

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Nov. 8.

Jesus Scourged. MATT. XXIII. 26-28.

Prove that Christ is the Eternal Life.

Repeat Psalm 118. 15-16; Text, [Rev. 3.

Shorter Catechism 99.

Parallel passages, Mark xv. 15-23; Luke

Ver. 20.

What is meant by Pilate releasing Barabbas? He was let out of prison, and escaped punishment. How did they scourge Jesus? (Lev. 24. 19.) "I gave my back to the smiters." When persons were to be crucified, they were first scourged.

Ver. 27-30.

What soldiers were these? Roman and heathen. Why was the whole band gathered? To make the more sport of Jesus. Why did they put a scarlet robe on him? Kings and great men in those days wore robes of this colour as robes of office. Jesus being called King, they got an old worn-out robe to mock him. This robe, in Mark and John, is said to be purple, it must, therefore, have been of a very deep scarlet, shining to purple. What did they put on a head? v. 29. Thorny shrubs are very abundant in Palestine. In passing through thickets the clothes are often torn to rags. What was meant by the reed? It was a sceptre. Kings had rods in their hands as emblems of authority. How did they mock Jesus? How did they insult him? How did they beat him? There was evidently a stout rod which inflicted a severe blow.

[Read here John xix. 4-16. How did Pilate assert the innocence of Jesus? v. 4. Of what did the Jews accuse him? Of saying that he was the Son of God, v. 7. How did the Jews gain Pilate over? They said, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend," v. 12. He was afraid of being charged with disloyalty. How did the Jews acknowledge the Roman power? We have no King but Cæsar, v. 15. This Tiberius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome.]

Ver. 31, 32.

Where did they lead Jesus? From Pilate's palace, through the streets of Jerusalem. Who carried the cross on which Jesus was to be crucified? v. 42. It was usual for the person to carry his own cross, and at first it was laid on Jesus (John xix. 17); but they seemed to have seen he was too weak to carry it further, and so seized Simon. Who was he? The father of Alexander and Rufus. Rufus is named in Rom. xvi. 13, as a disciple.

[Read here Luke xxiii. 27-32. Were all the people clamorous against Jesus? v. 27. What did the women do? v. 28. What doom was to befall the city? v. 30. Who was led to death with Jesus? v. 32.]

Ver. 33.

Where did they lead Jesus to? Golgotha is Hebrew, the Greek is Calvary, both signifying the place of a skull. It was the place of execution, and was outside the city, on a public road, but it is not now known where it was. It is never called a mount or hill.

Ver. 34.

What did they give Jesus to drink? It is called wine by Mark—that is, wine soured into vinegar. Why did they put gall into it? It acts like opium or laudanum, and deadens pain. They seem to have had some pity at least for his sufferings. Why would he not drink it? Because he would not in full possession of his mind. He never did anything to lessen his own sufferings. When hungry he would not work a miracle to relieve his hunger.

LESSONS. 1. The greatness of the sufferings of Jesus. Scourging till his back was furrowed and bloody; beating with the reed on the head; yet not a word of complaint. Seek to imitate the meekness and patience of Jesus, Matt. xi. 29; 2 Cor. x. 1; Heb. xii. 3; Cor. iii. 12.

2. The malignity of men. These soldiers had no personal hatred of Jesus. They tortured him in mere wantonness and sport. Nothing is more wicked than to do mischief for one's own amusement. To torment a person who is of weak mind, or to lay a stumbling-block before the blind (Lev. xix. 14), will not be excused by saying, "Am I not in sport?"

3. Nothing done for Christ is unrewarded. Simon perhaps had shown by his look that he was sorry for the sufferings of Jesus, and on that account the soldiers may have impressed him to carry the cross; but he would be glad afterwards of having relieved Jesus by bearing the cross for him. Jesus bids us take up our cross daily and follow him—that is, every day do as he commands, no matter how much it costs us.

4. Bear in patience all that God inflicts. Even if men be the instrument, they are under God. Use no doubtful means for delivering yourself from pain or injury. Be true to God; true in word or engagement. "The injustice or cruelty of others must not tempt us to do wrong." Be followers of Christ, Heb. xii. 2; 1 Pet. ii. 21.

WHY SOME ARE POOR.

