

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

FEBRUARY 14th, 1858.

Doctrine.—LOVE OF GOD.—John iii. 15, 16; John iii. 1, 16: iv. 7-10; Romans viii. 38, 39.

Intended to be learned and recited by all.

FEBRUARY 21st, 1858.

Subject.—DUTY OF EXERTING OURSELVES TO OBTAIN THE HEAVENLY REST.

For Repeating.

For Reading.

Heb. iv. 1-2.

Heb. iv. 10-16.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

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

[No. 51.]

On the two sides of a small valley are assembled a vast multitude of all ages and both sexes, so arranged that they can see and hear all that is about to transpire below. Although they are so numerous yet all are arranged in companies.

An aged warrior is seen in the lower part of the valley, in a position that enables him to address the whole company. On a given command several of the aged men, chiefs and principal officers, advance towards him, who in years and station, is evidently far superior to any. After addressing them in words of paternal solicitude they all respond to his entreaties and consent to his proposals. The venerable man then raises a large stone pillar in a conspicuous place under the branches of a spreading oak. After writing in a book the words of their response and again directing attention to the stone, and what had been agreed to before it, all move off with great solemnity and decorum.

SOLUTION to Picture No. 50.

Jacob, when a fugitive.—Genesis xxviii. 10-22.

What a bird said to a boy.

A little boy, named Jem Roberts, having been set to weed in a gentleman's garden, and observing some very beautiful peaches on a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck one. "If it tastes but half as nice as it looks," thought he, "how delightful it must be!" He stood for an instant gazing on the tree, while his mother's words, "Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived he had nearly reached the end of the bed which he had been ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit it in the wheelbarrow which stood near the peach tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful, more tempting than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still; his heart beat; his mother's command was heard no more; his resolution was gone. He looked around; there was no one but himself in the garden. "They can never miss one out of so many," he said to himself. He made a step—only one; he was in reach of his prize; he darted forth his hand to seize it, when at the very moment a sparrow from a neighbouring tree, calling his companion, seemed to his startled ear to say, "Jem! Jem!" He sprang back to the walk, his hand fell to his side, his whole frame shook; and no sooner had he recovered himself, than he fled from the spot.

In a short time afterwards he began thus to reason with himself:—"If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure that what I was going to do was very wicked."

And now he worked with greater diligence than ever, nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrows chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled at the sound.

"You may cry 'Jem, Jem,'" said he, looking steadily at the tree in which several were perched, "as often as you like; I don't care for you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil."

A NOVEL WAY TO COLLECT A DEBT.—On Sunday last, during divine service, an honest appearing man arose and asked permission to say a few words. The gentleman in the desk gave him permission to speak, when he said that "he wished to inform them that he had worked for a member of this church (pointing his finger at and naming the individual) for three months at thirteen dollars per month, and that he had refused to pay him." The Rev. gentleman then informed him that it was no place for entering complaints, but said he would see what could be done. Many were impressed with the belief that this was a better plan than going before a Justice to collect debts.—*Port Byron Gazette.*

An unexpected and delightful visit.

The late Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh, was, probably, the most eloquent Baptist minister which Scotland ever furnished, and few men were more useful in his day. He was at once the Christian, the scholar and the orator. Wherever he was known he was highly esteemed, and his spirit of piety and urbanity, combined with admirable conversational powers, led multitudes to covet his society, so that not unfrequently he found himself where but few of his Baptist brethren were ever invited.

In one of his often repeated visits to England, he was travelling in a stage coach to fulfil an engagement to preach at a public meeting. When, to use an old English phrase, "the coach stopped to dine" at an inn in a market town, Mr. Anderson's attention was arrested by a carriage elegantly fitted with horses, harness, coachman and footman, bearing a coat of arms belonging to a distinguished noble family. As he was about to examine the arms and to read its motto, with the wish to ascertain to whom it belonged, he was surprised to hear the footman asking the driver of the stage if the Rev. Mr. Anderson was travelling with him, and at once told the footman he was the person who bore that name. A note was now put into his hand, written by a well known nobleman, saying that he had heard Mr. Anderson was travelling that way, and had sent his carriage in the hope that he might be journeying in the stage, and entreating him to spend a few hours with him and a few Christian friends at his mansion some four or five miles from the town, engaging at the same time that early on the following morning he would accompany him to the service in which he had to take a part.

The nobleman, except by reputation, was unknown to the preacher, who felt at the moment uncertain as to what he had better do. At length he determined to accept the invitation, and transferred himself and his luggage to the carriage. Arrived at the lordly mansion, his lordship most cordially welcomed him, and in a short time introduced him to lords and ladies, to counts and countesses almost without number, who all soon found themselves around the dinner-table, with the Baptist minister for their chaplain; ease and dignity were combined, and the preacher soon felt himself entirely at home.

