

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JULY 4th, 1858.

Subject.—FURTHER ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PERSEVERANCE AND FIDELITY UNDER TRIALS.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xii. 1-3. | Heb. xii. 14-29.

JULY 11th, 1858.

Subject.—VARIOUS EXHORTATIONS TO SUNDRY DUTIES.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xii. 25-29. | Heb. xiii. 1-15.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 64.]

In an apartment, which appears to be a place of learned seclusion, we see a woman of holy and venerable aspect. She is giving audience to a party of men, five in number, one of whom wears the robes of sacred office, and another the garb of a writer of the law. They listen to her address with extreme deference and attention.

Key to Bible questions in our last. 18.—Abaz.—2 CHRON. xxviii. 24.

19.—My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—LUKE i. 47.

The Coral.

OR, WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

Can a child do as much as an insect? "Why, yes," exclaims every young reader; "and more too." Let us see, imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel on the South Seas. How beautifully we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted island? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver; and now it assumes different colours, variegated in the most charming manner. Red, golden, and silvery hues all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant, when, lo! we discover it is the splendid work of insects so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral insect threw up these many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island, covered with palm-trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little coral insect. Myriads of them worked away, year after year, until a huge bed of coral became the foundation of the island; then the trees grew as they are now seen.

This is what some insects do towards making this world a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where there is so much to be done. Their work amounts to something.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral insects? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A half-penny is a small gift, but twenty-four of them make a shilling. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them will make a mountain. So the little which one child can do may seem to be counted, but perhaps twenty of these littles are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Try, then, to be useful. Everybody can do something. If the little coral insect works so hard for others, ought you to be idle?—Sunday Scholar's Magazine.

The Sculpture of Habit.

Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single beat. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out; and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well! so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

SENSE.—A sensible wife looks for her employment at home—a silly one abroad.

Thomas Babbington Macaulay.

Mr. Reach, the London correspondent of the Inverness Courier, says:

"There is a common pedestrian of the London streets well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big, round face, and large, staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

"He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he passes. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babbington Macaulay.

"Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich—a fashionable white-bait house, which, it appears, he frequently patronized. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreaming. All at once—it must have been toward the climax of the verse or prose, which he was working up in his mind—Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will, that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and his umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.

Dumb Disciples.

Eight persons were baptized on the last Sabbath into the fellowship of the Indianapolis Baptist church, by the pastor, James B. Simmons. Four of them were pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Their experiences were marked and clear, and eminently satisfactory to all who heard them. God's work on the soul was clearly discernible.

Prof. Gillett, one of the teachers in the Asylum, and deacon in Mr. Simmons' church, acted as interpreter. Large audiences flocked to hear their experiences. No instructions whatever being allowed to be given on denominational questions in the Asylum, it is a noteworthy fact that these deaf mutes embrace the Baptist faith by reading the New Testament alone; and yet not very noteworthy after all, since this is the way true Baptists are always made. If the New Testament does not make men Baptists, then it is not desirable that they should be Baptists.

In the course of the relation of experiences, one of the deaf mutes expressed strong love for Christ. Immediately after this the following brief dialogue took place between the Pastor and the mute:

Pastor—Why do you love Christ?

Deaf Mute—Because he has forgiven all my sins.

Pastor—Why do you wish to join the church?

Deaf Mute—Because the church belongs to Christ!

Pastor—Why do you wish to be baptized?

Deaf Mute—Because Christ requires it.

Pastor—How do you wish to be baptized?

In what manner?

Deaf Mute—As Christ was; by immersion, in a stream.

Pastor—Why be so particular? Why not be sprinkled?

Deaf Mute—Christ is silent on the subject of sprinkling!

At this last answer, so pointed, so truthful, so Biblical, a thrill ran through the whole audience. Some laughed, some cried, some were moved

on their seats by conflicting emotions of joy and solemnity; and the mute stood evidently astonished at the sensation his answer had produced. It was a testimony from an unexpected source; and goes to show what Baptists have always maintained, that the Bible, and the Bible alone, should be the Christian's rule of faith and practice; and that if men would only consent to be deaf to tradition, deaf to uninspired writings and teachings—in short, deaf to every voice of man, holding an open ear alone to the voice of God, all errors would come speedily to an end; controversy in the churches would die, and God's people would be left to labor with one heart and one mind to save the perishing! Yes, let the advocates of sprinkling remember, that "Christ is silent on the subject of sprinkling;" and if they would be silent too, the error, like all other errors, would in a little time die a natural and easy death!

The hand of fellowship was extended, in the evening, to ten persons, (the four mutes among the rest) after a sermon by the pastor from those beautiful words in Isa. 35: 5, 6—"The ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, \* \* \* and the tongue of the dumb sing."—Witness.

A Sceptic Father.

"Boys, I have something serious to say to you before you go from us again."

Squire Colton spoke abruptly, pushed forward his breakfast plate, then drew it hastily back, pushed it from him the second time, and then wiped his furrowed brow with a trembling hand.

Good, peaceful, Christian Mrs. Colton looked anxiously at her husband without divining the cause of his motion. The young men glanced from their father to each other, and were silent.

"In a little while your visit with us will end, and you will leave us, and—I am growing old, boys, growing old—Time's hand is heavy upon me—we—may not meet again."

"Say not so, dear father; you are still strong, and we shall yet meet many times," pleaded the eldest son—the express image of the father.

"Well, well, William, listen to my words, and heed well my advice." His tone grew less tremulous.

