

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Aug. 18.

The Passover.—Matt. xxvi. 20-25.

Prove the Evil of Envy.

Repeat Psalm 115. 8-11; Proverbs 28. 13; Shorter Catechism 88.

Parallel passages, Mark xiv. 17-21; Luke xxii. 14-28; John xxiii. 1-35.

VER. 20.

Where did Jesus come from? Probably Bethany, v. 6. Where were they seated? v. 18. In a guest-chamber, a large upper room, Mark xiv. 14-15. At what time of the day? The paschal lamb was killed and prepared between three and four o'clock; it must therefore have been about six o'clock. On what day of the week was this? The evening introducing the sixth day of the week; the day began about six o'clock.

It is desirable to furnish scholars with a short account of what the pass-over was, and how it was observed, on which they may be examined:—(1.) The paschal lamb was a male, and faultless. (2.) It was killed at the temple. (3.) It was roasted on a spit of the pomegranate, with a wooden skewer; the two formed a cross. (4.) It was eaten with unleavened bread, sauce, and bitter herbs, as chicory, wild lettuce, or nettles; the sauce was made of vinegar, figs, dates, almonds, and spice. (5.) Some cups of wine were drunk, usually red wine. (6.) Several Psalms were sung, Psalms. cxiii. to cxviii. See v. 30; Mark xiv. 26. (7.) There was also an account given to the children of the meaning of the feast. Ex. xii. 26.

VER. 21.

What did Jesus say to the twelve? He had made similar predictions before this, Matt. xxvii. 22; Matt. xx. 18-19; but he now intimates that it is one of the twelve who is to be the betrayer. What is meant by betray? One of them would deliver him into the hands of his enemies. Why did Jesus say this? One reason might be to warn Judas of the sin he was about to commit.

LESSONS. 1. The desperate wickedness of man's heart. One would have thought no man could have betrayed the holy and living Jesus; yet an apostle did so. We are all depraved; only through the grace of God can we be preserved from sin, Acts xx. 32; Rom. xiv. 4; 2 Cor. iii. 5; 1 Pet. i. 5.

2. We never sin unwarned. Conscience within, and the Word of God, tells us the fatal consequences of sin, Rom. ii. 14-15; Tit. iii. 11; 1 Cor. vi. 9; Heb. ii. 2.

VER. 22, 23.

What did the disciples say? The words, "Lord, is it I?" signify in the original, "It cannot be me." The question is asked, but at the same time the disciples say they are sure it cannot be them. How did Jesus reply? There was a dish in the centre of the table with sauce, into which everyone dipped his bread as he was eating. Jesus says that one of those who was dipping his bread into the dish was to betray him, but does not name him. In John's Gospel we read that Peter beckoned to John, who was next to Jesus, leaning on his bosom, to ask who it was, and that he replied, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." A sop is a piece of bread.

VER. 24.

What is meant by "the Son of Man goeth?" He is going to death. Where is this prophesied? Ps. xxii. 16; Isa. iii. How does Jesus warn Judas?

LESSON. 1. The Scriptures must be fulfilled. The word of God cannot be broken. All the grand prophecies of eternal life through Christ will one day be fulfilled.

2. Never think little of sin. There are others of whom it is true, "It had been good if they had not been born." Only they who are born again, and love God, are saved.

VER. 25.

Who was the last to ask? What is the difference between his question and that of the others? They say "Lord," he says "Master." The original is "Rabbi." How does Jesus reply to him? "Thou hast said means Yes. From John's Gospel we find that Jesus gave a sop to Judas; thereby pointing him out as the traitor, and that on receiving it he immediately left the table. The disciples knew then that Judas was to betray Jesus, but they did not know how or when this was to be done, and still less that he had gone away for the purpose.

LESSON. 1. An example of hypocrisy. Judas had the thirty pieces of silver in his purse at the time, yet asks, "Is it I?"

2. Hypocrisy detected. Judas saw that Jesus knew his plans, and went at once to execute them. All sin will be exposed one day, Luke xii. 1-2.

SYSTEMATIC SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The *Liberal Christian* has a very sensible editorial on systematic and solid teaching in Sunday School, and on the waste of Sunday, a portion of which we are glad to copy. It says:

"But our Sunday Schools, to meet real wants and the earnestness of inquiring minds, must be systematic and solid; not haphazard affairs, in which the teachers know little more than the pupils. The truth is a Sunday School teacher ought to be the graduate of a systematic Sunday School, having a plan in his head and positive knowledge to communicate, with some 'aptness to teach' added. But, alas! the most competent despise or neglect this office. It is thought to be a duty fitted for elder girls and boys, who ought still to be in pupilage, or a work for the unemployed and irresponsible, if they have, and often if they have not, a sober turn, or what is often mistaken for it, a melancholy or sickly temperament. We shall have no progress until the whole business of equipped and suitable and older and more experienced and more profoundly religious teachers is rightly settled. And these teachers cannot be had until a different sort of interest in the religious education of the whole flock is felt by ministers and the people; in short, until we have a reform in our use of Sunday.

