

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 7th, 1858.

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

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

NOVEMBER 14th, 1858.

Subject.—LOVE TO CHRISTIANS, EVIDENCE OF LOVE TO CHRIST AND ACCEPTANCE WITH HIM.

For Repeating.
1 John iii. 10-12.For Reading.
1 John iii. 14-24.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 72.]

In the midst of a crowd of persons are a father and son. The former is kneeling on the ground, and while tears are streaming down his face, he is addressing one who listens to his tale of sorrow with the deepest expressions of sympathy and benevolence. The child bears marks of wounds, bruises and burns, and has fallen down by the side of his father. Insensible to the presence of those around, he is writhing in agony and exhibiting the most frightful contortions of countenance and body, so that those around are perfectly terrified. Being exhausted, he becomes more and more calm, turns pale, and then appears as one dead. After the father has finished his tale of distress, the one whom he addresses stoops down and takes his child by the hand, when his consciousness immediately returns, and his delighted and grateful father takes him to his home. Those standing around are greatly astonished at this result, and eagerly question each other as to the source of this wonderful power.

Key to Bible questions in our last.

36.—The Epistle of Paul to Philanon.

37.—The lion was an emblem of fortitude,—the ensign of the tribe of Judah.—GEN. xlix. 9. The dog, 1. the Gentiles, as sunk in impurity.—MATT. xv. 26. 2. Idle luxurious ministers.—ISAIAH lvi. 10. 3. Captious unprincipled teachers.—PHIL. iii. 2; REV. xxii. 15.

A Mouse in the Pantry.

"When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, 'Mary! Mary! take care! there is a mouse in your pantry.' I often used to cease crying at this, and stand, wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one.

"One day I said: 'Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I have n't any pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often.' He smiled, and said, 'Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice, that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish, and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and if you do not strive against it, the mice will keep on nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out, you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness—and have for bait, good resolutions and firmness."

"But mother," said Nanny, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolution away after a while?"

"No, Nanny, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me, for I was such a very little girl; but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nanny?"

"To be full of good always," said Nanny, whose tears were all dried now.

Story of a Cat.

The Boston (Massachusetts) Herald tells the following:—"Two years and a half ago, one of our citizens, to oblige a friend, the captain of a ship about to sail for the East Indies, gave him a cat for the purpose of keeping the vermin on board in proper subjection. Pussy, during the intervening time, voyaged to Calcutta, thence to Liverpool, back to Bombay, thence to Charlestown, South Carolina, and finally to Boston. A few days after the arrival of this ship into our port, the former owners of the cat were sitting at breakfast, when in walked Tabby, just as if she had never been from home, and after she had taken a review of the premises, she came and jumped up on the knee of the master of the household, as had been her wont in old times. The story is a curious evidence of attachment to locality in the animal, and a singular proof of its retention of memory."

One of the Slaveholder's "Legal" Rights.

In the Boston Preachers' Meeting, a few days since, the propriety of public prayers on extraordinary occasions, such as the opening of Political Conventions, Cattle Shows, &c., was discussed in a conversational manner, and some of the ministers referred to instances within their observation and experience, in which it was difficult to preserve the true spirit of prayer; when the colored preacher, Father Henson, or as he is often termed, "Uncle Tom," who happened to be present, remarked that if it was not obtrusive, he would like to refer to an incident in his experience. All were anxious to hear. It was while he was on that memorable journey down the Mississippi River in a flat boat with his young master, from Kentucky to New Orleans, to be sold. The boat stopped at Vicksburg, Miss., and his master thinking that perhaps he might get as much for Uncle Tom there as farther South, took him ashore. A large company of men, white and black, drunken and sober, were gathered together near the landing-place, and the young master began to descant on the good qualities of this piece of property. Among other things he was a "religious nigger," a "real pious feller,"—honest as the bible, and he could preach and "pray like a steamboat." Of course a pious slave is worth, in the estimation of some, from two to three hundred dollars more than a wicked one, depending somewhat upon the age and sex of the property, and the depth of the piety. Piety does not increase the money value of "girls" so much as of the "boys." A revival on a large plantation must net the owner some thousands of dollars.

Be that as it may, the Vicksburg gentry were determined to have a specimen of Uncle Tom's piety, so the proposition was made and tumultuously seconded, "Let us hear him pray!" The poor fellow was told by his young master to get down on his knees and pray. Father Henson in relating it was evidently affected. The memory of it even was bitter.

