

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXIX.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Mark i. 1-45, Luke v. 27-32, vi. 1-11; Mark v. 1-34; Matt. xiv. 1-21, Mark vii. 11-30; Ps. cxli. 1-17; Ps. lxxii. 1-19.

Having studied a portion of the second Gospel, the pupils are now in a position to compare it with the first, and a teacher could not make better use of the opportunity afforded by the Review than to enable the pupils to individualize the Gospels and their writers.

Matthew is for Hebrews; connects the New Testament with the Old; carries on the mind of a reader from "thus it was written," in the Old Testament, to "thus it is fulfilled," in the New (See, as examples, Matt. i. 22, 23, ii. 6, 6; iii. 17, 18; iv. 28; v. 14, &c.) The ancients represented Matthew by the figure of a sacrificial bullock.

Mark (recall his family; with whom he laboured; his history; his declaration, and his restoration), on the other hand, writes as if for the intelligent, practical, busy Roman centurions, who thought favourably of the Christian religion, were inclined to judge it by its fruits and inquired reverently "what manner of person was Jesus of Nazareth?" "Come and see," says the rapid Mark (recall the peculiarities of his style); and he sketches the mighty deeds, and the brief suggestive, characteristic speeches of this Saviour. He shows him in his periods of beneficent activity, followed by brief retirements; whence he emerges for new advances and new victories over evil. The lion was the ancient symbol for Mark's Gospel (See the predictions under this figure in Gen. xlix. 9, and Hos. xi. 10, and Amos i. 2), and how this runs on into Rev. v. 5-8.) Now, let us see the illustration of this statement in the seven chapters of Mark, from which we have had our quarter's lessons.

The Gospel has been divided into five parts:

(a) Jesus by the side of the Baptist. This is preparatory. (Mark i. 1-18—first lesson.)

(b) Jesus after the Baptist. The warfare with the kingdom of evil begun. (Mark i. 14, to the end of our quarter's lesson.)

(c) The warfare continued in *Persea*. (Mark x. 1-31.)

(d) The war in *Judea*. (Mark x. 35; xv. 47.)

(e) The final triumph in His *resurrection*. We have examined parts a and b. Next quarterly carries us through the remainder. (The pupils can easily memorize these parts by the words italicised; they may be put on figures readily.)

Now let us turn to the first of these parts—"the beginning of the Gospel." How much can be recalled of the Baptist? Whom does the Baptist announce? and Mark describe (v. 1), "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." What place had the Baptist in prophecy? What work—what baptism—what message—what popularity—what success—what appearance—what food—what honour—where he baptised Jesus and how his report was confirmed—the voice from heaven (v. 11). (A reviewer may also get the features of John's preaching honest, plain, direct, timely, and full of Christ.)

Jesus is now introduced by dead prophet's word; by a living prophet's voice; (by angels, in Luke ii.; wise men, Matt. ii. 1-12); by a voice from his Father; by the descent of the Holy Ghost. What evidence is there in his life and actions that his claim is good? Has he authority? Catching up John's text (ch. i. 15), he preaches, and proves his authority over men. He calls disciples. They obey; become friends; followers; scholars. Names of the earliest, occupation, abode. (To be called by him now, and not to obey, is to deny his authority. The result we may see in "those mine enemies" of Luke xix. 27.)

Now let the scholars use their own minds and try to recall, and name those things that are bad and undesirable, working harm and not good, to men in the world. Take the people of a town, and examine. Some are poor and in want. Some suffer from heat, cold, storms. Some are diseased; and some are diseased directly from sin, as the drunkard in the dreadful disease that "drink" brings, and which makes him insane. Some are in dangerous occupations, like gamblers. Some have no true Sabbath. Some are dying. Some are broken-hearted over the dying or the dead. Some are outcasts. Some are led of the devil. Now, can we find representations of these classes in the portions we have been studying? Let us see. In want? (The five thousand.) In hardship, storm, &c.? (The disciples.) Diseased? (The woman with issue of blood.) Diseased so as to point to sin? (The leper—see lesson on.) In dangerous employment? (The publican.) With no true Sabbath? (The Pharisees.) Dying? (The Syrophenician's daughter.) The grieving and broken-hearted? (Jairus.) The dead? (His daughter.) Outcast? (The Syrophenician.) Led of the devil? (The possessed of demons.)

