

Our Young Folks.

Children's Gardens.

I wish every mother in the country knew the great satisfaction to be derived from the little plots of land the children cultivate as their own.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXI.

ACTS II. } CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP { Acts iv. 23-37.
COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 31, 33. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Ps. li. 1, 2; Isa. xxxvii. 18-17.

In our last lesson we saw the apostles on examination, and under the threats of the ecclesiastical authorities. Doubtless the proceedings were earnestly watched by the little community of Christians whose experience of Christian liberty had been so brief, and who so soon met the predicted opposition.

foe, but under the sway of one aim and the guidance of one spirit. Oh, for more of this Christian harmony! There was liberality. They did not throw all into a common fund; many did (v. 34), but there was no obligation to do it.

VISITING SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACKAY, D.D.

The individual Sabbath School teacher is responsible for the success of his class and school, as to his visiting the absentees. The question as to whether the Sabbath School teacher should visit the members of his class is not now considered debated.

The Object of Our Society.

BY THE REV. JOSH BURTON, OF BELLVILLE.

To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest is the world's maxim of business. The mercantile spirit rules. The tendency to weigh all things by profit and loss is found among even intelligent people in the matter of the Bible Society's work, which is judged to be the supplying of cheap Bibles; so that when a Testament can be obtained for five cents, a Bible for fifteen, the climax is reached, and the work done. Such judgments keep out of mind that the Gospel is not to be valued at a market price.

The Owl That Thought he could Sing.

"What can bring the people into the groves to hear those nightingales sing?" said an owl to his mother.

The owl didn't know, and she didn't care—she was busy watching a bat.

"I am sure I have as fine a voice as any nightingale, and far stronger," said the owl, with a blink, for the bat had escaped.

"I shall go into the grove to-night, and give them a song," said the owl.

The owl opened her round eyes very wide, but said nothing.

Accordingly when the night came, and the hour for the sweet thrilling of the singing birds drew near, he flew heavily along, and placed himself in a conspicuous part of the grove, that he might be seen and heard to a proper advantage.

Now the nightingales did not by any means admire the prospect either of his company or his co-operation in their concert; so those who were bent on singing sought another grove, while those who were content to be quiet for the night kept snugly at root.

"Where can the nightingales be?" said the people who came to hear them.

Upon this the owl set up a hoot so loud and so long that it nearly frightened them into fits.

"That creature has terrified them, and I scared them all away," said one.

"I will soon dispatch him. Where's my gun?"

But the disconcerted owl took the hint, and before the gun came he had got back to his mother.

"Your feathers are ruffled, my son. Have you been singing?"

The owl reluctantly related his disgrace and narrow escape.

"It is just what I expected, and I am glad you are safe back."

"Then why did you suffer me to go?" said the owl, indignantly.

"Because I was sure it was a point on which nothing but experience could convince you. I don't understand music, and cannot tell you why people should take the trouble to go and hear nightingales sing, and at the same time shoot owls for hooting, but I know it to be a fact.

"There is much difference between our voices, which I can discern myself every time I hoot. Ours may be superior for anything I know; but as the prejudice of the public mind is strong on the other side, I shouldn't think of disputing the point; and probably, now you have experienced the effect of your performance on their ears, you will be satisfied, with me, to leave them alone in their mistake.—Mrs. Prosser's Fables.

The Sister.

No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence—what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care—can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness—does the world show us anything more pure? Who would live without a sister? A sister—that is a sister in fidelity, in part, in love—is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle.

The "Anointed" of the Psalms is the "Christ" of the Acts (v. 26 and v. 27).

They can recall Herod's hate of the Baptist, whom he slew, and of Christ, whom he "set at naught" (Luke xxiii. 8-11), and of Pilate's weak compliance, against his own conscience, with the clamor of the furious Jews; and they remember the part the Gentile soldiers had in it, mocking Him (Luke xxiii. 36), making sport of one who seemed to be a rival to their Caesar, and the priests and rulers stirring up the people. Herod and Pilate, foes before, and Jew and Gentile hating each other, each on his own ground, make common resistance to Christ. It is so still in many things. They who agree in nothing else join against divine truth.

