

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Nov. 17.

The Death of Jesus Matt. xxvii. 45-53. Parallel passages, Mark xv. 33-39, Luke xliii. 44-46; John xix. 28-30.

Ver. 45, 46.

When did the darkness begin? The sixth hour was twelve o'clock.

At noon 'tis sudden night, Darkness covers earth and skies.

This could not be an ordinary eclipse of the sun, as it was now full moon, and eclipses occur only when there is (as we say) no moon. How long did it last? The ninth hour, or three in the afternoon, was the time of the evening sacrifice in the temple. What did Jesus cry? 'Eli, Eli, is the Hebrew for "My God?"'

Lesson 1. The greatness of the sufferings of Jesus. Nothing but the extremity of agony could have wrung from Jesus such a cry as this. He was so meek and patient.

2. The mystery of Christ's sufferings. It was not the thirst or crucifixion that made him cry out, but some mysterious darkness, the nature of which we cannot fully understand. "The sufferings of his soul were the soul of his sufferings." We know why he suffered. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John x. 11.

3. Christ's faith in suffering. He called God, "My God;" he cried to Him, when forsaken. Imitate Jesus in his confidence, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Dan. iii. 17; 2 Cor. iv. 17.

Ver. 47-49.

How did the people misunderstand him? Probably some only pretended to think he spoke of Elias or Elijah, v. 49. Why did they give Jesus vinegar? He had said, "I thirst," John xix. 28. The vinegar was a cheap sour wine, the common drink of the Roman soldiers; a vessel of it was standing by, John xix. 29. "In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink," Ps. lxxix. 21.

Lesson. There is some good in all. These soldiers gave Jesus a portion of their wine to quench his thirst. The mysterious darkness may have impressed them in his favour.

Ver. 50.

What did Jesus say when he cried with a loud voice? "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," Luke xxiii. 46. He also, when he received the vinegar, said, "It is finished," John xix. 30. The darkness had completely passed away. At eventide it was light.

Ver. 51-53.

What was the veil? It was a curtain of fine linen, of blue, purple, and crimson, with embroidered cherubim, 2 Chron. iii 14, which hung between the Most Holy Place and the Holy Place. How was it rent? What rent it? Not the earthquake, for a curtain hanging loose could not be torn in this way. It was by supernatural power. What does the rending of the veil point out? The new and living way by which we enter heaven, through Jesus, Heb. x. 19-21.

When did the earthquake take place? At the instant of his death. There was a similar earthquake at his resurrection, Matt. xxviii. 2. When did the bodies of the saints arise? After the resurrection. The graves were opened when he died, and remained opened till he rose. Who were these saints? Pious persons, recently dead, who were known to those to whom they appeared. All who love God are saints, all Christ's people are saints, Eph. i. 1. Why is Jerusalem called the holy city? Neb. xl. 1. It was the seat of the temple, the city of God, Ps. xlv. 4. It was the city of solemnities, Isa. xxxiii. 20.

Lessons. 1. Heaven is open for all who will enter it by Jesus.

2. All saints shall rise with Christ. These were but the first fruits of Christ's resurrection. Are you a saint? Are you a holy one, separated from the bad world, to Christ? Only as a saint can you have a blessed resurrection—"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory," Col. iii. 4; 1 Thess. iv. 14-17.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

Newman Hall writing to the New York Witness quotes the following from Spurgeon:—"The mention of Ruth reminds me of a sermon I once heard Mr. Spurgeon deliver, in which occurred an illustration of pure wit, not inappropriate, either to the subject or the occasion. He was illustrating the right way of hearing sermons, by the gleaming of Ruth. First, she stood, so we would be humble and learn. Second she gathered one ear at a time. Third, she stored up the ears she gathered, so we would lay up the truth in our memories. Fourth, she took it home, so we should carry away the truth we hear from the church to our homes and closets. Fifth, she threshed the wheat. "My friends, here it is many of you make a mistake; instead of threshing the sermon you thresh the preacher!" The effect of this piece of humor, solemnly uttered, was irresistible, and the congregation which had been most devoutly attentive, suddenly and universally indulged in more than a smile. They who did not yield to the humor, could not resist the sermon. But it was holy mirth, and a sermon never to be forgotten.

Our Young Folks.

OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue, cold hands and stockinged feet, Wandering a child in the cheerless street; Children were many, who, housed and fed, Lovingly mother, dreaming in bed—Coveted their joy in a land of bliss, Without a care or thought of this, They were warm in humanity fold, But this little child was out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street, Dashing along the merciless street. All tarred and shawled, men, women and child Hurried along, for the storm grew wild. They could not bear the icicles' bite, Winter roads on their pathway were cast, Alas! none pitied—no one consoled—The little wanderer out in the cold—

She had no father, she had no mother, Sisters none, and never a brother. They had passed on to the star world above—She remained here, with nothing to love. "Nothing to love"—O! men did not know What wealth of joy that child could bestow, So they went by, a worshipper their gold, Leaving the little one out in the cold—

Wandered she on till the shades of night Veiled the shivering form from sight. Then, with cold hands over her breast, She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest. When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown, Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down, Lay down to rest while the wealthy rolled In carriages past her out in the cold—

Out in the cold—lo! an angel form Brought her white robes that were rich and warm. Out in the cold on the sleeping child The smiling face of a mother smiled. A sister pressed on her brow a kiss—Led her mid scenes of heavenly bliss; And Angels gathered into their fold That night the little one out of the cold—

WHO TOOK HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"Who took him on the other side?" A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into mine. Sorrow lay on the lips that questioned me.

"On the other side! What do you mean, my darling?" and I looked wonderingly at the child.

"But, I mean." This little one's voice trembled. "He was so small and weak, and had to go all alone. Who took him on the other side?"

"Angels," I answered as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply, "loving angels, who took him up tenderly, and laid his head softly on their bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world."

"But every one will be strange to him. I'm afraid he'll be grieving for mother and nurse and me."

"No dear. The Saviour, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to him take all the little children who leave our side, and love and care for them just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side, one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid, and then the light of heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness."

"You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance.

"Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord who so tenderly loves little children—who took them in his arms and blessed them when he was on earth—who said that their angels 'do always behold the face of my Father, is more careful of the babes who go to him than the tenderest mother could possibly be.'"

"I am so glad," said the child. "And it makes me feel so much better. Dear baby! I didn't know who would take him on the other side."—Children's Hour.

A LONG TONGUE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue, if it was as long as your whole body? Well, odd it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you can't imagine how useful it is to him.

You see he is a dignified slow-moving little fellow, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only that he can dart out his tongue, as quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of this droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate bug on fly it touches.

The little thing I speak of is a Camdeon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like large beads on the side of his head. And the funniest thing is, that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small bug which can escape these sharp eyes.

And that isn't all about them. These eyes are covered with the eyelids all the time. To be sure, there is a hole in the middle, where the bright eye looks out, and he can contract or expand it as he likes, but he can't recover his eyes as we can.

But this tongue and his eyes are not the only odd thing about him,—his feet are droll as the rest. They are all long and have claws on the ends, and then they are fastened together by skin in a curious way. Three of them are fastened into one sort of bundle, and the other two into another.

You can see how nicely this arrangement enables him to hold on to the branches of

trees, where he lives. All four of his feet are fixed in the same way. And, as if four such hands and feet were not enough, his long, slim tail is as good as another foot. He can curl it around a branch as a monkey can his, and hold on with it. Even when he walks on the ground—which he don't much like to do—he steadies himself with this useful tail.

Every thing about this fellow is odd. His skin is not fastened tight to him, as it is to most animals. It is more like a loose bag, and he can swell it out into queer shapes, or rather into a shapeless mass, by filling it with air. And another oddity about the skin is, that by a peculiar arrangement of the coloring matter, he sometimes looks one colour, and sometimes another, according to the way the light strikes him. It is something like what you have seen in changeable silks.

Strange stories were told about this curious little fellow, in old times. It was really believed that he had no regular colour of his own, but that he took the colour of the thing he was near, being green among the leaves and brown on the ground. That error was caused, of course, by the changes of colour I spoke of.

Another error was the effect of this curious habit of blowing himself up like a bladder. It was said that he had no particular shape. In fact, he had no character of his own any way—neither colour nor shape!

The wisest men of old times believed these stories, and it seems droll enough to read of it in serious, wise books. Even the name of the honest little fellow got to mean one who changes his opinions to suit everybody and has no fixed ideas of his own.

You see it has taken hundreds of years, and hundreds of men watching them to find out about these curious little fellows; and you can learn it all in five minutes.

PRINCIPLES OF THE OLD CATHOLICS.

The following is a synopsis of the points on which the Old Catholics differ from the regular disciples of the "Infallible" Pope Pius:—

- 1. Each community shall have the right to choose its own priest, and priests are no longer to be named by the bishops.
2. Priests must be sufficiently paid by the communities to enable them to live respectably.
3. Compulsory celibacy must cease.—Priests shall be allowed to marry, as in the early times of Christianity.
4. The chapters shall be dissolved.
5. Masses and the service of the church must be spoken in the language of the country.
6. There shall be no separate payments for masses, for funerals, baptisms, &c. The priests salary shall be sufficient to enable him to live without charging additional fees.
7. Inequalities between the burials of the rich and poor shall no more be countenanced; there shall be no pomp or extra ceremony, one priest only shall officiate on such occasions.
8. A ritual confession must cease.
9. Pilgrimages, begging missions, and processions shall no more take place.
10. The worship of statues, images, and pictures shall cease.
11. The traffic in relics must be discontinued, and be proceeded against by the state.

