

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Dec. 15.

Jesus appears to his Disciples. Matt. xxviii. 9-16.

Parallel passages, Mark xvi. 8-11; Luke xxiv. 9-12; John xx. 8-18.

Ver. 9-10.

Who met the women? What did Jesus say to them? Jesus gives the same salutation, "All hail," to these women that the angel gave to the Virgin Mary, Luke i. 28. What did the women do? From Mark xvi. 8, it seems that the women did not at first go to tell the disciples; but afterwards, when going, Jesus met them. Mary Magdalene was not with them at this time. It is not quite certain whether they or she saw Jesus first, probably Mary, Mark, xvi. 9. From Luke xxiv. 9-11, we find that when they went to the apostles "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

READ HERE JOHN XX. 8-18.

Who brought the news to Peter and John? Mary Magdalene, John xx. 2. What did they do? John outran Peter and reached the sepulchre first, John xx. 3, 4. What convinced John of the resurrection of Jesus? The disciples feared that the body of Jesus had been taken by his enemies; but when John saw that the napkin that was about the head of Jesus was folded, and lying in a place by itself, this showed him the reverence with which the wrappings had been treated.

When did Mary see Jesus? After Peter and John left the sepulchre. On seeing him she thought he was the gardener. When Jesus made himself known, he did not allow her to touch him, but said, "I ascend unto my father," &c., John xx. 11-18.

MATT. XXVIII. 11-15.

To whom did the watch go? The chief priests had employed them, and, therefore, they report to them. How did they bribe the soldiers? What did they circulate? How was Pilate to be gained over?

Lanterns. 1. There is always a blessing in the way of duty. As soon as the women went to carry their message to the disciples Jesus met them. In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

2. Jesus is to be worshipped. Until the ascension of Jesus the disciples did not perhaps worship Jesus in the highest way; but there is a near approach to it in the woman. Stephen worshipped him, Acts vii. 59. Paul, Rom. xvi. 24; 2 Cor. xii. 8; Phil. ii. 10, 11. The saints in glory, Rev. v. 12; vii. 10.

3. The evils of unbelief. The apostles did not believe the women, for they had not believed the word of Jesus that he would rise; they are therefore in great darkness and disquietude. Faith trusts God in the dark as in the day. "It is an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast." Do not misjudge the words of Jesus, but believe them and be saved, 1 John iii. 23; Col. ii. 7.

4. How strangely God brings us to the truth. A folded napkin was the means of teaching John that Jesus had risen! Mr. Matheson once said to a young woman who was urging a companion to remain to a meeting, "Never mind, let her go her own way; she is determined to perish." This was the means of her conversion. Mr. Matheson was once singing at a meeting in Perth, the lines—

Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

A young man passing by was brought to the truth by these lines.

5. Jesus never deserts those who love him. Mary Magdalene wept the loss of Jesus, and Jesus revealed himself to her.

6. The weapons of the Gospel are truths, and of its enemies falsehoods. The chief priests durst not tell the true story of the earthquake and the appearance of the angels; they, therefore, invent lies. The lies have perished, the truth remains beyond challenge. "Jesus has risen." Do you believe it? Do you believe in him, your Saviour, who has risen?

BOOKS FOR FARMERS.

Every farmer ought to have at least a few of the standard works relating to the branch in which he is engaged. It is not at all necessary that he should guide himself "by the book," but familiarity with the views of others will give his mind an inquiring tone, which will be to his benefit in all his transactions. One great danger in farming, resulting largely from its isolation, is that of falling into a plodding, routine system, in which all thought of investigation or improvement is lost. A farmer's mind should be as active as his body, or even more so. Labour without thought, without observation or inquiry, is such as horses and oxen perform, and a good deal of manual labour transacted in that way is what has brought upon farming the reproach of being a "plodding" vocation. Books, essays, discussions, club meetings—all act as a stimulus to thought, suggest inquiry and comparison, incite to experiments, to system and watchfulness, and in scores of ways make farming more profitable, more attractive and more "respectable"—that is, we mean, it inspires the respect of others more readily. Professional men, though systematically trained and educated, never hesitate to consult books and authorities when they desire information, and surely the farmer need not hesitate to do so when puzzling questions come up in his experience. They often impart real and valuable information, and they seldom fail to suggest something which may be of value in some way, perhaps in a way the author never dreamed of.—Country Gentleman.

