

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

OCT. 20.

Pilate's Sin. Matt. xxvii. 19-25.

Prove that Christ is the Day Star.

Repeat Psalm 118. 7-9; Text, Rev. 3. 6. Shorter Catechism, 98.

Parallel passages, Mark xv. 9-15; Luke xxiii. 18-25; John xviii. 40.

VER. 19.

What was the judgment seat? What we call the Bench, where the magistrate sits. What message did Pilate's wife send? Tradition says that her name was Procla, and that she afterwards became a Christian; but this is not certain. How does she show her knowledge of Jesus? She calls him "That just man." The fame of his holy life had reached even to Pilate's palace; and the tidings that he was on his trial had been carried to her. What had she dreamed? Evidently that he was unjustly treated. She, believed him to be perfectly innocent, had been much distressed by the dream. Why ought Pilate to have listened to her? She spoke the truth; he was a just man. When even the friends of Jesus forsook him, this woman spoke in his defence.

VER. 20-23.

What led the multitude to ask that Barabbas should be released from prison? v. 20 They might have interposed on behalf of Jesus but for the priests. How did Pilate try to save Jesus? He reminded them that he was called "The Christ, or the Messiah." Pilate did not know much about their views of the Messiah; but he thought that they would not have one put to death bearing such a name. He reminded them also that he was the King of the Jews, Mark xv. 12. How did he show that he believed Jesus to be innocent? v. 23. The charges made against him all broke down. "I have found no cause of death in him," Luke xxiii. 22. How often did Pilate argue with the people? Three times, Luke xxiii. 22.

Who was Barabbas? A robber, John xviii. 40. He had been guilty of sedition and murder in Jerusalem, Luke xxiii. 19. How did they reply to Pilate's questions? v. 22, 23. "They cried out the more exceedingly, Mark xv. 14. "They were instant with loud voices," Luke xxiii. 23. They would not reason or think, but they could shout.

VER. 24, 25.

What was Pilate afraid of? A tumult, a riot. Why could he not prevail to save Jesus? Because he took the wrong way. He had the power to prevent the death of Jesus, and he ought to have saved him. Why did Pilate yield? He was willing to content the people, Mark xv. 15. How did he declare the innocence of Jesus? "This just person," v. 24. How did he try to prove his own innocence? v. 24 How did the people take the blame on themselves? v. 25.

LESSONS. 1. The holiness of Jesus. It was witnessed by every one, v. 19, 24. It was witnessed by God, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," Matt. iii. 17.

2. The wickedness of man. Priests and people were not content with rejecting Jesus. They must crucify him. A minister one day said, "If virtue were to come down from heaven, all men would bow down and worship it." His colleague in the afternoon said, "Virtue did come down from heaven in the person of Jesus Christ, and all men cried 'Crucify him.'" "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders," Matt. xv. 19. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; Who can know it?" Jer. xvii. 9.

3. Sinners are well warned. Pilate was warned by his conscience, for three times over he tried to turn the people from their purpose, and declared he was innocent. He was warned by his wife, v. 19. He was warned by Jesus himself, "He that delivered me unto this hath the greater sin," John xiii. 11. God gives all men sufficient warning, Isa. x. 3; Luke vi. 49; Luke xii. 5.

4. Sin cannot be excused. Pilate was frightened for a riot, and thought this excused his condemning Jesus. We are to do what is right, whatever be the consequence. Had Pilate, who was a soldier, been ordered to attack a fort, his life would have been in danger, but at the command of his sovereign he would have done it. We must be no less bold and brave for Christ. "I am ready to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus," Acts xxi. 13; Luke xiv. 26, 27; Matt. v. 30.

5. Sin cleaves to us whether we will or no. To deny guilt does not make us guiltless. All the waters of the Jordan could not wash Pilate's hands from the stains of Christ's blood. It is only he who confesseth and forsaketh sin that cleans from sin, 1 Cor. xv. 3; 1 Thes. i. 10; Heb. i. 3.

