

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 20.

Jesus before Pilate. MATT. XXVII. 11-18.
Prove that Christ is the Captain of Salvation.

Repeat Psalm 118. 4-6; Text, Rev. 1. 7; Shorter Catechism, 97.

Parallel passage, Mark xv. 2-10; Luke xlii. 1-17; John xviii. 20-39.

VER. 11.

What was the name of the governor? v. 2. What was his nation? Roman. What was his religion? Heathen. Where was Jesus at this time? In the hall of judgment, a part of the castle of Antonia which was garrisoned by Roman soldiers, John xviii. 28. What did the governor ask him? v. 11. The priests had charged Jesus with claiming to be a king, Luke xlii. 2, and the governor knew that the Jews were expecting a king or Messiah to appear. What did Pilate mean by asking this question? He spoke no doubt in contempt. Art thou a king? He could not imagine such a meek, poor man would ever suppose himself to be a king. How did Jesus reply? Thou sayest means Yes. What thou sayest is true. Read John xviii. 38-39, where Jesus explains the nature of his kingdom. "My kingdom is not of this world." For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. What proof that Jesus was King had been given? The vision of the shepherds, Luke ii.; the visit of the wise men, Matt. ii.; the baptism of the Holy Ghost, Matt. iii., &c.

Lesson. We must obey Jesus as King as well as believe in him as Saviour. Dan. vii. 13, 14. To obey his commands and do his will is our chief end, Phil. ii. 9-13.

VER. 12-14.

Of what did the priests accuse him? They first tried to get Pilate to condemn him unheard, by calling him "a malefactor," John xviii. 30. When they did not succeed, they said that he forbade them to give tribute to Caesar, saying that he himself was Christ, a king, Luke xlii. 2, 8. And lastly, they said, "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place," Luke xlii. 4, 6. Why did Jesus make no reply to their charges? It was not necessary, they were so frivolous. Why did not he answer Pilate? He came to die, not to defend himself. What did Pilate do next? Read Luke xlii. 6-12, where it is said he was taken to Herod, and there mocked and insulted.

Lessons. 1. The fulfilment of prophecy. "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed." (His Christ), Ps. ii. 2.

2. The patience of Jesus. "When reviled, he reviled not again." Cultivate this meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of the Lord, of great price.

VER. 15-18.

When was the prisoner released? Every year at the pasover. What sort of prisoners were released? Political prisoners. The governor set free some popular Jew, who had been imprisoned for suspected treason. In the same way Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia used to act on their birthdays. Who chose the person to be released? v. 16. What crimes had Barabbas committed? He had risen against the Roman government, and committed murder, Mark xv. 7, 8. What made the people gather together? v. 17. They began to cry aloud that he would do as he had ever done, Mark xv. 8. It was this that led him to ask the question, v. 17. The priests wished that Jesus would be put to death, but Pilate thought the people might be more just, so he gave them the choice between Jesus and Barabbas. Why had the priests delivered him to Pilate? v. 18. They envied him for his popularity, and hated him for rebuking their sins.

Lesson. 1. A bad choice. The people would save the life of a murderer, and put to death the Saviour of men's lives and souls. All who do not love God make an equally bad choice. They prefer sin to holiness, and the love of bad men to the love of our heavenly Father.

2. A bad governor. Pilate knowing Jesus was innocent, ought to have set him free. He was totally wanting in moral courage. Do what is right, no matter what men think. Fear God and keep His commandments.

3. Jesus is the Christ. Pilate spoke the truth without knowing its value. He is Jesus, for he saves his people from their sins, Matt. i. 21. He is the Christ, or the anointed one, for God hath sent him to be the Teacher, the Saviour, and the King. Is he your Saviour yet? Do you obey him as your Lord?

THE WILDERNESS OF LONDON.

