

Sabbath School Teacher.

Lesson XXXIX.

September 28th, 1873.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

How shall we pray? (Teaching to Pray.)

What shall we do with our sorrows? (The Gracious Call.)

And here, dear teachers fellow-labourers! let the Review, and the quarter close, by sounding again in your pupils' ears, with something of the Master's earnestness, and loving tenderness, his pleading cry, "Come unto me."

LESSON ILLUSTRATIONS.

LESSON XXXVI.—Obeying "The Call."—In one of the eastern counties of New York there lived a coloured female, who was born a slave, but she was made free by the act gradually abolishing slavery in that State. She had no resources except such as she obtained by her own labour. On one occasion she carried to her pastor forty dollars; she told him that she wished him, with two dollars of this sum, to procure for her a seat in his church; eighteen dollars she desired to be given to the American Board; and the remaining twenty dollars she requested him to divide among other benevolent societies, according to his discretion. With such a spirit pervading the church, how soon would the gospel be carried to every creature!—Cheever.

LESSON XXXVII.—Judging Ministers.—Some years ago, three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly; and the chiefs held a council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man; and they declared he did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in their national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner, and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through him, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was over after kindly received.

LESSON XXXVIII.—Invitation of Christ.—During a religious awakening in a factory-village in New England, a foreman was awakened, but could not find peace. His superior sent him a letter, requesting him to call at six o'clock. Promptly he came. "I see you believe me," said his master. The foreman assented. "Well, see; here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it. He took the paper, and began to read it slowly, "Come unto Me—all ye—that labour," &c. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears; then he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired, "Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?" "Just in the same way," rejoined the master. This expedient was owned of God in setting him at liberty.

The Wise and the Simple.—The first are they who see both too much and too little. Esteeming themselves wise they become fools. The second are those who are content to lay hold of simple, primal truths, and yield an unquestioning obedience.

No Rest on Earth.—There is a tradition of an Indian chief who with his tribe fled before the prairie-fires, till he had crossed a broad river, when he struck his tent-pole into the ground and cried, "Alabama!" (here we may rest!) He was no prophet. Hostile tribes overpowered them; and they found only graves where they sought a home. This, it may be, a parable of the soul; for it, earth has no Alabama.

Tobacco—Another Testimony.

A late article in the Journal of Science Review gives us the mischievous results of the use of tobacco, as shown by many experiments, and sums up as follows:

"Tobacco adds no potential strength to the human frame. Its work is distraction, and not construction. It cannot add one molecule to the plasma out of which our bodies are built up. On the contrary, it exerts upon it a most deleterious influence. It does not supply, but it diminishes, vital force. Tobacco belongs to the class of narcotic and exciting substances. It has no food value. Stimulation means abstracted, not added, force. It involves the narcotic paralysis of a portion of the functions, the activity of which is essential to healthylife.

It will be said that tobacco soothes and cheers the weary toiler and solaces the overworked brain. All such expedients are fallacious. When a certain amount of brain-work or hand work has been performed, nature wants time to rest and recuperate, and all such devices from escaping from this necessity will fail. It is a bad policy to set the house on fire to warm our hands by the blaze. Let it then be clearly understood that the temporary excitement produced by tobacco is gained by the destruction of vital force, and that it contains absolutely nothing that can be of use to the tissues of the body."

During the past three months the French railroads have sold 360,000 tickets to religious pilgrims.

THERE MUST BE MEN.—Compulsory education must be the rule of our country if we would long have a country. There must be men in a nation like ours who will say, I men in a nation like ours who will say, I will stand by what I consider to be truth if the nine hundred and ninety-nine men in the world are against me for my grapple for the rope to hang me for my tenaciousness. There is a Ridley, a Knox, a Latimer and a host of martyrs in that idea.

THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS.—The Dairy of Albert and Victoria, as it is called, where the cream from the twelve Alderney cows is churned into butter for Her Majesty's use, is presided over by a pious Welsh girl. It is singular that the Queen has hardly a member of the Established Church in her member of the Established Church in her service. She makes special arrangements that her domestics shall attend the church of their choice, and at Balmoral and Osborne royal coaches are assigned to the domestic, that they may drive past the Established church to their favorite home of worship.

Our Young Folks.

