper, they found him a pen, they dipped it into the ink, and guided it as he wrote; and when it was written they bore it away, and carried it over the waves; and, because the old man's eyes were dim, they made him a pair of spectacles out of iron and glass, that he might read his son's note easily, and say, as he was sure to say, God bless the lad!

"They were good fairies, were they not?"

But sometimes they did harm. They were known to be very idle, and to content themselves with doing nothing; and they were known to be ill-natured, and to please themselves with doing mischief. They would rob an orchard; they would steal a nest while the old bird was out a-marketing; they would play ugly pranks on the old and the afflicted; they would open a gate and let a cow go wandering from her paddock; and would hide things that were wanted, and make confusion and disorder everywhere. They had been known to do even worse than this; for they would take good steel, which would have made an excellent sickle, and teach John Smith how to fashion it into a sword, and then on some fair plain, and on a beauteous summer's day, perhaps they would set men fighting, and direct that sword to the heart or throat and leave dead men upon that plain. Everything that was bad they did, as well as everything that was good; and from the earliest time it was said they had done the same, making one man form harps and organs, and another man slay his brother. Oh, but they were strange fellows these ten fairies!"

"I think," said little Jenny, "I have seen something like them, grandpa'."

"Indeed! Where, now, have you seen these fairies?"

Jenny lifted up her hands, and spreading out all her fingers, cried—

"Here!"

They all laughed merrily—grandpa' and all—and when they were quiet again, grandpa' said—

"Yes, children, Jenny is right, the only fairies I know of are these ten finger fairies on our hands, which, directed by laudable industry can do great good, by which, if viciously employed, do still more harm. Be industrious, children, but be industrious to a good purpose; do those things which are really useful, and in order to do this, look up to God for guidance and for help. No good can come without his blessing, for what says the psalm?"

John repeated—

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."—*Teacher's Offering.*

A Striking Conversion.

A young man is soon to sail from this city as a missionary to Africa, who was a few years since one of the fast young men of Boston. The son of wealthy parents, he spent his time in drinking and carousing, and was a source of infinite anxiety to his relatives, who finally sent him on a long voyage, with a view to his reformation. On the voyage, under his lead, the crew broke into the spirit room, and engaged in a general carousal. Afterwards:—

"He found himself among the Fejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the rude dwelling of a native chief, who entertained him hospitably, and as he was about to depart, requested him to pray to the Christian God, with and for the savage family. Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the youth, and he was not prepared for such a question; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Fejee chief, (who had probably been visited and taught by some wandering missionary who had casually landed upon that island) raised his voice in prayer, while the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and, in due course of time, to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of the Episcopal church, residing in the neighbourhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far distant ocean, and confessed to him that the prayer had been followed by an answering effect in the conversion of him who was strangely called upon to listen to it. He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to this purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted missionary to Africa, whither he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary committee of the Protestant Episcopal church."

The Slave Auction.

Going! going! going!
Who bids for the mother's care,
Who bids for the blue-eyed girl?
Her skin is fair, and her soft brown hair
Is guiltless of a curl.

The mother clasped her babe
With an arm that love made strong;
She heaved no sigh, but her burning eye
Told of the spirit's wrong.

She gazed on the heartless crowd,
But no pitying glance she saw,
For the crushing woe her soul must know
Was sanctioned by the law.

Going, gentlemen, going!
The child is worth your bids,
Here's a bargain to be sold;
This chubby thing will one day bring
A pile of yellow gold.

"A dollar a pound," cries a voice,
Hoarsely, from the throng;
Two, three, five, it calls, and the hammer falls;
Five dollars, gentlemen, gone;

Five dollars a pound—and his hand,
Just stretched to grasp the child,
Is smitten aside by the giant might
Of the maniac mother, wild.

One moment, and the loaded whip
Is poised above her head,
Then down, down it came on her helpless frame,
Like a crushing weight of lead.

With a lightning grasp on her kidnapped child,
She falls to the cold, damp ground;
And the baby is laid on the scales and weighed,
And sold for five dollars per pound!

And the eye of the sun looks down
Undimmed on such scenes of sin;
And the freeman's tongue must be chained and dumb,
Though is spirit burn within.

O God, for a million of tongues,
To thunder Freedom's name,
And to utter a cry which should pierce the sky,
The indignant cry of shame!

Our eagle's talons are red
With the reeking blood of the slave,
And he kindly flings his protecting wings
O'er the site of Freedom's grave.

How long, O Lord, how long!
Awake in thy mercy and might,
And hasten the day which shall open the way
Of Truth and Justice and Right!

—*American paper.*

Preaching in the National Theatre, New York.

"He went and preached unto the spirits in prison."

Never, probably, was the divine proclamation that "The poor have the gospel preached to them," more literally fulfilled than in this city last Sabbath evening. We have noticed the various attempts made of late, by the pastors of New York, to preach to the thousands of our population who are never reached by regular Sunday services. For this purpose the Academy of Music and the Cooper Institute have been engaged. But so far as we are able to judge, the movement has been but partially successful. These two immense audience rooms are crowded it is true, Sabbath after Sabbath, but there is too much reason to believe that most of those attending, are regular church-goers, who might, perhaps, be better occupied in sustaining worship elsewhere. A conviction of this fact led Rev. Dr. Hiscox, of the Stanton Street Baptist church, to devise a plan which promises a more successful accomplishment of the work of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to the thousands of outcast ones who can by no ingenuity be brought within the reach of regular pulpit ministrations. In connection with his church, and by the kind co-operation of Mr. Purdy of the National Theatre, that building was opened for preaching last Sabbath evening.

The National Theatre is located in Chatham street, within a stone's throw of the "Five Points," "Cow Bay," "The Mouth of the Pit," and like localities, and is a favourite resort of the "Dead Rabbits," and other classes of "Roughs" who gather nightly in that vicinity. It is also extensively patronized by news-boys, street thieves, and all the floating vagabonds of our city population who can by any possibility obtain the means of enjoying a shilling theatrical entertainment. At all hours of the day a gaping crowd of a dozen or more persons obstruct the passage on the opposite side of the street, while they stand listening to the band who give a free performance from the balcony over the entrance to the theatre, gazing meanwhile at the huge transparencies, representing scenes from the plays which rise over their heads to the wooden statue of Washington which crowns the whole.

The announcement that Rev. Dr. Hiscox was to preach in this building, drew us from the