

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 6th, 1858.

Subject.—THE NATURE AND POWER OF FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

For Repeating. For Reading.
Heb. x. 26-29. Heb. xi. 1-20.

JUNE 13th, 1858.

Intended to be committed to memory and recited by all.

Doct. me.—REPENTENCE.—Exekiel xviii. 30; Matt. iii. 1, 2; Acts iii. 19; xvi. 20; xvii. 30; xxxiii. 10; xxx. 31; 2 Tim. ii. 26.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 62.]

In a spacious portico, the roof of which is sustained by massive marble pillars, a group are assembled, seeking shelter from the severity of the weather. Some are men of rank and authority; but the attention of all is directed to one of humbler station, around whom they have crowded. Many angry and malignant glances are cast upon him, and the hands of some are raised in threatening gestures. He is replying to their fierce address calmly, and with a countenance full of holy earnestness and fervour.

Key to Bible questions in our last.

- 14.—Taking off the shoes.—Exodus iii. 5.
- 15.—His hand dried up.—1 Kings xiii. 14.

A Testament for a Blow.

"I never want to go to that school again as long as I live, never," said Eddie, as rushing in from school with flushed face and soiled garments and bruised chin, he buried his face in his mother's lap and cried aloud.

Waiting a little for him to become calm, his mother wiped his face, and then heard his story. "Joe Douglass will never let me go to school in peace, or come home either. He is always taking away my books, or catching off my cap and throwing it a way, or throwing stones, or knocking me down, or something. To-night, because I would not let him have my ball, he took it away, and then threw me down and struck me, and kept me from coming home till now. I never want to go to that school any more," and again his feelings burst forth into tears which he could not repress.

"Do you never try to irritate him, my son? Do you treat him kindly?"

"I try to keep out of his way. I don't want to play with him."

"Why not let him have your ball? Perhaps he has none, and it might do him good."

"I have let him take my pencils and my knife, and he always says he lost them, and all the boys think he keeps them."

The mother thought a while. There was no other school for her little son to attend. She really pitied him, and tried to devise some way to soothe the feelings of the injured boy.

"Has Joseph any books of his own, Eddie?"

"No, mother, none that are good for any thing. The teacher sometimes lends him some, when his lesson is torn out."

"Has he a Testament of his own?"

"I don't think he has. He always reads from one of the other scholars."

"You saw those pretty new Testaments I bought the other day. Now I will give you one. You may go and pick out the prettiest cover, and if you wish, you may carry it to-morrow morning and give it to Joseph. I will write his name in it. Would you like to make him a present of it?"

It was a new idea to Eddie, but it struck him rather pleasantly; and his eyes brightened, his tears were all dried, and with a little brushing and washing he looked quite like himself again.

The next evening his mother waited a little anxiously for his return from school, as the distance was such he could not return at noon; but the smiling, happy face showed no more marks of blows.

"Why, mother, he came towards me, saying, 'Now you'll get it, old fellow;' and I held out the Testament, and said, 'Here, Joe, I've brought you a new Testament;' and he looked, and looked, and I thought was going to knock it out of my hands; and I showed him his name, and told him you said I might make him a present of it; and he said, 'I thank you;' and this afternoon he brought me an apple."

It is almost time for the school to close now, but there have been no more complaints of Joe Douglass, and Eddie says, "Mother, what shall I do when the school leaves off?"

"Stand up for Jesus!"

We heard a sermon on Sabbath last, on the death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, in which occurred this beautiful figure: "He stretched out his hand to Jesus, and as the Redeemer grasped it and was leading him over the bridge which connects earth and heaven, he turned to give this watchword to his brethren: "Stand up for Jesus!" We have been told that this dying message has been adopted as the motto of the Young Men's Christian Association. We hope that it is so, for it is peculiarly appropriate for them.

Nothing gives a man such self-respect and manly dignity as courage in a good cause. How pitiful to be shrinking and shirking and afraid to speak boldly for the truth. Look into the clear eye of the man who is not afraid to do right. He is indeed made in God's image.

"Stand up for Jesus!" Why? Because it is a cause worth standing up for. We do not know how men get and retain enthusiasm in business, politics, learning, ambition. We should weary. When you get a little amusement, or a little reputation, or a little money what is it? But look at this cause! Even the wise heathen Plato says that a good man is he who stands on the right side in the battle of the universe. Oh if young men could but see it! The universe is in conflict. God's chosen ones are battling for the truth; all the good in heaven and on earth are ranged on one side, from Him who sits upon the throne to the Christian to-day regenerated by the Holy Ghost. The Church is the aggregate of the good and the holy. It contends against all evil—for all good. It is right; it will be victorious, and its victory shall be illimitable as the universe and eternal as the throne of God! Wherefore, stand up and play the man; throw yourself into the midst of the conflict; volunteer on the forlorn hope: wounds are blessed; suffering is sweet, and death itself is heaven!

