Subbuth School Teacher.

LESSON XIII. March 80, 1878.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

The book was given to the Hebrews, who were made a distinct people to keep them from the the "lords many and gods many" of human fancy. It begins with showing that there is one Lord, Maker of all, ruling over all by right of creation. He makes the heavens and the earth. There is no thing to be made by any other. Heathenism, even when refined, made gods of natural objects. Sun, moon, stars, and many inferior creatures, were deified. Probably men often put a part for the whole, and worshipped nature as God. But in this book God is a Person, distinct from nature—the maker and owner of it. This divine Person is coming to his works in the garden, before the flood, to Noah, to Abraham, and the other patriarchs. The Being whom men are to worship is One who "can create" and "who can destroy" what men call nature.

But he is not remote, without feeling, cold and inexorable, like the "fate" of the Greeks and Romans. He is a Father. He loves, pities, helps, provides—"the seed of the woman," the ark for Noah, the little city for Lot, the lamb for Isaac, the wife for him, and all that Jacob needs. This divine Father is God of providence from provide). It is not law that governs, but God. (Illustrate the folly of supposing law to rule, by a city in the hands of a mob, the authorities timid or incompetent, the laws excellent, but no one to put them in force. What can law do? It is so much writing on paper or parchment. There must be will and force to carry it out, or we have anarchy.)

And this God is just, hates sin, expels man from the garden, drives out Cain, drowns the world, overthrows Sodom, and even when his own people do wrongly, like Isaae, or Lot, is offended with them.

But mercy is with Him as well as judgment. The seed promised, the coats of skins, the deliverance of Noah, the call of Abraham, and the warning to the cities of the plain, are the evidences of slowness to anger and tenderness of mercy.

For the Redcemer is here even in Genesis—the "seed of the woman," the "seed of Abraham," here is burnt-offering and sacrifice, on Abel's, Noah's, Abraham's altars.

And the Holy Ghost is here, as early as Gen. i. 2; man is made "in our image." This Spirit strives with man (in Gen. i. 3). It is a mistake to imagine that the New Testament only reveals the Holy Ghost. Why should Christ say to Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" if they could not be learned from the Old Testament, which alone Nicodemus possessed?

Even in Genesis we learn to give "glory to the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost;" "the grace of Jesus, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost" are even

And all needed, for man is from the fall downward just what we see him to be now. No definition of sin is given. The time for defining comes later, when men begin to argue and define in their own favour (see 1 John iii. 4). Here we see sin being done, and may learn its nature and its properties. It is unbelief of God. It is rebellion. It is belief of the devil. It is in little things—fruit—but the principle of it is the same in things little and great.

Its tendencies are here, too, in actual fact before our eyes. 'It brings felt guilt, divides between God and man, inspires the "fear that hath torment," gets man to hide from God. It kills not only godliness, but manliness, makes Adam a coward, evading, shifting blame on "the woman" (Gen iii. 12). It brings unrequited toil, sorrow and suffering, tells on the very ground, lets loose a curse on all it affects. It divides man from man—brother from brother (Cain and Abel)—and brings strife into families (Lamech and his wives), and makes all flesh corrupt. It conducts to seem of parents, drunkemess, war and every toul crime. And "it bringeth forth death" on body and soul. All this may be learned of sin, in the history of Eden, the flood, and the cities of the plain.

But there is hope for man. The tempter shall be "bruised." God has not east off for ever. Man can come to God—can pray, and God will hear. He may even intercede for others, as Abraham for Sodom. The Lord will hear—will give his angels charge ever his people (Jacob at Bethel), and will receive offerings at his servants' hands. They can consecrate themselves to Him, and he will accept them and become their God. Even so He teaches again and again in this first book of the Pentateuch. There is Hospel of Genesis, that was made known more than once to all the race, and in point of fact was known to all at two momentous periods—in the family of Adam and of Noah. See how this knowledge was lost in Rom. i. 21. "The loss was through man's fault.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

There is nothing better for the human being, sometimes, than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the directly opposite, and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame. They are mistaken, be concientious in their blame as they may. There are sore burdons enough in life, bitterness and pain enough, hard work enough, and little onough for it, enough to depress a man and keep him humble, a keen enough sense of failure, succeed as he may, and a word of hearty commerciation, now and then, will lighten his load and brighten his heart, and send him or willinew hope and energy, and if he have any reasonable amount of brains at all, will do him hearm. Sincere commerciation is the vine of life. He who withholds it, when he can give the about

Our Houng Solks.

