

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

JULY 28TH.

The Last Judgment.—Matt. 25. 31-40.
Pray the Evil of Discontent.
Repeat Psalm 119, 5-7; 5th and 6th Commandments; Shorter Catechism 85.
This is not a parable, but a pictorial prophecy of the coming of the Son of Man in judgment.

VER. 31.

How is the Son of Man to come? What is the difference between his first coming and this? He was a Servant, Phil. ii. 7, now a King; his attendants were apostles, now angels; he was tried, now he is Judge, Matt. xxvi. 21. Are there many angels? Rev. v. 11. What kind of throne will he fill? "A great white throne," Rev. xx. 11. This describes the righteousness of the Judge; the throne of glory describes his power.

VER. 32, 33.

Who are to be gathered before him? The small and the great, Rev. xx. 11? saints and sinners, 2 Cor. v. 10. You shall be there; you are to be judged. Whom does he place on his right hand? Who are his sheep? They who have known and followed him, John x. 27-8. They who can say the twenty-third Psalm with their heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Why is a separation required? Good and bad are mingled here in the same school and family. Who are represented by the Goats? The ungodly shall not stand in judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous," Ps. i. 5,

VER. 34.

What name does he give himself here? What does he call his people? Ye Blessed. Happy they whom our heavenly Father loves and delights in, Ps. cxlix. 4; Rev. xxi. 3. What kind of kingdoms prepared for them? 1 Pet. i. 4. They themselves are kings, Rev. i. 6. When was it prepared? Eph. i. 4. When is it possessed? "Come ye, inherit." Not till after the judgement do saints obtain the full possession of all that Jesus has procured for them, 1 Thess. iv. 16-7.

VER. 35-40.

For what are they commended? How do they show their humility? Lord, when saw we, &c. How does the Lord show his love to his people? v. 40. When Jesus appeared to Saul on his way to Damascus to destroy the Church, it was said, "Why persecutest thou Me." "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Why was it the righteous did all these things? For the sake of Christ. The cup of cold water was given in the name of a disciple, Matt. x. 42. There was brotherly love, Heb. xiii. 3; 1 John v. 1.

VER. 41.

What does he call those on the left? "Ye cursed." Why were they so called? Because of their sins. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," Gal. iii. 10. Into what were they sent? For whom was this originally prepared? What a fearful doom! "Oh, flee from the wrath to come."

VER. 42-46.

What was their sin? Selfishness. The rich man fared sumptuously every day, and Lazarus was starving at his gate, Luke xvi. 19-23; Gal. vi. 2; Phil. ii. 4; 2 Tim. iii. 2. How did they show their ignorance? v. 41. What opportunities had they wasted? v. 45. There is always some one to whom we may be kind for Christ's sake—a little child to be taught, a sick person to whom we may give assistance. How are those on the left hand punished? How are the righteous blessed?

LESSONS. 1. The Lord Jesus is the great Judge, 2 Tim. iv. 1; Jude 14-5; v. 81-4.

2. The judgement will be public, v. 31-2; Matt. xvi. 27. Angels innumerable and all men will be there, Rom. xiv. 10.

3. The difference between the righteous and the wicked will be made visible, v. 32-3. "Then shall ye discern between the righteous and the wicked," Mal. iii. 18.

4. How happy they who are the people of Christ! v. 34. "Ye blessed" signifies ye who are already blessed; they all listened to the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," and now it is changed into "Come, inherit the kingdom." What a kingdom will that be which our Father has prepared! Have you heard the voice of Jesus yet?

5. We are rewarded according to our works, v. 35-40. Observe, these righteous did not act kindly to the disciples of Christ, and for this reason were made heirs; but they first became the disciples of Jesus, and then for his sake were kind to the brethren. We are first saved by Christ and then serve Him.

6. We are punished according to works, v. 36-45; Prov. xxiv. 11-2.

7. The awful doom of sinners, v. 46. "He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire," Matt. iii. 12. Prepare to meet thy God.

8. The blessedness of the righteous—Life eternal. Eternal in the original is the same word that is translated everlasting—life with Christ, life for ever. Jesus is the way, the Truth, and the Life.

Our Young Folks.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood,
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope,
—
Brown as a berry,
—
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merrily.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees,
—
Headless of danger,
—
Mirthful in outcry,
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly path
Seeking the berries,
—
Under the orchard tree,
Festering on cherries,
—
Trampling the clover blooms
Down among the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lassies!

No grim propriety,
No introduction;
Free as the billings,
From city restriction!
Coasting the purest blood,
Strengthening each muscle,
Donning health's armor
Against life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wild wood:
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue green over them,
God's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them.

THE CHILD MARTYR.