"Stand up for Jesus!" because he stood up for you. "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Let not unbelief suggest that it was easy for God to stand. Not so. He was man as well as God. He prayed that, if possible, the cup might pass away; and when it passed not, he drank it. With strong crying and tears he sought strength, just where we seek it; and the mystery of the universe is, that, of the "many crowns" upon his head, the crown of pre-eminence suffering is there. In sadness, then, in dejection, in poverty, in feebleness, through shame and spitting and smiting and desertion and blood, he stood up for you; and now you must stand up for him.

So, army of young men! take this motto: it is a grand one, and you catch it from the breath of a dying hero. Follow him as he followed Christ.

The "Lambs."

The Rev. Mr. Blake, of Broughton, whilst preaching the anniversary sermon on behalf of the Old Baptist Sunday school, Devizes, Wiltshire, related the following incident, as an encouragement to Sunday school teachers to persevere in well-doing:

In crossing our large common, at Broughton, during the month of last April, a group of boys, employed in keeping sheep, saw me approach, when I could overhear one saying to the others, "I won'er if Maister hae a got any zheep mun?"

"I dwoant na. Why dos'nt ax un?"

Thus prompted, the young inquisitor asked, "Hae'e a got any zheep, Maister?"

"Yes, my boy, I have the care of a small flock," said I.

"I now over-heard one saying to the others, 'I won'er whar he keeps 'em?' When another said, 'I dwoant kna. Why dos'nt ax un?'"

"Whar do 'e keep yer sheep, Maister?" was the next inquiry.

"Some on Broughton common, others on Shaw-hill, and the rest in different parts of the parish, my lad."

"But why dwoant 'e keep 'em al' one place, Maister?"

"I endeavour to do as well as I can: and I manage to get the most of them into one fold on Sundays; and when they are all well, I get them into one fold once a month."

"Be they vat or be they lean, Maister?"

"As to that, my boy, I can hardly answer; but I may say that, they are not so fat as I could wish them to be; for they have passed through a very trying winter."

I could overhear one saying to the others, "I won'er if Maister hae 'e a got lam's?" "I dwoant kna;" "Ax un," said another.

"Maister, hae 'e a got any lam's among yer zheep?"

I said, "Well, my boy, I hope that there may be some lambs among my sheep; but I cannot exactly say."

Upon my retiring from my youthful inquisitors, I again overheard them saying, "La! He hae a got lam's, and dwoant kna it! He hae a got lam's among the zheep, an' he dwoant kna it!"

On my way home I got pondering over the exclamations of the juvenile shepherds, "He hae a got lam's an' he dwoant kna it! He hae a got lam's among the zheep, an' he dwoant kna it!" This led me to consult with the deacons of our church who united with me for the purpose of ascertaining if we had any "lambs in the flock," when we made the delightful discovery, that there were seven lambs among the sheep, nearly all of whom acknowledged that they received their first serious impressions whilst they were scholars in our Sunday school.

Honor the Sabbath.

If any of our youthful readers are beginning to grow weary of the wholesome restraints of the Sabbath and to long for larger indulgence, they may be instructed by the following paragraph from an exchange:

At a respectable boarding-house in New York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sabbath morning, shaved, dressed and prepared, as to their apparel, for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner-table, shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in the place of worship. One of them is now living, and in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All failed in business and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awfully tragic end.

Many a man may say, as did a worthy and opulent citizen, "The keeping of the Sabbath saved me." It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its author, "They shall ride upon the high places of the earth."

What news interests you?

"Father Patterson," was a most laborious but eccentric man, who some twenty years since preached in Philadelphia. Among the anecdotes related of him is this.

"In one of the principal churches, at a Union Monthly Concert, Mr. Patterson, rose to exhort. 'I have thought,' said he, 'that one of these great rich men died and went up to heaven. Paul, grown to be a tall Archangel, ran to meet him and bent down to inquire what was doing for Christ in Philadelphia. How are Sunday schools prospering? 'I don't know, I never entered one.' How are religious tracts succeeding? 'I never inquired.' How is the great work of missions advancing in China? 'I learned the price of tea, but never asked or read about missions.' Get out! says Paul, this is no place for you! all here sympathize with the cause of Christ on earth.'"