Who is generally known or cared about in London? I do not say universally known, for nobody enjoys that proud distinction, not even the Prince of Wales—may, not even the Tichborne claimant. But who is ever generally known? Gladstone and Disraeli are; and Bright is. Dickens was, and, to a certain extent, Thackeray. Archbishop Manning and Mr. Spurgeon are, perhaps; but I cannot remember anybody else just now. Palmerston, in his day, was better known than any of these; and the Duke of Wellington was by far the most widely known of all. The Duke of Wellington was the only man who during my time was nearly as well known as Mr. Greeley is in New York. "How can you, you know?" as Mr. Pecksniff asks. We have four millions of people crowded into one city. It takes a giant of popularity indeed, to be seen and recognized above that crowd. As for your Brownings and Spencers and Fendersons and the rest—your more men of genius—well, they have their literary celebrity, and they will doubtless have their fame. But average London knows them not so much about them as it does about you or me.—*Justin McCarthy, in Galaxy for September.*

Our Young Folks.

FINISH.

What you begin, my little friend,
Finish, finish.
Never stop until you've reached the end.
Finish, finish.
Be it a lesson hard to get,
Don't take the time to scold and fret,
Nor think of aught besides, while yet
It's unfinished.

Do it a toy you've tried to make,
Finish, finish.
Let old and new Jack-knives bond and break,
Finish, finish.
And ere to Sunday-school you go,
Your thoughts upon your lessons throw,
Nor cease your efforts till you know
That it's finished.

Whatever good you wish to do,
Finish, finish.
Don't leave it when you're half-way through,
Finish, finish.
And when at last you come to die,
And all life's work must be laid by,
Oh! like the Saviour may you cry,
"It is finished!"

HOW FATHER CURED HIS HORSE.

Well, said Reuben, the story teller, father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene lived scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings and visit schools you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildroth, and a stranger asked him to ride.

Father said, "That is a handsome horse you're driving. I should like to own such a horse myself."

"What will you give for him?" said the man.

"Do you want to sell?" says father.

"Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap too," says he.

"Oh well," said father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with."

"Make me an offer," said he.

"Well, just to put an end to the talk," father says, "I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse."

"You may have him," says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week."

"Why, what ails the horse?" says father.

"Ails him? He's got the the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him," says he. "If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams; I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shaving under him. I might have beat him to death, or roasted him alive, before he'd have budged an inch."

"I'll take the horse," says father. "What is his name?"

"George," says the man.

"I shall call him Georgie," said father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well and father said, "Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly."

So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him, and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover tops, and once in awhile father would say, "Get up, Georgie," but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, "This is going to take time. Well Georgie, we'll see who has got the most patience, you or I." So he sat in the wagon, and took out his skeleton—

"Skeletons?" said Poppot, inquiringly.

Of sermons you know. Ministers always carry around a little book to put things in to that they think of when they are out of walking or driving, or loeing in the garden.

Well, father sat there two full hours before the horse was ready to start; but, when he did there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way; and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a very different look in his eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head.

"Dove, tell what you said to Georgie this morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where every body helped every body; that he was a minister's horse and ought to set a good example to all the other horses, and God would not love him he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so ashamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head: so he just dropped it till it most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night when he was unharnessing, he rubbed his nose against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up with father ever since, for the trouble he made him."

When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the barn and call his name, and he walks up as quick as an old dog. Whew!

I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. His often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's a folks."—*Evangelist.*

GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

Does any parent ask, What would you have our little girls do? We reply: Learn in earliest life to help to be useful; to wait on others, rather than be waited on. They should learn to be thoughtful; to take care, to accept responsibility; to live a life as serious as their mental powers, and their social, domestic, and individual affection are pure, dignified, and exalted. If any say we have over-colored the statement of the case, and girls are not brought up in idleness, frivolity, and dissipation, we are glad, for the sake of those who deny the picture, that their daughters are better educated. We do not write for their instruction; but for the instruction of those who neglect that moral education of their children, which is not to be found in sermons and Sunday-school lessons, but in the actual service of life; that moral education which is to keep childhood pure, sweet, and holy, and make it strong for the purposes of existence.—*Christian Register.*

SOME FEATS IN WALKING.

