

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

SEPT. 8.

Christ's Agony.—Matt. xxvi. 37-40. Parallel passages, Mark xiv. 38-42; Luke xxii. 41-46.

Prove the Evil of Idleness.

Repeat Psalm 116. 4-6; Proverbs 28. 24; Shorter Catechism, 91.

VER. 37-38.

Where did Jesus take these disciples to? All the eleven disciples went with him to the garden of Gethsemane, but only the three appear to have entered it, v. 38. Who were the two sons of Zebedee? James and John, Matt. iv. 21. On what other occasion are these three taken apart? The raising of Jairus' daughter, Mark vi. 37; the Transfiguration, Matt. xvii. 1-13. They saw his greatest glory on earth, and now they saw his hour of darkness. How did Jesus suffer? A sorrow or agony as great as the agony of death; or an agony so great that he could not endure more without dying. Why does he bid them tarry? He wished to pray all alone. Why does he bid them watch? They were to keep awake, and remember the warnings he had given them.

LESSONS. 1. How great a privilege to be near Christ! Better with him in the valley of the shadow of death, than without Him in a paradise.

2. How great the sufferings of Jesus for us. This was only the beginning of his sorrow, the first taste of his cup. "He began to be sorrowful."

3. Jesus was like us in all things. He wished to have the company and sympathy of his disciples in his suffering. He is able to sympathise with us, Heb. ii. 17-18; Heb. iv. 15-16.

VER. 39.

How far forward did he go? Luke says "about a stones cast." How then did he pray? v. 39, 42, 44. What cup is meant? We cannot answer this question perfectly. Many things weighed him down. The betrayal of Judas, the denial of Peter, the desertion of the disciples, but chiefly his approaching death in the room of sinners. He now felt that his hour was come. Good men often experience the greatest agony when they learn they have to die, and yet afterwards die in peace. How does he show his submission? v. 39. Luke informs us that there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him; also, that his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

LESSON. 1. Prayer is a sure resource in need. In temptation, trial, sickness, death, pray, Jas. v. 13; Heb. x. 22; Phil. iv. 6.

2. God knows best what to give.

3. Jesus suffered that we might not suffer. He died that we might live, Isa. liii. 4-8.

VER. 40, 41.

How came the disciples to be asleep? The hour was late, and they were worn out with anxiety about what was to happen. "He found them sleeping for sorrow," Luke xxii. 45. Why did he speak to Peter particularly? He had been foremost in his professions, v. 38. How does he admonish them? They said they were ready to die with Him, and yet could not keep an hour awake. What does he command them to do? If they had been earnest in prayer they could not have slept. How does he warn them? Temptation is near; let them remember the willing spirit will not be enough so long as the flesh is weak. What is meant by the flesh? Their own natural resolutions, Rom. vii. 18-25.

LESSONS. 1. How frail are even the best!

2. A sure remedy for our weakness. Cry to the strong for strength, Ps. cxxxviii. 8; Lam. iii. 57.

VER. 42-44.

How often did he pray? v. 41. It is probable we have here only the burden of the prayer, not the whole of it. How often did the disciples sleep? v. 45. In Mark we read, "Their eyes were heavy, neither wist they what to answer him." It was a part of his suffering that these disciples could not understand him or sympathise with him.

VER. 45, 46.

How does he reprove them? They could sleep when the betrayal of Jesus was so near! If they had understood how near it was they would not have slept. How does he show his willingness to die? "Let us be going." Instead of fleeing, as he might have done, he meets the betrayer.

LESSON. 1. A warning to all. We are ready to sleep when we should wake and watch. Who can tell how near his own departure is!

2. An example to all. Our Lord gave up his life to his father's will. He died freely. No man took his life from him. It is willingness that is the secret obedience, "I delight to do thy will," Ps. cxix. 2.

Our Young Folks.

THE "PEARL OF GREAT PRICE."

BY KATE E. HAVENS.

There is a precious jewel,
As costly as 'tis rare,
Which every child may covet,
And every child may wear.