But (v. 28) they did not defeat, but only carry out the will of God. Yet were they doing their own, and unspeakably guilty. Here, as in many other places, the reference to God's counsel and determination is not to discourage but to encourage. Nothing can come but as He wills, and He can only will good in the end to His cause and people. Suppose no allusion of this kind occurred, how obviously might it be objected, "God sent His Son to His own, and had the disappointment of seeing him slain; could He not have protected Him?" We hear the prayer of the church (v. 29), "Behold their threatenings." "The battle is the Lord's." This is the best course with such threats; carry them to Him. They ask not safety, but boldness; not impertinence, but courageous freedom of speech, sustained by the tokens of the divine presence and favour, in like miracles to that which led up to these threats. This request (v. 30) was only pleading the promise (Acts i. 8) and Mark xvi. 17, 18) as in Ps. cxix. 49. We are suffered to see

THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

(V. 31.) As far they needed it then, i. e., in reassuring them. As before the descent of the Spirit, there was evident, supernatural disturbance, so it is now immediately after their prayer. The place was shaken, a testimony to the Almighty power invoked, its nearness, its readiness to be employed on their behalf. It did its work. Their hearts were opened to the Holy Ghost and emboldened, and from the place they went forth courageously and fearlessly bearing their testimony. (How much "boldness" remained, one may see by examining Acts xiii. 46; xiv. 4; xix. 8; xxviii. 30, 31; Phil. i. 14, and I Thess. ii. 2.) We are shown also

THE CHURCH'S GRACES.

(V. 32.) There was unity of heart and soul; not only in presence of a common

How were the apostles "let go"—whither they went—why—what to do—with what result—the prayer offered—for what its features—the Scripture used—why—its fitness—the answer—how it served them—the effect following—the state of the church—its two notable graces—use of property—need for it—one remarkable case—the lessons we may learn from this lesson—as to fellowship in prayer—use of Scripture—divine faithfulness, and right use of money.

Harrowing in the Seed.

Mr. Moody tells of a man who objected to inquiry-meetings after preaching, on the ground that it was like pulling up the seed after it was sown to see whether it was sprouting. The objector was reminded, however, that good farmers always harrowed in the seed. The Rev. Mr. Marling, of New York, believes in harrowing in the seed sown in each Sunday School lesson. He does it in this way. For the Wednesday evening prayer-meetings of his church a set of topics are prepared several months in advance. These topics are not selected from, but are always allied to the lesson of the Sabbath just past.

SUBJECTS—APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1876.

- April 5—This same Jesus. Acts 1. 11; Heb. 13. 8.
12—He filled with the Spirit. Eph. 5. 18.
19—Ye are my witnesses. Isa. 43. 10.
22—Thy first love. Rev. 2. 4.
May 3—Above all we ask or think. Eph. 3. 20.
10—Anything in my name. John 14. 13.
17—Him will I confess also. Matt. 10. 32.
24—Preparatory Lecture. Matt. 18. 20.
31—God is not mocked. Gal. 6. 7.
June 7—The Lord knoweth how to deliver. 2 Pet. 2. 9.
14—It shall be given what ye speak. Matt. 10. 19.
21—My helpers in Christ Jesus. Rom. 16. 3.
28—Hear the instructions of a father. Prov. 1. 1.
July 5—Preparatory Lecture.
12—Seek first—kingdom; all these—added. Matt. 6. 33.
19—Ye are the temple of God. I Cor. 3. 16.
25—We will make our abode with him. John 14. 23.
Aug. 2—Where two or three—there am I. Matt. 18. 20.
9—We would see Jesus. John 12. 24.
16—The time of thy visitation. Luke 10. 41.
23—Fear of the Lord, that is wisdom. Job. 28. 28.
30—Walk in wisdom, redeeming time. Col. 4. 5.
Sept. 6—Nor drunkards—inheritor of the kingdom. 1 Cor. 6. 10.
13—Women adorn—with good works. 1 Tim. 2. 9, 10.
20—Preparatory Lecture.
27—I fear the Lord from my youth. 1 Kings 18. 12. S. S. Times.