There is something very striking in the reaction against steam locomotion which has set in simultaneously with the rise in the price of coal. Not only have the old four-horse coaches reappeared on the roads in the neighborhood of London, not only has an attempt been made to swim across the channel, but a Scotch minister has just set the example of walking from Edinburgh to London. On Monday forenoon says, the London correspondent of the Dundee Advertiser, the Rev. Mr. Jamieson of St. Matthews, Glasgow, arrived at Charing Cross in excellent condition, "after footing every inch of the space that lies between the metropolis of England and the Register Office, Edinburgh." The time spent on the road was eighteen days and a forenoon; and Mr. Jamieson never started until after breakfast, nor walked in the heat of the day. His route was the old coach road between the two capitals, passing through Carlisle, Gretna Bridge, Doncaster, Newark, Huntingdon, &c., and his luggage was a knapsack weighing twenty-pounds, which he carried on his shoulders. Mr. Jamieson deserves credit for starting this new idea of a holiday expedition, and perhaps, the old road to Scotland will before the long thronged with pedestrians walking, not like Mr. Jamieson, with a stately step and slow, but hurrying between the capitals as fast as their legs can carry them. Philipides, who was sent from Athens to Sparta, is stated to have run one hundred and fifty Roman miles in two days. In October, 1811, Mr. Livingston, farmer near Dorchester, walked five hundred and sixty miles in seven days; and a still more remarkable feat was performed by Mr. Glanville, a native of Shropshire, who in 1806 walked one hundred and twenty-two miles on the Bath road in twenty-nine hours and three-quarters.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BEECHER FOR GREELEY.

W. H. Beecher, writing in a Greeleyite journal, stands up for the "honest farmer of Chappaqua" in the following curious style:—"I find many of our orthodox Republicans have the notion that Greeley is an infidel. Now, I believe him to be a Christian. He is a communicant of Dr. Chaplin's Church, and believes in the ultimate restoration of all God's children, here or hereafter. I suppose he has used some profane language. But so has Grant, and so has Wilson to a far greater extent than ever Mr. Greeley did, for he is not habitually profane; even Washington and Jackson were guilty of the same. I do not consider this an evidence of piety, but neither is it evidence that one is not right at heart, and many a Christian, witnessing great injustice feels swear if he don't utter it. This sort of exculpation reads like the boast of the naughty child who triumphantly exclaimed—'I don't bite, and I don't pinch, but I slap.'"

PHYSIOLOGY OF PREACHING.

Husband all your strength for the delivery of the sermon. Take not a step, sing not a line, speak not a word unnecessarily, for we rise in the morning with a certain amount of physical power, and acquire but little power during the day from other sources. It is the recuperation which it gives, and that force be expended in a long walk or ride to church, or in any muscular effort whatever, you have just that much less for the sermon; and every clergyman must know that the more physical vigor he has the easier he can preach.

Singing is an effort; hence every verse sung is a loss of vocal power.

Be more of a man than to be the slave of a sip of water, a lozenge, or a lump of sugar, before, or during preaching; the necessity of these grows upon a man with great rapidity, and detracts from his independence and self-reliance.

Avoid conversation from the time of rising in the morning until the sermon is delivered, for the more your subject absorbs your whole being, the greater will be the union with which the message is delivered. Begin in a low tone, but with the utmost distinctness of utterance; and as the lungs grow warm and the vocal organs more pliable, throw in more voices gradually until the end of the discourse, otherwise you will break down before you are half through.

Never study a gesture or an intonation; this involves a mental diversion from the subject, and impairs your force.—*Former Chorale.*

Most of the shadows that cross our path and life are caused by standing in our own light.

Scientific and Useful.

MOTHS AMONG CLOTHES.

"To prevent the ravages of these insidious pests, the first desideratum is a box with a close fitting lid. Nothing else will serve the purpose of keeping out the moths for any length of time; for when they cannot get in bodily, they will thrust in the ovipositor, and deposit their eggs. To destroy the larvae and moths, if they have entered benzole will be found the most efficacious. This may be sprinkled over the apparel; if, as before mentioned, the lid is close fitting, the benzole will retain its influence for a length of time. If economy is an object, rags saturated with turpentine, alone or mixed with benzole, may be placed in a corner of the box. It need hardly be stated that a light should not be brought near the box when first opened, as the vapor of benzole is highly inflammable, but soon passes off."

The above item, from an exchange, is all well enough, except the advice to use benzole, which is more dangerous than gunpowder. The latter requires that fire shall not be carried into contact with it, but the vapor of benzole travels of itself to the lamp and explodes. Almost any highly odorous substance will be found useful in place of benzole. For example, cedar wood or camphor may be used, and they have the advantage of being safe.