'Tis not the flashing diamond,
That sparkles like a star;
Nor emerald, nor ruby,
Of brought from mines afar.

'Tis costlier far than any
Precious stone that gold can buy:
For it cost the blood of Jesus,
Who left his home on high

Yes, left his home in Heaven,
Far, far beyond the skies,
And came to earth to give us
This pearl of greatest price.

Then children may the Saviour
To give this pearl to you;
Be not afraid to ask him,
For he has bid you to.

And, when God's angel calls you
To tread on Death's dark shore,
Now wave shall dim its lustre—
'Twill shine for evermore!

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

Once a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with eighteen shillings for a missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary—you are so poor?"

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen, and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain-water and selling it to washerwomen for a penny a bucket. That is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh! no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please sir, I would rather no one knew but him; I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from Heaven!'"

A TRUSTY BOY.

It is worth a fortune to any boy to form the habit of doing everything thoroughly and at his best, never skirting. There was one boy, at least, of this sort at the Chicago fire, of whom Mrs. Swisshelm tells a good story:

"A wealthy widow on the north side was struggling alone on Monday night to save some of her personal effects, when a small boy came to her and said a friend had sent him to ask if he could help her. She gave him a box, and told him the best he could do for her was to take care of that, as it was very valuable. He disappeared with it, and she carried trunk after trunk to a place of supposed safety, saw them all burned, and barely escaped with life. All that night and Tuesday passed, and nothing was heard from the boy or box. Her diamonds, worth some thousands of dollars, silver, and some relics were in it; and she was more troubled for its loss than that of her house and furniture. But on Tuesday night the boy was found sitting on the box, which he had buried in the sand on the lake shore. He had been there twenty-four hours, had half buried himself at one time to escape the devouring fire, was very hungry and very tired, but had no thought of deserting his charge. One such boy will keep any city alive."

"NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O father! need I go to school?" said Johnnie one morning as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I had rather cut wood all day in the forest with you, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked his father.

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so," said his father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader; a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good in figures; an idea at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping-at-it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said Johnnie; and before six years from that time he stood first in the highest class at school.—S. S. Paper.

We should every night call ourselves to account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired?—Seneca.

Temperance.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

A short time since I was requested by a friend to visit his new and beautiful country home. I cheerfully complied, and by himself and excellent wife was escorted through the entire building, and shown the various sleeping apartments of their children, some of whom had arrived at man and womanhood.

"This," said the good lady of the house, "is 'John's room'; we consulted him in the furnishing of it, and so it is exactly to his taste. We call it the 'Red room.' This is 'Mary's room.' Blue is her favourite colour, and as you see, the walls are papered blue, and the carpets and window curtains, and everything else, is made to correspond. We call it the 'Blue room.'"

As we continued our inspection, we came to a large bed-chamber, fronting the East, tastefully and comfortably arranged and furnished. "This," continued my worthy hostess, "is our room; and that picture hanging upon the wall. I prize above everything else in the house." My eye instantly rested upon the picture to which she pointed, and there I beheld the names of father, mother, brothers and sisters, all written by their own hands, even to the youngest child, and attached to a very neatly gotten up *family temperance pledge*.

"That picture," said the mother, as her voice grew softer, and her eyes moistened, "has a history. I saw my children growing up around me, and I became exceedingly anxious about my dear boys. I was convinced that many temptations surrounded them every day, and my great fear was, they would learn to drink intoxicating liquors. I prayed to be directed, so as to save if possible my sons from forming this most evil habit. The idea of getting up a family temperance pledge came to my mind, and I immediately acted upon the suggestion. I procured that pledge and brought it home, before having it framed, so as to secure the signatures of the family. All signed it cheerfully and unhesitatingly, except James, my second son. He objected on the ground that he would not sell his liberty to any one, and that he did not need a pledge to bolster him up in temperance principles. I argued the question with him, as strongly as I was able, but he would not yield. I was thus forced to abandon my cherished design, and all I could do was to pray that my dear boy might be saved from temptation.

