

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 6.

Peter's Denial.—Matt. xvi. 69-75. Prove that Christ is the Advocate. Repeat Psalm 117. 1-8; Text.—Lord's Prayer; Shorter Catechism 96.

Parallol passages, Mark xiv. 68-72; Luke xxii. 64-69; John xviii. 18-27.

VER. 69, 70.

Whose palace was this? v. 58. Where was Peter sitting? As in most eastern houses, there was an open court in the centre of the palace; this is the place where "Peter sat without." It was in the midst of this court or hall that the servants and officers made a fire of coals to warm themselves, Luke xxii. 66; John xviii. 18. How had Peter obtained entrance? Through John, who knew one of the servants, John xviii. 15, 16. Who spoke to Peter first? The damsel that kept the door, John xviii. 17. Before addressing him she "earnestly looked on him," Luke xxii. 66. It was dark, except for the light of the fire. What name did she give to Jesus? Jesus of Nazareth (v. 71), or of Galilee, was the name by which he was distinguished from other persons having the name Jesus. What did he mean by saying this? That he was a disciple. "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" John xviii. 17. What did Peter answer? v. 70. "I know him not," Luke xxii. 67. I am not one of his disciples, John xviii. 17. To whom did he speak? Not to the damsel only, but "before them all." He perhaps hoped that by speaking so publicly he would be saved further trouble.

VER. 71, 72.

Where did he go next? The porch was the gateway from the court to the street. He seems to have intended to leave the palace, and afterwards for some reason changed his mind, and come back again to the fire, John xviii. 25. Who spoke to him the second time? Several persons appear to have addressed him; first a damsel, v. 71; then a man, Luke xxii. 68; and then different persons at once, John xviii. 25. His answers to these persons are reckoned as his second denial. What did he add to his denial? v. 72.

VER. 73, 74.

How long did he remain after this? v. 73. "About the space of one hour," Luke xxii. 69. Who charged Peter with being a disciple? v. 73. One of the servants of the high priest, John xviii. 26. How did they try to prove it? "Thy speech betrayeth thee," v. 73. The dialect of the Galileans was different from that of Judea, just as the dialect of Aberdeen is different from Glasgow, or of Newcastle from Cornwall. A difference in dialect began very early. On the east of the Jordan they used the letters sh instead of s. They said Shibboleth for Sibboleth, Jud. xii. 6. How did the servant of the high priest try to prove it? "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?" John xviii. 26. How does Peter show his alarm? v. 72. Perhaps he thought the best proof he could give that he was not a disciple was to curse and swear. What is the difference between them? To curse was to invoke curses on himself or others; to swear was to declare with an oath that the charge was false.

VER. 75.

What first brought his sin to mind? The crowing of a cock. He seems to have heard a cock crow before his second denial without heeding it, Mark xiv. 68; but now "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," and then he remembered his warning, Luke xxii. 60, 61. How did he show his penitence.

LESSONS. 1. Temptations come where we least expect them. Peter never imagined he would be frightened at the words of a servant maid. "In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." But the question was so sudden and unexpected, he had spoken a lie almost before he knew.

2. Persons sin where they think themselves safest. Peter was the boldest of the disciples, yet it was he who denied Jesus. Moses was the meekest of men, yet he spoke unadvisedly with his lips. Murat, the bravest of Napoleon's generals, once fled in battle.

3. One sin leads to another. One denial led to another, and then a third, and that to cursing. Sin is like the letting out of water—first a few drops, finally a deluge. Beware of the first sin, the first lie, the first oath, the first fraud.

4. Bad habits are hard to cure. Peter when young must have learned to curse. He had no doubt for a long while given up the practice, but in temptation the old sin broke out anew. Bunyan was so much given to profane swearing that he thought he could not be cured without becoming a child again. Now is the time to break off bad habits of all kinds; they grow stronger the more they are indulged.

5. No good man swears. One of the marks of a disciple of Jesus is that he cannot take the name of God in vain, James 1. 12.

6. Jesus watches over his people. His own trials did not make him forget Peter; and his look went to his heart. He is no less tender now, and every sin wounds his heart.

7. How penitence shows itself. Peter did not persist in his denial, but wept over his sin. He confessed Christ also before all, as he had denied him. Sorrow and a changed life are the true marks of repentance, Heb. vi. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 9, 10; 1 Pet. i. 25.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that run away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.

One good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire, of interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion, or company can do for them.—Selected.