The Value of a Moment.

At every motion of our breath, Life trembles on the brink of death. A taper's flame that upward turns While downward on the dust it turns

A moment usher'd us to breath, Hours of the commonwealth of earth, Moment by moment, years have past, And I one ere long will be our lair.

'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light And that which soon shall send us night There is a point, no eye can see, Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment—who can tell Whether it leads to heaven or hell? This is that moment, as we choose, The immortal soul we win, or lose.

Time past and time to come are not, Time present is our only lot, O God, henceforth our hearts incline To seek no other love but thine.

Freely Forgive.

It is very easy for us to say we will forgive those who injure us, but it is another thing to put it into practice. Many people forgive very much as the school-girl did to whom her teacher said, "Mary, if a naughty girl should hurt you, you would forgive her like a good little girl, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she said, "if I couldn't catch her?"

Another little Sunday-school scholar had a notion of forgiveness very much like hers. His lesson had been upon this subject, and his teacher asked him if, in view of what he had been studying, he could forgive those who wronged him.

"Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for instance, who had struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," said the lad slowly, after thinking a little, "I could—guess I could," and then added, in a husky tone, "I know I could if he were bigger than I am!"

These little folks put us in mind of an old gentleman who had a quarrel with a neighbor, and thinking he was about to die, sent for the neighbor, that the difficulty might be settled before he died. "I can't bear," said he, "to leave this world with a bad feeling between me and you. But, there is any bad feeling between us? But, mind you," he said, with a feeble energy his feeble voice could assume, "if I get well, the old grudge—stands!"

Ah, that is not like the teaching of Jesus. The enemy is not only to be forgiven, but treated like a friend. True forgiveness empties the heart of all remembrance of old grudges and hate, and fills it with kindness and love.

Habits of Reading.

All young people read a great deal now; but I do not see that a great deal comes from it. They think they have to read a good many newspapers and a good many magazines. They are very entertaining. But it is not always certain that the reader gets from them just what he needs. On the other hand, it is certain that people who only read the current newspapers and magazines, get very little from each other's society, because they are fed with the same intellectual food. You hear them repeat to each other the things they have read in the Daily Trumpet or the Saturday Wood-pocker. I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading, the reading of newspapers, or the reading of fiction, if you take enough ballast with it, so that the light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale. The principle of sound habits of reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus: that for each hour of light reading—of what we read for amusement—we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction and improvement. Nor have I any objection to stating the same rule backward for it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. It is, I think, true that, for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing. Now, a great deal more is possible under this rule than you boys and girls think at first. Some of the best students in the world—who have advanced their affairs furthest in their particular line—have not in practice studied more than two hours a day. Walter Scott, except when he was goaded to death, did not work more. Dr. Bowditch translated the great "Mecanique Celeste" in less than two hours' daily labor. But then it was regular as the movement of the planets he described. It did not stop, for whim or by accident, more than Jupiter stops in his orbit because a holiday comes round.—E. E. Hale.

Little Sayings.

"I know how God lights up the stars now," said Susie, looking out at the sky one evening just at dark, as a thunder-loud was rising in the west.

"How?" said her older sister.

"With a match; 'cause I just now saw Him scratch one across the sky."

A little girl, walking silently by her father's side on a starry night, was asked what she was thinking about, and she gave this beautiful answer: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

Boys, do you know how to convince another boy that he does wrong? Girls, do you know how to convince another girl that she does wrong? I will tell you how: Do right yourself. It is the best logic in the world.

A little girl, about three years of age, said to a relative who complained of poverty, "A man may go to heaven without a penny in his pocket, but not without grace in his heart."

The essence of all immorality, of all sin, is the making self the centre to which we subordinate all other beings and interests.—Prof. May.

Attractions of Romanism to Uneasy Protestants.

A Protestant, from the nature of things, comes in contact with the Catholic system in its most seductive form. Where it has been in power it has shown its real colors. It has been lazy, sensual, and tyrannical. It has alienated every honest mind in Spain and Italy, just as, three centuries ago, it alienated the forefathers of those who are now returning to its bosom. In Protestant countries, where it is in opposition it wears the similitude of an angel. It is energetic and devoted; it avoids scandal; it appeals to toleration, and, therefore, pretends to be itself tolerant. Elsewhere it has killed the very spirit of religion, and those who break from it believe in nothing. Evangelicalism has kept alive a spirit of piety and hunger for the knowledge of God. The Catholic missionaries make their market out of feelings which, but for the Protestantism which they denounce, would have ceased to exist, and find easy victims in those whose emotional temperament is stronger than their intellect or their faith.