DEATH FROM GLANDERS.

A letter from the New York News, dated Greenwood, Steuben county, Sept. 18th, gives the following most sad and remarkable case of poisoning by this somewhat disease of horses:

A glandered horse, owned by Roswell C. Miner of this town, in blowing his nostrils threw a drop of the poisonous matter into one of Mr. Miner's eyes. He immediately wiped it out, as he supposed, but in a short time (within twenty-four hours) his eye began to swell and pain him. Medical aid was procured, and his case pronounced by able physicians a hopeless one; that the glandered matter had so permeated his system that he could not recover. His flesh turned purple and was pronounced poisonous. He lingered in agony about twenty days before expiring. His friends were compelled to bury him early the next morning, and with him the entire bed and bedding on which he had lain. Mr. Miner was a highly esteemed farmer, and leaves a wife and two children to regret his strange death.

WEARING FLANNEL.

The majority of people are not aware of the beneficial effects of wearing flannel next to the body both in warm and cold weather. Flannel is not so uncomfortable in warm weather as prejudiced people believe. Frequent colds and constant hacking coughs have been cured by adopting flannel garments. There is no need of great bulk about the waist, which condemns the wearing of flannel with those who prefer wasp-waists to health, for in that case the flannel can be cut as loosely fitting waists, always fastening at the back. There are scarcely any of the bad effects of sudden changes of weather felt by those who wear flannel garments, and mothers especially should endeavor to secure such for their little people, in preference to all those showy outside trimmings which fashion commends.

PUTTING ON LIGHTER CLOTHING.

All change to lighter garments should be made at dressing in the morning, and if in any case the change leaves the body chilly, or if, soon after it is made, the weather changes to be much cooler, by all means promptly, without half an hour's delay, resume the full winter dress. The old, the young, the invalid, in short, all persons of feeble constitutions, of small vitality, should be especially careful to heed these suggestions; inattention to which gives rise to the very frequent announcements in the morning papers, in the early Spring, "Died suddenly, yesterday, —, of pneumonia," often the very friend whom we had met in the street, or at church, within a week, apparently as well and hearty as ever before. *Journal of Health.*

CURE FOR WARTS.

It is not a matter entirely within the limits which you prescribe, and yet one of public interest; and hence I am led to say to those afflicted with warts (for it is sometimes a source of great annoyance, and often of pain, to have them on the hands or exposed parts of the body) that I have been entirely relieved by the use of kerosene. After trying all the recognized cures in the medical works within reach—chromic, nitric, sulphuric acid, nitrate of silver, caustic, potash, etc., etc., I was advised by a "corn doctor" to try kerosene oil. When I began its use, three months since, I had thirty-seven on my hands, some very large and painful. Where they were covered with hard cuticle, I carefully pared it off and saturated them daily, using a camel-hair pencil and common coal oil. They began to disappear by absorption, in about two weeks, and are now entirely removed, leaving no scar or mark, as was the result in the three places in which I succeeded in eating them by caustic.

I do not suggest it as a specific, but as a means of cure to me, that others may try it. The remedy is always at hand, and, if persistently used, may do others the good service I have had from it.

No one need pride himself upon genius, for it is the true gift of God; but of honest industry, and true devotion to his destiny, any man may well be proud; indeed, this thorough integrity of purpose is itself the Divine idea in its most common form, and no really honest mind is without communion with God.—*Fichte.*

One of the most popular of the papers read, at the late meeting of the British Association, was one on the "Higher Education of Women," by Miss Emily Shirreff. Schools were wanted, she said, which would effectually banish that flimsy teaching, that substitution of ill-taught accomplishments for the solid knowledge which called down the severe censures of the Schools Inquiry Commission, and should be placed beyond the control of parental caprice and the fancies of fashion.

WELSH NOMENCLATURE.

