

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Dec. 20.

Address. Revelation xxi. 10-27

I am to speak to you to-day about heaven. The apostle John was banished to the lonely isle of Patmos, but there he had visions so grand he forgot his banishment; and one of the three visions was of heaven, or the New Jerusalem.

1. See what a large city it is. You have some of the measurements in the sixteenth verse. It was twelve thousand furlongs round the walls—that is, about fourteen hundred miles, or three hundred and fifty miles each way. Old Rome and modern London are nothing to this. What does it mean? It means that there is room enough in heaven for us all; nobody will be kept out of it because it is so full they cannot get in. Whosoever will, let him come.

2. See what a grand city it is. It has the Glory of God to lighten it. God himself dwells in it, and fills it with his glory, as the temple at Jerusalem was filled with his glory. You see that the very walls were of precious stones, as jasper and sapphire, and the streets are of pure gold. What does this mean? That heaven is far grander than earth; the brightest stars in our sky would look pale there; the brightest day would be dim there; the grandest building have no beauty there.

3. See what a holy city it is. It is called the holy Jerusalem; only the nations that are saved walk in it; there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth. This is better than all its beauty and grandeur. It is in this which makes it such a happy place. It is sin that is the cause of all tears and misery. Where there is no sin there is no woe. God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes.

4. See what a safe place it is. It has a wall great and high. How high? One hundred and forty-four cubits—that is, more than two hundred feet high. This wall goes all round. What does this mean? It means that those in heaven are safe from all temptation. Satan tempted Adam in Paradise, but he cannot enter heaven; he tempted the sinless Jesus in the wilderness, but he cannot enter heaven.

5. See how many gates are to the city. Twelve—three on each side. What does this mean? It means that God has opened heaven for us. Wherever you live, if you look up to heaven you will see an open gate. There it is, right before you; you cannot miss it; leading you straight in through that street of pure gold to the throne of God and of the Lamb.

6. See how you are invited to these gates. At every gate stands an angel. What does this mean? It means that these twelve messengers (for you know an angel is just a messenger of God) are sent by God to preach the Gospel, and bid the whole world hasten to heaven. And who are the messengers of God to us? All who invite us to Christ. All faithful ministers, all good teachers, who cry, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come."

7. See what a beautiful gate you enter by. Every gate consisted of a pearl. Now what is the gate by which we enter heaven? What can it be but Christ? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep." The gate is Christ. We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—"by a new and living way." Jesus is compared to all things that are precious and beautiful. Some one calls the Sabbath the pearl of days. But Jesus is beautiful beyond all comparison, and precious too. Now it is by Jesus only you can enter heaven. "No man cometh to the Father but by me." But then if you do come by Jesus you cannot fail to find entrance.

8. Look to this city and you will see it. Have you not seen it yet? It stands on the top of a mountain that is about three hundred and fifty miles high; for the height of the city is as great as the breadth. What does this mean? It means that heaven is intended to be seen by all the world. It is a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. The mountain of the Lord's house is established on the top of the mountains, and all nations flow into it. Have you not seen it yet? Has your heart never longed to be prepared for heaven? Pray to have your eyes opened, as the servant of Elisha had when he saw horses of fire. Ask Jesus to take away your unbelief and blindness of heart. Then you will sing of heaven—

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect.
Jesus in Mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

TWO NEEDS.

The Christian Intelligencer says truly: "The age needs, therefore, two things; first a deeper religious knowledge, and, second, a deeper religious experience. The two go together. It is instructive to observe how free from all morbid experiences and distressing doubts have been all the strong and earnest minds in Christian history. Luther and Calvin give no signs of the tremor of unbelief. They held the doctrines of Christianity in what would be denominated their severest and most difficult form. The doctrines of original sin and predestination are better calculated than almost any others to baffle explanation and to engender skepticism. But these doctrines enter thoroughly into the Lutheran and Calvinistic schemes. They are not softened down from the Scripture representation, but are presented in their sharpness. Yet neither of these Reformers staggers in unbelief; and what is yet more, they never appear to feel any difficulties. In this respect they are like their Lord and Master, who, after saying that he goes to death in the way that is predetermined, immediately adds that the human instrument by which the divine decree is fulfilled is so free and so guilty, that it would have been better for him if he had never been born."

Our Young Folks.

THE WORDS.

There are two words, dear children,
That, properly used,
Will make you true heroes;
But crossed and abused,
Will warp your whole nature;
Then watch well your tongue,
And say "Yes" to the right,
And "No" to the wrong.