(All these can be put rapidly, and with the animation which is usually produced in a school when all are made alert by concise, manageable questions; and not only will the memory of the pupils be exercised and stored, but they acquire on this plan a comprehensive idea of the Master's work, as put in this Gospel.)

Now then, if this be Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has he authority to deal with all these evils? Let us see. How did he deal with the hungry? (The tempest-tossed?) Diseased? Sin-marked (leprous)? Publican? Pharisee formalists? The dying? The anxious about the dying? The dead? The outcast? The possessed? The answers include the facts of the quarter's study.

Now we agreed that all these things trouble and afflict men. Not one of them stands by itself. All are connected some-

how with sin. (Show how, e.g., extravagance, improvidence—want; wages of sin—death; disease beginning of death; demons in the world, for man gave up himself and the world to the god of this world. (2 Cor. iv. 4), &c.)

There outward and sensible signs of sin we can see. We can also see Jesus take hold of each of these, one by one, in various forms and ways, and exercise power and authority over them, and deal with them so as to overcome and put them away.

How can we have more convincing proof of his power to overcome Satan, our foes, and to put away sin, our destroyer?

Now, one step farther. Jesus not only dealt with all these foes of ours, but he did it in a way of his own, and in a way that often brought out his authority. Can you think of examples? Listen to the *unclean spirits*, "Let us alone, . . . we know thee," &c., (i. 24). Listen to the *leper*, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean" (i. 40). Watch the *publican* give up his situation at *Caesarea* (ii. 14). Mark his *wisdom* in silencing the Pharisees (iii. 4). Hear the *rescued disciples* (iv. 41). Hear the cry of the *demons*, "Thou Son of the most high God" (v. 7). Note the *heart-searching* of ch. v. 30, and the *convincing power* of ch. v. 39, 41, &c.

Now turn to Acts x. 38, and let us see how it is explained by all we have been considering. It is the key-note of this Gospel of Mark. "Jesus," "Jesus of Nazareth," "annointed of God," "annointed with the Holy Ghost and with power," who "did good," who "went about doing good," good of a particular kind—"healing," healing where no other can—"oppressed of the devil," and the root of it all, "for God was with him."

But Jesus began with the Baptist—how did he pass away? His death—mode—instrument, and lessons. (This completes the record, as far as he is concerned.)

Dead Cities.

To Americans especially the ancient world is little more than an abstraction. Save the relics of the mound builders which dot the prairies of the West, and the occasional discovery by an old Indian's remains buried here and there in New England, we have little to bring us face to face with evidences of human existence in ages gone by. We study our histories and become familiar with them as we are with the tale of the romancer: we can discuss the Punic wars with as much freedom perhaps, as the closing campaign of the Rebellion; but the new world, except in its sparsely filled museums, shows us nothing which we can directly connect as part and parcel of the times and men of historic yore.

But let the world be visited, and the antiquarian may find the very handiwork of nations which have utterly disappeared. Whether he wander through civilized Europe, half civilized Asia, or barbarous Africa everywhere are relics of the past, all forming, to the lover of archaeology, a feast, never so rich as at the present day. He may ramble through Spain, and in maze over the quaint architecture of Moors, recalling the heroic prowess of the Cid; he may climb the hill jutting into the harbor of Carthage, and stand in a building reared by the army of Hannibal. He may trace out the Roman camps in Northern England, or the earlier relics of the Druids and Norsemen or he may roam for hours through the streets of Pompeii reading the history of every-day life seventeen centuries ago in the marks of the wheels on the pavements, the signs on the stores, and the very bread lying, black and dry, in the ovens. He may watch the laborers as they slowly dig out the loose ashes in a buried room, and will see them stop their work when the floor is almost reached. Then, as we did one warm summer morning not many years ago, he will see the men carefully group through the residuum. A shout denotes a discovery, and then a bar is pushed down into the place where the object is supposed to be. Into the whole thus made, the liquid plaster is poured. A few moments of anxious, curious delay and the spot is again attacked, the ashes thrown quickly upwards, and the plaster, now set and hard, withdrawn. Perchance the mold of some household object is produced; sometimes it is a human figure, such as we saw un earth, which, with its arms doubled over its head, had crouched into a corner for shelter, but only to die there, suffocated in the deadly shower.