A full measure of human sympathy is due to a people, who have to contend with such nomenclature as has been bestowed upon the charming villages of Brynlllys, Aberedw, Cefn-y-bodd, Clwydd-y-gaer, Pytingtijn, Llandefaillogach, Maenmawr-y-moyn, Cwnabu, Digswylla, Bettws, Llynynggfwddaur, Marlthown, Blau-Gwrach, Llanvaivrymerion, Llanvaivrybryn, and Llicheynnyvayddach, and it can be well understood that difficulties may occasionally arise with respect to their correct spelling. But no circumstances can excuse the manner which Nathaniel Rosser, of Pontrow-y-nydd, has recently adopted for settling a controversy of this character. It appears from the evidence given at the Pentyool police court, whither Mr. Rosser was summoned to answer a charge of assault, that a question had arisen between himself and one Mr. Morgan Evans, who keeps Coed-y-Deivid farm near Troveta Church, as to the orthography of the above-mentioned Llynynggfwddaur. Mr. Morgan Evans was for rendering the fourteenth letter 'd'; Mr. Rosser, like Sam Weller's parent, was for 'spelling it with a w.' Ultimately Mr. Rosser, finding it impossible to bring Mr. Morgan Evans to his way of thinking, went out, procured some hot lime from an adjoining building, and returning to the Coed-y-Deivid farm, rubbed the lime in Mr. Morgan Evans' eyes. Whether, in the event of Mr. Morgan Evans being able to see again, he will spell the word 'Llynynggfwddaur' or 'Llynynggfwddaur', remains to be seen. But at the present moment he is blind, and Mr. Nathaniel Rosser is in jail under remand awaiting the issue of the remedies which have been applied.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HOW TREES ARE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

All who have examined a tree which has been destroyed by a "thunderbolt" will have noticed not only how the layers of the wood have been shattered and separated into strips as if full of wind shakes, but also the dryness, hardness, and brittleness of the wood, as though it had been through the process of curing in a kiln. This is attributed to the instantaneous reduction of the sap—the moisture within the wood—into steam. When this moisture is abundant, as in May or early in June, the amount and force of the steam not only separates the layers and fibers, but rends the trunk in pieces or throws off a portion of it, down a line of greatest power or of least resistance. And when the amount of steam thus suddenly generated is less, owing to the drier condition of the stem from continual evaporation and leaf exhalation, there may be no external trace of the lightning stroke; yet the leaves will wither in a few days, showing that the stem has been rendered incapable of conveying supplies, and the tree will either partially or entirely die. Still lighter discharges may be conducted down the moist stem, without any lesion or hurt.—*Building News.*

CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS.

Recently the Gourock U. P. Church celebrated the 25th anniversary of its opening. In the forenoon Mr. Macrae preached on ecclesiastical freedom—demanding for the Church the right, on the one hand, to maintain her purity, and on the other, her right to avail herself of every truth that science, history or exegesis could bring to light. Nor, he said, was any truth to be abandoned because it had been overlooked for generations, or had fallen into the hands of an enemy. These golden vessels must be recovered and brought back from the temples of Babel to the temple of the living and true God, who was the God of all truth. He ridiculed the indiscriminate outcry against creeds and confessions as too childish for serious refutation. Co-operation for any conceivable purpose—social, political, or religious—required some basis of agreement. The moment any portion of the great invisible Church of Christ began to organize it became necessary for its members to understand one another coherently as to the distinctive object for which they were organizing, and how that precise object was to be attained. If the object of the Church was to bring men to Christ that they might be liberated from the bondage of sin, its members must come to some common understanding as to who Christ was, and what was meant by bringing people to Him, and how this work was to be done. This common understanding was a creed. But there were Churches with so little faith in the inherent strength of truth that they encased themselves in cumbersome creeds that smothered and hampered them. They reminded him of those ancient knights who shrouded themselves in such heavy cap-a-pie armour that when unhorsed they could scarcely rise from the ground, far less fight. Creeds were designed to facilitate, not hinder, a Church's activity; to develop its life, not to stifle it; to help men together, not to keep them apart. The right continually to revise doctrinal formulae was implied in the Church having life, and in the promise of the Spirit. Theology was progressive. God was perfect, but not our knowledge of Him.—*Weekly Review.*

Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you say.

A secret has been defined as "anything made known to every body in a whisper." A maxim is the exact and noble expression of an important and indisputable truth. Sound maxims are the germs of good; strongly imprinted in the memory, they nourish the will.

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

The man who would shine in conversation must possess original ideas and strong sympathies—be able both to communicate and to listen.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.