It will be seen that there is a marked departure from the established papal principles. The Old Catholic movement is gaining ground in Europe. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes that in Austria they are making such progress in the number of converts which join their ranks that the Government can scarcely refuse to give them equal rights with all other faiths before long. In Vienna alone there are 3000 families professing "Old Catholicism." In Bohemia there are seven villages entirely Old Catholic, in about 123,000 in that Province. The movement is advancing, and there is every reason to suppose that as soon as the difficulties placed in its way by some governments are removed, it will advance more rapidly, and assume an importance little expected by most observers at the present.

JEWISH PHYLACTERIES

Prof Hitchcock brought back from the Holy Land, among other curiosities, preserved phylacteries, which are described as follows in the New York Evening Post. "Phylacteries—the common Greek word for amulets—were worn very generally by the Jews at the commencement of the Christian era. They consist of a narrow strip of parchment, about eighteen inches long, on which are carefully written, in vowel Hebrew, four passages from the Old Testament. (Exod. xii. 2-10, 11-17; Deut. vi. 4-9, 18-22.) The strip is rolled up, and placed in a little leather box, one inch and a half square, which is then bound to the left elbow by cowhide straps half an inch wide, and long enough to be wound spirally about the arm down to the base of the middle finger. There is a smaller phylactery for the forehead, the box for which is scarcely an inch square. It has also a leather sash, which is used at the back of the head, and which is brought around to the breast. When Christ reproved the Pharisees for making broad their phylacteries, (Matt. xiii. 5), he doubtless alluded to their custom of increasing this smaller box so as to make its diameter three or four inches, and conspicuously wearing it over their eyes to attract the attention of the multitude. Except by the Pharisees, who paraded them on all occasions, they were worn only at times of prayer. Subsequently, they were put on for charms, like the Koran among the modern Mahomedans, and were supposed to drive away the devil, ward off temptation, and secure long life. There is no historical reason for believing that they were in use in pre-exile times. Indeed, from the similar customs of the Babylonians and other Oriental nations at the time of the captivity, it is probable that the Jews learned the practice from their captives."—Educational Monthly.

Temperance.

THE SERPENT OF APPETITE.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the Evil One to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang there from two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to cut into his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first, even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, also he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent that sprang from it was just as deadly for all that.

Oh! be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Guard against every sin, however small; let it not gain a hold upon you. Pray to be kept from temptation in every form, and think not that in your own strength you can battle against it.

"WANTED A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

The paper dropped from my hands as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I read, "Wanted a boy to go to perdition."

I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy going to a bar-room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses and desires he had in the beginning fell before the evil influence of the dram-shop; how he learned to drink, to swear, to steal; how bad companions came around him and helped him on to ruin.

Ah, my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you, you had better work in the field, or at the forge, or digging ditches—any thing honest—than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard you work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, so long as it leaves your heart pure. Beware of such "good places" as will lead you into the snare of the evil one. There are many doors, besides those of bar-rooms, which are almost the same as gateways down to the world of woe.

SINGULAR WAY OF 'TAKING THE PLEDGE.'

A rather solemn scene was witnessed at Clerkenwell Green on Sunday week. Archbishop Manning had been addressing a crowd of about 6000 Catholics on teetotalism, and in the earnestness of his appeal he asked his audience to kneel down and pledge themselves, by all they held sacred, to abstain from intoxicating drinks. Immediately vast numbers of these present knelt down on the hard and dirty stones, and solemnly declared themselves to be total abstinents thenceforward.

EFFECT OF TOBACCO.

The Lancet feels called upon to read a lecture to school boys on the deleterious influences of tobacco. According to our contemporary, in the juvenile smoker the blood corpuscles become oval and irregular at their edges, and cohere loosely, and that further indulgence manifests itself in thinning of the hair, impaired eyesight, and other symptoms of excessive draughts upon the trophic centres. These terrible physical defects are paralleled by the physical one, and it is the opinion of the Lancet that, unless vigorous steps are taken to check present inordinate consumption of tobacco by the British school boy, we are threatened with a prospect of a generation of Cretins. It accordingly suggests that the youth of the country should be instructed in "the fabric and functions of the body," and made cognisant of the true conditions of health; that they may be thus "impressed with a manner ideal than that of merely aping the manners of their elders."

