

## Teachers' Department.

## Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

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.

NOVEMBER 7th, 1858.

Subject.—THE SINGULAR LOVE OF GOD TOWARDS HIS PEOPLE.

For Repeating. For Reading.  
1 John ii. 27-29. | 1 John iii. 1-13.

## THE QUESTIONER.

## Bible Questions.

36.—Which book of the Holy Scriptures may be considered one of the finest specimens extant of Christian letter-writing?

37.—The lion, the dog, and the wolf are referred to in the Scriptures as symbols. Name what they are used to represent, and why? Give the texts in which they are mentioned.

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 71.

Nathan accusing King David.—2 SAMUEL xii. 1-14.

## The Passionate Bull.

THERE was a bull which belonged to a farmer who lived in Wales. He was very quarrelsome and ferocious, and no one dared to go into the field where he was kept. The field happened to be close by a railway, and nothing made him so angry as the trains which ran rapidly by. Often he would stand at the fence, bellowing at them with all his might.

One day, as the train came past, he was more than usually savage, and broke through the fence. Away he dashed; but the train was too fast for him, and he only just touched the last carriage with his horn. Annoyed and sulky, he returned into the field, and gave away to his anger by trying to upset a telegraph post.

Later in the day another train appeared. He saw it in the distance, and away he galloped over the field to meet it. Again he dashed through the fence, and this time met it full in view. The engine-driver blew his whistle loudly, but all to no effect. With head down, tail in the air, and eyes closed, he madly charged the engine.

Alas! rage, be it ever so great, will do nothing against a power greater than ourselves. The creature was caught by the buffer of the engine, and sent spinning through the fence back into his field. There he lay moaning most piteously, greatly hurt, while the train went on its way, nothing worse. I believe he never came near a train again.

I thought, when I heard this, what a lesson it teaches to angry, passionate people. Are they not often like this bull, with his head down, and eyes shut, rushing violently at what will only injure them very much. In fact, when I was at school, I remember a boy, who, when he had worked himself up into a passion, would actually go and dash his head against the wall. You hurt yourselves more than any one else when you get into a passion. It makes God displeased with you, and keeps your heart very unhappy. Other people look on, and think how foolish you are.

Reader, who was it that was meek and lowly? Are you like Him?

## Breakers ahead!

A SHORT STORY OF OLD PETER, THE SAILOR.

PETER was an old sailor. A vessel in which he once shipped was struck by lightning, and one of his shipmates was killed. It sobered Peter. It made him think, he said, of the judgment-day. He went to his locker, and took out his Bible. "I want to find the Pilot that can weather me through that storm," said Peter; "it's scary business, shipmates, to find us on a lee-shore there, with the rocks of our sins right 'longside, and hell yawning not far off."

Peter took his Bible. He did not make much headway until he came into port, and went straight to a Bethel, or sailors' church, which he did as soon as he was off duty.

"I want to find the good Pilot," said Peter to the minister after service.

"The great Captain of your salvation, Jesus Christ," said the minister; "he's here. He's nigh to every sinner that calls upon him."

"I'm one of 'em," said Peter, the tears streaming down his sunburnt cheeks, "and I want to ship in his service. I am pretty near waterlogged in my sins; I ha'n't any chart, compass, or anchor, and I'm drifting to perdition. I want the Pilot that went to the fishing smack on Galilee, and

said to the skipper when he was well-nigh sinking, 'It is I; be not afraid.' How shall I get at him?"

"Down on your knees, Peter, and pray; tell him just how you feel, and just what you want, and don't give up or put off till you find him; for he says himself, 'Ask and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find.'"

Peter and the minister knelt down to pray in the Bethel, for the people had gone, and Peter cried mightily unto the Lord. "Save me, Lord, or I perish," was the burden of his prayer.

And the next time his shipmates saw Peter he really seemed a "new man." Some people say you cannot get religion in a minute; but the fact is, it does not take God long to pardon your sins, if you only are honestly setting out to get them pardoned.

It does not take long for a man to tack about, when he once sees he is on the tack of ruin. "Right about" from a bad road to a good road may be done as fast as steps can carry you; but it can't be done without the first step, and that is really the decisive, the most important step of all. "Turn, sinner, turn." "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me, with all your heart." And God will forgive a poor sinner, and receive him to favour, and make him one of his people, just as soon as he does this. So that "getting religion," as some people call it, or being saved from the dreadful consequences of your sins by the blood of Jesus Christ, who died, "the just for the unjust," may be, and really is, a very short work: it is a simple act on your part—a child-like giving up of yourself to God. This is what the penitent thief on the cross did; and he had time to do no more. Building up a religious character indeed takes time; it is the growth of months and years.

Well, from that time Peter was a "new man." People saw that he was indeed the old weather-beaten tar he was before, but a changed spirit was in the man. Instead of the swearing, drinking, reckless, spending old Peter, he was sober, humble, anxious to have everybody else ship in the same service he had.