In all our sorrows we should read our sins; and when God's hand is upon our backs, our hands should be upon our sins.—Thos. Brooks.

Our Young Folks.

RAGAMUFFIN.

Ragamuffin was a boy,
He was born to be a boy;
But he always wore his clothes;
How he did it, gracious knows!

Dr—s him in a brand new suit,
Give him good advice to boot;
Toll him to beware of nails,
Broken walls and jagged rails.

Not to grub upon his knees,
But to mind his Q's and P's;
No improvement ever came of it,
Very soon there was a slit.

Or a great piece hanging loose;
Jackets-sleeves not fit for use;
Or his trousers-knee was ripped;
Or a button off was stripped!

By his friends (at this appellation)
Ragamuffin he was called.
What they meant was to express
Nothing but his raggedness.

But when he went out to play
It did on his feelings weigh,
To be called by such a name,
For he did not like the same.

May we hope that this will end
In impressing on our friend
That he should not tear his clothes?
(How he does it, gracious knows.)

When he next is called upon
Nice-made, new attire to don,
If a week away should roll,
And he has not torn a hole,

We will look for better days;
Otherwise, this sad disgrace
Must continue still, and he
Ragamuffin named must be.

—Good Words for the Young.

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

"If Nellie makes her mother happy four times every day, how many times will she make her happy in a year?"

Nellie's father had brought home a new slate for her, and as she was so much interested in arithmetic, she had asked her mother to give her a "sum to do." This was the question her mother had proposed.

Nellie said to herself, "If I make mother happy four times a day, then, as there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, I shall make her happy three hundred and sixty-five times four."

As she thought it would be more convenient in multiplying, she put down three hundred and sixty-five first on her slate, and four under it, and found the answer to be one thousand four hundred and sixty.

"One thousand four hundred and sixty times. O, mother, only think of that! I mean to begin to-day, and perhaps, if I try, I can make her happy more than four times a day. Perhaps I might two thousand times a year."

"But there are others in the family, Nellie. Think of your father and little brother, and cousin Alice, who comes to see us sometimes. Think of all your friends! It may be in your power to make somebody else happy twenty times every day, and that would be many thousands in a year! and do not forget that this arithmetic will give you just as true an account of the unhappiness you cause. How sad to think you might make somebody unhappy many thousand times every year!"

Little boy, how many times a day do you show an unkind or disobedient spirit? Somebody is always made unhappy by it. Think of the multiplication table, and see how much sorrow or how much happiness you may cause your dear mother or your dear friends in a year. O, I do hope, as you think of this, you will ask Jesus to make you like Him and help you to give some one cause for joy every day.

THE LENT HALF-DOLLAR.

A LITTLE STORY FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

When Charles Gleason was about ten years old, a bright half-dollar was given him by his grandfather, to buy anything he pleased for a New Year's present. The boy's mother that morning had taught him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given He will repay him again."

The words were running in the boy's mind, on his way to the store to purchase a new toy which he had seen in the window of the shop on the previous day.

Just before Charlie reached the store, he met a poor woman, who had sometimes done washing for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" said the kind-hearted child.

"Oh, Master Charlie, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning, and my little Bill so sick, too!"

"Turned into the street—you and Bill!—what for?"

"Because I can't raise my weekly rent. I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another day. There go the men to put my stove and a few other things on the sidewalk. Oh! what shall I do?"

"How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy, with a choking voice.

"It's half-a-dollar," said the woman. "It will kill Bill to put him out in this cold; and sure I will die with him."

"No, you won't—no, you shan't!" said the tender-hearted child, and feeling in his pocket, brought forth his treasured half-dollar and placed it quickly in her hands. Seeing the hesitation to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charlie told her it was all his own, to spend as he pleased, and that he would rather give it to her than have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop-windows, which were full of tempting New Year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of her approbation. The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and waited for his return, that he might see

what he had bought. So his first salutation was:

"Well, child, what have you done with your money?"