6. The punishment of sin. The people said, his blood be on us and our children. Forty years afterwards multitudes of crosses were set up by the Romans, on which were crucified some of these people and their children. Be sure your sin will find you out, 1 Cor. x. 9-12; Ps. l. i. 5; Isa. xxxv. 21; Luke xix. 27.

I am alone now, and shall be till I die; and I am not afraid to be alone in the majesty of darkness which his presence accompanies with a crowd. I am but an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry; nevertheless I am not afraid of the dark. It is the grand, awful mystery, but God is in it, the light of the darkest night.—F. W. Robertson.

Many a child goes astray not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home but simply because home lacks sunshine.

Sculpture and painting are moments of life; poetry is life itself, and everything around above it.—Landon.

Eight hours a day, a lusty temper. Anger will come, but resist it. A spark may set a house on fire, and a fit of passion may give you cause to be sorry all your life.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILDREN'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

Father! see, we come before thee, While the evening shades draw near Humbly kneeling, we adore thee. Listen to the children's prayer Safe from thousand lurking dangers Thou hast kept us all the day; Still to safe and sorrow strangers, Listen to our thanks, we pray

Parents, friends, looks and teachers By thy grace are all bestowed, That such young and erring creatures Early may be taught of God.

Still protect and still bestow us Let us sleep in peace to night. Let thy nightly arm defend us 'Till we see the morning light.

All the days and years before us We will spend at thy command; Only shed thy light on our us, Only lead us by thy hand!

PETER'S PIPPIN.

"Here, Peter."

"Yes, Papa."

A hand outstretched, and two chubby ones beneath; a sudden tip of the large one and the tumble of an apple into the smaller ones, with the words:

"That's a pippin, my son; Uncle John sent it to you with his compliments. Now, off to your book again," and Dr. Morton resumed his paper.

Peter walked slowly, very slowly away. First, a gaze of wonderment at the apple, and then a wistful one at his father. At last he stopped, and, retracing his steps, exclaimed:

"But it is so long, papa! What makes it so long? I like fat apples with rosy cheeks, like gran'pa's. I don't like such long apples, 'cause they ain't good!" and he tossed it on his parent's lap.

Dr. Morton laid down his paper, and taking the rejected fruit, replied:

"Well, Peter, am I long or short?"

"You're long, papa."

"And Uncle John?"

"Oh, he isn't like you—he's short and big round!"

"Now, who do you like best, me or your uncle?"

"Why you, papa, don't I?" and the little fellow clambered on his parent's knee, and threw his arms about his neck.

"But I'm long, you know."

"Yes, you're real long, but I love you best," and gave his father a vigorous hug.

"Then, my boy, you mustn't throw away this poor pippin because it is long, any more than you would me. Take it, now and don't tell me the shape has anything to do with taste until you've finished it."

So Peter took the apple once more, now fully convinced that there never was such a good apple.

The room opened on the hall. Peter found the front door ajar, and running out he stood on the steps which led, one by one, to the broad pavement below, for you must know that our hero lived in a large city.

Now, Peter had been cautioned time and again about leaving these same steps. The lower one was the line which separated him from the outside world. He often felt grieved when he thought of this cruel command, and never more than at this moment. He looked up and down the street. There were over so many little boys, just "his big," running back and forth; and why not he? He wouldn't go far: just a stop or two, in order to see for himself what was going on. To, without even a thought of his mittens or comforter, though it was midwinter, he clambered down the step and walked off with the crowd. Once started, he forgot everything in the strange sights which met his view. What with the beautiful horses, the beautiful sleighs, the finely-dressed people who jostled him as they passed, and the wonderful display in the shop windows, he was charmed into a total forgetfulness. How long he would have wandered thus along, we know not; but we do know that the sight of a man climbing a lamp-post and lighting the gas, brought him back to himself once more. Now he remembered starting from home; it seemed a long, long time ago. Turning about, he walked off rapidly in the opposite direction, snipping off courses that that must lead to home. But after going a few squares, he saw a forest of masts looming up against the cold grey sky. Then he knew he was near the lake and a long distance from home. He knew he was lost but he didn't cry. Not he. But he began to feel the cold, buttoning his coat up to his chin and drawing his cap down over his ears he thrust both his hands in his pockets changed his direction, and trudged manfully onward. People passed and repassed, for it was no uncommon thing for a boy of his age to traverse the streets in the early evening. At last in fit of desperation, he confronted a man clad in a great coat and furs. "Please, sir," he said, in a hurried voice, "would you please to tell me where I live if you please, sir?"

