

Sabbath School Teacher.

Nov. 10.

Jesus Crucified. Matt. xxvii. 33-44.
Prove that Christ is the Son of God.
Repeat Psalm 118. 17-19: Text. Rev. 4.
11. Shouter Catechism, 106.
Parallel passages. Mark xi. 24-32: Luke
xiii. 33-34; John xix. 28-27.
Ver. 35, 36.

How was he crucified? His hands and feet were nailed to a cross. The cross was about ten feet high. At what hour? The third hour, or about nine o'clock in the morning. Mark xv. 25. Jesus prayed for those who crucified him. "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Luke xxi. 34. How did they put his garments? They divided his outer garment, or mantle, into four parts for the four soldiers; and cast lots for the inner garment or tunic. John xix. 23, 24. What prophecy was fulfilled by this? Ps. xlviii. 18. Who watched him? He was on the cross about six hours.

Ver. 37, 38.

What is meant by "his accusation?" The charge on which he was condemned to death. Luke xviii. 2, 3. Where was the charge written? On a board above the cross. In what languages? Hebrew, the language of the Jews; Greek, the language of the educated classes; and Latin, the language of the Romans. John xix. 20. This was the first part of the New Testament that was written. The Jews wished Pilate to alter the title to, "He said, I am King," so, but Pilate would not. John xix. 21. 22. Why was Jesus put between two thieves? To make it appear he was the worst.

Ver. 39-40.

Who were they who passed by? Numerous travellers. Calvary was outside the city, and near a thoroughfare, so that great numbers passed by as they went out and in by the gate. How did they revile him? v. 40. What did Jesus mean when he said he would build the temple in three days? His own resurrection. John ii. 21.

Ver. 39-40.

Who were these who mocked him? v. 41. The chief rulers in the city. In the same spirit when the martyrs were burnt, lords and bishops watched them in the flames. How did they show they believed his miracles? He saved others. v. 42. How did they blaspheme God? v. 43. These words are from Ps. xxi. 8.

Lessons. 1. Christ crucified is our Saviour. "Christ died for our sins," 1 Cor. v. 8. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," Gal. iii. 13. "We have redemption through his blood," Eph. i. 7. "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many," Heb. ix. 28.

2. Forgive as Jesus forgave. He prayed for those who crucified him. Luke xxiii. 34. How slight are our injuries to him.

How prophecy is fulfilled. His hands were pierced, his garments parted. The people mocked him as predicted by David, Ps. xxii. 7, 16, 18. The word of God cannot be broken.

4. Jesus is king. Rev. i. 5; Rev. xix. 16. Pilate wrote the truth in ignorance. So the high priest in ignorance spoke the truth "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not," John vi. 50. This truth that Jesus reigns should be published in all languages. "Go teach all nations," Matt. xxviii. 19.

5. Because Jesus was the Son of God he could not come down from the cross. He had come to die for us.

6. Jesus never worked a miracle at the command of others.

7. How like are Satan's temptations and those of bad men. The devil said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down," Matt. iv. 6. The people said, "If thou be the Son of God, come down," v. 10.

8. Mistaken promises. They said they would believe if Jesus came down. They did not believe when he did what was more wonderful—when he rose from the dead. It is not want of evidence that keeps persons from believing, but spiritual blindness. The blind cannot see any better with the sun than with a candle.

9. Never quote scripture rashly. v. 43. The priests mocked God as well as Jesus.

Ver. 44.

Read here, Luke xiii. 33-43. What did the thieves do? v. 44. Luke only mentions one as having repented: the other soon repented. How did the penitent thief show his repentance? He acknowledged his sins. Luke xxiii. 41. How did he show his knowledge of Christ? He said he was innocent, and believed in his being the Saviour. v. 41. How did he show his faith? He prayed to him for salvation. v. 42. What answer did he receive? To day thou shalt be with me in paradise. Where did Jesus go at death? To paradise. v. 43.

Lessons. 1. There is hope for the worst. Nothing seemed less likely than this man's conversion. Yet he was saved. Jesus is able to save to the uttermost.

2. Instructions are often blessed late in life. This man had been taught to know God, and probably heard Jesus teaching, and the fruit is reaped by him on the cross.

3. God always hears prayer. This man spoke but one sentence, yet it was answered.

4. Do not delay repentance till death comes. One man is mentioned in Scripture as having been saved in death, to teach not to despair; only one to teach us not to presume.