How far these conversions may go it is impossible to say. This only can be foretold with certainty, that if by this or any other cause the Catholic Church anywhere recovers her ascendancy, she will again exhibit the detestable features which have invariably attended her supremacy. Her rule will be once more found incompatible either with justice or with intellectual growth, and our children will be forced to recover, by some fresh struggle, the ground which our forefathers conquered for us, and which we, by our pusillanimity, surrendered.—James Anthony Froude.

Cultivating a Pure Expression.

Every word that falls from the lips of mothers and sisters especially should be pure, and concise, and simple; not pearls, such as fall from the lips of the princess, but sweet, good words, that little children can gather without fears of soil, or after shame, or blame, or any regrets to pain through their life.

Children should be taught the frequent use of good, strong, expressive words—words that mean exactly what they should express in their proper place.

A child, or young person, has a loose, slung-together way of stringing words when endeavouring to say something, he should be made to "try again," and see if he cannot do better.

It is painful to listen to many girls' talk. They begin with a "My goodness!" and interlard it with "oh! al" and "sakes alive!" and "so sweet!" and "so queenly!" and so many phrases that one is tempted to believe they had no training at all, or else their mothers were very foolish women. There is nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of ill-bred girls; one is provoked often into taking a paper and reading, and letting them ripple and gurgle on, like brooks that flow they know not whither.

My heart warms with love for sensible girls and pure boys; and, after all, if our girl and boys are not this, I fear it is our own fault—that this great trust rests in the hearts and hands of the women of our land. If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we shall infuse the right spirit into those around us.—Exchange.

What a Missionary Ought to Be.

Rev. S. Macfarlane, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, gives the following graphic summary of what a missionary to the South Sea Islanders ought to be:

"A missionary in the South Seas has not only to be preacher, but doctor, mechanic, and, indeed, 'Jack of all trades.' The natives can only do what they are taught. When anything requires to be done, you must know how to do it, or it remains undone. To draw a plan of your church, school, and dwelling house, you must be an architect; to build and repair them you must be mason and carpenter. When a pane of glass is broken, you must turn glazier. When the table-knives or your wife's scissors require sharpening, you must turn scissor-grinder. To mend your chairs you must be a cabinet-maker. To repair your boat you must be boat-builder; to manage it in rough weather among those islands you must be a seaman. To shoe your horse you must be a blacksmith, and to manage him over island roads you must be a rider. To hear with the natives requires an inexhaustible stock of patience, and to succeed amongst them more than ordinary perseverance and discretion. So that more is required to make a good missionary than the mere ability to translate and expound the Scriptures."

Expectation in God.

The less we expect from this world the better for us. The less we expect from our fellow-men, whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. We are always going to be something stronger, purer, and holier. Somewhere in the future there always hangs in the air a golden ideal of higher life that we are going to reach; but as we move on the dream of better things moves on before us, also. It is like the child's running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow. When he gets on the hill-top the rainbow is as far off as ever. Thus does our day-dream of a higher Christian life keep flitting away from us; and we are left to realize what frail unreliable creatures we are when we rest on expectations of growth and of victory over evil in ourselves. "My soul, wait thou only upon God. My expectation is only from him." When we trust God, he never deceives us.

When we pray to him aright—that is, with faith, perseverance, with submission, and with a single eye to God's will—he answers us, he always returns the best answer possible. Our heavenly Father makes no mistakes in his dealings with supplicants. He is a sovereign, but not a despot. If it pleased him to keep us waiting for the birth of Christ, then we must wait.

The Book of Job and its Lessons.

The time when Job lived seems to have been before the children of Israel came out of Egypt, for though mention is made in the book of the deluge, and the burning of Sodom, there is no allusion to any of the "mirac" which attended the deliverance of the children of Israel from the despotism of Pharaoh, nor of the revelation of God's will to Moses. Hence Origen has declared that Job was "more ancient than even Moses himself," and Eusebius pronounces him before Moses two whole ages. Many of the Hebrew writers think Job lived in the days of Isaac and Jacob, and the judgment of other Eastern people is substantially the same.