Now Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man; and the boy knew that though he sometimes gave his money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor—he had rather disliked to tell him what he had done with his money; but while he hesitated, the verse which he had that morning learned came into his mind and helped him to answer. Looking pleasantly in his grandfather's face, he said:

"I've lent it, sir."

"Lent your half-dollar, foolish boy? You'll never get it again, I know."

"Oh yes, I shall, grandpa—for I've got a promise to pay!"

"You mean a note, I suppose; but it isn't worth a cent."

"Oh yes, grandpa, it is perfectly good! I am sure about it, for it's in the Bible."

"You mean you have put it there for safe keeping, oh? Let me see it."

Charlie brought him the book and showed him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

"So you gave your money to some poor scamp? Well, you'll never see it again. Who has got it, pray?"

"I gave it to Hannah Green, sir," and Charlie told him the sad story.

"O fudge!" said his grandfather, "you can't pay poor folks' rent. It's all nonsense. And now you've lost your New Year's present—or will, if I don't make it up to you. Here," he added, as he threw him another half-dollar, "seeing your money is gone where you will never see it again, I must give you some more, I suppose."

"Oh, thank you!" said Charlie, heartily. "I know the Lord would pay me again, grandpa, because the Bible says so; but I didn't expect to get it so quick."

"That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman, as he walked quickly away.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."

A poor wood-sawyer, infirm by reason of age, came to a wealthy neighbour, seeking employment. The latter showed him a large, irregular pile of wood, containing a hundred cords, and offered to give him as many dollars if he would cut the whole into proper lengths. The old man looked at the great mass and shook his head. "It is too much for my strength," said he; "I do not dare to undertake it." The owner of the wood then made another proposal: "Pack up one cord and saw it, and I will give you one dollar. The old man's countenance brightened. "I am not afraid to undertake that," said he; and he went cheerfully to work, and before sunset had completed the task and received the reward. Then the owner made the same arrangement with him for the next day, and the second cord was finished before the setting of another sun. Thus day after day did he continue to cord his eight feet a day and saw it, until at length the whole huge pile was sawed. When he first looked upon it, it seemed far beyond his feeble strength, but by the simple arrangement of undertaking but one cord a day, he found his strength sufficient for the whole.

There are some people who build up in their imaginations a huge, irregular pile of Christian duties, and both thinking themselves of their weakness, get frightened at the prospect. There are passions and lusts to be subdued, bad habits to be avoided and good ones to be formed, sins to be shunned and temptations of every conceivable shape to be overcome. There are private duties, searching the Scriptures and searching the heart; there are prayers in private and prayers in public; there are pious conversations with friends and pious exhortations in the assembly; there are crosses, and self-denials, and persecutions, and lions of every kind in the way; and where is the strength sufficient for all these things?

But such frightful accumulations of Christian duty are the creatures of a perverted imagination. This is not the way that God presents his labour to the willing mind. He does not show us the huge, irregular mass of a hundred cords and bid us go to work upon it. He gives us, so to speak, but a cord a day. He lays before us to-day only the work of to-day, and we do not need the power of a spiritual Hercules to accomplish it. We need to ask God only for as much strength as will enable us to do to-day's work, taking no anxious thought for what is coming by and by.—Watchman and Reformer.

"IT SHUTS OUT THE WORLD"

A few years ago, on visiting a mother in Israel, one who wrestled and prevailed in prayer, she led me to a little room in a retired part of her low roofed dwelling, and showing me the hamp which fastened the door of that quiet retreat, said, "I often think that this little piece of iron is more to me than all the treasures of the rich in yonder city are to them, for this shuts out the world." It was a sacred spot, that room of prayer. For more than fifty years had it been a Bethel to the soul of this aged disciple, and how many in that mountain village, eye, and in the world, are indebted to the prayers offered there, eternity alone will reveal; it seemed to me holy ground; hard by the very gate of heaven.