5. It is paradise to be with Jesus. To be with Christ is far better. Phil. i. 23. John xvii. 24.

Sound reason and good sense can be expressed with little art. When you have anything to say in earnestness, it is necessary to search for words. Your fine speeches which are so sparkling, in which you twist the shreds of human thought, are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which whistles through the withered leaves of autumn.

Our Young Folks.

MY BROTHER.

With the shadow of her crossing
In the bright day-light,
Is a shadowed wanderer sleeping
Night long with no less than
And the light will not let
Into baby's snowy bed,
Softly murmuring "My brother."

And the sweet words flow their honey,
As the low yellow daisy away,
Of a teatime seen on lawn,
But where daisies dreamers stray
There are sunless little glances
In her sweet bewitching way,
As she murmurs "My brother."

May the passing years not sever
Twixt those hearts the mystic tie,
And the warm affection never
In the maiden bosom die
May her sweet life journey end,
With the same love in her eye,
Just as tenderly, "My brother."

THE SECRET OF IT.

BY ROSE PORTER.

What are you looking at child? The picture that hangs over the mantel-shelf—the picture of the rainbow, clouds, and sunshine? "Where did it come from?" you ask; "what is the secret of my valuing it so much?" Listen, and I will tell you. It came about in this way, child. It was harvest-time, the men were busy as bees getting in the hay. Your grandpa had been up long before sunrise every morning for a week, and the special day I am telling of, neither he nor the hired men, for that matter—gave up work before noon for longer than just time to snatch a bite of the dinner, we women folks, to save time, carried down to the meadow lot, for a storm was brewing, and "Work away cheerily my lads," called your grandpa, as he looked at the gathering clouds, and then at this hay to be stacked. It seems as though I heard his voice now, just as it sounded then, such a full clear voice your grandpa had. What do you ask? "When was it?" Let me see—well, going on for sixty years ago, child—sixty years ago.

A fresh breeze had blown all day but toward four o'clock in the afternoon it died away, and a kind of mysterious, awed-like feeling seemed to steal over everything, a sort of breathless expectancy.

The birds ceased singing, and flew about restlessly, chirping short little chirps. The cattle, most of them, crept close up to the haystacks, as though they wanted to be sheltered, and the leaves of the willows and alders, down by the brook-side, shivered, though hardly a breath of air was stirring. The tall grasses and reeds quivered too, as though they were frightened; even the voices of the men, as they called to one another, seemed solemn and earnest-like though they said nothing more than, "Fetch along a pitchfork," "Take up spry" or a word of encouragement to the horses, dragging the heavily-laden hay-wagon.

I couldn't stay in the house—so I just ran down the hill-slope, to join your grandpa—for I was light of foot in those days, light of foot and light of heart, sixty years ago.

The clouds were coming nearer all the time, thunder echoed among the hills, the lightning flashed across the sky homeward to west, in fiery, ribbon-like, darting streams.

"Go back to the house, Meltable," said your grandpa to me.

"And you'll come too," I said. But he shook his head, replying, "No, I will not leave the men."

For you see, it was a practice of your grandpa's, never to ask the farm-laborers to do what he would not do himself.

"Go back to the house," said he.

I turned back, though I didn't want to, any more than a child wants to do things against her inclination, but your grandpa, he was so steadfast and reasonable folks always did mind him.

(And the old woman was still, while her heart turned to the past, and she read pages of happy memories, traced—sixty years ago! Presently she continued.)

Your grandpa knew it was hard for me to leave him, just as the storm was coming—for I was timid like, and he said, without another word, just the verse, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, without your Father."

He just pushed the curbs from off my forehead, and kissed me—and I went up the hill to the house, a smiling all the way. It was remarkable that habit your grandpa had of always answering troubled people with a word of Scripture comfort. I often used to tell him it appeared to me he read the Bible, just as he walked through the woods in spring, finding flowers everywhere—flowers, the fragrance and beauty of which he always wanted to share with other people, just as he did with the Bible comforts. There was this difference between your grandpa and me, he found truths shining in every word of the sacred Book, but I, sometimes in those days, could only find one striking sentence in a whole chapter.

"Look deep, Meltable," he used to say, "if you want to find truths and pray for open eyes, to know the love, and peace, when you see it, and remember the truths, just as the flowers we seek for most earnestly, are the dearest."

Those are your grandpa's very words, and you'll find them true as you walk far on life's road. Why, child, there are some roses that are like Aaron's rod, just a rod, as you look at them first, but all full of buds and blossoms, when you look with the eye of faith.

