

A Column for Sabbath-school Teachers.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

How frequent is it that we become discouraged in our labors for the salvation of the youth—how little are we to grow weary in well-doing—to faint by the way. If we are not permitted to pluck the fruit of our labors at our own appointed time, we tire of waiting and watching, of sowing and watering, we present our resignation to the superintendent of the Sabbath school, saying it is of no use, I can do them no good. I do not see that they grow any better under my instructions, I am not the teacher for this class.

Having myself belonged to the above named class of Sabbath school teachers, I will relate a bit of my experience, hoping that some fellow-laborer may be benefited thereby. I was a teacher of a class of lovely young misses, intelligent, active, sprightly, joyous also, to a degree which was at times slightly to my annoyance. They had just reached that age when the lengthening of dresses lead them to assume the rights of young ladies, without donning that true dignity honoring the maturer maiden. They were amiable and kind, and I very soon learned to love them. I loved their souls—I loved them as girls. I labored with them, resolving to do all in my power under God, to interest them in the Sabbath school, in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I had served as their teacher for several months, feeling many times greatly dissatisfied with myself, and the effect of my instructions upon them.

Soon a revival broke out in the school, four or five of these dear girls became the recipients of God's saving grace; but there were others who remained so careless, and apparently so indifferent. Weeks, yes, months, passed without any manifestation of God's presence in their hearts. I said, surely Jesus has passed them by, they have said to the Spirit, go thy way for this time. Time passed on, one of these girls upon whom I had looked as one of the most, if not the most indifferent, had been absent two or three Sabbaths. I visited her to determine the cause of her absence. I found her well and apparently happy, with the same bright, smiling countenance that I had been accustomed to greet in my class. "I am glad, Ellen, to find you so well; I had feared sickness had for the last few Sabbaths caused your seat in my class to be vacant." She assured me she was very well and had only excused herself by little ailments, and promised to return to the Sabbath school. I expressed a desire for her to do so, also my love for and deep interest in her soul. She clasped her arms around my neck, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. — I do want to be a Christian, I do so long to be a follower of Jesus." I was smitten. What a rebuke for my faithlessness. I said in my heart, God being my helper, I will in His strength and might labor on—I will plant and water, and leave the increase to Him who alone can, and will bestow it in his own proper time.

HOW TO KILL A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Said a Cincinnati merchant the other day: "I have just returned from New York. On Sunday I visited a Sabbath school in a neighborhood where it would be just as easy to have four hundred pupils as forty. The services were opened by a dull singer on a dull hymn. There was not another line sung in all of the hour and a half of the exercises subsequent. Of course nobody would come to such a school. You can keep a school going where you have good singing, even though you may lack almost every thing else; but you cannot keep one going where you have every thing else and no singing." Is not the brother right?—S. S. Times.

THE PLACE FOR YOUR TREASURES.

Why multiply to thyself thy stores? Why pull down thy barn and build greater? Knowest not where to lay thy plenty? Make the friends of Christ thy treasury. Let the widow's hands, the bosoms of the poor be thy storehouse; here it is sure; no thief can steal it, no time can rust it, no change can lose it; and here it is improved. A temporal gift is here turned into an eternal reward. No ground so fruitful as the bosom of the poor; that brings forth an hundred-fold.

HOLD UP JESUS.—A painter once, on finishing a magnificent picture, called his friends around him to regard it, and express their judgment concerning it. The one in whose taste the author most confided came last to view the work. "Tell me truly, brother," said the painter, "what do you think is the best point in my picture?" "O, brother, it is all beautiful, but that *chancel*! this is a perfect masterpiece—a gem!" With a sorrowful heart, the artist took his brush and dashed it over the toil of many a weary day, and turning to his friends, said, "O, brothers, if there is anything in my piece more beautiful than the Master's face, that I have sought to put there, let it be gone!" Thus, brethren in Christ, dear teachers in the Sabbath School, if, in your instructions, anything seems to stand out more prominent and more beautiful than the glory of Jesus—forget it all, dash it out. If in your labors as a teacher anything seems to reflect more loveliness, or excite more admiration or desire, than Jesus, however beautiful the work may seem, blot it out. Let Jesus be all, and in all. Hold him up to your soul. Hold him up to your scholars, and your walk shall be judged perfect in its beauty, and you shall not fail of your reward.—Ralph Walls.