Then there are the Syracusan ruins, little visited by the tourist, but ever flowing with interest. He may wonder past the very wall across perhaps the threshold over which Aechimedes stepped while pondering the problem of which when solved, he shouted *Eureka!* (I have it) and rushed naked through the streets. On some seat of the amphitheatre, which he enters, the great inventor may have reclined while devising his burning glass, his levers, and the engines of war with which he routed a besieging enemy. On descending the huge caves hewn from the solid rock, he may marvel at the knowledge of acoustics, which dictated to the tyrant Dionysius the building of that labyrinthine passage which so closely counterfeits the duct in the human ear. Clambering up the rough hewn steps, the little closet is before him where the cruel king used to sit and hear the slightest whisper of his captives in the vaults below. The tearing of a scrap of paper sounds like the rushing of a vast wind, and a pistol report is deafening. Hard by is the circus made famous by the story of the slave Androcles, whom the lion refused to attack because his antagonist had before removed a thorn from a wounded paw. There also is one of the earliest of Christian churches, erst a heathen temple, in the crypt of which are still to be seen the gridiron, the pincers, and the other instruments of torment by which perished the early martyrs of the church.

The subject is a fascinating one, and, as we write, it looms up before us to such magnitude that the traditional "acres of paper and oceans of ink" would barely suffice to do it justice.—*Scientific American*

The Little Stranger.

It was dinner-time in the little house of the cloth weaver, Frank Tuppen, in Cortbees, whose earnings were so small, that he often did not know how to sustain his wife and children with them. But those were hard times for business, and it was not to be wondered at that Frank looked very much astonished and surprised, when he found still a seventh child with his own six, and one that looked very hungry and needy. In better times it would have made no difference to him, but to-day every morsel was of account, and he was really a little put out, but only a little, for he was a good Christian man.

"Is it not enough labour for you to care for your own children, Martha, without taking another burden upon yourself?"

"Now, don't be angry, Frank," said his wife pleasantly. "I know you would have acted just the same, if you had seen the poor little thing in her thin, tattered dress looking wistfully through the window. I had to bring her in then. For what reason she stopped just in front of our house I do not know, but since she was there, I did not have the courage to send her away without giving her something to eat. My little piece of bread will taste good to her, I think. Just look at her yourself."

Frank looked at the poor child, who stood in the corner trembling all over.

She looked needy outwardly and unwarily, bare-footed and ragged as she was. The tears came into her eyes when Frank looked at her closely, and she stretched out her folded hands imploringly.

"Come here, little one," he said kindly, and the child stepped nearer reluctantly.

"Do you feel cold?"

"Yes," she replied trembling.

"Well, just stand near the hearth, so you will get warm, and you, children, just see if you cannot find a pair of shoes and stockings for her naked feet," he added, speaking to his own children.

This hint was immediately obeyed and soon the little girl had a pair of shoes and stockings, which kept her feet warm, though they did not fit her exactly.

"What is your name and where do you come from? But before you answer, just come and eat something, for you look as if that were the most urgent just now."

The invitation was very welcome.

Frank saw with pleasure, that two or three of his children did not eat quite as much as usual, and when they thought themselves unnoticed, put a few morsels over on the child's plate. This observation was more welcome than the best meal, that could be placed before him, and in heart he thanked God, that the stranger had awakened such feelings of sympathy in the children's hearts.

She was very hungry, and half an hour ago the odor of pork and potatoes was irresistible to her, but now she could not eat another morsel. She trembled all over, and she was very near crying, when the children placed one tempting morsel after the other in her plate.

"If you cannot eat it all now," said Frank, "my wife will keep it warm for you on the hearth, and when I am gone to work you can eat it all up by and by."

The poor thing burst out in tears. She tried to eat something more, but could not do it.

"Now, little girl, what is your name?" asked Frank, when she was somewhat quieted again.

"Lisa."

"And what else?"

"Only Lisa. I have no other name."

"What is your father's name?"

"I don't know. I have never seen my father."

"But your mother?" Frank asked further.

"I have never seen my mother."

"Where do you come from, then?" inquired Frank, who scarcely knew how to continue his examination.

"O," said the child, and the great blue eyes grew still larger, "from far far away. I have . . . most of the way, and last night they took me out of the wagon and left me alone."

Frank pushed his chair back noisily to the wall, and said to his wife:

"Martha, it is about time for me to go to my work." And so he left.

It was late when he returned to the house; the wind, which had blown cold all day, had grown even more sensible, and until now had kept back the rain, which only came down in drops. The children were all asleep already, and Martha sat up alone, knitting.

"Where is the child?" was Frank's first question.

"Oh, that poor little thing that took dinner with us, you mean. She was very thankful for it, but you did not wish me to keep her here all night?"