Yes, yes! I hear what you say. I've ordered, true enough. Go on telling me the story I began? Well I will.

The storm raged for hours. It was dark as night, except when the lightning flashed into the room, filling every corner with a red, lurid glow, making the light of two tall dips look pale and yellow, like plants that grow in the shade, for we had lit the candles, though it was not later than seven o'clock of an August evening. The thunder

rumbled among the hills like the roar of cannon, and the wind blew a gale, driving the rain against the window-panes and doors, like spray dashing up on the sea-shore. All of a sudden there came a kind of lull in the storm, and—"Hark! what's that?" said your grandpa, springing up and throwing wide-open the door, never mind in the rain that beat in. "Hark! what's that?" And we heard a faint, far-away sound like some one calling, "Help, help!" And then a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, came with never a second between, and for a minute we stood stunned like you. Your grandpa was the first to regain himself, and though the storm seemed to have redoubled its fury, out into the dashing rain, the blinding lightning he hastened, calling to the men, "Follow me, some one is in trouble."

Half an hour later they came home, carrying tenderly what seemed, at first, a lifeless burden. But never a remedy did your grandpa leave untried, and toward midnight the stranger was able to sit up and tell us his story.

It appeared he was a painter, come up from the city to make a picture of a place among our hills. He was so busy with his work, he never noticed the storm coming on till it was too late for him to reach the village, and the darkness settled down over the hills so early, and the glare of lightning so dazzled his eyes, he missed the road and was wandering about in our meadow-plot, when he caught the glimmer of light from the kitchen window. That was just as we heard him call "Help, help!" and then the lightning-flash came, and he did not know a thing till he came to, lying on the lounge in our front-room.

The next morning your grandpa took me down to see the place where they found him, and just beyond, to a great oak-tree, rent from top to root by the flash.

I never saw any one so grateful for kindness as that young man was. Over and over he kept asking, "Why are you so good to me, a stranger?" And your grandpa never made any reply, beyond a smile. We kept him with us for three or four days, he was so feeble. It was pretty trying to me, the having him stay so, for you see I had just been fixing up the house for your grandpa's mother and sister, who were coming the next week to visit us, and it did appear as though there was no end to the things I had to pull about for that stranger's comfort.

It was a busy time in the dairy, too, and your grandpa somehow guessed I was feeling sort of Meltable-like, cumbered with care. I suppose he saw in my face that I did not do things heartily, and calling me aside, said he, "Meltable, child, you must forget, are you, the command, 'Use hospitality without grudging?' and then he smiled as he added, "without grudging." They are pretty long words, long enough I reckon to stretch over the piles of snowy linen you have unfolded, and all the trouble you have taken for the stranger, and they, Meltable?" And after that I didn't seem to mind the trouble any more. Your grandpa never made any difference for strangers, so at night and morning devotions the newcomers joined us, just as the farm-laborers and the women helping me with the extra dairy work did.

We always used at those times the old Bible with the silver clasps, which had belonged to your grandpa's father, and I noticed the second day, when your grandpa was reading, a look came over the stranger's face, that did not leave it till just the hour he was bidding us all good-by; a look of half-pain and half-pleasure, a sorry and yet a glad look. It seemed as though something was struggling in his heart just as the sunshine and the rain-clouds struggle for the mastery, during a summer shower, neither willing to give place to the other, and yet, out of their struggle the rainbow is born. Did you ever think of that, child?

I felt so humbled as I looked at the stranger's face and recalled how I had thought him in the way, when perhaps God had sent him to us, that your grandpa's words might lead him to see the rainbow of hope, arching the clouds which I knew from his look were in his soul, shutting the light of Christ's love away from him, the clouds that I knew from his look too, were ready to vanish, if he could get one ray of real sunlight.

I told your grandpa, how I felt, and all he said was, "The Lord uses sometimes the weakest children among his followers, and it may be His will, Meltable, to use us."

The country was fresh as a garden after the storm. Sitting on the porch of our little house upon the hill, you could look off on meadows green as June meadows—the brook rippled along peacefully, as though its waters had never been storm-stirred—the reeds and grasses lifted themselves up just as strong as if they had not been bowed to the ground.

The stranger sat in the porch, most of the time. He never seemed weary of reading in the silver-clasped Bible. Surely, I thought, he must expect to find written in the Book, the answer to the question he asks so often, "Why are you so good to me, a stranger?" And whether he expected or not, he did find it there.