An Irsome Process.

Joshua Thomas, in his History of the Welsh Baptist Association, gives the following account of Circular Letters prior to 1750, when they were for the first time printed:

"A minister was fixed upon to draw up the Circular Letter. After travelling, perhaps a long way, with but broken rest, the person fixed upon was under a necessity of sitting up most of, or all the night, that his letter might be prepared by about nine next morning, when it was to be read and corrected. As soon as it was ready, each church was to find a person to write out a copy. The persons employed went to some retired place, one to read and the others to write; some were very slow, and if there was but one so, all the rest were forced to wait. This was indeed very trying, and many of the copies were so imperfect as not to be easily read. Thus it was for many years."

The journey through life is as Peter's walking on the water; and if Christ does not reach out his hand, we are every moment in danger of sinking.

"The Englishman loves his house, and he decks it out when he makes money; the American loves his wife, and decks her out for want of a house."

[The following account of an Association of Baptist Churches among the Karens, which we copy from the *New York Chronicle*, will interest many of our readers. The district over which the churches are spread is nearly as large as Nova Scotia. Although the circumstances and habits and modes of travelling differ so much from any thing with which we are personally acquainted, yet it is most gratifying to notice how much similarity in the fraternal feeling of the brethren is observed in this narrative to that experienced at the reunions of a like nature in this province and in other older Christian communities.—Ed. C. M.]

Letter from Burmah.

ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS AMONG THE KARENS, Tavoy, Jan. 25th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—I have been much interested of late in reading accounts of associational meetings in my own native state, and as it may not be uninteresting to your readers, to know how associations are conducted in this dark land, where but a few years since the name of Jesus was unknown, I will give you a short account of the Tavoy and Mergui Association, which has just closed its seventh annual meeting.

The churches in this association are twenty-three in number, and are scattered over a district of country about 200 miles long and sixty miles wide. The meeting was held this year at Matab, about forty miles from Tavoy. I had long desired to go to Matab, but having never before had a favorable opportunity, thought I would embrace the present one to accompany Bro. Cross on his annual visit to Matab, and be present at the meeting.

The Karens having had information of our intention to attend the meeting, sent down ten elephants to bring us and our effects.

Two of these huge monsters were brought up to my door and received their loads from my veranda. Bro. Cross laded several with his effects, such as bed, bedding, cooking utensils &c., while upon some were placed a goodly number of Karen Bibles, that precious book, of which but a few years since, the Karens had never heard.

We left town about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, Bro. Cross's elephant led the van—mine followed next to the remaining eight and brought up the rear. Under the Burmese rule not a Karen in all the province owned an elephant, and the Burmans were taught to look down with contempt upon the simple hearted Karens. But now, thought I, as we rode out of town, the die is turned, and the Karen from his lofty seat can look down upon the Burman in his silk pasto, as he clears the street to make way for the lordly animal and his master to pass.

By two, P. M., we had reached the pond of sacred fish mentioned by Boardman (Memoir, page 201,) and here stopped an hour for refreshment.

The pond is still as of yore, and the fish, on our first approach, were so numerous as almost to blacken the water, but they have learned that man is no longer their friend, and soon departed to the other side or sunk to the bottom. The elephants were unloaded and allowed to bathe—a pastime with which they seemed greatly delighted.

After an hour's rest they again received their burdens and we proceeded on our way.

THE SCENE OF BOARDMAN'S LABORS.

Stopped about sun down and encamped for the night, near a mountain stream whose babbling waters reminded me of my native hills. But other thoughts than home and native land occupied my mind, for it was here Boardman achieved the glorious conquest of his last campaign, and "brought into the camp of King Jesus thirty-four wild Karens." It was here, perhaps, on this very spot where we had encamped, that he uttered those immortal words, "If I can live to see this ingathering I can die contented."

Our encampment was among a grove of bamboos, and under the thick foliage of overhanging trees. The Karens on reaching the spot, immediately commenced preparing beds for Bro. Cross and myself. First two bamboos were cut, and laid horizontally on the ground about three feet apart. Across these other bamboos were tied a foot apart, and upon these bamboos, split open and made flat like a board, were spread, and lastly, the mattress and covering. Four stakes were struck, one at each corner, and a frame made at the top, over which a mat was spread to keep off the dew. While the beds were being prepared by some, others were busy in cooking our rice—some in building camp fires, and others still, in fettering their elephants and turning them among the bamboos to browse.

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

As darkness closed around us, the scene appeared romantic and sublime. On every side