"What to do I did not know. There I was, after saving the property of one master, and toiling faithfully for another, after having actually paid once for myself and got a solemn promise that I should have my liberty, now torn away from my beloved wife and four little children, never to see them again, after having been strongly tempted to kill my young master at night when I had good opportunity to do so, but being held back by religious principle, now commanded before that profane rabble to pray, that two or three hundred dollars more might be bid on my head! Should I do it? Was there any God, and if so, would he allow me to be so tormented? I had not time to think—hesitation would only provoke violence, resistance would be death—I would not be martyred for not praying, and I therefore fell down on my knees before a log and poured out my soul in supplication. What I said I have no recollection, nor how long I prayed, but if ever I took hold by faith on the power of God, it was then. I rose from my knees comforted, whatever might be the money value of my prayer."

On rising, however, the first thing Henson heard was, "We don't want the rascal," "Take the d—d nigger away," with other profane expressions. The prayer seemed to have failed to bring the cash, and the pious slave took the young master, who was little more than a boy, by the arm and said, "Master, let us go back to the boat," and the gasping crowd were left behind. The ministers pretty generally agreed that was a good specimen of prayer under difficulties.

Of course our Southern "brethren" think it was all right. It was all legal, and the church must not interfere with civil matters. "Render to Cæsar," &c. "The powers that be are ordained," &c. It was legal that the slave father should be sold from his wife, so called, and from his children. It was legal that his master should command him to pray. It was legal that his master should beat him if he refused; and it was legal to kill him if he resisted. And not a religious southern newspaper dares to say a word against these abominable laws, and more abominable practices.—Zion's Herald.

What a commentary on the above is the following brief paragraph:—

COLORED MEN IN FRANCE.—The London Athenæum states that the Haytien students in the Paris colleges have this year carried off their full share of honors, and the occasion has been celebrated by the men of color by a banquet. It is hoped by these gentlemen, who consider themselves of the same hue as Hannibal, Terrence, and perhaps, some of the African Bishops, that similar banquets may yearly celebrate similar triumphs.

Revival Incident.

The town of W——, in Ashtabula county, Ohio, shared richly in those showers of Divine grace that descended in such pentecostal abundance on our land, during the early part of the present year. The place was moved by the presence of God, and all classes trembled at its power. Among others, there was a husband and father, whose wife was a professor of religion, while he had hitherto neglected his eternal interests, and lived without God and without hope in the world.

For some days conscience had been busy at work calling up his sins to remembrance. He saw their guilt—he felt their crushing weight and destructive power. Concealing as much as possible, his feelings from others, he tried to pray in secret, but he found no relief. Meetings were held daily, which he had uniformly attended. But one afternoon he remarked to his wife, that "she might go to meeting, and he would stay at home with the child"—a little girl three or four years of age.

His wife accordingly prepared herself, and went. After her departure his anxiety of mind became so great that he could not rest, and he began to walk the room in his agony. The little girl soon noticed his agitation of mind, and inquired, "What ails you, pa?" He replied, "Nothing;" and endeavored to quiet his feelings, and divert his mind from the subject. But all in vain! Conscience would not hush up at his bidding. He could not calm the troubled deep of his sin-polluted heart. After sitting a short time, he rose again, and commenced walking to and fro, as before. Soon the attention of his little daughter was again arrested, and wondering, doubtless, at her father's uneasiness, and ignorant of its cause, she looked up sympathizingly in his face, and inquired, with all the artlessness and simplicity of childhood—"Pa! if you were dry, wouldn't you go and get a drink of water?" The father started, as if a voice from heaven had fallen on his ear! He thought of his thirsty soul, famishing for the waters of life! He thought of that LIVING FOUNTAIN opened in the gospel, and he heard the voice of Jesus saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink!" "Ho! every one that thirsted, come ye to the waters! He thirsted!

"He longed to drink that crystal stream,
That flows the trees of life between—
That its pure waters, in his soul,
Might rise eternally to roll!"

He believed: and straightway fell at the Saviour's feet, exclaiming, in heart, if not in words.

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

From that hour he dates the dawning of a new light, and the beginning of a new life. How simple, and yet how varied, are the means which God employs to enlighten and save men! How mighty is the feeblest instrumentality when employed as the sword of the Spirit!

What encouragement to faith, what stimulus to prayer and effort, do such examples afford!—*Congregationalist.*

A Straying Testament.

I want to show you how the Bible is making its way into the heart of the Turkish empire. Let us visit Sivas, a city perched upon the mountains of Asia minor. There are no railroads, or steamboats, or coaches, or trains of any description in that country. You must clamber over their rough roads on horse or mule-back, carrying your goods and luggage in saddle-bags.