"You do not mean to say, that you sent that child away on this rainy night?" asked Frank impulsively.

"But what could I do, Frank?"

"What could you do?" ejaculated Frank. "You could keep her somewhere overnight for His sake, who was once a child on earth."

"Well, do not be angry, little Lisa is asleep up stairs in the chamber. I did not dare tell you at once."

She had only to look in his face which was beaming with joy, to see that he was thoroughly satisfied with this. Though the weather was very unfriendly and uncomfortable, and the meal very frugal, Frank Tuppen never thought the world so beautiful, and no supper ever tasted so good to him as on this evening. And the following morning the contents of the coffee-pot were sufficient, even with the seventh child, and the loaf of bread satisfied them all. The second night came, and Lisa was still there, and Frank still contented. It is unnecessary to state in detail, how in a few days it was agreed upon, that Lisa should not leave at all. She was awaiting every

morning to leave that day. Frank noticed it always by the pallor of her face, when she had this fear and anxiety in her heart. His remedy for it was always to say: "Lisa, stand near the hearth to get warm," and she was immediately reassured.

With every new day the child lost more and more her fear and trembling, which must have been caused by harsh treatment, and she soon became cheerful and confident. Ednest on she had home she did not even know a letter. She had never been taught to pray, and when she was taken to church for the first time, she listened with an expression on her face as though she had heard a strange language.

But great astonishment was produced in her mind by the studies of the children. She would watch and listen attentively, when they were reciting their lessons, and when they were reading a story, her eyes glistened with an expression of wonder and admiration. This made one of the children ask one day: "Lisa, would you not like to learn reading also?"

"Oh I so much, so very much!"

"Then we will try to teach you a little, if you can." And they kept their word. The father saw with pleasure, how his children would stay up many times an hour longer for the purpose of teaching Lisa. She was a very industrious scholar, and the delight which she showed, when she was able to read a few words of more than one syllable, was amply remuneration for all the trouble she had made. By doing good, they grew better themselves, and by teaching they learned more thoroughly themselves what they tried to impress on her mind.

The forsaken little child which they took in from the street, was, through her very ignorance, an incitement to greater diligence in the school on the part of the children, Frank and his wife, being God-fearing people, were very much chagrined when they found, on speaking with Lisa on spiritual things, that she knew nothing of that, which to their hearts was the highest and most precious.

They had to commence with her from the very first, and when the child asked some simple questions about that, which they were trying to explain, they perceived how little they "knew themselves, and how much they were unable to give a reason for their hope, in which they lived."

When Frank, in the eve of his life, was proving the incorrectness of the arguments of some infidel, and his friends admired and praised his ability, he said: "Thus I learned when I had to study the heart of a little child."

But in the daily life in the house, Lisa's influence was most felt. She never forgot what she owed to her benefactors, and treated the children, although they were poor, with a sort of reverence. If they were ever so passionate, she remained quiet and gentle; she could not be brought to anger, and when they saw her modest and good behaviour, they learned something which otherwise would never have been known to them.

Martha, the mother, found in her a most skillful and willing assistant at her work, and she never for once regretted the day when she called her in, prompted by motherly sympathy. In every way by this kindness, the family received bountiful blessings.

But the best opportunity for Lisa to show her gratitude and affection came, when the whole family, father, mother, and children, were seized by a dangerous and contagious disease, the typhus fever, which appeared with such severity that none of the neighbours dared to approach them. Lisa had no fear, and even in the face of death, she kept her pleasant and hopeful countenance. The physician said, that she had done more than many a woman of two or three times her age, and that he could leave his patients without anxiety, as he was certain, that his orders would be obeyed to the letter by the now sixteen-year-old girl and that in faithfulness she had no equal.

It was a happy day, when the family were all assembled together again, without one single member being taken away from their midst, and with the knowledge that they owed this to Lisa.

Certainly they were exhausted and weak, but Lisa's happy countenance, her beaming look, the energy with which she prepared the meat to which others sent the necessities, and which Frank and his wife well knew how to appreciate, made them recognize, that their for the little girl had been amply repaid, and they long remembered and looked back to this day of joy and happiness.

"And, Lisa," said Frank, when supper was removed from the table, "you were going to say, that you did not know whose child you are?"

"No, unless,"—and her face still retained the same childlike expression it bore formerly.

"Well, unless what, my dear girl?" asked Frank, affectionately.

"I hope I am God's child."