TEACH children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

CROWDING BUSINESS INTO THE SABBATH

What right have we to push our business so far as to allow it to trench on the Sabbath. We break the Sabbath, we fail to keep it holy, when by too severe labor in the week we are rendered incapable of devoting its full hours to appropriate religious exercises. It matters not much as to the sin, whether we take our key and go to our counting-room and spend three hours on the Lord's day, or whether, by having taken three hours too many there on Saturday, we must regain them by sleep or idleness on the Sabbath, and so absent ourselves from public worship. Business everywhere, in the city and in the country, could all be done as satisfactorily; as much corn raised and money made, by ceasing work earlier on Saturday. Thus, time would be allowed for relaxation—and the religious employments of Sunday would be hailed as a delight. No people had more holidays, festivals, services, than the Jews; and yet it was when these were all regularly observed, demanding of them great sacrifices of time and money, that they prospered most in religion and material wealth. When they began to rob Jehovah of His time and His tithes they grew poor and miserable. They said, "Behold, what a weariness is it!" and God rejected them. Let congregations come to church with fresh and elastic frames, with a quiet, pure devoutness, induced by habits of rest and prayerfulness during the hour immediately preceding the Sabbath, with a zest for spiritual illumination, created by the habitual reading of the Scriptures and other good books, and then let us see if we shall not have a more effective and powerful ministry.—Methodist.

POWER OF A CHILD'S SERMON.—A drunkard's daughter came home from school crying, one day, and the father asked her what she was crying for. She said she did not like to tell him. "O yes tell me; I must know what ails you. Are you sick?" "No, father, but this girl call me a drunkard's daughter, and laugh at me, and I can't help crying." It was too much for the father; he went with his child to the next temperance meeting, signed the pledge, and got drunk no more.

MOTTOES:—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

"Authorized" Commentary on the Bible.

We are happy to see that the objections brought against certain portions of the Bible are about to be met by leading theologians of the Church of England in a very practical way. If a false and unfair system of interpretation has been applied to the text of Scripture, the best way of confuting it is to apply a true and legitimate one. The honour of originating the plan is due to the Speaker of the House of Commons, who consulted several of the bishops on the subject, and the Archbishop of York, at his instance, undertook to organize a plan for producing a commentary which should "put the reader in full possession of whatever information may be requisite to enable him to understand the Word of God, and supply him with satisfactory answers to objections resting upon misrepresentation of its contents." The plan has received the sanction of the Primates. A committee, consisting of the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Lichfield, Llandaff, Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Lyttelton, the Speaker, Mr. Walpole, Drs. Jacobson and Jeremie, takes the general supervision of the work. The Rev. F. C. Cook, preacher at Lincoln's-inn, will be the general editor, and will advise with the Archbishop of York and the Regius Professors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge upon any questions which may arise. The work will be divided into eight sections, the first of which will consist of the Pentateuch, a difficult subject, and will be edited by Professor Harold Brown, the Revs. R. C. Passoe, T. F. Thrupp, T. E. Espin, and Dewhurst contributing. The historical books will be assigned to the Rev. G. Rawlinson, editor, and the Revs. T. E. Espin and Lord Arthur Hervey, contributors. The Rev. F. C. Cook will edit, and the Revs. E. H. Pumptre, W. T. Bullock, and T. Kingsbury will annotate the poetical books. The four Great Prophets will be undertaken by Dr. M'Cauley as editor, and by the Revs. R. Payne Smith and H. Rose as contributors. The Bishop of St. David's and the Rev. R. Gandell will edit the twelve Minor Prophets, and the Revs. E. Huxtable, W. Drake, and F. Meyrick will contribute. The Gospels and Acts will form the sixth section; the first three Gospels will be edited by Professor Mansel, the Gospel of St. John by the Dean of Canterbury, and the Acts by Dr. Jacobson. The editorship of St. Paul's Epistles is appropriately assigned to Bishop Ellicott and Dr. Jeremie, with Dr. Gifford, Professor T. Evans, Rev. J. Waite, and Professor J. Lightfoot as contributors. To the Archbishop elect of Dublin and the Master of Balliol is assigned the rest of the sacred canon. This really promises to be a work second only in importance to the "LXX.," or the English version made by the order of King James. Perhaps it will be quoted as "the XXX." The names of the editors and contributors, while they insure orthodoxy, give promise that the comment thus put forth almost with the sanction of the Church of England as a body will not be the utterance of any narrow school or section of it.—Guardian.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