Reader, have you any bar, or bolt, or key, which, when you enter your place of prayer, keeps away the intruding cares and perplexities of the world without? Alas! if the heart be not right, the key will be worth little. Alas! alas! how many weary seeling hearts, burdened with earthly treasures, would give all they possess for something which would "shut out the world," and give the sublime repose which Jesus gives to his beloved.—Tract Journal.

My soul, calm thy griefs. There is not a sorrow which thine eyes experience but Jesus in the treasury of grace has an exact corresponding solace for. In the multitude of the sorrows I have in my heart, "thy comforts delight my soul."—Macduff.

Scientific and Useful.

POTATO FAILURE IN EUROPE.

The failure of the potato crop in various parts of Europe this year has evoked a vast deal of writing in reference to the cause and cure of this very serious misfortune. As to the former, some very curious statements have appeared in the English press, tending to prove that the failure of this excellent is almost invariably connected with the electrical condition of the atmosphere. It is pointed out that the year preceding the first outbreak of the disease in Ireland was, like the present year, quite exceptional regarded thunderstorms; and a clergyman writes from Devonshire to the London Times:—"I heard to-day of a striking and interesting exception to the almost total loss of the potato in this country. One of our oldest farmers reports that never in his life have his potatoes turned out so well as this year. Notwithstanding frost and blight, his field yielded so valuable a crop that he could have purchased the land with the proceeds." Then follows the explanation, namely:—"The whole district is wonderfully exempt from thunderstorms, the heights of Dartmoor on the north and the sea on the south, seeming to draw away the clouds. I have been rector of the parish for twelve years, during which there have not been six thunderstorms." The best explanation of this apparent sympathy between the health of the potatoes and electricity seems to be that the injury is done to the plant by the sudden excessive soaking caused by the thunder-showers. The Journal des Debats mentions a discovery on this head which may prove exceedingly valuable, and is at all events, well worth a trial. A farmer near Fontenay, whose potato crop had more than once proved a failure, took it into his head to try this year a new manure, consisting of the solution of bark thrown away by tanners after they consider its strength is for their purpose exhausted. His application of this preparation to his grounds, has produced the most gratifying results.

TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, AND ALCOHOL.

We extract from the British Medical Journal the conclusions of a French physician, Dr. Angel Marraud, who has been experimenting on the physiological and therapeutical effects of coffee, tea, cocoa, mate or guarana (Paraguay tea), and alcohol which he classifies together as aliments of economy, or anti waste foods. He considers their influence on nutrition from two points of view; as stimulants to the nervous system; as anti-waste foods or anti-assimilators. Alcohol acts directly on the sensory apparatus of the spinal cord, and indirectly on the motor apparatus. Cocoa acts directly on the motor apparatus, which it excites in the same manner as strichnine. Coffee, tea, and mate act principally on the brain. Alcohol and cocoa excite the exercise of the muscles; coffee, tea, and mate, the exercise of thought. Further, by lessening the waste of the tissues, counteracting organic oxidation, and diminishing loss by means of the secretions, they all act as aliments of economy. In this way is explained their action in stimulating to work in the evening, in partly supplying the want of solid food, and in moderating vital combustion. Hence arises their increasing consumption, and their more general use as articles of daily regimen; hence, too, their utility in alimentation, and their important place in hygiene. The abuse of these aliments has, it is true, two principal inconveniences. In the first place, the excitement of the nervous system which they cause is liable to be followed by fatigue, weakness, and even inertia. In the second place, by their interference with and reduction of the processes—indispensably necessary to life—of combination, transmutation, and decomposition, they may cause arrest, suspension, or even complete suppression of the nutritive changes in the cellular elements, and may produce as results, torpor, fatty degeneration, and necrobiosis of the tissues. Thus are explained alcoholism, coffeeism, thomism, and cocaineism.

THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF THE STARS.