Be Graphic.

Do not be afraid of details, teacher. Bring in all the minutie. The children want to know all about it. Every particular will interest, and help them to the conception of the thing in hand. It is by attention to the little points that you bring out the full round figure of the truth you teach. An observer looking at an artist giving but slight taps to the statue before him, thought he was trifling, but was rebuked by this reply: "The touches which you so ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the failure of a bungler and the chef d'œuvre of a master."—London S. S. Teacher.

WHAT A magnificent gift the Creator makes to man each successive spring! What refreshment of mind and body, what conscious or unconscious revivals of hope in dull hearts, what profusion of things of beauty which are a joy forever, come with every spring! O, for the thankful heart, to acknowledge that ancient promise so faithfully kept—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."—Dr. Guthrie.

Few, if any, translations from out of the original tongues in which the Bible was written, but bear the mark of that section of the Church, or of the school from whence that translation came. Even our own noble Saxon version is not altogether free from ecclesiastical bias.

Composed of earnest men, irrespective of creed, employing those whose only requisites are ability and Christian zeal; it gives, as far as man can give, to the scattered tribes of earth a Bible in their own tongue, as non-sectarian as the Prophets who foretold, and the Apostles who declared a suffering Saviour, have left us within the pages of Revelation. We want for earth, not an Anglican, Geneva, Lutheran or Calvinistic Bible, but the Word, as transmitted to us by Apostles and Prophets, wherein every poor wandering soul may for himself recognise the voice—"This is the way, walk ye therein."

Nor can the general reader enter into the extreme difficulty of translation. No light labor is it "to teach a foreign tongue the music of one's own"; nor is the task lighter to render without paraphrase, the shades of Bible thought in plain speech of another language, a difficulty more than doubled by the fact that in many cases, the language has, in great measure to be created, alphabet and grammar formed—in short the language of many tribes has first to be learned, then re-made and taught back ere the Bible can be given. These simple facts, which could be amplified almost without end, give, or should give, the Society a claim upon the Christian public, than which no prior one can be urged. In a future paper some of these points may be presented at greater length, in the meantime let the reader remember that the supply of cheap Bibles is not the Ultima Thule of the Bible Society work.—B. S. Recorder.

The Curse of the Age.

The London Quarterly has a strong article on "Drink—the Vice and the Disease," of which the following is a portion. "The vice of drunkenness—rightly defined by the ancient Swedes as 'the disgrace of man and the mother of misery'—has spread over the length and breadth of our land, invading country as well as town, agricultural as well as commercial districts, army as well as navy; sparing the young as little as the old, the woman scarcely less than the man; the destroyer of all health and virtue, the breeder of all sickness and sin; filling every haunt of vice, every prison for crime, every hospital for sickness and accident, every asylum for madness. No foul epidemic ever raged more, periodically, than this permanent; no malignant plant ever seeded and propagated itself with more fatal rapidity and abundance. Billions of gallons and millions of pounds fail, from their very enormity, to convey definite ideas. The true statistics are those of crime—the records of the calendar, rather than those of the exchequer or the excise. The common police-courts of London for one week suffice to prove what the last forty years and upward have brought upon our country. The very reformation of the higher classes has helped to blind them to the evil. We live, as respects the vice of drunkenness, in an age of the direst iniquity.

DEATH, to the good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room into his father's house, into another that is fair, large, lightsome, glorious, and divinely blessed. In the language of heaven, and to the heir of heaven, death means everlasting life.—Clarke.