"In our present condition (whatever may be the prospect when we shall have improved it), the great difficulty about Sunday Schools is the ignorance, indefiniteness, sentimentality and lack of direct personal interest in religion in the adult portion of our churches. Religious reading of an instructive kind has been displaced at home by newspapers and light literature. Sunday is merged in the days of the week, so far as the character of their family reading goes. The people at home no longer read the Bible much, and specially not with the apparatus necessary to make it intelligible and interesting. They seldom know much about the history of their religion, its evidences, its records. Now if the people incorrigibly misuse Sunday by squandering its precious hours in careless or light reading, ought not the Church to give up at least half its Sunday services to positive and systematic religious instruction? Ought not one half day's public service be wholly devoted to instruction—direct, systematic, under the guidance of text books, and with all the aids which special preparation would furnish the minister with?"

A HOME WITHOUT CHILDREN.

Children grow up; nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like ravelling a stocking, stitch by stitch gives way till it is all gone. The house has not a child in it; there is no more noise in the hall, boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no skates, sleds, ball or string left scattering about. Things are quiet enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, of looking after anybody, or tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed or collars to be arranged.—There was never such a peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two, to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing through its channel. We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children work with all its varieties. During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to proof. The intervals of public worship are spaces of peace. The family scenes made up that day. The children are at home, and you can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little noise. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—*H. W. Beecher.*

There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed upon it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our living in it.

Our Young Folks.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them bad, the other one good;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right, air to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, russets and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door.
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see them thrashing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dimly up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish,
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be
poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—ALICE CARY.

JESSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"There! Everything is ready now. I have ironed my own skirts and my white dress, and they look very nice indeed. So does my hat, which I shall wear to-morrow for the first time. I wish it were to-morrow now."

"I am glad it is not," remarked Jessie's mother quietly.

"Why are you glad, mamma?"

"Because if you are to enjoy the picnic to-morrow, it is necessary that you should have a good night's rest first."

"I suppose it is, but indeed I feel as if I shall not sleep when I go to bed."

"Why not, Jessie?"

"Because I am so excited by the thought of what a happy day I shall have."

"I hope it will be as happy as you expect."

"There is not a doubt about it, mamma. Dora is to be there, and Cassie, and so is Edith. And you know they are my dearest friends. Then several sets of croquet are to be taken, and swings are to be put up, and we shall have some music too. Dora says that there is not a more splendid place for a picnic within many miles; so of course it will be all as delightful as possible."

"If everything is ready, Jessie, I would advise you to retire at once."

"Oh, mamma, I feel sure that I shall not sleep all night."

"I feel sure that you will. It is already past your bed bedtime."

"Then good night, mamma, dear. No doubt I shall wake by three or four in the morning, even if I do fall asleep."

"It is to be hoped not, Jessie. You will not enjoy the day if you are languid and tired."

"Oh! I shall enjoy it any way, mamma."

Jessie did lie awake and think of to-morrow, but only for half an hour. Then her thoughts changed to dreams, and, being a strong, healthy girl, she dropped into a sound sleep, from which she did not awake until nearly seven the next morning. Of course, as she was asleep, she did not know that at three o'clock the skies were very dark, and at four o'clock it began to rain steadily.

As soon as she had opened her eyes, and there had been time for her to remember what day it was, she looked toward the window, and thought it seemed very dark. Then she listened, and a very ominous sound reached her ears, the sound of falling rain! Instantly she sprang out of bed, and her worst fears were realised. The skies were dull; there was not a glimpse of sunshine anywhere. The ground was covered with mud, the flowers were bending their heavy heads, and looking thoroughly drenched, and it was raining dismally.

Jessie first sighed, and then groaned. Then she sat down upon the side of the bed and had a good cry, and when that was over she went down stairs to her mother.

"Oh, mamma, isn't it a dreadful disappointment?" she said.

"Yes, my child, I fear it is. I am very sorry for you."

"It would not matter so much if it were a shower, but this is a heavy rain. Perhaps, though, it will leave off presently."

"But even if it should do so you cannot have your picnic. It has been raining for some hours, and the ground is so thoroughly soaked that it will need many hours of wind or sunshine to dry it."

"Then there is no hope of our being able to go."

"None, Jessie."

Jessie had thought so herself, but she had indulged a slight hope that she was mistaken.

About nine o'clock a note came from Dora to say that as the weather was so bad, the picnic must, of course, be put off.

"Never mind, my child. Bear it as well as you can, for even our disappointments are meant to do us good. Try to be a brave girl, Jessie."

"I will try, mamma."

Then Jessie did the best thing she could have done; she tried to fill her mind with other subjects.

"I wonder if there is any one whom I can go to see," she thought.

Then she remembered Mrs. Smith—a woman whom she knew very well, and who had lately had a sad accident which had deprived her of her sight.

"Mrs. Smith will let me read to her a little perhaps, I will go and see her."

Jessie found Mrs. Smith crying, and in great trouble.

She did not, of course, see Jessie enter; but she heard that some one came in.

"How are you, Mrs. Smith? I have come to see if I can do anything for you."

"Is it Miss Jessie?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am in such trouble to-day that I cannot tell what to do. The woman who usually attends to me, and keeps my house tidy, has been obliged to go away."