European Correspondence.

NAPLES—ITS CHURCHES—GRAPES—HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII—A SABBATH AT NAPLES.

Naples, September, 1863.

MR. EDITOR,—

I have spoken frequently of the fine churches I visited, and feel loath to introduce them again but Italy is peculiarly the land of splendid cathedrals, and one lingers with and within their precincts, attracted by so much which to the outward senses impresses with devotion for the time; I was struck with the absence of pews or seats, as fixtures, in any church I visited; usually a number of ordinary rush-bottomed chairs were piled near some pillar, and the worshippers on entering took one, and placing it conveniently to the altar, knelt before it, or otherwise sat, and listened to the mass and the music. In the fine old church where the Imperial family worshipped in Paris, I saw no cushioned throne, nor railed off pew for the Empress. I enquired where she sat, the answer was, on one of those chairs like any one else, and were a better one provided she would visit some other church. This is certainly an example worthy of imitation; here at least, the rich and poor should meet together, "the Lord being Maker of them all."

In taking a circuitous route to reach the city, from the summit I mentioned in my last letter, we passed several vineyards, attached to the villas of the higher classes; they were not of large extent, and were walled in, so that no prowling marauders could get in without a ladder; the vines were planted along side the fig trees, and from these in surprising quantities, hung down the finest grapes I ever saw. The clusters were so large, that I felt I could have some idea of the bunches brought by the spiers of old, from the valley of Echol; the cheapness of fruit here, and elsewhere, in southern Europe is a fortunate circumstance for the poor, who live chiefly on figs, grapes, and nuts, the latter roasted or boiled; for two-pence I could purchase in the market a pound of those fine grapes, and for half that sum, a pound of delicious figs, and equally cheap were walnuts, chestnuts, and melons; consequently, in this warm climate, where clothing except of the simplest kind, and in the smallest quantity is unnecessary, to live on the fruit and macaroni so abundant and cheap, what would support a family for a year, would not maintain it for a month in Nova Scotia. In speaking of clothing, I would remark that labouring men were seen at their work naked from the loins up, and below their drawers reached far above the knees; children were playing in the street of considerable size entirely free of clothes.

In the cool of the evening we sauntered out to the chief promenade near the bay, and witnessed the number of carriages rolling along, with their apparently rich freight; some 500 carriages, each with a pair of well harnessed horses, and usually one or more servants in livery, passed in the course of an hour. I was surprised to see so much that indicated wealth in this city, but learned on enquiry, that nine-tenths of these carriages were kept by the owners, to gratify a peculiar Italian pride, and that they often lived on macaroni and the humblest fare at home, to enable them to make this outward show of gentility; I thought on reflecting, that there was an outside and an inside to almost every display we meet with.

It was our intention to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii, but for reasons I need not stop to explain, we did not, those old cities, long forgotten, are being uncovered with more than usual earnestness. In A. D. 79, the former city was buried, and its inhabitants mostly with it, by the hot flowing lava from Mount Vesuvius, the latter, almost four miles further removed on the edge of the bay, was buried in the ashes poured out at the same time, to the depth of fifteen feet or upwards. For seventeen centuries those buried ruins lay concealed beneath their cemented crust, till they were stumbled upon by a man who was digging a well. During this time Naples (probably not commenced at the period of this destruction,) rose up, and became a large and flourishing emporium, whose rulers for the last half century have diligently sought to unfold the relics of these almost forgotten towns, which were once flourishing and full of busy inhabitants, streets have been followed, and many very elegant mansions have been entered, whose construction, monuments of art contained in them, and other circumstances proclaimed them the residences of the rich and refined. Many