Our Young Folks.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Now the day of work is done, Near the quiet night I begin, And I lay my tired head Safe within my little bed. Saviour, hear me: Do Thou near me: Till the hours of dark have fled. If I've grieved Thee through this day, Let my sin be washed away; Make me meek, and pure and kind, Give me Thy most holy mind. Saviour, hear me: Do Thou near me: Let me now Thy mercy find. Thou art loving me above, And I love Thee for Thy love. Thou dost leave Thy throne on high, And for me come down to die. Thou wilt hear me, And be near me: I am safe when Thou art nigh.

DICK'S MOTTO ON THE WALL.

Dick is a queer fellow. He had a good many thoughts after the scraps which he got into, and got out as well as he could. This was one; or rather this is one, for there it hangs. What? Dick's thought. You wait and see. Dick bought the biggest sheet of white paper he could find. He then fished out of his trunk a roll of advertisements in staring letters—circus and menagerie advertisements—which he had kept for the sake of the pictures; and Dick's trunk is like an old curiosity shop, it has so many odds and ends of things in it.

His little brother saw Dick was up to making something, and so he watched and followed him round him like a hungry dog.

Dick made a dipper of flour paste, borrowed his mother's second best scissors, and went up stairs. Dick's room was a funny place. It was full of his traps; and such queer things, I cannot stop to tell you about them now. He first carefully cut the big letters out of the advertisements. "What are you going to do?" asked Arthur, squatting on the floor, looking. "You'll see," said Dick. He then picked out four letters, and pasted them on the sheet of white paper.

"W-h-a-t—that spells what," said Arthur, much interested in the work, and longing to have more of a hand in it. Dick let him find letters. Then another w; then o-u-l-d. "That is would," said Arthur—"What would. I can't think what you are at."

"You will know in time, bubby," said Dick. At last the sentence was finished. Here it is just as it stands: "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO." No capital at the beginning, you see. O Dick, has not all your schooling taught you better than that? And then two capitals are where they had no business to be. It is a question. What stop ought there to be after a question; does Dick know? Of course he knows. If he had been asked in the class, he would have told. "But it is a bother to put your knowledge in the right spot," Dick says. It will come easy by practice, Dick; do not be discouraged. We will thankfully excuse all such mistakes, for the spirit of improvement which prompts his effort. While we are picking flaws in poor Dick's work, he is pinning it on the wall opposite his bed, so that when he opens his eyes in the morning it will be the first thing to see: "What would Jesus do?"

It is not an excellent motto to hang on the wall? Jesus is our Leader; we are to follow him. He is our example; we are to imitate him. He is our Friend; we are to ask counsel of him. He is our Lord; we are to obey him. How apt we are to forget this. And that is the reason why, even when we honestly want to please him, we do so many foolish and bad things, and get into such difficulties. We forget. Poor Dick forgot. But Dick is determined to remember; and I think his device for remembering is capital. Let us try it. Thanks to Dick. He is in earnest, and no mistake. —Child's Paper.

EASTERN BEDS.

The beds of the poorer classes in India and other Eastern lands are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed round him whilst he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of fine cane-matting, stretched over a light framework of bamboo, and open at the ends.

In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled to form the pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again; and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel, and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture; "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it" (Isa. 18: 20). "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk" (John 5: 8).

There were, however, "beds of ivory" (Amos 6: 4), and beds or bedsteads "of gold and silver" (Esth. 1: 6).—Day Spring.

The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind of ord to a school-boy crying in the street? It dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what a cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel?

It has been well observed that the tongue discovers the state of the mind, no less than that of the body—but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth. Some men envelope themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of silence that the tongue will afford us no sympathy of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are fools, but foolish if they are wise, and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes is narrowly to observe when, where, and how they smile.—Colton.

Scientific and Useful.

TO CURE HORSES AND CATTLE FROM CHEWING.

Horses and cattle chew halters, clothes, &c., because they are not well salted. I have never failed to cure the most inveterate chewer by gorging him with salt. Give him all the salt he will take, and then spread it in his trough, and feed him upon it until he leathies it, and the trouble is ended.

SAVING FLOWER SEEDS.