"Don't put it off," he used to say. Testament in hand, he is talking to an old sailor. "I must take time to think of it," says he. "To think of what?" cried old Peter. "Whether you are a sinner?" You know you are. Whether you'll be lost if you die as you are? You know you will. Whether the Lord Jesus can save you? You know he can. Breakers are ahead. Your anchor won't hold you. *Don't put it off!*

"I am not so bad as you think; I am not so bad as others," says another.

"But you are bad enough," cries old Peter. "The best sinner on earth is too bad for heaven. One sin ruined Adam. You are drifting,—you know where. This calm is dreadful. Your keel will soon ground on the rocks. Would that you would cry out now, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' A storm is brewing. Hail the great Pilot. Don't put it off!"

Old Peter loved the young people. "Bless God that you are young," he used to say. "They that seek Me early shall find Me." The great Captain of our salvation loves the young. Ship in his service, boys. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not;" then your rudder never'll snap; you'll never drag your anchors; the devil's craft will never run into you. Ship in his service, boys, and *don't put it off!*—*Christian Treasury.*

ELECTRIC ELOQUENCE.—The palm of "high-falutin' eloquence" must be awarded to Rev. Mr. Grigg, of the Memorial Church, New York, who lately preached a sermon entitled, "The Telegraphic Cable between Earth and Heaven." One of his figures opens thus: "When the sulphuric acid of true repentance corrodes the contaminating zinc of innate depravity and actual sinfulness, and the fervent electrical force of prayerful eternity," etc. Again he says:—"Go to the telegraphic office of the atoning cross, and touch the wire of penitential prayer."

RICHES.—When Garrick had shown Dr. Johnson his elegant villa, with all its furniture and curiosities, the latter exclaimed, "Oh! David, David these are the things which make death so terrible." Certainly the love of them does, and not without reason. We should remember that it is a difficult thing to have these things without loving them. But still, it is not by pushing earthly comforts away, or isolating ourselves from social enjoyments; it is not by meditation on death, the grave, and judgement, that we can be prepared to die—that alone which overcometh the world, and conquers death, is faith in Christ. If Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, we shall "be ready to depart, and be with Christ." If His cross is our refuge, His love our element, the stroke of death will fall harmless.

## Romance and Reality; or, Missionary Zeal Tested.

"AND so you really think Helen is in earnest about going out to Africa, do you?" asked Mr. Guthrie of his wife.

"I do, indeed," replied the lady, "and I am afraid we shall not find it an easy matter to put the notion out of her head; for I know she has long wished to be a missionary, and now she looks upon Mr. and Mrs. C.'s going as quite a providential opening for her. I fear she will not give it up."

"But she must give it up," said Mr. Guthrie, impatiently. "I will speak to her myself, and let her know that I will on no account give my consent to any such thing."

Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were members of a Christian church, and both professed that they and theirs were not their own, but the Lord's; and yet the very idea of giving up their Helen—their only daughter, so accomplished and so admired—seemed perfectly preposterous; "an absurd, romantic notion," as Mr. Guthrie styled it.

It was in vain that Helen pleaded that she felt it her duty to go and teach the heathen; she was told that others could go, and she might help the missionary cause as much by remaining at home and giving her money.

"But," replied she, "that is serving the Lord with what costs me nothing, father; I feel that I ought to give myself. Think of the poor heathen, with no one to teach them the way to heaven! Oh, I must go and tell them of Jesus!"

While Miss Guthrie was in this state of mind, she had a visit from an old schoolfellow and friend, Miss Jessie Ayton. To her she could speak freely, and the first time they were alone she poured out to her all her longings to be engaged in the missionary work. She spoke in such glowing terms of the happiness of giving up all for Christ, and being entirely engaged in His service, that her friend felt something like self-reproach that she herself had so little of this intense devotion to her Saviour.

"I am afraid I should make but a poor missionary," said she. "I fear I should often sigh for intercourse with Christian and civilized people, and all the comforts and elegancies of home life."

"Ah, dear Jessie!" exclaimed Helen, "these things are not worth a thought. I should feel my whole nature so elevated with the grandeur of the work to which I had devoted myself, that I should be insensible to them. You recollect what Dr. Judson used to say, when he was living by himself among the Karens? 'On these mountains let me labour, in these deserts let me live! Oh I could live among savages all my life long, to teach them the gospel!'"

"I have heard missionaries say," remarked Jessie, "that the privations and discomforts of missionary life are not felt so much at first, when all is fresh and new, as afterwards, when the romance of the thing has worn off; I am sure it must be very hard to bear with the disgusting and filthy habits of the people—it is enough to sicken one to read of them."

"I do not think about these trifles," said Helen; "they are not worth speaking of. I like to fancy my school of black children, and what I shall teach them. You know if I go with the C's. I am to be the teacher, and have the entire charge of the school; and besides that, I intend to have a class of women, such as missionaries' wives have—I long to go and begin the work."