"WHOSOEVER."

There were clubbren on the floor,

Couning Bible verses o'er,
"White word til the Bible through.

Do you have beet?" queried Suc.
"I like I' cith the best," said one;

"Jesus 's " ord alone "

"I like him and I like Love,"
"I like him our home above."
One mon sould than all the rest-

"Ilko Wienes tor best;"IN

"Whosover that means all, Even I v bo iv. o small"

Whoseever Abl I see, That's the send for you and me.

"Whosever will," may come, Find a pardon and a home.

IIII BEGINNING.

"Give m a balf-penny and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail Ulf a you three pence."

That seemed tur enough, so the boy handed him a malf-penny, and took the ring. He st pp a back to a stake, tossed his ring, and a cought on one of the nails.

"Will you to be six rings to pitch again, or three pener

"Three pence. was the answer, and the money was put on his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to jone his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

" My lad. th - 14 your first lesson in gambling?"

"Gambling, -u ?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not arm them, and they were not given to you, you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give this three pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had har has head down, but raised it quickly, and and bright, open look as he said "I'll do it. will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, soon emerged from the ring, looking have than ever. He touched his cap a.m. will pleasantly as he ran away to join he comrades. That was an honest boy. he may Star.

HAD HE A MOTHER.

"How does Good seem to you when you try to pray?" I ked of a Sunday-school scholar.

He looked up rather sadly, and said slowly, "I never prayed."

"Never?" 1 said, wonderingly. "Did you never try?"

"No," he answered, and a sad, hungry

look came into his eyes.

I was sad too, and could only exclain,
"What a street lesson you have yet to

Some one who heard the strange remark asked me, "Had he a mother? She surely must have aght him 'Now I lay me,' or 'Our Father.

Strange she did not; strange that she could allow him to say, "No one, not even my mother, ever taught me to pray."

I hope there are few mothers in this Gospel land whose sons and daughters can speak thus.

O, mothers, a ach your children to call on their heavenly Father even if you cannot yourselves. Try, best of all, to teach them by example, so that in after life, in the great hereafter, your sons and daughters may gladly say. "My mother taught me to pray."—"Times.

JOHNNY'S MISTAKE.

Little Johnny H—— came running home from school one day, and asked his mother's permission to go out in the morning with a party of boys to shoot wild

was thus engaged his nature seek by quetly watching his movements until he was ready to put in the charge, when she said to him, "Johnny, you had better not load your rifle to-night; I'm atraid some necedent will happen."

"O mother, seplied Johnny, "there will be no danger, and then I shall be all ready for an early start in the morning."

'But," command his mother, "something might happen; and at all events it will be safer to put it away just as it is."

Johnny mad no further reply, and his mother soon left the room.

Johnny was usually a very good boy, and prompt in obeying his mother's wishes; but this time he kept looking at his rifle, and wishing he might load it; and the more he looked and wished, the harder it became for him to put it way.

At last, saving to himself, "Mother wouldn't care it she knew there was really no danger, and I'll be very careful," Johnny took the last step which parleying with temptation almost always leads to, loaded the rite, and set it behind the

Early the next morning, before any one else in the family was satir, Johnny cropt down stairs and instead to join the boys in their spates. So capt was he to be on

his way, he actually forgot his rifle, until he was fairly out of the house. Then he turned and went back for it; but somehow, in opening the door, the rifle was knocked down, its contents discharged, and the ball entered one of Johnny's knees.

And now what do you think were the first words that passed his lips? Did he call for help? Did he utter an exclamation of pain? No. This is what he said, "I thought I knew better than my mother."

