

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 13th, 1858.

Intended to be committed to memory and recited by all.

Doctrine.—REPENTANCE.—Ezekiel xviii. 30; Matt. iii. 1, 2; Acts iii. 19; xvi. 20; xvii. 30; xxxiii. 10; xxx. 31; 2 Tim. ii. 26.

JUNE 20th, 1858.

Subject.—THE NATURE AND POWER OF FAITH FURTHER ILLUSTRATED.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. xi. 1-3. | Heb. xi. 21-40.

THE QUESTIONER.

Bible Questions.

16. How many people came with Jacob into Egypt? and, how many left Egypt two hundred years after?

17. What is the earliest song of which we read in Scripture?

Solution to Mental Picture from the Bible No. 62.

The Jews excited to fury against Jesus in Solomon's Porch. (This Porch was a frequent retreat both from summer sun and winter storms.)—JOHN x. 32-39.

The Young Mother's Death.

When Fanny Ferns speaks from the promptings of womanly tenderness and sympathy, she appeals to the heart as few others can, and we have from her pen many touching descriptions of the scenes of joy and sorrow which are associated with home life. Of this nature is the following, on the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jessie Willis.

I have been to a funeral to-day. It was in a Church—I had to pass through a garden to reach it;—the warm rain was dropping gently on the shrubs and early flowers, and inside, warm tears were falling; for before the Church lay a coffin, and in it was a fair young wife and mother, pale and sweet as the white flowers that lay upon the coffin-lid. Near it was her husband, and beside were her aged parents, bowed down with grief that she who they thought would close their fading eyes should fade first.

In a house opposite the Church, were the dead mother's babe, only a few days old, and two other little ones, just old enough to prattle unconsciously as they went from room to room, "Mamma has gone away." I knew, though they did not, how day after day would pass, and these little girls who had always seen mamma come back again, after she had "gone away," would stand at the window, looking this way and that, with their little bright faces, and listening for her light footstep, and my heart ached and my eyes filled as I thought, how every day as they grew older they would need her care, and feel her loss the more; for it is only in part that a father, even the kindest, can fill a watchful mother's place;—he, whose business must be out of doors and away; how can he know how weary the little feet get wandering up and down, with no mamma's lap to climb upon; how weary the little hands,—putting down one thing, and taking up another, with no mamma to nod smilingly and say, "I see"—or "it is very pretty, dear;" how homesick the little rifled heart feels, though it scarce knows why; how tasteless the little cup of milk mamma used to hold to the rosy lips; how empty parlor and nursery, chamber and hall.

How much less gentle is nurse's touch than hers; how much sooner she wearies of answering little questions; and getting bits of string and toys for restless fingers to play with; how much longer seems the time now, before papa comes home to dinner and tea,—poor papa—who with an iron hand crushes down his own sorrow, and tries and fails to speak to them in her soft sweet winning way; and tries and fails, to soothe their little insect griefs, though he would die to save them a heart-pang.

All this I thought of as I looked at these two little curly-headed girls and their baby sister; and I said to myself, I do not know why God took away their young mother whose work seemed just begun, and left the aged grand-parents who were waiting to go. Why he made that house desolate and silent once so musical? Why he turned those tender lambs out from that soft warm fold? With all my thinking I could not find that out; but I am just as sure as if I could that he did it in love, not in anger; I am just as sure as if I were in Heaven this minute that it was best and right; though they, and you and I, must wait till we get there to know the how and why.

MINISTERIAL POPULARITY.—A Southern Methodist minister, detailing his experience on a certain circuit, counted twenty-six children that were named after him, and added that during the year he received, as compensation for his labor, thirteen dollars!

The Private Life of the Queen at Balmoral.

The following pleasing account of what may be called the inner life of royalty at Balmoral, was given at the annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance in London, by Mr. J. A. Wilson, of Aberdeen:—He said that a ragged kirk and school were originated in a little room, which was rented at 1s 6d a week. At length they got professors of the Free and National churches to aid in the work; so he thought they ought to try and get the patronage of royalty. He wrote to her Majesty an account of what he was doing, and her Majesty sent him a letter expressive of her gratification at the objects of labors, and the success which had attended them, and inclosed a cheque for £20. Two years and a half afterwards he was commanded by her Majesty to report the progress he had made in the interval; and he sent up a statement, especially answering the inquiries which her Majesty had made, as to whether he was doing anything to promote the education of the poor children of the district. He gave an account of the school in which the children paid a penny a week; and her Majesty sent him down £25 towards the expenses of it. In 1850 he formed these poor people into a Christian church, which now numbers nearly a hundred members. They built a little kirk of wood, and, on reporting progress to the Queen, her Majesty sent him £50 towards the expenses. When the Queen went last to Scotland, three hundred of these poor people turned out to greet her; and they were honored by the gracious smile of their sovereign. If he were to tell half what he knew respecting the movements of the Queen in Scotland, the Christian people of this country would have a higher opinion of her Majesty's religious character than many of them now had. The fact was, that the gay side of the Queen's character was constantly brought under notice; but of the other aspect of it they heard little or nothing. He could tell that there was not a family in Balmoral which had not been visited by the Royal Family, and supplied with the sacred Scriptures where they did not possess them; and he spoke in feeling terms of the very affectionate interest which the Princess Royal took in the poor people of the locality. He referred also to the number of Evangelical Ministers the Queen had commanded to preach before her in the little church of Crathie, a very humble edifice, which hundreds of London Christians would hardly like to enter.