"Not many weeks afterward, James came home one night, very late, and without speaking to any one hurried to his room. I was sure something was wrong; yet I waited for him to open his heart to me, for his habit in trouble was always to consult his mother. The next morning he called me to his room, and in tones I shall never forget recited to me the temptations of the previous evening, how he had been overcome by the requests of friends, and came home under the influence of strong drink. "Now," said he, "mother, I want you to bring me that pledge, and I will sign it, praying that God will ever keep me faithful to its obligations." I immediately brought him the pledge, which he signed in a most solemn and earnest manner, and there it now hangs, with every name of the family. I deem it a safeguard to my dear boys in time of temptation."

And so it is.—S. S. Times.

DRUNK BUT ONCE.

"You have but five minutes to live," said the sheriff. "If you have anything to say speak now." The young man burst into tears and said: "I have to die. I had a little brother. He had beautiful black eyes and flaxen hair; and I loved him. But one day, I got drunk for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother getting berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow of a rake. I did not know anything about it until next day, when I awoke and found myself bound and guarded, and was told that my little brother was found, his hair clogged with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my Judge. I say to young persons, never! never! never touch anything that can intoxicate!" In another moment the young man was ushered into eternity.

How sweet is it to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly!—*Matthew Henry*.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.—*Mackintosh*.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for them in earnest—the one knowledge of what he ought to do; and the other, a plausible pretext for doing what he likes. The latter of these the carnally-minded might find in any set of precepts that could have been framed; the former the spiritually-minded will not fail to obtain in the Gospel.—*Whately*.

Scientific and Useful.

"EARLY TO BED."

Not only is sleep necessary for children, but they should retire early. Sleep taken early in the night is worth more than that taken late in the morning, besides early to bed is apt to be followed by early to rise, and this habit once formed is of value all thorough life.

POTASH FROM CORN COBS.

Dr. Herbert Hazard suggests the use of corn cobs for supplying potash, the ordinary sources of which are rapidly failing. He states that the average yield of corn cobs is 7.62 parts of carbonate of potash in 1,000 parts of the cobs, which is nearly twice as much as the best specimens of wood furnish. The present crop of this country will supply 15,400,000,000 lbs. of cobs, from which 115,500,000 lbs of potash can easily be manufactured.

SOFT SOAP WITH POTASH.

Hearthburn is the conventional name for acidity of the stomach, although the heart has no more connection with the burning sensation in question than the North Pole has with the equator. If the sustenance taken into the stomach is partially decomposed, instead of being properly digested, a pungent gas is developed which stings the upper portion of the epigastrium and the lining of the gullet, like hot vinegar. The same sensation is also sometimes occasioned by an excessive secretion of acid by the gastric membrane. In either case, sour, or bitter eructations, and in some instances vomiting ensue. Alkalies are generally given to neutralize the free acid, but they are of no permanent use. The source of the complaint is a deranged or feeble digestion.

SOFT SOAP WITH POTASH.

To 20 pounds of clear grease take 17 pounds of pure white potash. (I prefer this to the concentrated lye put up in tin boxes). Buy the potash in as fine lumps as it can be procured, and place it in the bottom of the soap barrel, which must be water-tight and strongly hooped. Boil the grease and pour it boiling hot upon the potash; then add two Shaker pailsful of scalding hot water; dissolve one pound of borax in two quarts of boiling water, and stir all together thoroughly. Next morning add two pailsful of cold water, and stir for half an hour; continue this process until a barrel containing 80 gallons is filled up. In a week, or even less it will be fit for use. The borax can be turned into the grease while boiling, and also one pound of resin. Soap made in this manner always comes, and is a first rate article, and will last twice as long as that bought at the soap chandlers. The grease must be tired out, free from scraps, ham rinds, bones or any other debris; then the soap will be thick as jelly, and almost as clear.

HOW TO EXCLUDE MOSQUITOES.