The dinner-table being cleared, his lordship informed his guest that he had invited "these dear Christian friends" to meet him, and proposed that an hour or two should be spent in devotional exercises, Mr. Anderson favoring them with an exposition of some portion of scripture. If the surprise of the Baptist preacher was great before, it was vastly increased now, but feeling he was unexpectedly called to an important duty, he consented without an apology, only requesting his lordship to commence the meeting just as though he alone had to conduct it. The nobleman showed himself to be entirely at home, while Mr. Anderson and he placed themselves at the head of the table, the former looking round on the audience with surprise and delight that such persons should have met on such an occasion. His lordship had by this time taken up his hymn-book, and threw Anderson into tears of rapture by reading the hymn beginning—"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched," etc.

Prayer, offered by several of the company, followed, and Mr. Anderson said that never in his life had he been so eminently favored with divine help in expounding the Scriptures, as in that extemporaneous address. Except as a matter of the devout feeling of gratitude, he forgot the rank of his hearers, and went on as though he were addressing twenty or thirty of his poor people in his vestry. The evening was most delightfully spent, and on the following morning his lordship, according to his promise, accompanied him to "the Baptist meeting," and liberally contributed to the collection.—*H. & R.*

A writer in the *New York Post* says, "he has heard much about the value of newspapers as a substitute for blankets; and has considered the statements to be apocryphal. But last evening I was induced to make the experiment. I took four full sized newspapers, and pasted them together at the edges making one large sheet of the size of a blanket. I then removed three blankets from my bed and placed the newspaper sheet between the one remaining blanket and the counterpane. The result was a comfortable night without cold. I pledge my word to you gentlemen, that this is literally true; and my object in making this communication is, that through the medium of your paper, the fact may be generally circulated,—that for an outlay of a few pennies the poor can supply themselves with comfortable bed covering during the approaching winter."

The Theatre Unreformed.

The zealous efforts of Dr. Bellows for the reformation of the stage are not cordially seconded either by the managers or the public. The great body of Christians continue to regard the theatre as one of the worldly amusements which the Saviour would not patronize if he should return to earth, and which is not likely to foster the Christian graces in the hearts of His disciples. They think very obstinately that any amalgamation must deform Christianity rather than reform the stage. The managers of the theatre on the other hand think it a poor policy to cater to the tastes of the moral and refined. *It doesn't pay*, and the claims of the pocket outweigh the claims of conscience. The intelligent New York correspondent of the *Daily Journal* gives the following account of the present downward tendency of the stage in New York.

The Broadway Theatre has repudiated the "legitimate drama" and gone into the circus line, with dogs, horses, jumping women and dancing men, with Van Amburgh thrown into the den of lions. Dr. Bellows has not yet purified nor elevated the drama; the tone is lower than ever, and while the common and third rate houses are catering to a lower taste, and as a reward have fuller houses, the up-town houses are falling into the wake of the Chatham Street play-houses, and are running into buffoonery as the only line of acting that will pay.—*W. & R.*

Anecdote of the Princess Royal's Girlhood.

Among the cottagers of Balmoral the Princess has been a great favourite. Several years ago, when quite a young girl, a matron for whom her Royal Highness had a special liking had added one more to her husband's family. The baby, of course, was an object of superlative interest; and, when the christening was about to take place, the Princess asked to be permitted to attend and act as godmother. This was freely agreed to. The day came, and so did his Presbyterian reverence, but the expected godmother, from some cause, did not make her appearance, and after a little the ceremony went on in her absence. It was barely concluded when the Princess came, breathless with haste and excitement. On being told how matters stood, her undisguised feelings found vent in a sorrowful "Oh! but couldn't you do it over again?" When the Court left Balmoral last summer, the dependents were invited up to the lawn to bid farewell to her Royal Highness. The feelings of the Princess so overcame her, however, that she was unable to make her appearance before them, and the Prince Consort bade adieu on her behalf.—*Edinburgh Express.*

DISTRESSING SURPRISE OF A MOTHER AT THE BAPTISM OF HER INFANT.—An English paper says: On Wednesday last, the Rev. William Roaf was about to administer baptism to several infants, in his chapel at Wiggin, and, during the introductory prayer, one of the mothers on altering the position of her infant, was terror struck to find it dead. The child had been in perfect health, but from being wrapped up too closely, suffocation had ensued. Medical aid was at once obtained, but in vain.

WYCLIFFE'S VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—At a sale of the late Dean Conybeare's library by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on Saturday, two small duodecimo volumes, in manuscript, containing the earliest English translation of the New Testament, produced the large sum of £145, on account of the extreme rarity of transcripts of any of our great Reformer's writings, the reading even of which was forbidden by the Constitutions of Archbishop Arundel, made in the Convocation at Oxford in 1408.