Cream is allowed to mold and spoil. Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. The scrubbing brush is left in the water. Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water. Brooms are never hung up and soon spoiled. Dish-cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Pie-crust is left to sour instead of making tarts for tea. Dried fruit is not taken care of in season, and becomes wormy. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast. The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and flies take possession. Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash. Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Pork spoils for the want of salt, from floating on the top of the brine, and because the brine wants scalding.—California Farmer.

Our Young Folks.

FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL.

There were five peas in one shell; they were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought the whole world was green, and that was just as it should be. The shell grew, and the peas grew; they accommodated themselves to circumstances, sitting all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be, and the peas, as they sat there, became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for some thing they must do.

"Are we to sit here overlastingly?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside; I have a kind of inkling of it."

And words went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world is turning yellow," said they; and they had a right to say it.

Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through human hands, and glided down into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that is just what they were waiting for.

"I should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest of the five.

"Yes, it will now soon show itself."

"What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five

peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little

boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter; and he put one in directly, and shot it out.

"Now I'm flying out into the wide world, catch me if you can!" and he was gone.

"I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we arrive," said the two next, "but we'll roll on all the same." And they certainly rolled and tumbled down on the ground before they got into the pea-shooter, but they were put in to all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," said the last, as he was shot forth out of the pea-shooter, and he flew up against the old

board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mould; and the moss closed around him; there he lay a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by provident Nature.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

Within, in the little garret, lived a poor

woman, who went out in the day to clean

stoves, chop wood small, and do other hard

work of the same kind, for she was strong, and industrious, too. But she always re-

mained poor; and at home, in the garret, lay her half-grown daughter, who was very

delicate and weak, for a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," the

woman said. "I had only two children, and it was not an easy matter to provide for both, but the good God provided for one of them by taking her home to Himself, now I should be glad to keep the other that was left to me, but I suppose they are not to remain separated, and my sick girl will go to her sister in heaven."

But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long while her mother went to earn money out of doors. It was spring, and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor, and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

"What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" said she, "on my word, that is a little pea which has taken root here, and is putting out its little leaves. How can it have got here into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in upon me to-day delightfully warm. The little pea is prospering famously, and I shall prosper too, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother; but she did not think it would be so; but she took care to prop with a stick the green plant which had given her daughter the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind; she tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something round which to twine, when it shot up; and it did shoot up indeed—one could see how it grew every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her sick daughter would recover. She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she had risen up in bed of her own accord and had sat upright looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew. A week afterwards the invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine; the window was opened, and outside before it stood a pink pea-blossom fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and caused it to prosper, to be a joy to you, and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world and said "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a pigeon's crop; the two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by the pigeons, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the water for weeks and weeks, and swelled prodigiously.

"How beautifully fat I'm growing!" said the pea. "I shall burst at last; and I don't think any pea can do more than that. I'm the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell."

And the sink said he was right.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked heaven for it.—From *Stories and Tales by Hans Andersen*.

A HYMN IN A GAMBLING-DEN.

A gentleman in Hong-Kong was instructed with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States; and, after inquiry, learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling-house.

He went thither; but not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows.

Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time.

The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the eldest shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on till at length he began to sing the beautiful

hymn

"An sweetly solemn thought
Came to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I've ever been before."

Nearer the house of life,
Where we lay our heads at dawn,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first says the writer, these words in such a vile place made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling-den!

But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed:

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you've been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school at home.

"Come," said the elder, getting up, "come, Harry, here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old Rome's sake if no other, you will quit this wicked business."

The writer saw those two men leave the gambling-house together and walk away arm-in-arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily God moves in a mysterious way."

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES.

"The 'Heathen Chinese' prides himself on paying up all his debts at the beginning of each year, and places over his door an emblem that he is square with the world. This custom prevails throughout the Empire, and must be complied with to secure a good financial standing."

It were well if some of us, who live in a "land of Churches" and advanced civilization, would profit by the lesson taught us, in the above cited heathen custom.

"Square with the world," a true sentence, but when we consider it thoughtfully, suggestive of much, and at this season, when, with all reflecting minds, retrospection is busy, and we look back over the past year and think of duties done, and undone, it is fit and proper to ask ourselves, can we "place over our doors the significant emblem?"

GUARD THE WEAK SPOT.