"Boys, I want you to marry Christian women." These were strange words for Squire Colton to speak, and his persecuted wife looked sadly perplexed. He noticed it, and said humbly, "I mean it, Madeline, so do not fear me, for I have hurt your feelings upon religious subjects—the last time. A wicked sceptic, I have been, but am not now. O boys, boys, I would to Heaven that I could wipe away the false, wicked impressions I laboured so hard to make upon your young minds."

"Father, what are you saying, what do you mean, are you going mad?"

"Ah William, William, you are my own boy, you have drunk in all my wicked sayings, all my false views. Oh, William, how often when though I smiled approvingly, to hear you using my own arguments, have I in my heart wished you were like your blessed mother!"

"O father!" exclaimed the younger of the two sons, "do you then wish I was a Christian, a believer in the precious truths of God's holy word, a follower of the meek Prince of Peace?"

"You are, Alfred, you have been for years; and but for your vile of old father, would have proclaimed your belief publicly, long years ago."

Alfred bowed his head upon his hand, and his mother was in tears, but William rose from his seat angrily, saying—

"What a scene! Father, you are weak, you are in second childhood or you would never talk thus."

His disrespectful words alarmed him, and checked his wrath, so he added in a subdued tone:

"Father, in the strength of your manhood you had not such weak views; you brought up your boys well, much better than ministers and deacons who prate so much about total depravity and poor sinful mortals. You taught us the beauty of morality, and the necessity of being guided by the light of reason. You have always dealt justly. Aye, my father, I am proud of the principles—belief, if you prefer, that has guided you so honestly, so nobly along the rough journey of life. And now in the weakness of old age—"

"William, I deserve all this from you; for did I not sow the wild?—but hear me, my son. Threescore years and nine have I looked upon the walks of men, and now I would teach you what my observation in these many years has taught me. I have been opposed to Christianity in all its forms, and have cast my influence with the enemies of God's people. But to them have I been indebted for all my privi-

leges all my comforts. I tell you, William, it is Christians who do the good in the world. They are the salt of the earth, the light in darkness. Were all as wicked as I, this world would be a seething cauldron of iniquity."

"Father, father, you must not talk so; you have been a good father, and an honest, upright man."

"Not at heart, not at heart, boy. It is your blessed mother's piety that has ever made me do a right thing. It is her heavenly, holy light, that my opaque heart has but feebly reflected. I knew she was a Christian, a blessed child of the glorious God, and in my dealings I have not done what my vile heart approved—no, I dared not trust it, but I did what I knew my Christian wife would do were she in my place. So, boys, if I have in any manner done well by you, it is owing to your mother's piety, to God's religion. Oh, I have read how one just man saved a whole city! perhaps one Christian woman may save a whole household. But not without our exertions."

Squire Colton bowed his head and wept. Mrs. Colton was engaged in silent prayer; and Alfred was too happy for words; but William was never so wretched before. He had been so proud of his father, had so often pointed to his uprightness, in support of the sceptical views he delighted to promulgate. Oh what shame, what mortification must rebound upon him! He paced the room hurriedly, as the evil in his heart excited and fevered him. Suddenly he stopped. His father was kneeling. Would he pray?

The prayer of the penitent is always affecting. But when an aged man, weeping and trembling for the sins of a life-time, falls before the Judge of the world and pleads for pardon, it is more—it is overwhelming. As William listened to the humble heart-words of contrition, the good in his nature revived, and, as a ray of sunlight in a dark room vividly contracts the gloom, so the good impulse springing up in his heart disclosed its wickedness. The tenseness of his muscles relaxed, and he sank into a chair, and when the petition ended, his heart was melting, his eyes were weeping.

Squire Colton crossed the room. William looked up.

"Father, this is truly a confessional. Let me speak now, while my heart is softened. I have had many a contest between religion and infidelity. My dear mother's life has been a continual plea for religion. Yours, one-worded arguments for irreligion. I have often been almost persuaded to be a follower of Jesus Christ, but I dared not differ from you, or, rather, I wished not to embrace a belief that you only felt to ridicule. I found the cloak of scepticism very comfortable to wrap around the conscience in business transactions. So when away from my mother's truth, and patience, and purity, I grew indifferent to holiness, and when conscience occasionally disturbed me, I threw over it the petrifying waters of infidelity, and sought to fortify myself by using your arguments and referring to your character of morality. So I grew very hard, and came home prepared to silence mother's religious pleading with a few words. She made none, however, that words might answer. Last night she knelt by my bed-side and prayed for my soul's salvation. And when she rose, and softly dropped the kiss of love upon my lips, I yearned to throw my arms around her neck, and tell her I would worship her God, I would be a disciple of her Saviour. But, alas, my own father was between me and my mother—between me and my God! But, thank Heaven, you are no longer in my way, father, and I will strive to be a Christian. Pray for me, mother."

There were tears, prayers, and rejoicings in Squire Colton's dwelling that day, and the departure of the young men was indefinitely postponed.

There were tears, and rejoicings in the church at—, when Squire Colton with his sons were welcomed to its fellowship.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

MAN WILL INDULGE IN POISONS.—It is stated that there are 600,000,000 of human beings who use tobacco, and that the world produces annually 1,480,000,000 lbs. of this fascinating and poisonous weed. Opium eaters number about 100,000,000. Indian hemp eaters about 150,000. Butternut eaters, 100,000,000. Cocoa eaters, 10,000,000. The value of these articles consumed, to say nothing of coffee or tea, is computed at \$300,000,000 per annum. Suppose we add strong drink, what a frightful aggregate of expense we would show. Hard times would cease if man would cease to poison himself.

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