How many other boys, and girls too, have made the same mistake that Johnny did. They may not find it out so quickly and surely; but sooner or later they will think, if not say, "After all, mother knew best."—Child's Paper.

FAMILY WORSHIP

In a recent Lecture Room Talk, Henry Ward Beecher expressed himself as follows:

If you have family prayers before breakfast, you are apt to be Pharisees. An empty-bellied saint under twenty-one years of age is a pretty poor one. It is not good to smell the coffee-pot at prayer-time. The odors of sanctity and breakfast together are not good; neither is it good to have prayers in a hurry, or to prolong them beyond a proper time; they should be mellow and free. The children need not sit m a long line against the wall. Let the child coil his legs up on the floor. Let him sit on his mother's lap. If the children want to make themselves into a bouquet around their mother, let them. Lot the family sit in a little group, a social group. Let the father read, and they be silent, or read round in course, as they like. Make selections from the Bible, or read it through in course. The father is the priest of his own household. Don't hasten to get through, because the work has got to be done. Take ten minutes, fifteen minutes, or a half-hour, and if the children are interested, don't say the servants must get things in order, they must take care of the table. The most important thing is to make religion interesting, to make the children want to come.

I know a house where, at five o'clock Sunday afternoon, they have family prayers. All the cousins and near relations love to come in, from grandfather to father. For thirty or forty years they have kept it up; not one of the children would miss it: they would go without a meal first. They sing, they pray, they talk: it is the most charming hour of the whole week. Bring the children in; call on them to talk; have free conversation; don't whip them if they laugh; it does not hurt a prayer to laugh.

If you read the Psalms, or the Old Testament, you find when the Jews went up to their feasts, they were solemn and then full of mirth. The jov was sanctified; it was the handmaid and the expression of religion. It was not the higher joy of a remarkable development, but it was a part of the daily religious life. We ought to make the day that is ant to be least profitable of all, bright, sweet and pleasant to old or young, learned or unlettered.

THE WEAR AND TEAR OF GETTING ANGRY.

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON.

We must diligently train curselves not to we must unigency train cursaives not to get so angry as we have been accustomed to do. It is very wearing out. Those who have seen a good deal of dishonesty, both among the educated and uneducated; fenamong the educated and discontinuous cong, dodging, shifting ground, playing tricks with words, and absolute lying, know 'ow the keen indignation these things excite in the downright and magnanimous soul tears and hurts it. I sometimes wonder how that prophet-like man who remains among us still, and who has hited up so brave and herce and cloquent a voice against all he thought wrong for two score years, has not been killed by the wrath he has felt and uttered towards all meanness, dishonesty, and incompetency, in a world where these so alse and; but I suppose Carlyle inherited a trong body as well as a mighty soul. One thinks of the touching yet awful inscription above Swits grave: The secal indication ultirus cor lacerare nequal. Yes, gone where fierce wrath against wrong doing can no longer tear the heart! And it is not less critating, but more, that dishonest, mean, and wicked things are in no degree confined to what are called the criminal classes; but are many times done by rnug, fat, selfsatisfied persons, who are able to conceal from themselves what degraded animals they are; who can talk unctually on religious subjects, and make long, if somewhat floundering prayers. It was after being found out to the state of the found out in some specially dirty trick, that Mr. Pecksiiii was most devout and pious in his deportment. My friend Smoth tells me that he knew m his youth, halt a centur since, a preacher was never reached curb heights of the sermons, as immediately after an attack a

that Mr. Pecksuif was most devout and mous in his deportment. My friend Suith tells me that he knew in his youth, half a centing since, a pracher who never reached such heights of the sermons, as immediately after an attack a delirium tremens. Yes, and the spirituarity imposed upon really good people, for awhile. Ultimately, I rejoice to say, he was kicked out, and did at a locality then known as Botany Bay. But without supposing cases so extreme, each of us, in his own little sphere, has possibly a good many times seen conduct which excited a vehemence of moral reproduction that made one understand the inscription in St. Patrick's at Dublin. I hament to say, but it is true, that of all theological dogmas the one which gains the most confirmation from the growing experience of life is that of the Perceysion of Human Nature.—Fraser's Magazine.