All men, however strong, have a weak spot, like the rhinoceros, which, though plated like a monitor, is vulnerable to a spear thrust below the plates. Satan is not such a fool as to attack the strong defences; he would be sure to be thrust at the vulnerable points. Some, indeed, think they have no weak place; and such people are right, for they are weak all over, and no part, therefore, could be called weak in particular. The polar bear has a weakness, which is for blubber, and his hunters knowing this, coil a piece of whalebone like a watch-spring, wrap it in blubber, and freeze it, they then draw the tempting morsel in the way of the bear, who swallows it greedily; but as soon as the blubber melts in his stomach, the whalebone springs out. The bear then rolls over in agony, and they come up and kill him. Thus it is when men yield to a sneaky besetting sin, it will cut them assunder.—Dr. H. M. Scudder.

What is wisdom in some is folly in others. He may sleep, rocked in the cradle of the billows, whose vessel rides at anchor—not he who is drifting broadside on to a roaring reef. He may sleep who pillows his head on a royal pardon—not he who, pallid and exhausted by the trial, a down-stricken and haggard wretch, enters a cell which he leaves not but for the scaffold.—Dr. Guthrie.

Temperance.

TEMPERANCE IN THE BIBLE.

1. Who was the first drunkard? Gen. 9: 20, 21.
2. Who took the first temperance pledge? Judges 13: 18, 14.
3. Did anybody mentioned in the Bible ever take the pledge of his own accord? Dan. 1: 8.
4. Was he any healthier or wiser in consequence? Dan. 1: 15-17.
5. Ought kings to drink wine? Prov. 31: 4.
6. Ought ministers to drink wine? Lev. 8: 9.
7. Ought we to make companions of drunkards? 1 Cor. 5: 11.
8. Can any drunkard enter the kingdom of heaven? 1 Cor. 6: 9, 10.
9. Does God pronounce any woe upon drunkards? Isaiah 5: 11-22.
10. Why has he pronounced this woe? Isaiah 23: 7, 8.
11. Are drunkards likely to get rich? Prov. 21: 17.
12. What are the consequences of drinking? Prov. 23: 29, 30.
13. How may we avoid these consequences? Prov. 23: 31.
14. What will be the result if we disregard this advice? Prov. 23: 32.
15. Is it wise to tamper with strong drink? Prov. 20: 1.
16. Where was the first temperance society? Jer. 35: 6-8.
17. What blessing did God pronounce upon the first temperance society? Jer. 35: 18, 19.
18. Is intemperance a vice? Gal. 5: 21.
19. When is temperance a virtue? Gal. 5: 22.
20. Tobacco and opium were not known when the Bible was written, so that they are not mentioned by name in the Bible, but is there anything in the Bible that covers all intemperate habits? Rom. 14: 21.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

NO BRAINS.

Judge Hay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following hard hit at "moderate drinkers."

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers of drunkards. No person can use whisky for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose presence dispirits me, let him make it plain, I will account for it or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statements."

"Are you a moderate drinker?"

"I am."

"How long have you drunk in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And was never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the judge, scanning the subject from head to foot, "yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whisky, sat down to dine, on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried. It worked well. Some of the fish ate it, and became drunk and floated helplessly on the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish, very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to take it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught the fish, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion on the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: "Sambo I understand dis case; de fish is a mullet head, it ain't got no brains." "In other words," added the judge, "alcohol only affects the brain, and of course, those having none may drink without injury." The storm of laughter which followed, drove the "moderate drinker" from the house.

STINGY CHURCHES.

Gratuitous preaching makes selfish, ignorant, and indolent churches. A congregation votes its own destruction when it decides to "get along" with a preacher who costs them little or nothing, and earns just as little as he gets. A cheap minister is bad economy; churches which adopt this policy are invariably in the background in all their operations. The congregations are small, and struggle along late to worship, the singing is miserable, the prayer-meetings thin and dull, the Sabbath schools, if they have any, are of little account, unless conducted by outsiders, the houses of worship are badly warmed and not half lighted, they do nothing for missions, take but few religious papers, are without books or musical instruments in the families, their children run wild in sin and folly, and general disregard of religion prevails. In one thing such churches excel—that is, in quarrels. They are usually split into factions, and abound in committees, councils, discipline, and excommunications. They fight each other when they ought to be working to save souls, exclude members when they ought to be gathering them in, destroy churches when they might build them up. Hundreds of such churches can be found all over the country, while hundreds have already become extinct, died of ignorance in the pulpit and stinginess in the pew.—Baptist Union.

Scientific and Useful.

SOURCE OF NITROGEN IN PLANTS.