Frank laid his hands on her head with a blessing, and said, that we knew she was.

She never heard anything of her relatives, but she grew up in faith and love of her heavenly Father, and He sent her afterward, her own home and circle of children.—*The Methodist*.

There are dark nights for us all; we are in them now, or have just found the dawn, or, perchance, are just entering the twilight. But there is a psalm for every over-crooping gloom, and if of the heart but take it up and chant it, the dreariness will surely vanish, and there will come in its stead hope, and light, and cheering warmth, and we shall grow glad again with the morning.

I wish woman to live first for God's sake. Then she will not make an imperfect man her God and thus sink to idolatry. Then she will not take what is not fit for her from a sense of weakness and poverty. Then, if she finds what she needs in man embodied, she will know how to love, and be worthy of being loved.—*Margaret Fuller*.

Blessings of Sunlight.

There are few blessings which we enjoy here upon this earth—that is, material blessings—but what come to us through the agency of sunlight.

Throughout your whole existence you will find by following up the same reasoning, that your most treasured, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow with the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort you have been obliged to expend so much strength; and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations.

Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. It is he who has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo or madder. He furnishes leather for useful service and furs and feathers for finery and parade. He gives you your bedding, whether you repose luxuriously between eider-down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn husks, seaweed, or on even a naked plant, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both the one and the other. And what do we receive from regions where the sun, as it were, is not from the immediate neighborhood of either pole? We receive just nothing. We can not even get to them. The absence of the sun has our progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner, your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland and Cambridge. Your sugar is only crystallized sunshine from Jamaica. Your tea, quinine, coffee and spice, are embodiments of solar influence, shed on the surface of China, Peru, and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your stices, eat him in your meats, and drink him in your simplest beverage, water. Without the sun no blood could flow in your veins; your whole corporeal vitality, your very bodily life, is the result of the overflowings of his bounty.

Nor is that all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity and motion—dancing their magic round, and alternately assuming each other's form and action, are now believed in all probability to be one in their origin, birth and origin, are direct emanations from the sun.

But how grand and beautiful is the theory that all material blessings here below come to us entirely and alone from the sun! Its simplicity and unity are completely consistent with the attributes of the Maker.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

A Squirrel's Leap.

Recently, says the *Bangor* (Me.) *Whig*, a little red squirrel, having been pestered considerably by the lady about the saw mill of Eben Webster & Co., on Marsh Point, Orono, took refuge for life by running up the large brick chimney near the mill. By clinging to the corner, he kept foothold so well that he succeeded in reaching the very top. Here he found himself on the iron cap, 105 feet from the ground. As more and more waste stuff from the mill was added to the furnace, the chimney grew hotter and his situation became more and more disagreeable. He tried to descend upon the side of the chimney, but after getting down a few feet gave it up, turned about and went back. By this time the chimney top had become so hot that he must leave it; so after looking about carefully for a few minutes, he evidently made up his mind that he must leap to save his life, and thus he did, spreading out his legs and balancing himself so that he struck the ground about fifty feet from the base, uninjured, and immediately scampered off and secreted himself under a pile of boards a little distance away.

Random Reading.

If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble, for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so is beloved of none but itself. The voice of humanity is God's music, and the silence of humanity is God's rhetoric.

Philosophy is a proud, sullen lecturer of the poverty and misery of man. It may turn him from the world with a proud, sturdy contempt, but it cannot come forward and say, "Here are rest, grace, peace, strength, consolation!"—*Cecil*.

Christ calls the poor man blessed. Art thou afraid of labor? Pains are the parents of a crown. Art thou angry? Faith fears no famine. God, the great General of the world, with His army of angels, holds the combat, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

My advice to you is, attend the more familiar meetings of the church, manifest an interest in its spirituality and prosperity; kindly recognize any whom you know to be members; dispense with the worldly courtesy that requires a formal introduction, and then, if they remain indifferent to you, the blame will rest with them.

The Scripture is the sun—the church is the clock whose hands point us to and whose sound tells us the hours of the day. The sun we know to be sun and regularly constant in his motion; the clock may be too fast or too slow. We are wont to look at the sun to know the time of day, but where there is variation we believe the sun against the clock.

It is not always wise to be too determined on having all our rights. It is better to "give a little" than to quarrel. If one "smites you on the right cheek," it is better to "turn the other also," than to strike back. Quarrelsome children are very likely to make quarrelsome men and women. "Lay off contention before it is meddled with," is a divine direction.