Let us not fear that the issues of natural science will be skepticism or anarchy. Through all God's works there runs a beautiful harmony. The remotest truth in His universe is linked to that which lies nearest the throne.—Chapin.

He wrote poems and relieved himself very much. When a man's grief or passion is at this point it may be loud, but it is not very severe. When a gentleman is eudgelling his brain to find any rhyme for sorrow besides "borrow" or "to-morrow" his wees are nearer at an end than he thinks.—

Thackersy

THE TELLING ARGUMENT.

A young man, a native of the Highlands of Scotland, was one day walking in one of the great London thoroughfares. By one of those providential coincidences which are commonly called accidents, he mot an aged fellow-countryman, whom he recognized as having been an intimate acquaintance of his father.

The young man had been trained from childhood in the knowledge of the christian religion, and in the practice of its external duties, but having traveled on the continent as attendant and companion of a young gentleman of fortune, he had become imbed with infidel sentiments, which prepared him only too well, on his subsequent settlement in London as an attorney's appendice, to plunge into the dissipating follies of metropolitan life. It was at this citical stage of his journey in life, that he met his aged friend.

For conversation's sake, they retired to a house of refreshment, and there the young man gave his countryman a very animated description of his tour, and of the wonders he had seen upon the continent. The old man listened with attention to his narrative and then eagerly enquired whether his religious principles had not been materially injured by mixing with such a variety of characters and religions.

"Do you know what an infidel is?" said the young man.

"Yes," he replied.

" Yes, he replied.

"Then, 'said he, " I am an infidel, and have seen the absurdity of all those nostrums my good father used to teach me in the North; and can you," added he, " believe that the Rible is a revelation from the Supreme being?"

" I do."

"And pray tell me what may be your reasons."

"Claude, 'said the good cld Highlander,
"I know nothing about what learned men call the evidence of revelation, but I will tell you why I believe it to be from God. I have a most depraved and sinful nature; and, do what I will, I cannot make myself holy. My friends carnot do it for me, nor do I think all the angels in heaven could. One thing alone does it; the reading and beleving what I read in that blessed book—that does it. Now, as I know that God must be holy, and a lover of holiness, and as I believe that book'is the only thing in creation that produces and promotes holiness, I conclude that it is from God, and that He is the author of it."

The young man affected to laugh at this, but the argument reached his heart; and, though he would not get rid of it. He purchased a Bible, therefore, and determined to read it again for himself. The perusal excited a aird apprehensions of his state as a singer against God, and most gladly would he have enjoyed another serious conversation with the pious Highlander; but he could not find him, and at that period he had not one serious acquaintance in England to whom he could unbosom his mind. While thus rung sating on his situation, he recollected his father having mentioned a Mr. Newton, an excellent clergymen, who resided in London. He made inquiry among all his acquaintances where Mr. Newton preached, and at length found a young man who conducted him to St. Mary's, Woolnooth.

In hearing John Newton preach, the young man was deeply affected; but his soul found no rest. He accordingly adopted the plan of stating his case on the back of a letter, with a request that Mr. Newton would preach on it the following Lord's day ovening; he gave this to the pew-opener to be conveyed into the vestry.

The worthy author of the Ohoy Hynns was not the man to neglect compliance with such a request. Next "abbath evening, accordingly, he did preach to his anonymous correspondent's case, and not only this, but after the sermon, publicly mentioned the circumstance, red requested the unknown writer of this note to breakfast with him next morning. This was the commencement of an acquaintance which issued in the happiest consequences for the young man and for the cause of Christ. For not only was he in due time relieved from his despondency through a believing view of the atonement of Christ, but, constrained to admire the grace of God which has rescued him from infidelity and vice, he resolved to devote himself to the preaching of that faith which he once attempt to destroy.