It is too late to tell you more of the story, but the day he went away, just as he was going, he took your grandpa's hand in his own, saying, "I have found it at last, the secret why you have been so good to me, a stranger." And in a low voice he continued, "Tell me is it not because you have pondered the words your master uttered, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me?' O child, I wish you could have seen your grandpa's smile as the stranger repeated that verse. And then, all the sorry look seemed gone from the young man's face. Only a happy, peaceful look was there, while he added, "I am going to try to ponder those words too, and the other words that are written here," and he laid his hand on the Book.

He only tarried for a few minutes longer, but I told him how the struggle on his face had made me think of the rainbow, clouds, and sunshine. I suppose my telling him this was the reason he painted and sent us the picture you were looking at, and now you know the secret of my prying it so highly. And child, if you have listened to

my story, you have learned another secret too. The secret that all true hospitality is founded in. It is that we must have Christ in all true Christian living. It was only the doing for Christ, but the walking with Christ as your grandpa did (clasp).

EVIL SPEAKING.

Evil speaking is an old habit, which has resisted the appeals of prophets and apostles, the force of ridicule and wit, the denunciations of the pulpit and the condemnation of reason and conscience. The brand of opprobrium rests upon it, no one attempts to defend it, or even to make an apology for it. It is felt to be an offence to men and a sin before God. And yet the practice is continued, tolerated and encouraged. By this means character suffers, fearful wounds are made, families are stirred up, business is injured, and the peace of families and communities is disturbed. When used in this way "the tongue is" now, as it was in the days of the apostle James, "a fire, a world of iniquity," "it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

There are occasions when particular vices manifest themselves more plainly and significantly than at other times, and it is not unworthy of consideration whether at present this habit of evil speaking does not exist to an unusual degree. The freedom with which we have been accustomed to criticize men and things for the last few years and the personalities mingled with our political agitations have not been without their effect. Rational and instructive conversation has in a good measure given way to mere gossip and the retelling of injurious reports or making injurious comparisons. The social circle is rapidly becoming an object of dread to the sensitive because of the severity of its talk, and of contempt to the part of the intelligent, because of its insipidity and barrenness of thought. It is to be feared that this evil has crept into families, and that the table and the fireside are witnesses of much that is unamiable and degrading, in the remarks made on neighbors and acquaintances. This is an evil that should be resisted and vanquished. Before it no one is safe; it is injurious alike to those who indulge in it and also those who are its objects, and at the same time it is a sin which God condemns. Christians especially are under sacred obligations to abstain from it and also to discountenance it in others. The pulpit and the press should not be slow to show the nature and tendency of evil speaking, and to warn the people against indulgence in this practice so fraught with injurious consequences.—Herald and Presbyterian.

TEXT IMPROVED.

I heard a preacher take for his text, "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden since I was thine unto this day?" was I wont to over do so, unto thee?" (Numb. xxii. 30) I wondered what he would make thereof, fearing that he would starve his auditors for want of matter. But hence he observed; 1. The simplest and simplest, being wronged, may justly speak in their own defense. 2. The worst men have a good title to their own goods. Balaam was a sorcerer, yet the ass confessed twice he was his. 3. They who have done many good offices, and fail in one, are often not only unrewarded for former service, but punished for that one offence. 4. When the creatures, formally obedient to serve us, start from their wonted obedience (as the earth to become barren, and air pestilential,) man ought to reflect on his own sin as the sole cause thereof. How fruitful are the seeming barren places of Scripture! Bad ploughmen, which make barks of such ground. Wherever the surface of God's work doth not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry with mines, awaiting, where not plam matter, hidden mysteries.—Fuller.

UNQUESTIONING FAITH.

Such was the centurion's. We cannot read the account of his intercession for the life of his servant, and doubt, for an instant, that he believed Jesus to be divine. He did not argue that it were the Christ, he must treat disease and death as his servants. He received him with full and unquestioning trust, and was answered as he believed. Perhaps we often mourn over unavailing prayer, because we too are answered as we believe. We think that if such and such obstacles were overcome, our path would be made plain, and we put forth our puny strength to clear a way, as it were, for the Lord of Hosts. With the sea before us, the mountains on either hand, and an enemy pursuing, we fearfully search for some possibly overlooked way of escape, upon which hope can seize, while we petition for deliverance.