From the present time to the end of the growing season, flower-seeds should be saved as soon as they mature. Pinks, pansies, hollyhocks, foxgloves, sweet-williams, and many other biennial and perennial flowers, will soon cast their seed. Let the capsules, pods, or panicles be collected as soon as they begin to turn brown, be spread out on a shelf in some apartment where no fire will be made, and keep the seeds in the pods until late in the autumn, when those of perennial and biennial flowers should be planted. Some sorts may be planted early in the fall; and, if the ground is rich, the young plants will get such a start before winter that they will flower next season. Let only the largest and most perfect seeds be saved. The small, half-matured panicles and pods should be cast away.

RAISING FRUIT IN THE SHADE.

In 1863 I planted two rows of raspberries, about sixty feet long and three feet apart, in the rows directly west from a two-story building, and under the north side of a tight board fence, so that they got no sun till afternoon, and not more than two or three hours of any day; and from that plantation we have picked two bushels in a season of Red Antwerp and Brinckle's Orange, that were the admiration of our neighbors.

The finest black-caps I ever raised were directly under the north side of a high barn.

I have raised a full crop of strawberries (Russell's) in the same location, and thus lengthened out the strawberry season, as they ripened a week later than those that had the full benefit of the sun.

A TAME WASP.

At a recent meeting of the British Association, in Brighton, in the section of zoology and botany, Sir John Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three months, which he brought with him from the Pyrenees. The wasp was of a social kind, and he took it in his nest formed of twouto-seven cells, in which there were fifteen eggs, and had the wasp been allowed to remain there, by this time there would have been quite a little colony of wasps. None of the eggs, however, came to maturity, and the wasp has laid no eggs since it has been in his possession. The wasp was now quite tame, though at first it was rather too ready with its sting. It now ate sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally, it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home. This was the first tame wasp kept by itself he had ever heard of.

BULLOCK'S BLOOD AS A MEDICINE.

In the practice of medicine, as in other worldly matters, certain things are in fashion for a certain time. Bleeding and mercury have had their day; cod liver oil and chloral hydrate are already on the wane; alcohol and bullock's blood are now in vogue among the Parisians—the former for fevers and all inflammatory affections, and the latter for anemia and pulmonary phthisis. It is said to be a curious sight in Paris to see a number of patients of both sexes and of all ranks and ages who flock to the slaughter house every morning to drink of the still fuming blood of the oxen slaughtered for the table. According to M. Boussingault, of all nutritive substances the blood of animals contains the greatest quantity of iron, and it is this which gives value to the new medicine.

CARE OF RAGS.

It is stated that careful experiments show that a piece of cotton cloth smeared with boiled linseed oil and placed in a chest filled with paper and rags, although kept in a cold room, will be charred in eight days. Cotton rags smeared with paint and thrown among shavings will also catch fire. These facts show the necessity of great care in throwing or putting away rags, particularly when covered with oil or other substances of a like nature.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.

I was very much struck the other day by meeting with the following saying of a French actress: "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty of the four-and-twenty hours of the day, then, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman the remaining four." There is something very suggestive in this fact, that an actress actually felt that if she was truly to represent a great character, she must habitually cultivate in herself the virtue she had to exhibit or express; that she could not seem to be noble or pure, if her own daily life was low and mean. But how much more forcibly this applies to the Christian teacher? How impossible it must be for him to enter into the spirit of his office, to be devout, earnest, inspired by aspirations after the divine and God-like, filled with enthusiastic admiration of the virtue he must inculcate, manifesting something like a felt consciousness of possessing or advancing toward it himself—how impossible must it be for him to be all this, or even to simulate it, on one day in seven, if, during the other six, he is living an unspiritual, careless, ignoble life—the life, as the French woman expresses it, of "a vulgar and ordinary man." If she felt what she describes, "How imperative it is," the writer referring to her goes on in effect to say, "that those who personate the higher and purer forms of female virtue should bear within themselves the reflex of the qualities which diffuse an ideal charm over the pre-eminently attractive among Shakespearian women! Intrinsic worth and nobleness, a fervent culture to higher than all

fish ends of 'the gifts that God gives,' and alone flower, in any department of public life, into the perfection which ought to be aimed at." These are true and weighty words, and ought to be felt, pondered, and applied to themselves by the Christian man and the Christian minister. They should not allow the text to be quoted against them: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." —Christian Weekly.

THE NORTH POLE.