A little very simple knowledge would go a great way in warm weather. Here are a party of amateur sportsmen coming home in disgust on account of mosquitoes, and thousands of stay-at-homes who find life almost unendurable on any terms for flies. If either party knew it, carbolic acid is the sovereign remedy for all their troubles. A few drops evaporated in a room or poured upon the clothes, will keep the winged pets at a safe distance: and if the pure crystallized acid is used no great annoyance will result to human beings. Restaurant keepers ought to know this, and keep the swarms of flies away from their windows, where they settle and buzz to the torment of passers. The musty taste of the Croton water complained of by those who make its acquaintance newly every Summer may be corrected by throwing a few scraps of sheet iron into the water-tank or cooler. This prevents water from decomposing, and keeps it pure and sweet. It will even preserve the water from growing unwholesome and offensive on long sea voyages. People are constantly rushing about in the hot sun complaining of headaches and giddiness, when all they need for safety and comfort is a wet handkerchief in the crown of the hat.

The strikes have not been, it would seem, very profitable. The strikers have been left worse off than before, besides being obliged, as a general rule, to return to the old number of hours of labor.

The deepest, and most desirable, and most permanent joy is not where the laughter and song are loudest. These are superficial and temporary. They are ripples, eddies on the surface of joy, showing its shallowness, not its depth.

Dr. Dollinger says that of all the Jesuit missions to Japan, Paraguay, the North American Indians, Greece, Persia, China, and Egypt, scarcely the recollection survives, while Spain, upon which they impressed their spirit so completely that they made it one grand monastery, produces nothing in literature, and, excepting Turkey, is the most retrograde country in Europe.

Random Readings.

Would you have light? Use the light you have.

A light, covered, will expire of itself, for want of air.

In proportion as we get away from self, we get nearer to Christ.

Secular education is no panacea for crime, though it is a modifier. Religion is the only cure-all.

The road to home happiness is over the stepping stones which lie about the brook of daily discomforts.

Few men know of how much they are capable until they have first thoroughly tested their abilities.

Christ has taken our nature into heaven to represent us. He has left us on earth with His nature to represent Him.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

You love your children to come to you, and trust your love. So does God want his children to trust his great heart of love.

The habit of accurate and of systematic thought is invaluable; we believe it to be one of the elements vital to success; for all action has its initiative in the brain.

How easy it is to please and be pleased, if one will take the fragrance of the rose instead of the thorns, and hold the knife by the handle and not the edge.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of thesky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.—*Robert Hall*.

I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little but decidedly above the par of the religious world around us.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander*.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson*.

Fear not, trembling believer. The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant binds thee to the throne. He who holds it in His hands gives the pledge of safety: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Coworkers in Christ! be content to sow little seeds for him; be patient to wait a long time for their growing; be strong to endure much opposition; be hopeful, expecting divine fruitage. These are the chief lessons of the parables of the seed and the leaves.

"What is grace?" inquired the moderator of a Southern Presbytery, of a coloured candidate for a license to preach, who had been for nearly forty years a slave. "Grace," he immediately and wisely replied, "that is what I call something for nothing."

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the sweetest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Some can walk very well along the plank side walk of God's gentle providences, and over the smooth pavements of prosperity. And when their path is steep and stony, their feet stumble and they faint by the way. Like Peter, they sink when they tread the boisterous sea of trouble or sorrow.

Be reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate, and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

Through the household, as through a gate, Jesus entered upon his ministry of love. Ever since, the Christian home has been the refuge of true religion. Here it has its purest altars, its best teachers, and a life of self-denying love in all gladness, which is constituted a perpetual memorial of the nourishing love of God, and symbol of the great mystery of sacrifice by which love perpetually lays down its life for others.—*Schleier*.

Frederick the Great said: As for my plan of not sparing myself, I confess it the same as before. The more one nurses oneself the more feeble and delicate does the body become. My trade requires toil and activity, and both my body and mind must adapt themselves to their duty. It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act. I have always found myself the better for this method. However, I do not prescribe it for any one else, and am content to practice it myself.