Old Father Jones.

Two or three years ago, if our memory serves us rightly, old father Jones was appointed Chaplain of the State prison, and a very appropriate appointment it was. At the time when the announcement of this fact was made, a member of the Methodist church, residing within the range of one of the circuits where he had preached for years, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, got on his horse, and having to pass by the house of brother P——, on his road, concluded to "pass off a joke." Now brother P—— had been all the days of his manhood a zealous, active, spirited member, prompt in his responses of "amen," and such like; and always seemed peculiarly delighted with Father Jones's preaching, for he would sit in the corner of the church and co-operate with great satisfaction to himself and the minister. Seeing this worthy brother standing before the door, the good-humored disciple rode up to the fence, and after the usual salutation, accosted him thus:

"Brother P——, have you heard the news?"

"Why, what news, brother S——; anything strange?"

"Why, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the Penitentiary for one year."

On hearing this, brother P——, with unaffected astonishment, indulged himself in such remarks as—

"Why, you don't say so! Is it possible? Is it really a fact?"

"Why," says brother S——, "I guess there's no mistake about it. I heard it from brother C——, and he saw it in the papers; so I reckon it must be so."

"Well," says brother P——, setting himself down on the truth of the rumor, "now, brother S——, I can't say that I am surprised at this; but, between you and me, I always thought old man Jones wasn't the right kind of a man. The fact is, he's better in the Penitentiary than out of it, and I told my wife he'd go there some day."

Having thus delivered himself of his opinion, and after a few similar comments, brother S—— left him without explanation, astonished and amused at the effect of the information.

How brother P—— felt when he learned the truth about it, was never learned. This illustrates the truth that many are disposed to kick anybody down hill who has, in their opinion, got a start that way.—*Laurenceburg Press.*

Thank the Preacher!

How often are the feelings of ministers pained for want of a little thought and a little courtesy on the part of elders and church members. Through the absence or sickness of a pastor, a stranger is asked to supply the pulpit that would otherwise be vacant. He goes, it may be, at the cost of no little self-denial; he preaches to the best of his ability; he prays with and for the congregation; he seeks to do them good; and, having invoked the blessing of God upon them, he descends the pulpit steps. There he stands, whilst the audience pass out of the church, and not one individual takes him by the hand to cheer him with one word of thanks. He is pained, not because he has done a great thing for them, and without a grateful recognition of the fact on their part—but, he is conscious of having sought to do them good; he feels the imperfection of his performance; and he craves an expression of sympathy and kindly feeling. In its absence he is pained. Will not elders especially think of this? It costs little to take the stranger by the hand and thank him for this labour of love. You need not praise his sermon—it may have been a poor one—but you can acknowledge gratefully the effort on his part to serve you and the church. Nor should the members of the church overlook it. They need not fear that the minister will be offended by a kindly salutation, though they have no personal acquaintance with him. Give him a kindly greeting. Let him feel that you thank him for his services. And, one thing more, invite him to your house for rest and refreshment. It will often be the case that the invitation will be most acceptable. "Given to hospitality," is a mark of the child of God. It is related of a clergyman who had travelled to preach to a strange congregation, that, at the conclusion of the morning service, he waited for some one to invite him to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said, "Will you go home and dine with me to-day, brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles away, sir." "No," said the man, colouring, "but you must go with me." Do not let this happen in your church! —*American Presbyterian.*

The Peril of Indecision.

Many will remember a touching tale published some years ago. It narrates how a poor man, on one of the rocky coasts of our country, that got his bread by gathering sea-fowls' eggs, went out one morning on his perilous adventure; and looking down a terrific steep, he saw midway a ledge abutting from the rock, covered with a cluster of the sea-fowls' nests. He fastened his rope to a tree above the cliff, and lowered himself cautiously down till he stood upon the ledge. In his eagerness to grasp the spoil he unwittingly dropped the nose of the rope by which he had descended, and it swung as it appeared, far beyond his reach; and there he stood on that narrow ledge, above him a fearful height he had no hope to scale, below him a terrible precipice with the sea dashing at its base. It was a moment of unutterable anguish. In intensity of dismay, by a desperate effort he sprang upward. It pleased God he should grasp the rope. He drew himself up to the summit, trembling with transport and terror.