"It would please me to please you, my lad; but you'll please excuse me, if you please, sir," replied the stranger, as he passed on, evidently mistaking the blundering question of Peter's as a joke.

Discouraged at this his first attempt, our hero plodded on until nearly tired-out. Added to this was a sense of hunger. What should he do? Involuntarily he put his hand into his pocket. He felt something hard. He drew it forth. It was the pippin! He had forgotten all about it, and now it had turned up just at the time when he needed it most. Already he had it to his mouth caught a figure standing full in the light of the nearest lamp-post. It was that of a little girl about his own age. She was wretchedly clad, and sobbing violently. "Please, please, would you please to give me some more, and, please, please, would you please to tell me where I live if you please, sir?"

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"Is you hurt?"

"No, I ain't, now, then!" answered the child in a spiteful voice. "Daddy's gods and got drunk agin, and him and mam's havin' it out, so they are. I ain't had nothin' to eat all day, and I'm hungry, so I am. You go 'long, and leave me be, will you?" and she turned her back to our hero, and sobbed louder than ever.

Peter's heart was touched. He was also a little alarmed at this rough reply to a civil question. But he wasn't to be driven off that way. No, indeed. If he only had something to give her to eat, how nice it would be! Again his hand struck something hard in his coat-pocket. It was the pippin! With a chuckle of delight he drew it forth, and, tapping the little stranger's shoulder, said:

"Here, sissy, is a pippin. I thought it wasn't good, 'cause it was so long; but my papa says it's better as a short one."

The child turned quickly, glanced first at the speaker and then at the apple, and without even a word, took it from his outstretched hand and began to eat it. Peter put his hands in his breeches pocket, and watched the operation with interest. In two minutes the pippin had disappeared. Then the enter wiped her mouth with the back of her not overclean hand, gave a little sigh of satisfaction, and said, in a mild voice:

"You're real nice! Where 'bout do you live?"

"I know where; but I can't find it," replied Peter, gravely.

"Be you lost?"

"I be."

"What's your name?"

At this moment, a dark shadow came and a man. He wore a great over-coat all buttoned up to the chin, "Hilloa, chippin, whats up?" he asked in a pleasant voice—very pleasant, Peter thought, for so fierce-looking a personage.

"He's lost, he is," replied the girl eagerly. "He says he knows where he lives, but he can't find it."

"Indeed," replied the policeman with a grin, "I don't doubt that, either. Come, boy, give us your name?"

"Peter Morton, sir, if you please, sir."

"Don't know him," replied the watchman, after a moment's reflection. "Guess you'll have to come with me. We'll find your home to-morrow."

"Stop, sir!" cried the girl, springing forward and grasping the man by the arm, "hold on, if you please!" Then to Peter—"Isn't your daddy a doctor?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is," replied our hero politely.

"Then mother knows where he lives. He was at our house doctorin' big Sis last summer. Wait a minute"—and the child darted off and disappeared up a dark alley. She soon reappeared, and handed the policeman a slip of paper on which was written, "nom, 27 south Hi street." He glanced at the slip, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and finally read, "Number 27 South Eighth Street," all right. Come on, boy. Is it a mistake it won't hurt any body," and he led Peter off on a run.

The address was right. Our hero was admitted into the arms of his parents with tears and embraces; and he was heard to say seven or eight times that he never, never, never, would do so any more.

Boy reader, don't follow the example of Peter. Even should you chance on such a pippin, you would probably devour it directly, and then your adventure would not terminate so pleasantly as that of Peter.—Christian Union.

FALSE EYES.

A French Paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of great magnificence. His servant has but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is conveniently tried in his servant's head, so that the customer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is about \$10 per eye. For the poor, there are second-hand visual organs which have been worn for a time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

"PROMISE ME NOT TO SWEAR."