The young man's name was Claudius Buchanan, afterwards known as the devoted missionary and learned author, whose christian researches in India, contributed so much in their day to extend and deepen the interest of our home churches in the christianization of that great and glorious land. So important in its results was an unlettered old christian's simple testimony to the Bible, as the means by which he had be used into his heart that holiness which has he proved to be a reality! We rejoice that (nod has so many such witnesses, header, are you one of them?—British Mes. enger.

OIL THE MACHINERY,

The oil of cheerfulness makes the machinery of the household run smoothly—not that compulsory sort which says, "The net my heart is like ashes, my ups shall we in a smile," but a true, hearty lightness of spirit which shones out through the face. Servants and children need encouragement more than fault-finding, and their mistakes and failures should not be treated with severity. They soon rebel against neutrice. It is botter to be too lenient than too severe, better occasionally to pass over an error with a smile and an expression of a hope of better doing in the future, than to be always on the alert for faults.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sullies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for without dust and heat.

Bundom Acadings.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.—Collon.

Labor is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.—
Dewey.

The artist who aspires to immortality, leaves his name on a corner of his canvass; so the pen of inspiration has inscribed the name of Jesus upon all that we see.

Diogenes being asked, "The biting of which beast is the most dangerous?" answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderers; if tame ones, the flatterers."

Speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction, for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world by making all alike.—Wycherley.

No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one, long, unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing good ever fades,—Woolsey.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.

A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre, as you turn it in your hand, till you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors.—

Emerson.

What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our griof we have less, and by communicating our pleasures we have more.—Greville.

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clear, and not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

Rev. Robert Collyer believes in congregational singing. He told Mr. Baldwin's Christian Union young men the other evening: "Nover mind if you do not keep in tune, only sing as well as you can and it will be heard in Heaven."

Not bad is this remark of a pastor: "Two thirds of the mombers of my Church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings, they don't attend the Sabbath-school; they don't add to the life of the Church; they are passengers on the Gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on our books; they are honorary members." Dishonorary, rather.

In regard to disagreeable and formidable things, prudence does not consist in evasion or flight, but in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful paths of life with any serenty must screw himself up to resolution. Let him front the object of his worst apprehension, and his staunchness will commonly make his fear groundless. The Latin proverb says that "in battle the eye is first overcome." Entire self-possession may make a battle very little more dangerous to life than a match at foils or foot-ball. Examples are cited by soldiers, of men who have seen the cannon pointed, and the fire given to it, and who have stepped aside from the path of the ball.—Emerson.

On her own narrow path, Instinct is a sure guide than Reason, and accordingly it is aften the higher faculties of the mind which are most misleading. The speculative faculty is impatient of waiting upon knowledge, and is ever as busy and ingenious in finding out new paths of error as in supplying new interpretations of the truth. Hence, in philosophy the most extravagant errors have been constantly associated with the happiest mutition and it has remained for successors of great men in another generation to separate their discoveries from their delusions. Hence, also in politics, the great movements of society have seldom been accomplished without raising many false interpretations of the past, and many extravagant anticipations of the future.—Argyll.

When I think of many a poor hard-work ing man, toiling from morning to night all the year rount for a wrotched subsistence, ground down by dire poverty, with neither the opportunity nor the inclination for mental improvement, whose whole sum of knowledge is comprehended in being ablé to spell out with difficulty the plainest parts of the Bible; when I think of such a person, I thank God that it is only necessary to touch the hem of Christ's garment in order to be saved; that one or two simple gospel truths—such as, "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"—are sufficient, by the blessing of the Spirit, to save and comfort the soul.—Mc-Millan.

The highest he oism, is it not that which is free from the approbation of our fellow-men; even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The heroism which is known only to our Father who seeth in secret? the godlike deeds done in the lonely chamber? the godlike lives lived in obscurity? A heroism rare among us men, who live perforce in the glass and noise of the outer world; make common among women women of whom the world never hears, who, if the world discovered them, would only draw their veils more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide or their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But, nevertheless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womant have woman transcends the man, that it would hide if it could.