How near the North Pole have navigators reached? The Pole itself is equivalent to the 90th degree of latitude, that being one-quarter of the circumference of the earth. We learn that in July, 1827, Captain Parry, in a boat expedition from Spitzbergen, reached 82° 45', but even then he was 485 geographical miles from the Pole. This is probably the highest latitude ever reached by a navigator; for, although the statements of Arctic navigators mention latitudes farther north, the accounts do not rest upon sufficient authority to justify our accepting them. One Dr. Daillie, who was on board a Dutch ship in 1690, avows that the 80th degree had been reached; but as the captain would not permit a journal to be kept, nothing exists to verify the statement. In 1720, a Captain Johnson claimed to have reached the same parallel, but his statement rests on the authority of Buffon, who was told so ten years afterward by a Dr. Hickman. In 1751, a Captain McCallum made a voyage in the same direction; and twenty years afterward a person named Watts (only 17 years of age when on board) asserted that the vessel reached 88° 30', and that the sea was quite open to the north. Two Dutchmen are said to have reached within one degree of the Pole in 1656; but the feat was not boasted of until twenty years afterward, and then probably the imagination of the narrator was nearly as vivid as that of another Dutchman, who, in a drinking-shop at Amsterdam, told Moxon, the hydrographer to Charles the Second, that, in 1670, he sailed two degrees beyond the Pole!

To Parry, then, may we assign the honor of having reached a higher latitude than any other Arctic explorer. At the point we have mentioned, he was compelled to give up the attempt, because, it being the height of the Arctic summer, when all the ice-fields were in motion, the ice was being swept to the south faster than his men could drag their boats to the north. Had he wintered in Spitzbergen and started for the north in February, and possessed the advantage of the sledge equipments now at the service of the explorer—with less weight to be dragged, and provisions which last for months instead of weeks—we might have to record a still better result for his expedition. But we are convinced that it is not by the Spitzbergen route, but by way of Smith's Sound, that we can hope to find the highway to the North Pole. We have already described this Sound as the northern continuation of Baffin's Bay, farther north than the great inlets Lancaster Sound and Jones' Sound, which open out to the west. In 1858, Dr. Kane, an American, in a small brig, the "Advance," inadequately provided with food and equipments for the voyage, penetrated, suffering almost incredible hardships, to about the 79th parallel of latitude, beyond which he was unable to reach, and left his ship in Advance Bay. In the following year another expedition reached about 160 miles farther, and traced the west coast of Greenland and the opposite shore of the Sound, to which the name of Grinnell Land was given. On the Greenland side, marking the bold curve of Peabody Bay, is the great Humboldt Glacier, and the extreme of Greenland reached was a point, seen by Dr. Kane, and supposed by him to be the termination of Greenland. This point is a bold promontory just beyond a stupendous tongue of the great glacier, and named Cape Constitution. One man only, a sailor named Morton, has reached this point. He could not get round the promontory because of water existing at the base, and he could not scale the cliff because it was too steep; but he contrived to scramble up to a height of three or four hundred feet, and looked out into the unknown region. He saw no ice to the westward, but there was a bold coast line trending away to the north, and, beyond, a range of lofty mountains standing out against the wintry sky. This land has been named Grinnell Land, while the extreme north-western point seen by Morton, and probably sixty miles from his point of observation, is now known to geographers as Cape Parry. There is some variation between the American and British estimates of the positions of these capes, the latter fixing latitudes nearly one degree lower than the American claim; but even accepting that as the truth, and that Cape Constitution is in latitude 80° 56', and Cape Parry is 81° 56', the latter point is only 484 miles from the Pole, and beyond that cape the coast of Grinnell Land stretches to an unknown extent.—Casell's Magazine.

THE TRUE BEGINNING.

In a sermon by the late Dr. Norman Macleod, on the right beginning of the divine life in the soul, he says:

"I am persuaded that the one reason why men do not advance in that divine life which alone can meet the demands of conscience and satisfy our own spirit, is that it has never been rightly begun. The one thing needful has not been done—that of yielding ourselves to God. The kingdom has not entered our hearts; for the 'gates' have not been opened, that the King of Glory might come in." Without this our life here must be a comparative failure. On what apparent trifles great results depend! Thus have I seen a majestic ship about to be launched; everything was ready for her departure from the dry land, and every impediment which could hinder her from entering the element for which she was formed and destined had been removed, save one—a single block, the one link that now bound her to the earth.