To cast the horoscope of public health, and read the signs of coming pestilence, blight, famine, and general woes, by perusing the starry vault, calculating the conjunctions of the planets, and this in a literal sense and sober earnest, is an astonishing plan to defend the advocate in these days; yet the physician of venerable years, Dr. M. L. Knapp, of Mexico, has a long article in the New York Medical Journal for October, intended to show that the planetary influences merely control epidemic visitations and the blights of vegetation. He makes some efforts to explain this on scientific grounds, but credits Judæus Apella, non ego.—Reporter.

REPORT ON ABSINTHE.

A French commission, consisting of three experts, Messrs. Bouquet, Dubail, and Adrian, has just made a report to the Pharmaceutical Society, in which, after reviewing all the methods employed in the manufacture of absinthé, and the great loss of life entailed by its use in France and the colonies, they recommended that this article be included under the list of poisons, and that its sale be interdicted excepting by pharmacists, on prescription of a physician. They think its sale should be visited with heavy penalties, and that every effort should be made to break up the indulgence in an article possessing such poisonous properties. It is not the absinthé alone that proves so dangerous, but the inordinate consumption of alcohol that accompanies it.

When the sun rises there is light. Why, I do not know. There might have been light without the sun, and there might have been sun that gave no light, but God has been pleased to put these two things together—sunrise and light. So, whenever there is prayer, there is a blessing. I do not know why. There might have been prayer without a blessing, for there is in the world of wrath; and there might have been a blessing without a prayer, for it often is sent to some who sought it not. But God has been pleased to make this a rule for the government of the moral and spiritual universe, that there shall be the answer to prayer.—Spurgeon.

Temperance.

THE BAR.

BY D. N. JUNKIN, D. D.

The "bar" is always supplied with the choicest liquors.—HORN ADVERTISEMENT.

Why call it a bar? Say whence is derived This name for a depot of spirits of evil? Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived, Or, like the thing named, did it come from the devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name, Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant; And I rather suspect from the devil it came, For 'e'en to his friends he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a bar? Because, you may fancy, it bars from the liquor. But that's not its full, honest meaning by far. But 'twill jingle the money, the ruin follows quicker!

I'll tell what it means—'tis a bar to all good, And a constant promoter of every thing evil; 'Tis a bar to all virtue—that is well understood.— A bar to the right, and a fort for the devil.

'Tis a bar to all industry, prudence, and wealth, A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety; A bar to clear thought, a bar to sound health, A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school, To clothing, and giving them good education, A bar to the observance of every good rule, A bar to the welfare of family and nation?

A bar to the hallowed enjoyments of home, A bar to the holiest earthly fruition; A bar that forbids its frequenters to come To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honour, and fame, To friendship, and peace, and consensual love; To the purest delights that on earth we may claim, A bar to salvation and heaven above!

National Advocate

THE MEMPERANCE BIRD.

Mary M.—has a pet canary-bird which has shown great intelligence, and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Every day, at meal times, Mary opens the cage-door; and Dick flies out and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over. He has been taught that he must be quiet still while Mr. M.—asks a blessing on their food; so unless he comes at once when the cage-door is opened, he waits in silence until the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of every thing she eats; and, whatever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips with relish.

One day Mary was ill, feeling no appetite, and growing often very faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her; and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share. He laid his little head against her face caressingly, peeped and coaxed, till just for fun, she determined to gratify him. But no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time. Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out nor notice Mary again all day.

O that our boys, when spirits are offered them, rejected it indignantly as did this little canary!—Christian Weekly

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

—An esteemed clergyman writes thus: Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father from a public house.

He found his parent drinking with some other man; one of them invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly, and at once the boy replied:

"No, I can't take that; I am in the Band of Hope."

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation.

The man then said;

"Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some ball's eyes—a kind of sugar confectionary.

The boy took the penny, and said:

"I thank you, but I had rather not buy ball's eyes, I shall put it into the Penny Bank."

The men looked at one another and for some moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for this purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequently bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared when ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days.

The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given on the authority of the British Medical Journal.

While Israel marched through the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire, and the brightest day a pillar of cloud. So in this world, things never go so well with God's Israel but they have still something to groan under—not so ill but they have still comfort to be thankful for. In the Church militant, as in the ark of old, there are both a rod and a pot of manna.—Arrow smith.