"Why?"

"Because her daughter was taken suddenly ill."

"Never mind, Mrs. Smith, I will do what you want done."

"You, Miss Jessie? You cannot do it."

"Oh, yes, I can; at least I will try."

Those who really try usually succeed, and so did Jessie. In a very few minutes she had swept Mrs. Smith's room, and made it look quite comfortable. Then she cooked some dinner for her, and read a psalm from the Old Testament and a chapter from the New.

So she spent the morning. She was much too busy to think of the disappointment she had had.

"I am glad I was able to come," she said to Mrs. Smith.

"And I am both glad and thankful," said Mrs. Smith. "You have been like eyes to the blind this morning. You see, Miss Jessie, I am not so well able to help myself as if I had been always blind. When people are born so, they learn the way to do many things; but the darkness is terrible to me, and I am afraid to move about in it."

"I hope you will get your sight again at some time, Mrs. Smith. And now I must say good-bye, for perhaps mamma will want me."

Her mother did want her.

When Jessie got home she found her lying on the sofa and looking very white.

"Oh, mamma, have you one of your bad headaches?"

"Yes, Jessie; it is so bad that I can scarcely lift it from the pillow."

"I will make you some camomile tea and bathe your head with vinegar and water. Go to bed, mamma, and let me nurse you."

For an hour or two Jessie was kept very busy. It was a stubborn headache and could not at first be got to move. But after a time the pain grew less.

"Now could you eat a slice of toast, mamma?"

"I think I could if it were made very nicely."

"And drink a cup of tea?"

"Yes."

"I will get it ready directly."

Jessie's mother closed her eyes, and a happy look stole over her as she waited.

When Jessie came back with the toast and tea, she smiled and said,—

"My child, I cannot help feeling glad that you are at home to-day."

"Dear mamma," said Jessie, "I am glad too. It has been a most happy disappointment."

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not exploits, nor battle, nor one great heroic act, nor mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of life.

Scientific and Useful.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

It is of the utmost importance to keep children warm; and the younger the child is, the more carefully should this rule be observed. Young infants have no means of keeping themselves warm, and in this respect, as in others, are wholly dependent on those around them. It is a mistake commonly made by robust people, who say the children are made hardy by exposure to cold. Provided it is supplied with good fresh air, a child cannot be too carefully protected against chills and draughts. An apparent trivial discomfort, namely, coldness of the feet, should always be looked for and obviated, for it often leads to much suffering, particularly from uneasiness and cramps in the stomach.—*Scientific Paper.*

DYSPEPSIA.

There is no country where there is so much dyspepsia as in America, because our people pay so little attention to food, and eat too much meat for the exercise they take. If one has mental labour, fish every second day at least, is requisite. Soup sets all the glands at work, and prepares the stomach for the more important functions of digestion, and therefore should be taken at dinner every day. Beef broth is to the old what milk is to the young. Cookery properly attended, keeps a man in health. If the stomach is out of order the brain is affected. We should eat more fruit, vegetables, and fish. Good and well prepared food beautifies the physique, same as good and well-directed beautifies the mind. Wrinkles are produced by the want of variety of food. The man who does not use his brain to select and prepare his food is not above the brutes, which take it in a raw state.—*Home and Health.*

ROASTED COFFEE AS A DEODORISER.

After numerous experiments with roasted coffee the result proves that it is one of the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room the affluvia occasioned by the clearing of a cesspool, so that sulphurated hydrogen and ammonia could be clearly detected, was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of best coffee. The best mode of using it as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown hue, when it is ready for use.

HOW TO TREAT FAINTING PEOPLE.

There are some observations in *The Lancet* of last week which might be studied with advantage by police constables. Referring to a case in New York, in which death speedily followed the extraction of teeth after an effectual endeavour to administer nitrous oxide gas. *The Lancet* maintains that had the patient, who had fainted from terror, been laid flat on the floor instead of being kept in an upright position, she would have probably recovered in a few minutes; and it then points out the danger of treating syncope by the erect posture, instancing the case of a poor woman who lately fainted on an English racecourse, and having been placed by a policeman in a sitting posture, was only saved from death by the accident as a doctor happening to pass by at the moment and laying her down until she recovered. The public is often moved to a slight display of indignation when some one who has committed the offence or being taken ill in the street is put to death in a police cell; but when it is remembered that many of our police were perhaps agricultural labourers a few weeks before they are called upon to duty in the streets, and are as ignorant of the proper method of dealing with cases of syncope as they are of Hebrew, the wonder is that any insensible person who falls into their hands ever survive police treatment. Even the most intelligent members of the force, who are not in the habit of jumping to the conclusion that every insensible person "Smells of Spirits" and must be drunk and therefore use their best exertions to restore consciousness in no vindictive spirit, almost invariably prop their patient up against a pillar, letter box, or a door step, having dragged him or her, as the case may be, to that support with the assistance of the bystanders.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for them in earnest—the one, the knowledge of what he ought to do; and the other, a plausible pretext for doing what he likes. The latter of these the carnally-minded might find in any set of precepts that could have been framed; the former the spiritually-minded will not fail to obtain in the Gospel.—*Whately.*