"It was a mere trifle, indeed; and the blow of a hammer wielded by a vigorous arm could set her free in a second of time. But let that block remain untouched, that little act undone, no onward movement will ever be made by the gallant ship. No doubt, even in these circumstances, she might be made available for many useful purposes. Her capacious hold, and fine deck, and beau-

tiful cabins might be turned to account, and made sources of pleasure and profit; still the never could fulfil the end for which she had been made! But the sea longs to receive her noble form; brave sailors are ready to navigate her, and a skilled master to command her; rich merchandise waits to load her, and her owners have confidence in her future, and long to see her begin her voyage; and so the order is given to loose her and let her go. The hammer swings in the air, the block is struck, and amid ringing cheers she begins to move, and then rushes into the great deep, where she soon floats with ease and grace, as one born for it, as her own possession.

"Let us with the same decision part with our self will and unbelief, that so we may realize the true end of our being. O blessed Jesus! may we be as little children, in order to be like to Thee, and trust ourselves and our all into Thy hands, seeking only that eternal life which God has given to us all in Thee."

"MARK YOUR POISONS!"

So says a medical journal. Bugs and rats must be exterminated, and ratsbane or strychnine must sometimes be bought; sickness comes, and powerful drugs are employed to resist its ravages; bottles of laudanum, or innocent looking powders, are lying in drawers or upon the mantle, and through their proper use life may be saved; yet a blunder may open graves, and fill hearts with the deepest woe! A little care may guard against this peril. "Mark your poisons!" Let the death's-head and the cross-bones stare every one in the face, and the word, Poison! in bold characters startle the careless who may handle the deadly drug.

"Mark your poisons!" They may be hidden in the words you utter; they be breathed in the tones of your voice; love is often blighted by their breath, and smiles and joyous hopes die under their terrible touch. The deadly virus of anger, envy or pride may course along the tones of the voice, and wither, by its fearful power, joy in the hearts of those we love. Let a mark be placed upon each selfish thought ere it poisons, with words, the happiness of home, and sends out its members in search of that happiness amid scenes of forbidden pleasure.

"Mark your poisons!" They sparkle in the winecup, and your child may drain its dregs. It creeps along the veins, which throb under its potent sway; it mounts to the brain; it deadens the heart, and brings woe and desolation on its fiery breath! Brand every bottle with the skeleton-head and dead men's bones, that the unwary may not drink and die.

There is death in many a book; death to virtue; a grave for the soul; the trail of the serpent is visible on every page, and his alme is deadly; the venom lurks in each beautiful engraving which fascinates the eye while it inflicts deadly wounds upon the soul. Let the warning be written on every title page; let the eyes of your children be guarded from their allurements as carefully as you would hide away the poisonous drug from the little one who is attracted by the glittering crystal in which it is held.

"Mark your poisons!" Were it done, how many things we handle carelessly would exhibit the fatal sign.

ORTHODOXY AND CHARACTER.

Orthodoxy, so far from being identical with Christian character, may not touch the character at all. It may hang upon the hands as a sort of valued, but useless piece of property, which makes one content to do nothing. Like one descended from an ancient and honourable family, he may glory in it, and all the while be running to seed. It may rest upon him so oppressively, that anything like a good honest doubt, that should set him thinking, would be the best thing in the world. It was the Scribes and Pharisees who never could get over the idea that they were Abraham's seed, who had to have the unpleasant truth told them, that the publicans and harlots should go into the kingdom of God before them.

How could we ever mistake the idea that character is the measure of all things? Did Christ come into the world and enter into the condition of our sorrows, and bear our burdens in his own body on the tree, that he might supply us with a formula? Was it not rather that he might become a power in our lives, transforming and quickening them under the influence of his own? No doubt that the creed and the life should go together, and that the first becomes a kind of touchstone as to the nature of the other; but we must remember that Christ was before all creeds, and that while they were yet unborn, and perhaps unthought of, he was moulding the character of his disciples through the substance of their faith, and becoming the power of God unto salvation to them that believe.—Church and State.

Feelings are like chemicals—the more you analyze them the worse they smell. So it is not best to stir them up very much, only enough to convince self that they are offensively wrong, and then look away as far as possible out of one's self for a purifying power, and that we know can come only from Him who holds our hearts in His hand, and can turn us whither he will.—Charles Kingsley.

A successful father in the ministry, speaking of the children in his parish, said he was accustomed to gather them yearly at his home, and amuse and instruct them. He related some incidents to show what a fine appreciation those children had of what was proper for them at the pastor's house, and directly it came to me, "there is a secret of his long and successful pastorate—he feeds the lambs."

No man ever stood lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure there is greater anxiety to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. I sometimes try my acquaintances by some such test as this—who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee.—Thoreau.