One day a gentleman observed a group of boys bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see, and not be much observed. "That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself. A last effort was made to induce him to come with them. "Now, James, will you not come? you are such a good player." "Yes," he replied; "but on one condition Give me your hands that you will not swear, and I will go." They did so, and with joy all ran off to play. We are sure the game lost none of its interest for want of the swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the race of ungodly playfellows.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

Not in vain as he lived, hard and thankless should he be to think so, that has such a treasure given him. Non omnis moriar if dying I yet live in a tender heart or two, nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted, departed soul still loves and prays for me.—W. A. Thackeray.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, once answered the question as to why he, who had taught so many years, should continue to study so much, in these words; "Because I would rather have my pupils drink from a running brook than from a stagnant pond." The comparison was well chosen, and the sentiment explains why Dr. Arnold was so highly respected.

Temperance.

THIRTY REASONS.

David Paul Brown recently made an argument in favor of prohibition, in which he most completely set aside all "constitutional" and financial objections, and gave the following thirty reasons why intoxicating liquors as a beverage should be prohibited by law. We would like to see some apologist for liquor selling attempt to offset them with the same number on the other side of the question. Mr. Brown asks all to join in the practical enforcement of the doctrine, that the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage should be prohibited by law, because:

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the highest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended in them are lost.
11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with enormous crime.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Taxpayers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
23. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
29. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.—Temperance Blessing.

WINE A POOR BEVERAGE.

In all our common articles of food the elements of nutrition and respiration are so nicely balanced in their proportions that, for the diet of a healthy man there is no necessity for adding an extra quantity either to the one class or the other; or, in other words, the supply of nutrition and of animal heat is so admirably equidized in the composition of common food that any material derangement of the proportions which it affords is attended with a corresponding derangement of the vital functions. It is obvious, therefore, that if we add a portion of alcohol to the food taken into the stomach, the elements of respiration are increased and the animal heat augmented in a proportionate degree. No part of the alcohol can go to form the tissues of the body, or to renovate and sustain them, as it is destitute of nitrogen, and not an element of nutrition. It can only serve as an element of respiration, to be burned in the lungs of a man, and to add to the amount of his animal heat. The result is that, as the quantity of alcohol is increased from habit, an unnatural exhilaration is produced, leading to an overtasking of the muscular and nervous systems, and of premature decay in the manhood of the victim. To use a familiar phrase, he has "lived too fast." Let us gain a clearer view of this point by contrast. We know that an insufficient supply of food tends to produce paleness of the cheek, because both the animal heat and the nutrition are less than are demanded to keep up the healthy condition of the system. On the other hand, where age has not indurated the skin, an abundance of food keeps up the vital powers, and the powers, and the face, possessing the ruddy color of health, bears testimony to a well stored stomach, but when alcohol is added, in such a case, in excess, the nice balance between nutrition and respiration is destroyed, the healthful action of the animal functions is impaired, the ruddy glow of health disappears from the cheek, the deep red of the furnace heated by flame overcasts the countenance, and the habits of the inebriate stand revealed. Now, if pure alcohol will do all this upon a healthy constitution—and none dare gain say this truth—how much more fatal, and how much more speedy, must be the production of the crisis in the drinker's career, where deleterious compounds are used in its stead?—California Cultivist.

Young writers will do well to remember that Lord Bacon rewrote one of his works twelve times; and Pascal his letters several times, and one of them thirteen times; while Edwin Burke had his works printed two or three times on separate presses, before publishing them to the public.

Scientific and Medical.

PURE AIR.

Dr. August Smith gives a good rule for ascertaining the amount of carbonic acid in the house: "Let us keep our room so that the air does not give a precipitate when a ten and half ounce bottleful is shaken with half an ounce of clean lime water," a sanitary regulation which can easily be carried out.

PATENT BRAIN DROPS.