Hence we may learn from the book of Job, what that law written in our hearts is of which St Paul makes mention, by which men will be judged, who have not had the light of the Old and New Testament. There is not a syllable in his book concerning circumcision, or the Sabbath, or any part of the Mosaic discipline, yet it teaches the greatest chastity, public and private justice, charity to those in need, and a pious care to please, worship and confide in God. Eusebius indeed observes that the "Word of Christ hath published to all nations that most ancient manner of godliness which was among the first followers, so that the new covenant is no other than that old godly polity which was before the times of Moses," when, as St. Chrysostom says, "their conscience and their reason sufficed instead of the law."

One of the chief lessons taught by this ancient and sublime book is that Almighty God orders and dispenses all things, that his wisdom and goodness are infinite, as is his power, and therefore that we ought never to complain of what he does to us, however we may fail to comprehend the reason of it. There is an old tradition that Moses translated Job out of the Syrian language into that of Israel, so as to comfort the people of God in their Egyptian bondage by the torrible sufferings of Job and his happy deliverance. It is also said that formerly the book was read on fasting days, and on days in commemoration of the Saviour's sufferings in the Christian Church, and that when the ministers went to visit any one privately who was in sorrow, they read a lesson of the patience of Job for his comfort and support.

The chief of all human consolations is that taught in this book, that God reigns. A scholar well acquainted with ancient writers has said that "he hath observed, in the histories of all ages, that the great events which determined the fate of great affairs do happen less frequently according to design, than by accident and occasion. Our enterprises here below are derived from above; and we but engines and actors of pieces that are composed in heaven. Homo histrio, Deus vero poeta est: 'God is the sovereign poet'; and we cannot refuse the part which he appoints us to bear in the scene. All our business is to act it well; cheerfully complying with his orders concerning us, and submitting ourselves to the direction of his providence."—F. C. of Scotland.

China.

In an article contributed to the Mission Field, Bishop Alford gives his personal knowledge of China and missionary work. He states that his repeated investigation of Chinese missions has led to conclusions from which we quote as follows:

"1. Mission work in China is sound and real. As for numbers, had our missionaries thought fit to baptize indiscriminately, and to admit to holy communion without examination, the number of professing Christians in our China missions might have amounted to ten times what it is. But applicants were tested, and they only who gave marks of pure motives, of true repentance, and of sincere conversion, were accepted.

"2. The work is a growing work, growing generally in proportion to the strength and efficiency of the missionary agency. It is wonderful how the Foochow mission has expanded through the country districts; so that we can number under the charge of two European missionaries and one native missionary clergyman at Foochow, eighteen branch stations within a radius of about a hundred miles. Foochow, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Peking need more missionaries. And I believe that, if we would hold the ground, extension is a necessity. Retrogressio, even in appearance, emboldens the adversary (and he is 'legion' in China) to bestir himself to drive the missionary out of the land.

"3. Without depreciating the value of the European agency, and gladly testifying that the European and American missionaries in China are generally men of unusual ability, judgment, and enterprise, let us rejoice in the native agents. Let us pray to God largely to increase the number of native clergymen and native catechists. Europeans cannot preach as they can. Europeans cannot penetrate into places they can visit. Europeans cannot live on Chinese food, nor bear Chinese climate as they do. No matter how long a missionary may have been in China; however well he may be supposed to speak the language of his hearers; however much he may live like them and dress like them, there must be a great gulf—national at least—between an Englishman and a Chinaman—the one a sort of unintelligible mystery to the other. The Chinese need a Chinese ministry. Englishmen cannot, in their own persons, supply the need. It is our duty to intrust the sons of China with these precious gifts, even as we ourselves have been entrusted with them. They are responsible to God (not to us) for the use they make of these benefits. Our responsibility is to give them what we have received. Our credit is at stake in the faithful communication of the gift, not in the use they make of it. Set the Chinaman free, clad in the poverty of the gospel of Christ, and I believe that God will bless our faithful obedience to His command."

A little girl was once asked the following question: "What is faith?" She replied, "Doing God's will and asking no questions."