An old African negro who had long served the Lord, when on his death-bed was visited by his friends, who lamented that he was going to die, saying, "Poor Pompey is dying." The old saint, animated with the prospect before him, said to them with much earnestness, "Don't call me poor Pompey, I King Pompey."—Heavenly Tidings.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find joys on the other side, or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never cast a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.—Register.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so exalts a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.—Aren.

Scientific and Useful.

CHEAP PAINT.

According to the Scientific American, a cheap paint for out-buildings may be made by taking milk and cement, or water-lime as some call it, and mixing and applying three or four coats; a dry colour may be added. This will last for years, and by renewing once in two or three years, buildings may be kept looking well at a small expense.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

There can be no economy where the house is left to the arrangement of servants, by a careless mistress. The first essential in economical housekeeping, is personal supervision and some personal labour on the part of the head of the household. Not a few families of intelligence and refinement are discharging their superfluous "help," and utilizing the capacity of young lady daughters in doing fine ironing, chamberwork, dusting, making deserts, and supervising the arrangements of the table.

The difference is marked, not only in the direct weekly expenditure, but in the preservation of furniture and utensils, and in the greater beauty, order and cleanliness visible throughout the establishment.

The want of good servants is a constant subject of complaint, but the remedy lies in the hands of ladies themselves. Let them set their daughters to work. Show incompetency that they are no longer dependent upon it, and train it to properly perform duties that require strength and muscle, but not the delicacy of perception, the correctness of judgment, and the firmness of cultivation, which belong to an altogether different order of intelligence.

OAT-MEAL PORRIDGE.

This is now so much in demand, that it has been introduced into the bills of fare of the best restaurants, though few serve it well-cooked, that is, boiled long enough. To insure this, use a brown pipkin, instead of a tin saucepan; have it two-thirds full of boiling water, into which put half a tea-spoonful of salt. Into this drop the oatmeal with one hand, stirring with a wooden spatula held by the other. When it is the thickness of mush, cover it and set it where it will keep boiling slowly for an hour, beating it up occasionally to keep it well mixed, and free from lumps. Dish and eat it hot, with cold milk, or cream. Butter and sugar melted upon it destroys its fine diuretic qualities, and make it really less palatable. Porridge, gruel, thin cakes, and a sort of crackers are the principal methods of using oatmeal.

As a breakfast dish, the porridge made in the way described above has no superior. It is excellent food for children, quickly eaten, and warming, and comforting, without the injurious qualities of "hot cakes." It stimulates the action of the liver, and in conjunction with cranberries, eaten as a sauce, will restore a torpid liver to healthful activity, if employed for the morning meal to the exclusion of fried meats and potatoes, broiled ham, and the like.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.

It is often found that joints glued together will allow water to dissolve the glue, and therefore destroy its adhesive power. It may have been well painted, and every care taken to make it impervious to water, but owing to its exposed position water has managed to get in. Often where screws are put in, the glue around them will be dissolved, caused by the screws sweating; and we have always found where the screws are inserted in a panel, that the glue loses its strength and allows the joint to open, and the wood is clear of all glue, which shows that moisture has absorbed the glue. Ordinary glue can be rendered insoluble by water, by adding to the water with which glue is mixed, when required for use, a small quantity of bichromate of potash. Chromic acid has the property of rendering glue or gelatine, insoluble; and as the operation of heating the glue pot is conducted in the light, no special exposure of the pieces joined is necessary.

Glue prepared in this manner is preferable in gluing the panels on bodies where there is danger of water affecting the glue. The strength of glue is not diminished by the addition of the potash.—Cor. Coach-makers' Journal.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.

All housewives may not know how materially the effects of hard and soft water differ in the cooking of various vegetables. While one species of vegetable requires hard or soft water, as the case may be, another species becomes sensibly deteriorated by it. For instance, peas and beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. In soft water they boil tender, and lose a certain raw, rank taste, which they retain in hard water. Many vegetables (as onions) boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is dissolved. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, besides much nutritious matter, which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears the salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting juices of meat, to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissues, but for boiling meats where the juices should be retained, hard water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while it is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

It has been the misery and the disgrace of the Church, that too many theologians who have held the truth, and have held it, too, in its best forms, have held it like the heathen, in unrighteousness; have held it in narrowness and bigotry. They have differed in a hard, dry, ungenial way. They have forgotten that the rich man can afford to be liberal; that the strong man need not be constantly anxious; that a scientific and rigorous orthodoxy should ever look out of a beaming, and not a sullen eye.—Dr. Shedd.