Very odd-looking villages you will come to. The houses are built of earth, with only two rooms and one outside door. One room is for the donkeys, cows, and dogs, while the family live in the other on very sociable terms with these animals. Almost every village has a "guest-house," built by some pious Turk for the accommodation of travellers. Here you will find a good fire to warm you, and food to eat.

Sivas is a large inland city about eighteen hours from Tocat. And how far is eighteen hours? you will ask. Eighteen hours is about fifty miles, which makes comfortable travelling about three miles an hour, rather slow going for a Western. It has 50,000 inhabitants, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. Within two or three years Bible Christianity has taken root there; and the Scriptures are kept publicly for sale in four different parts of the city. These are in the Turkish and Greek languages. An agent of the American Bible Society paid a visit to this city a few months ago, and held a Bible meeting in the little mission chapel. In the afternoon two Koozelbesh Koords from a village twelve hours distant called upon him. The Koords, you know, are mountain men, and one of the fiercest tribes in Asia. One of them was the son of a sheik, or chief man of the village. They said they wanted

to become Gospel Christians. "Why do you want to change your religion?" asked the agent. "We once worshipped a cane or staff," they said, "with which the sheik beat us, to drive away our sins. We used to meet once a week to receive the beating. Then we confessed our sins, and yearly offered a sacrifice of sheep to the cane. We no longer believe this will save us. A kifab (good book) taught us better."

"Where did you get the book?" asked the missionary. "We don't know where it came from," they answered; "but it teaches us that Christ is alive and the other prophets are dead. It teaches us to love our enemies, and to pray for them. It is ten years since we began to learn these truths." "What is the name of the book?" "We call it Bayusook" (book of command), they said. "A Khojah, or teacher, reads to us from this book, the sheik explains it, and then we pray to God, through Christ, as the book teaches."

Then the missionary told them he called it "Ingil," the Gospel of Salvation, and how many copies of this book there were in the world. They wished very much to have a missionary come and comfort and teach them, for the savage Koords were very angry with them for loving the book; and they often beat and robbed them of their flocks because they would not worship the idols as they used to do. They also said there were hundreds more ready to receive the Gospel but for fear of their enemies.

The missionaries bade them to keep up a good heart, for God would stand by those who put their trust in Him.

"Go back," said the missionary, "to your native village, and boldly preach this Gospel of love and salvation, even to your cruellest persecutors."

"Inshallah" (God be praised!) they both exclaimed.

Such is the influence of a stray copy of the Testament, which found its way through the rocky passes of Asia minor, teaching these Koords the folly of idol worship, and leading them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

Who will not give, if he can give no more, one Testament to the poor heathen?—*Letter from the East.*

Angels.

As do angels and just men on high, our Father's will, so should we on earth strive to know, and knowing to obey it. The Scripture bids us, in memory and imagination, consort with them as our attendants and ministers, and soon to be our eternal companions; and that like us, their duty and their delight is obedience to our common Father and Lord. They are our "fellow-servants," and their service should instruct and mould ours into the resemblance of its cheerfulness and promptitude. They are swift to assume the tasks enjoined. No pause of sullenness or misgiving suspends their obedience to the command once known. Their obedience is a universal and harmonious obedience. Each votary in heaven fills his place, and envies not nor jostles his brother, his co-heir in bliss and fellow-helper in duty. They are lowly, and clothed with humility amid their majesty. The offices which we should scorn as menial, and unbefitting to our dignity, the highest angels would accept, if God appointed them, without hesitation or regret.

It was the pithy saying of John Newton, that should two angels receive at the same time their commission from heaven, the one to be prime minister of an empire, and the other to sweep the streets of its capital, it would be a matter of entire indifference to each of the two delighted messengers of God's will, which service fell to his lot, the post of the scavenger or that of the premier. They formed a chariot and coursers of fire for the hair-clad prophet of Israel; and Ezekiel saw others of them as wheels with many eyes, intelligent and observant, yet subject in lowly contentment to all the appointments of their Sovereign and God. Their motives, again, are pure, and theirs is unclouded serenity and singleness of intention, ever and only at the glory of God. Theirs is unwearied perseverance, and day and night they cease not to renew their adoration, and continue their unflinching anthem of rapt love. They count not their palms and glorious plumage soiled in uplifting to his long-sought home above, the beggar Lazarus, because the dust had been his couch; and they visit, without disgust or delay, the meanest hut and the most wretched pallet where an heir of their Father is drawing his latest breath; nor almshouse, nor dungeon, nor cross, nor pillory, seems too debased for their access, if Christ's servant be meekly suffering there.—*William R. Williams, D. D.*

A skeptical epicure being urged to turn Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining so many fasts and requiring such implicit faith: "You give us," he said, "too little to eat, and too much to swallow."