"But, Helen," returned her friend, "I think you ought to look upon the difficulties and disagreeables of a missionary life in Africa, as well as upon its pleasures; you know it is well to count the cost before undertaking anything."

"I have counted the cost," replied Helen; "and it is because I have determined to bear all the annoyances you refer to, that I make so light of them; indeed, I think I could almost take a pleasure in bearing them for Christ's sake. Think what He endured for us, Jessie; surely we should not murmur at having to give up our little comforts for Him. We expect my brother David here this week, and I know from his letters that he will take part against me, and I want to have you on my side; will you speak for me, Jessie?"

"I must think more about it, Helen, before I make that promise," was the reply; and so the conversation ended.

A few mornings after her brother David's arrival, as the family were sitting at breakfast, a note was handed to Miss Guthrie, upon reading which she coloured violently, and exclaimed, "What impudence! I wonder what right Mr. Dewar has to write to me in that way!"

"Who is Mr. Dewar?" inquired her brother. "He is our Superintendent," answered Helen, handing him the note which had so disturbed her equanimity, and requesting him to read it aloud. It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me, as Superintendent of the High Street Mission School, and in the name of the teachers, to remind you of the resolution which was agreed upon at our annual meeting last year, that when a teacher was absent from his class five Sabbaths, without a sufficient reason being assigned, it shall be accounted vacant. I am extremely unwilling to enforce this law in your case; but should you find it impossible to attend, would suggest that it will be more pleasant for you to withdraw your name.

Yours, &amp;c., J. DEWAR."

"Isn't it very rude in him to send me such a note as that?" said Miss Guthrie, as her brother returned it to her.

"I don't know," replied he; "it depends upon whether it is true or not. Have you not been attending the school regularly?"

"No, but Mr. Dewar might have waited for me to resign my class before he proposed giving it up, I think."

"Is it the first time he has spoken to you on the subject?" asked her brother.

"No, he has often asked me if I could not attend regularly, and I have told him the reason why I could not."

"Well," returned David, "I really don't see how you can blame him for carrying out his duty as Superintendent. You know what he says is quite true, that in a Mission School, of all others, regular attendance on the part of the teachers is of the utmost importance. But may I ask, what is your difficulty in attending the school?"

"To tell you the truth," replied his sister, "I have several times been on the point of giving up the class; you have no idea how disagreeable it is to attend it, the children are so horribly dirty. I proposed that they should be washed, and have their clothes changed as soon as they came to the school; and then there would be some pleasure in teaching them; but there was no one to undertake it; and though I gave all my class a complete set of new clothes, they were soon as dirty as the old ones, so that plan was given up. I assure you I have often felt quite sick with the heavy, close smell of the school-room, and I am always obliged to change my dress as soon as I come home. The poor are so dirty!"

"Yes," said her brother, thoughtfully, "and that is just another reason why these poor outcasts need the gospel; they have no comfort for this life any more than hope for the next. By-the-by, Helen, how is your District Visiting Society getting on? I recollect you were very enthusiastic about it the last time I was at home."

"I believe it is doing pretty well," answered Helen, with some little embarrassment; "but I am not a visitor now."

"Indeed! how is that?" asked her brother. "I was obliged to give up my district; it was one of the worst in the city; and the houses were so bad, so abominably dirty and unwholesome, that I could not stand it; indeed, mother said it wasn't safe to go into such places; you don't know what infection you are in the midst of."

"Very true," replied David. "I suppose," continued he, "these poor ragged children, and the people in your district, are a good deal worse than the Hottentots and Caffres—more dirty and disgusting, of course, they must be?"

Helen made no answer; and her brother, after a pause, said in a more serious tone,— "Why, dear Helen, how can you think of spending your life among Caffres, if you cannot bear the dirt and squalor of your own town? Let me tell you, you little know what is before you."

"I always thought you were a friend of missions, David," said his sister; "I wonder that you should throw such difficulties in my way."

"Dear Helen, I would not say a word to keep you back, if I thought you were fit for the work; but to speak plainly, I do not think so. It is no disparagement to you to say, that, with your fastidious tastes, you are not suited for savage life."

Miss Helen Guthrie was silenced, and could not help feeling the justice of her brother's remarks, though she would not acknowledge it. A feeling of shame at her own inconsistency roused her to greater activity; but it was only for a time; her zeal sprang from impulse rather than from principle; and she was glad of an excuse afforded her by leaving home for some weeks, to drop her connection with the Mission School and district altogether!

Need we say that Mr. C. and his wife sailed for Africa without Miss Guthrie?

Perhaps there are many, who, like Helen Guthrie, with all the ardour of youthful feelings, think how happy they should be to carry the gospel to the heathen. Let them not sigh in inaction for a foreign field of labour, but look around them, and they will find souls perishing at home for lack of knowledge. There is their work!

"If I had the true missionary spirit," said the devoted Henry Martyn, "I should be as anxious for the souls around me as for those in India."