It is well known that the quantity of nitrogen contained in the crops exceeds in enormous proportion that existing in the manures, the excess undoubtedly being derived from the air. It is now a question whether this is extracted directly from the air by plants, which would thus have the power of assimilating directly, or if it is first taken from the air by the soil, so as to combine with organic matter and form an assimilable compound. According to De herain, oxygen, in the presence of organic matter, combines directly with nitrogen to form a compound analogous to the humus of the earth, or to ulmic acid. To illustrate this, he placed in a tube oxygen, nitrogen, glucose, and ammonia. On drying the tube and heating it, a black, nitrogenized matter was left, and a portion of the nitrogen in the tube was found to have disappeared.

PRESERVATION OF HOPS.

It has been found in Bavaria that hops can be preserved by packing them in a tight barrel between ice. No perceptible change took place in hops which were so packed for a period of seven months.

THE SUNFLOWER.

A contemporary calls attention to the important uses to which the sunflower can be put. It will grow almost anywhere, and the growing plant and its flowers are well known absorbents of foul and miasmatic air. It is very productive of seed, yielding fifty bushels to the acre, which contain fifty gallons of easily expressed oil. The oil is readily burnt in lamps, and gives a clear white light, it can be used as a vehicle for paint, and is excellent for the soapmaker's use. The seeds can also be fed poultry in winter with advantage. The stalks, which are large and coarse fibered, yield, on burning, a large proportion of potash; but a still more valuable product, a fiber of great strength and smoothness, can be obtained from them by "retting," as is done with the stalks of flax.

HOW TO QUIT TOBACCO.

The best thing to hold in the mouth is a mouthful of cold water, renewed every few minutes. It will take away the craving for tobacco quicker than anything else, and is wholly unobjectionable. A pine stick is the best of any thing to chew, but the objection to that, and to any thing that is chewed, is that it over-exercises and weakens the salivary glands. In quitting the use of tobacco, quit at once, and don't attempt to leave off gradually.—*Herald of Health*.

ANOTHER ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.

An antidote for poison by dew, poison oak, etc., is to take a handful of quick lime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases. Poison from bees, hornets, spider bites, etc., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda, well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung.

A CONVENIENT AND USEFUL REMEDY.

Dr. Hall says that it ought to be extensively known that ordinary boiled rice, eaten with boiled milk, is one of the best remedies known for any form of loose bowels. Its efficacy is increased if it is browned like coffee and then boiled and eaten at intervals of four hours, taking no other food or liquid whatever. Its curative virtue is intensified if no milk is taken with it, and the patient will keep quiet in a warm bed; then it becomes an almost infallible remedy.

CORRECT WAY TO SWEEP A CARPET.

There are three ways to sweep a carpet—one right and two wrong ways. One wrong way is to hold the broom nearly in front of the operator, with the handle inclined backwards towards him, then press down as forward thrust is given, and thus heave the heaviest dirt half-way across the room, while the light particles are sent whirling about, covering, as it settles, every article of furniture.

Another wrong way to sweep a carpet is to move the broom forward with heavy, drawing stroke, by which the material to be removed is pressed into the carpet rather than worked gently along on the surface. If either of these wrong ways is adopted, the broom will wear out carpet more than it is worn by the occupants of the dwelling. When a sweeper collects a dustpan half full of the nap of the carpet every time it is swept, a new one will soon be required.

The right way to sweep is to incline the handle a little forward, then give a light drawing stroke, allowing the broom to hardly touch the carpet. Not one-half the weight of the broom should be allowed to press on the carpet, as the dirt is moved and rolled along very lightly. If a generous supply of tea-grounds, small bits of wet paper, or clean and wet saw-dust can be spread over the carpet before the sweeping is commenced, all the fine dirt will adhere to the wet material.

A little smart woman who is a terror to dirt will frequently hurl it about the room as if it were impelled by a whirlwind, and when the task is ended her dust-pan will contain scarcely enough to pay for sweeping. But by using a good broom having a long, elastic brush, touching the carpet very lightly, it will scarcely require the strength of a child to sweep a large parlour in a few minutes. Scarcely one house-keeper in fifty understands how to sweep a carpet correctly.—*Rural Home*.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into Heaven is the beating of a loving heart.—*Decher*.

Faith's eyes can see through a frown of God, and under it read God's thoughts of love and peace.—*Rutherford*.

Faint not: the miles to Heaven are few and short. There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.—*Rutherford*.