Physiologists tell us that the brain contains a great deal of phosphorus, and the doctors says that brown bread is healthier than that made from bolted flour, because of the phosphorus that the bran contains, which in fine flour is in great part absent. Baking powders were accordingly invented, the principle purpose of which is to supply bread with the useful amount of the phosphoric quality. A candy has now been invented and patented, which is nothing else than doops of phosphorus in disguise. The love of candy has thus been utilized and made to repair the waste of nervous and brain force. It is a pleasant way of taking medicine, and even the children cry for it.

DISINFECTING BY HEAT.

We learn from English exchanges that the corporation of Dublin have constructed a hot air chamber, in which clothes and bedding are disinfected for the public at a moderate charge. The walls and ceiling of the compartment in which the clothes are heated are brick, and its floors is composed of perforated iron plate. The heat is supplied from the exterior surface of a coil of pipe, eighty feet in length, which acts as part of the furnace flue. The products of combustion escape into the atmosphere without passing into the close chamber, and no emanations from the infected clothes can pass into the open air; this disinfesting apparatus cannot therefore taint the atmosphere of the locality. Clothes can be disinfected in a common oven, the theory being that contagious germs are destroyed at a heat considerably lower than that at which goods would be destroyed.

AFTER DINNER NAPS.

Many persons, particularly the middle-aged and elderly, allow themselves after-dinner naps; and the custom, if not carried to excess, is by many medical men considered beneficial rather than otherwise, as by keeping the body in a state of quietude, digestion is promoted and assisted. In southern countries the mid-day sleep, termed the siesta, is almost universally taken, and wonderfully refreshes the frame enervated and weakened by the intense heat. It is, however, recommended that such sleep be not indulged in to too great a length, as persons invariably find such prolonged slumber in the daytime causes them to wake dull, irritable and unfreshed; while most have experienced, on having been accidentally roused up a few minutes after absolute forgetfulness, a sensation of lightness and renewed vigor, unattended by peevishness, or the least desire to sleep again. Medical men, in sanctioning the indulgence, particularly desire that it be taken in a reclining posture, and by no means lying horizontally, the stomach in the latter position pressing on the intestines, and causing the blood to be impelled to the head. Corpulent persons, and those who have a tendency to apoplexy, should be particularly mindful on this point.

A CHIMNEY THAT WILL NOT SMOKE.

The Scientific American gives the following hints to those who would "build a chimney which would not smoke." The chief point is to make the throat not less than four inches broad and twelve long; then the chimney should be abruptly enlarged to double the size, and so continued for one foot or more; then it may be gradually tapered off as desired. But the inside of the chimney, throughout its whole length to the top, should be plastered very smooth with good mortar, which will harden with age. The area of a chimney should be at least half a square foot, and flues less than sixty square inches. The best shape for a chimney is circular, or many-sided, as giving less friction (brick is the best material, as it is a non-conductor), and the higher above the roof the better.

TO SUGAR-CURE HAMS.

To 100 pounds of ham take seven pounds of salt, four pounds of sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter. Mix them well. (This is enough for two rubbings.) Rub well. Bulk up for ten days or two weeks, then overhaul and rub again and bulk for some time; then hang and smoke.

CURE FOR A COUGH.

Here is a good remedy for a cough: Take a handful of hops, put it into three pints of hot water; let it boil one-half hour, or until the strength is out. Then strain and add one-half cups of best molasses, and one cup of white sugar. Then boil down slowly in a bright dish, or enamelled kettle to about one quart. Then bottle up, and it is ready for use. Drink a little when you cough.

SICK HEADACHE.

Much sick headache is caused by overloading the stomach—by indigestion. It may be relieved by drinking very freely of warm water, whether it produces vomiting or not. If the feet are cold, warm them or bath them in water as hot as you can bear it. Soda or ashes in the water will do good. If the pain is very severe, apply a cloth wrung out of hot water to the head—pack the head, as it were. To prevent it, let plainness, simplicity, and temperance preside at your table. In some cases medicine is necessary; but if the above is properly carried out, almost immediate relief is experienced.

BUTTERMILK.

Persons who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because it is slightly acid, in consequence of the presence of lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the presence of the lactic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. (The Welsh peasants almost live upon oatmeal and buttermilk.) Invalids, suffering from indigestion, will do well to drink buttermilk, at least once a day.