"My faith is strong enough," says one, "but as I know that the Lord works by means, I cannot help looking about to see what are the likeliest instruments to be used."

The centurion did not. He did not even question whether the personal presence of Christ was necessary. He simply believed that Christ was God, and that in the Divine mind, to will was to perform. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

Moses bade the children of Israel "Stand still" and see the salvation of the Lord; and it may be, if we would oftener "hold our peace," and give over questioning and speculating on the probable method by which we expect an answer to prayer, we should receive fuller fruition to faith.—American Messenger.

Home should be made so true that the weary heart can turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life, and receive strength.

An old German minister is said to have prayed: "O Lord! when I try to do a little for thee, and give up something near my heart, thou comest and givest me back a thousand times as much."

Scientific and Useful.

ONE DOLLAR.

If one dollar be invested and the interest added to the principle annually, at the rate named, we shall have the following results at the accumulation of one hundred years.

One dollar, 100 years, at 1 per cent.	\$21
do do 2	do 191
do do 3	do 840
do do 4	do 2,268
do do 5	do 5,543
do do 6	do 13,859
do do 7	do 34,675
do do 8	do 84,140
do do 9	do 205,007
do do 10	do 511,709

N. Y. Mercantile Journal.

POTATOES AS FOOD.

Two French chemists have estimated that one pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half or three pounds of potatoes; that seventy-five pounds of bread, and three of meat are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes. Confined to a single article of food, a man would probably live longer on boiled potatoes than on bread made of wheat flour. Bulk is of importance in our food, as well as nutriment. The potatoes would give the bulk; and, in sufficient quantity, plenty of nutriment, not only to preserve life, but to continue health and strength.

CURE FOR OPIUM HABIT.

In a recent report on the condition of the English hospital at Peking, China, the attending physician gives a formula for "anti opium pills." This remedy is composed of extract of henbane, extract of gentian, camphor, quinine, cayenne pepper, ginger and cinnamon, with castile soap and syrup to form the mass, and licorice powder to form the coating. The efficacy of these pills in overcoming the opium habit, and in preventing the suffering on giving up the use of that poison, is stated to have been proved in numerous cases. The native remedies, it is said, contain opium in some form, and most frequently the ashes of opium already smoked, and consequently are inefficacious. It being as difficult to discontinue the use of the medicine as of the drug itself.

WINDOW SASHES.

The most convenient way, to prevent loose window sashes from rattling when the wind blows, is to make four one sided buttons of wood, and screw them to the stopes which are nailed to the face casings of the window, making each button of proper length to press the side of the sash outwards when the end of the button is turned down horizontally. The buttons operate like a cam. By having them the correct length to crowd the sash outwards, the sash will not only be held, so firmly that it cannot rattle, but the crack which admitted dust and cold air will be closed so tightly that no window strips will be required. The buttons should be placed about half way from the upper to the lower end of each stile of the sashes.

THE DRESS OF CIVILIZED WOMEN.

I do declare that I think it would be better to die and get out of the torment at once than to have to rise every morning for some forty or fifty years and box one's body up in a sort of compressive armour, hang weights to one's hips and more weights upon one's head—which last are supported by the roots of the hair—put one's feet into shoes a number too small and not of the right shape, and with heels like stunts, and then set about doing the whole duty of woman with a cheerful face and a spry air for from fifteen to seventeen hours out of the twenty-four! That there are so many women who are not frightened into decline at such a prospect, and that they bravely undertake to do it—nay, more, that they even dream that under such disadvantage they can work side by side with unshackled man, and that they die in trying to do it—certainly says much for their courage, but little for their common sense.

A man's dress to a great extent is fashioned for comfort. He has contrivances for suspending the weight of his clothing from his shoulders. If the east wind blows he can turn up his coat collar. button himself snugly, slouch his hat over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and brave the weather. But imagine a woman removing her hat or bonnet from the angle at which fashion says she must wear it on account of the weather, or turning any of her "fixtures" up to protect her neck and throat, or buttoning up anything that was unbuttoned before, or stretching her hands into her pockets! She would be taken for an improper character out on a mild spree, or for an escaped inmate of a lunatic asylum, should she endeavour by any unpromising arrangement of her habiliments to save her health.—Science of Health.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that, on waking, the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of the window or door.

It is best to have light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

To much light creates a glare, and pain and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green it would seem that the ceiling should be a blueish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger, and then wash your eyes and face with warm water.