When tempters plead with you,
And ask you to take
A cigar, or some liquor,
And say it will make
A man of you, answer them
Firmly, and say
Your "No" so 'twill frighten
The rascals away.

When brothers plead with you
To relieve their distress,
Be ready and willing
To answer them "Yes."
Now don't get them "crossed,"
And say "No" to that call,
And "Yes" to the patrons
Of old alcohol.

There are many grown people
Who make this mistake,
And I pray you take care
For your own honor's sake:
For half the world's sorrow
And folly and woe
Comes from using a "Yes"
In place of a "No."

CONTRASTS.

The Christian religion furnishes us some wonderful contrasts. The little child, helpless and perhaps unfortunate, is destined to ascend a heavenly throne and wear the crown of a king. Here is an ignorant person, who is yet a believer, to whom books are sealed, and the great world is a mystery. With expanded mind, the hidden things being revealed, he shall know even as he is known. A poor sufferer wanders through the world, without a spot to call his own, begging amid cold charity for his daily bread. But he shall enter on an inheritance that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away." Shivering in the cold, and shrinking from the public eye, is one whose clothes barely afford a covering; but she shall yet walk amid heavenly splendors, wearing robes that have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Sin and glory—what an unspeakable contrast!—United Presbyterian.

HONOR THY MOTHER.

It was a cold, dark night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Amnesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother.

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied as she put her arm through his and drew up as closely as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said.

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy watched over him.—Youth's Gazette.

OPEN HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his class, "Boys, you can all be useful if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe they could be for any use. So he said:

"You think it is not so, but suppose you just try it for one week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one of them.

"Just keep your eyes open and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"Agreed," said the boys, and so they parted.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars. He smiled, as he looked at them, and said:

"Ah, boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me."

"We have, sir, we have," they said all together. Then each one told his story.

"I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much, and was so much, and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell how she thanked me."

A third boy said, "I was walking along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did so. He gave me five cents. I have brought it to put into the missionary box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us," said the fourth boy, "when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, and I would try to find his pennies. I found them, and he dried up his tears and ran off feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said, "I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby in my little wagon. She did so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow, and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good; and oh, how much brighter mother looked when I took the baby indoors again.—Rev. Dr. Newton.

WRITING AND EXTEMPORIZING.

Then, again, different personal temperaments and habits may have very much to do with your mode of preaching; and the over-often question comes up, "Shall I write my sermons, or shall I extemporize?"

That depends, to a very considerable extent, upon a man's temperament. If he be extremely sensitive and fastidious by nature, and, withal, somewhat secretive and cautious, it would frequently be almost impossible for him to extemporize with fluency. Sometimes men are so oppressed, under the influence of an audience, that they cannot possibly think in its presence. Drill and long habit may alter this; but still, if it is rooted in a man's nature, he may never conquer it. And, after all, the real thing for him to do is to preach; and whether he write his sermon or preach it without writing, let him see that he trains himself to do his work. This question is the same as asking, "Is it best for a man who is going hunting to take out cartridge-shells already loaded for his gun, or shall he take loose ammunition, and load with powder and shot, according to circumstance, every time he is going to shoot?" Now, that is a fair question, and there is a great deal to be said on the subject. But, after all, the man who goes where the game is, always finding it and bringing it home with him, is the best hunter, and I care not whether he carry fixed or loose ammunition. That is the best cat that catches the most rats; and in your case, that will be the best form of sermon that does the work of a sermon the best. If you can do best by writing, write your sermons; and if you can do better by not writing, do not write them.

This is merely my way of illustrating the difficulty there is in giving specific directions in matters of preaching.—Lectures on Preaching, by Henry Ward Beecher.

ONE TRUE RELIGION.