Every one of us can realize the peril of that fellow-creature. But how akin to this, but intensely more awful, the condition of every waverer! He stands on the narrow ledge of life; above him is the terrific mountain of his guilt that he has no power in himself to scale; below him is the fearful abyss of death, with the death that never dies. There is but the breath in his nostrils between him and the bottomless pit. O, awake, fellow-sinner; awake to thy true and perilous position! It is late, but not too late. There is yet the rope that hangs from the cross of Jesus, or rather from the throne of God; that rope can lift thee over the mount of thy guilt, and land thee on the brink of the shore of eternal safety and peace. O leap, and live! "Fly for refuge, and lay hold of the hope set before you," and as God liveth, your soul shall live! He is "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." "As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live. Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" —*Rev. Hugh Stowell.*

A Warning Voice.

Mr. B—— had always neglected the house of God, and spent the Sabbath in idleness and profligacy.

Now he was upon what he thought his death-bed, and labored under conviction of sin and apprehension of the judgment to come. As he was thus lying, the cheerful sound of the church-bell struck upon his ear, and with a shudder he exclaimed to his wife, who was standing by, "O, Mary! if I had only gone and heard God's word when I was able; but now I can't!"

That exclamation has sounded upon my ear ever since, as though it had come from the bottomless pit, prompting me to warn those who are neglecting the gospel, that the opportunity of hearing it will soon be gone. It was a glimmering of the torment of the lost.

Reader, are you thus neglecting the gospel of Christ? Remember, the time may be near when you will not be able to know its glad sound. You, too, will send up the lamentation, "O! if I had only gone and heard God's word when I was able; but now I can't!"

Liquor a common Nuisance.

Judge Shaw, of Boston, has recently decided that intoxicating drink is a common nuisance, and that as such, any person has the same right to destroy it, without "due process of law," that he has to "abate" a mad dog, kill a venomous snake, or exterminate a poisonous weed.

This decision places the subject of legal action on a new and interesting basis. Heretofore license laws and prohibitory statutes have avoided the temperance cause but little, because lawyers and judges could always be found to nullify the operations of the laws, and to pronounce the statutes unconstitutional. And thus, although the right was clearly on the side of the people, and sometimes the laws also, the rum-sellers have, practically, had everything their own way.

But if the judgment of Judge Shaw is to stand—and it must stand, or humanity must fall—the temperance reform becomes a very simple process. All that we have to do, is to knock in the heads of the whisky barrels, smash in the sides of the brandy bottles, and make shivers of the gin demijohns, and the thing is done. All the accountability we have in the matter is, not to use force nor violence, nor do damage to other things more than is necessary to secure the destruction of the nuisance.

Rum is no property. Thank God that the truth is found, although it should have been discovered a thousand years sooner. Perhaps its announcement may yet be in time to save this nation from the general drunkenness which has ruined so many others.—*Life Illustrated.*

The Blue of the Sea.

M. Piasse, a French chemist, has lately made experiments which induce him to believe that the blue color of the sea in some parts of the globe, the Mediterranean, &c., is to be ascribed to a combination of copper and ammonia; the green color of other seas to a chloric compound of copper. M. Piasse had suspended a bag at the sides of a steamer sailing between Marseilles and Corsica, which contained iron nails and chips. On opening the bag after several voyages, it was found that the iron was covered by a layer of precipitated copper. Messrs. Durocher and Malagati, on substituting granulated copper for the iron of the former experiment, have found a noticeable quantity of silver in salt water. M. Tuld, in America, repeated the experiment, and arrived at the conclusion that the ocean contained, at least, two millions of tons of silver.

Scolding from the Pulpit.

This practice is quite too common with some preachers, who aim to do good by manifesting indignation at the real and imaginary faults of those to whom they minister. The consequence of this is to provoke rather than win and reform their erring auditors. I have listened in sorrow to such discourses from good men, who have unconsciously fallen into this error. They seem to labor diligently and earnestly without much apparent beneficent results. I have thought that if attention were called to this subject, it might not be unavailing to both speaker and hearer. Let the preacher teach gospel doctrines from a soul filled with love to God and man, and he will have no occasion for the scolding method, and souls will be easier won. Love draws—its opposite repels.

Red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair will find them where the roses do—out of doors.