skeletons were found apparently in the act of escaping, some with their money bags, others in their jewelry; others with their keys in their hands, showing that they here overtaken in their hasty flight. I saw the various articles excavated, which are placed in the museum, and they exhibit the various things used in daily life in household affairs; jewelry in large quantity, statuary well executed, a bronze oracle with a concealed (now no longer so) pipe, through which the priest uttered the responses, axes of unique pattern and materials, a large number of loaves of bread taken from an oven, perfect still in shape though buried so long since, 1700 manuscripts which, preserved, by an ingenious chemical contrivance, are unrolled and rendered legible; they are in the Greek character, or at least those were that I saw, and could be read without difficulty by persons acquainted with that language. Just as I was leaving this city, I heard they had entered a large crockery-ware shop, and were taking out the wares in quite a perfect state, but I cannot further dwell on these interesting scenes, future years will reveal and future visitors will know more about these ancient ruins, than is at present discovered.

We spent a Sabbath here, but it was more unlike the day of sacred rest than any I had ever before witnessed. On arising in the morning, my first view showed me the harbor. Covered with fishing boats, as busy as on the day previous, while the noise in the streets indicated no cessation from daily employment. On descending to the hall, our guide was waiting to conduct us to sights yet unvisited, and when I informed him that Protestants kept the day sacredly, he shrugged his shoulders, and said *come do*, but most Englishmen spend the day in visiting as usual. This I found to be the case with a Scotch gentleman and family staying at the hotel, who early set off for Herculaneum, and spent the day in visiting its remains. I stood at the door and looked forth into the streets; first came along strings of donkeys, with their baskets slung across them filled with fruit, vegetables, poultry, &c., brought in from the country; next, a stout mule, with two barrels of wine lashed on its sides, bringing it to market, and then some ox teams or large wagons filled with empty casks, proceeding to the vineyards in the country to get them filled. The wharves were covered with merchandize and passengers going on board of steamers, and nothing seemed to indicate a day of rest, except groups of idle dirty men and women basking in the sun, with their incessant smoking, looking at them. I found here a little company who met for worship in an upper room, and much enjoyed a sermon delivered to about sixty attentive listeners, by a Presbyterian minister. The rest of the day I spent in my room, trying to feel thankful for the privileges we enjoy, in a land of bibles, and of sabbath observances. I wandered in the cool of the day a short distance, and saw still numerous gatherings of young people in the streets, intent upon various amusements, and probably ignorant of the evil they were committing, in thus desecrating the Lord's day. I thought of home, of the Sabbath School, and of the privileges our young folks enjoy in having the bible, in their hands, and a continual influence exerted upon them by its pure precepts; which blessings can only be valued aright, by contrasting the position of Protestant and Catholic communities. In the evening, numerous displays of fire works were exhibited; great preparations were made for the next day which was the Anniversary of Garibaldi's triumphal entry into Naples,—but not being content to wait for the day to arrive, rockets and fire balloons, filled the air, and were witnessed by a crowd, whose noisy shouts, seemed most unsuitable for the close of God's holy day.

J. W. B.

For the Christian Messenger.

Supplement to "the Black-fish chase."

MR. EDITOR,—

I find an actual Black-fish scene in the *Illustrated London News*, Jan. 6th, 1855. The illustration is pretty correct, except that the nose protrudes rather too much in the representation, 30 feet is given as the maximum length; one taken at River Inhabitants, measured 26 feet, this was considered extraordinary, a man standing along side, could scarcely see over him. The *News* says it has 20 teeth in the upper jaw, and 18 in the lower. I have examined a somewhat dilapidated upper jaw, which seemed to agree with the above, but I was told by a person who counted them in the perfect jaws, that there were 50, 25 in each. It does not call the animal a Black-fish, but says it is black. It is then