The sky, whether studded with azure stars or hung in gold and purple, or one azure field over which the sun wheels his glowing course, presents always a glorious, occasionally a very extraordinary appearance. Not one, but two suns are there; and in the Arctic regions, as if to compensate the long periods when their skies are left to perpetual night, there are sometimes three blazing away in brilliant rivalry, and shedding increase of light on sparkling icebergs and the dreary wastes of snow. Yet though there were not but three hundred suns, only one of them could be a true sun. The others, which are produced by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, being though bright, yet mere images, are analogous, to borrow a familiar illustration, to the multiplied candles that shine on the silvered faces of a reflector. As with these suns, so it is with the various religious systems of the world. They are many; numbered not by units, but hundreds. Almost every new country that voyagers have discovered has, with new trees, and new flowers, and new animals, presented a new form of faith. The world has no building big enough to hold all the gods that men do worship. Yet, though greater in number, and much greater in essential differences than the races of mankind—for, differing in colour and contour as the negro and the white man do, they meet in Adam; God having made of one blood all the families of the earth—among these many religions there is but one true, the rest are false—false as the mock suns of an Arctic sky. For as God is one, truth is one; and though the true may be separated from the false by a line as sharp as the edge of a razor, still they stand as irreconcilable as if they were parted by the whole distance of the poles. There are "lords many and gods many," yet but one true God; even so there are many faiths and forms of religion, and yet but one "pure and undefiled before God."—Guthrie.

ARAB SALUTATIONS.

When the Arabs meet each other, the first thing is the salute, which is repeated several times, and is done in the following manner: Each strikes the palm of his right hand on that of his companion, or throws it on his left shoulder, repeating always the same phrase, *Salamat, Calif, Halcom tabin* (Peace! How are you?—well?) This way of saluting is most beautiful and striking, and, when performed, gives a new figure and majesty to the naked Arabs who are the actors of it. These gesticulations are always accompanied with a very grave tone of voice. After the salutation they inquire of each other the news about the places whence they came. Their news relates generally to the buying and selling of dromedaries, whether there are loads to carry, or so nothing of this kind. They then ask each other for tobacco or salt, and their conclusion is, "Saluto mo, Hamec, at Corosco; and you, Ali, at Barbar. Do you understand? In peace, in peace!" After this, each resumes his way. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as, "God grant thee his favours;" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health;" "Peace be with you."

Scientific and Useful.

WORK OF THE HEART.

A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned about 850 foot-tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time the heart has been working at the rate of 120 foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and welded into one great throeb, it would be enough to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air; and yet the heart is never weary.

TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS.

When you wish to clean a lamp chimney hold a linen cloth against one end of the chimney and place the other end in your mouth; breathe in it until it is covered inside with moisture; push the cloth into the chimney with a smooth, slender stick, and rub it around until the moisture is absorbed; repeat the process, and breathe over the outer surface also; rub this with a cloth until dry, and you have a clean, bright chimney. Soft newspaper will take the place of a linen cloth. Do not use cotton cloth on any glassware.

VITAL HEAT.

The failure of Johnson, the champion English swimmer, to swim across the English channel, has called the attention of physiologists anew to the subject of animal temperature. He gave out after an hour and five minutes, not from lack of muscular vigor, but from a lowering of the temperature of the system. The vital processes are largely dependent on the due supply of heat, which, in the case of Johnson, was abstracted by the water. The applications of this subject for the maintenance of health in the matter of dress, house-warming, etc., are obvious.

EFFECTS OF COLORS UPON HEALTH.

A correspondent of the Builder states that he has occasion for several years to examine rooms occupied by young women for manufacturing purposes, and he has observed that while the workers in one room would be very cheerful and healthy, the occupants of a similar room, who were employed in the same kind of business, were all inclined to be melancholy, and complained of a pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. The only difference that he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with yellow ochre. As soon as the difference struck him he had the yellow ochre washed off and the walls whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupants.

BEWARE OF GREEN WALL PAPERS.

A physician in Western Massachusetts recently had a lady patient, who for several weeks had been suffering from nausea, general prostration, and other symptoms of slow poisoning. Failing to discover the cause of the symptoms, says the Hartford Courant, as a last resort the doctor requested her to move from her chamber, the walls of which were covered with paper of a very light shade of green, so light, indeed, that in the evening it could scarcely be distinguished from white. After leaving the room the symptoms immediately disappeared, and the patient rapidly recovered. A sample of the paper was forwarded for analysis to the State chemist at Hartford (Mr. Joseph Hall, of High School), and was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. Mr. Hall obtained the poison in various forms of metallic arsenic, yellow tersulphate, silver arsenite and arsenious acid, or common white arsenic. He estimates that every square foot of this innocent-looking paper contained an amount of the poison equivalent to five grains of arsenious acid, or double the fatal dose for an adult person. This, in the moist warm weather of last July and August, was amply sufficient to keep the air of a room constantly impregnated with the poison, and any person occupying such a room would be as certainly poisoned as though the arsenic had been taken into the stomach.

STAMMERING.