In India lately, while the army were returning from Alambagh to the camp, one of the Lancers was tempted to poke his spear into a bees' nest, when the swarm at once turned out and attacked the soldiers with such ferocity, that they all turned tail and fled, both officers and men, abandoning their guns, and they did not stop until they had reached the camp, where they were enabled to partially protect themselves from their active persecutors.

The more believers love God, the more they love one another; as the lines of a circle, the nearer they come to the centre, the nearer they come to each other.

The present crop of Sugar in Demarara will be the largest since Emancipation: while that of Barbadoes will be one of the largest ever reaped.

In clearing out a drain in South Dartmouth, on Monday, Mr. Hillary Sanford found imbedded at a depth of two feet, a hen's egg, which proved as fresh and good as a new laid one. The drain had not been cleared out for more than twenty-five years.

How a Soul may find Jesus.

Go where he goes. Dost thou desire to present a petition to the king—wilt thou not go to his palace to do it? Art thou blind—where shouldst thou sit but at the way-side, begging? Hast thou a sore disease—where is there a place more fitting for thee than the porch of Bethesda, where my Lord doth walk? Art thou palsied—wilt thou not desire to be in his presence, though on thy bed thou be let down to the spot where he standeth? Did not Obadiah and Ahab journey through the whole land of Israel to find Elijah? and wilt thou not visit every place where there is hope of meeting Jesus? Dost thou know where his haunts are? Hast thou not heard that he dwelleth on the hill of Zion, and hath fixed his throne of mercy within the gates of Jerusalem? Has it not been told thee that he oftentimes cometh up to the feast, and minglith with the worshippers in his temple? Hath not the saints assured thee that he walketh in the midst of his Church, even as John, in vision, saw him among the golden candlesticks? Go, then, to the city which he hath chosen for his dwelling place, and wait within the doors which he hath deigned to enter. If thou knowest of a gospel minister, sit in the solemn assembly over which he is president.—If thou hast heard of a church which has been favored with visits from its Lord, go and make one in the midst of them, that when he cometh he may bid thee put thine hand into his side, and be not faithless but believing.

Lose no opportunity of attending the word: Thomas doubted, because he was not there when Jesus came.

Let sermons and prayers be thy delight, because they are roads wherein the Saviour walketh. Let the righteous be thy constant company, for such ever bring Him where they come. It is the least thing thou canst do to stand where grace usually dispenseth its favour. Even the beggar writes his petition on the flagstone of a frequented thoroughfare, because he hopeth that among the many passers, some few at least will give him charity; learn from him to offer thy prayers where mercies are known to move in the greatest number, that amid them all there may be one for thee. Keep thy sail up when there is no wind, that when it blows thou mayest not have need to prepare for it; use means when thou seest no grace attending them, for thus wilt thou be in the way when grace comes. Better go fifty times and gain nothing, than lose one good opportunity. If the angel stir not the pool, yet be there still, for it may be the moment when thou leavest it will be the season of his descending. "Being in the way, the Lord met with me," said one of old; be thou in the way, that the Lord may meet with thee. Old Simeon found the infant Messiah in the Temple; had he deserted its hallowed courts he might never have said, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Be sure to keep in mercy's way.—*The Saint and his Saviour by C. H. Spurgeon.*

The late General Sir Henry Havelock.

The death of General Sir Henry Havelock is a national misfortune. It has fallen upon the British public with the suddenness of a thunder-clap, and the regret expressed by all, both high and low, is such as can scarcely be surpassed by the lamentation of the nation on learning the death of Nelson in the hour of victory, or of Sir John Moore in a moment of no dishonourable retreat. General Havelock, however, has died in the zenith of his fame and glory, and has bequeathed to his countrymen a name which will long be a household word in the homes of England and India.

Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., K.C.B., was a native of Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, where he was born on the 6th of April, 1795. He was the second of the four sons of the late William Havelock, Esq., of Ingresspark, near Greenhithe, Kent. Some have lately gone so far as to claim for the Havelocks a descent from Guthrum, or some other Danish prince who lived before the Norman Conquest. All, however, that is known for certain is that Sir Henry Havelock's father and grandfather were largely engaged in commerce and shipping in Sunderland, and purchased Ingresspark with the proceeds of their successful speculations.

The Charterhouse is the school to which belongs the credit—and no small credit it is—of having reared the youth of Sir Henry Havelock. At that time the school was in its full tide of prosperity under Dr. Russell, and Havelock numbered among his schoolfellows several distinguished names. He entered as a student at the Middle Temple, where we are told he attended the lectures of Chitty, the famous pleader, and formed an intimate friendship with the late Judge Talford. Havelock, however, was not moulded by