Stammering is due to unbalanced action of the muscles concerned in articulation. This is why many persons who stutter badly in speaking can sing without difficulty. Singing, compared with speaking, is as walking compared to running. Some persons whose muscular system is not equally developed, as in the case of many sedentary females, can walk very well, but cannot run without staggering. The athlete can run with the same grace and symmetry of motion that he can walk. In singing, the motions of the articulating muscles are slow, deliberate and measured. In speaking, they are rapid, and if all do not contract in harmony, some will be thrown into spasmodic action. And this is stammering.

In some cases the tongue, and in other cases the lips act spasmodically, producing the varieties of stammering known as lingual and labial. It is very easy to understand that, if these defects are not corrected in childhood, they become, by long habit, very inveterate in adult life. Yet nearly all cases are curable by judicious training. But months of patient and preserving effort are usually required.

The remedial plan consists essentially in ascertaining what words or letters occasion spasmodic action, and practicing on them by pronouncing very slowly and distinctly, as in singing, until the habit of spasmodic action is overcome. The patient must on no account utter a sound hurriedly, nor until the mind has, by a deliberate exercise of will-power, got control of the muscles. A good elocutionist may be of great service to the patient; but he must study the peculiarities of each case, and not undertake to manage all cases by a routine.—Science of Health.

Many an honest good man impairs his usefulness by going out to do battle with great evils with an equipment entirely unsuited other to his own capacity, or to the effect; he seeks to accomplish, or both.

DIDN'T CARE TO GO.

"Prayer-meeting and lecture as usual on Wednesday evening in the lecture-room. Dear brethren, I urge you all to attend those meetings. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

"Some of the 'dear brethren' departed themselves in this way:

Brother A. thought it looked like rain, and concluded that his family, including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and the same Brother A. hired a carriage and took his whole family to the Academy of Music to hear M. Agassiz lecture on the "Intelligence of the Lobster."

Brother B. thought he was too tired to go, so he stayed at home and worked at the sled he had promised to make for Billy.

Sister C. thought the par seats were too slippery, it would be very dangerous for her to venture out. I saw her next morning going down the street to get her old bonnet "done up." She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes.

Sister D. thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen people at the prayer-meeting. She doesn't like those little meetings, so she didn't go. If she had gone there would have been thirteen. I met her the next evening at a social gathering where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a delightful evening.

Brother E. thought he might be called upon to lead in prayer or make some remarks. He stayed at home. Next day he went around with a petition, praying Congress to repeal the tax on beeswax. His name headed the list of petitioners, and he spoke eloquently, and waxed warm as he urged his reasons in favour of repeal.

Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer-meeting. The pastor was there. One fourth of the members were there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. God don't bless empty seats.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Oh this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. Beautiful plaything! You wonder at its exquisite organism. But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "That child is immortal! The star shall die, but that is an immortal! Sun shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know that with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless; and what puns you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the paths of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties. The grass may be rank upon your grave, and the letters upon your tombstone defaced with the elements before the divine response will come; but He who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee," will not forget; and some day in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory, that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph.—De Witt Talmage, in Methodist.

LADY DRUGGISTS.

It may perhaps interest some of our lady readers to learn that the course of study and the examinations of the Royal Pharmaceutical Society have been thrown open to women, and that two ladies have already availed themselves of this privilege, and are now in attendance on the classes as students. It is further expected that the number of lady students will soon be very largely reinforced. To attend these lectures it is not essential to be an apprentice or an associate of the society, and the lectures are excellent. The laboratory is not, as yet, open to women students, for the reason that it would be inconvenient for them to work there; but laboratory practice can be obtained in other ways, such as in the chemistry classes for women, organised by Professor Williamson at University College.

This opening to women of the courses of study and the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society gives them for the first time the opportunity of becoming regularly qualified and registered as chemists. In the dearth of occupations in which women can engage, the opening of one so suitable to them is a fact which cannot be too strongly dwelt upon; and it is one which will afford true gratification to all who are anxious to increase the number of employments open to women.

The examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society are of three grades—(a) The first or Preliminary Examination, for registration as apprentices or students; (b) The Minor Examination, for registration under the Pharmacy Act, 1868, as chemists and druggists; (c) The Major Examination, for registration as pharmaceutical chemists, under the Pharmacy Act 1852. Certificates of having passed the Local Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham, the Examinations of the College of Preceptors, or those of any legally constituted examining body approved by the Council are accepted in lieu of the preliminary examination.