It was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the church of Cæsarea was called to endure the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, declared his belief that there is but "one God, one Mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ. His body was almost torn to pieces, the Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunts that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentors to refer the question to a little child, whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many or the lords whom the Romans served.

Now it was so that a Roman mother had come to the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of nine years old.

The question was asked the child, and, to the surprise of those who heard it, he replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The prosecutor heard, but far from being softened or convinced was filled with fresh rage.

"It is a snare," he cried, "oh, base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy he said more mildly, "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother; and she taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him the licitors or officers, who stood ready with rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge as the blood streamed from the tender flesh of the boy.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him, and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child to torture the mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eye, and he thought of the sufferings of his Lord and Saviour; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still answered "No! there is no other God but one. Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me and I love him for his love."

The poor child now fainted between the repeated strokes, and they cast the mangled body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now."

As the mother pressed him gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The little martyr spoke no more, and then the mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. Young happy martyr, for His sake, may He grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path."

The boy faintly raised his eyes, looked to where the elder martyr was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent," and so saying, he died.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Here is a little story which illustrates the great power of love. A kind, Christian lady, in one of her visits of charity, found a poor, destitute little orphan girl, and brought her to her own house. The little stranger at first would take no comfort, but sat down weeping in the hall. The children of the house endeavored to make friends with her and draw her into the parlor, but they could not; and so they said to their mother: "She will not come and play with us. She will not leave the hall."

"There is a secret," said the lady, "by which you can bring her where you like. It is a secret in four letters. Try if you can find it out."

The eldest sister taking the lead, searched eagerly among all her prettiest play-things. "I know what it is," cried she, "it is 'D-o-l-l.'" So she brought her best doll, and offered to give it to the child if she would come into the parlor. No; it was a failure.

The next in age said to herself: "Muff is spelt with four letters;" and brought her a fine muff—a Christmas present; but she would not touch the muff, nor even look at it.

Grace, the youngest, could think of nothing worth offering after this, but stood looking on in sorrow, until at length following an instinct of her own, she sat down beside the little stranger and cried too. Then presently, she took her by the hand, and encircling her neck with her own tiny arm, she drew the weeping head softly nearer and nearer, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her cheek. This decided the battle. There was nothing said, but Grace soon led the way into the parlor, holding her captive by the hand.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "Grace has found out the secret, and the four letters are L-O-V-E. Love is the strongest rope in the world—even God will follow when you draw with that."

Ah! yes, love is a great power. It draws all things to itself. It drew the Son of God down to earth to die for us, and led him back to heaven to intercede for us; and is able to draw him down again, any day and every day, to dwell with us in our hearts. It will draw down blessings on our labors. It will draw down answers to all our prayers.—*Kind Words.*

LETTER-WRITING.

Do not begin a letter with an apology or an explanation. Time is precious. Letters are multitudinous. Men do not like to open and clean a letter like a fish, before they can eat it. State your business in the first line. Then, when you have stated the business, you can go on if you wish with explanations and apologies, which the receiver can read or not, as he pleases. Thus, if one writes, "Dear Sir: I desire to borrow a thousand dollars, without interest or security," and adds eight or ten reasons why, the receiver does not need to read further than the first line.

Never begin thus: "Dear Sir: You will be surprised to receive a letter from an entire stranger," etc. Bless your heart, one now-a-days is surprised at anything else! Surprised? I am surprised when I do not get a peck a week!

There are a few rules which men should commit to memory, in corresponding with busy people.

1. Don't write at all.
2. When you can't help it, be sharp, short and legible.
3. When you write on your own business, pay for the answer.
4. When you want money, don't begin with piety or flattery. Beg first, and be pious afterward.
5. Don't beg of any one with whom you are not personally acquainted. Die, but don't beg.—*Beecher, in N. Y. Ledger.*

The twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in heaven that were before invisible.

We set out with brilliant expectations; we find them very slow in realizing themselves. And so life assumes by degrees, a soberer and a sadder hue. We find that between our ideal and its attainment there is an immense interval. That which seems to be the work of days we find to be the work of months; that which seemed to be work of years turns out to be the work of centuries. And so, step by step a man is disenchanted—led on by hopes of a bright future which is never realized here.

Temperance.

BORN DRUNK.

Among the names registered at the Tombs the other night was that of a youth, about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk, nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good, sound health, but gave all the external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although in good health, he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication; and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day, and was not sent to the courts to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage, the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the facts became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child at three years of age acted strangely; and at the end of six months the unhappy woman fully realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without its influence upon the father, however. Realizing, in the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery, as it was a blasted destiny.—*New York Tribune.*

RUM'S DOINGS.

A woman went to a wood-yard on a very cold day, and asked to see the head man. He came forward.

"Sir," said she, "can you let me have a quarter of a cord of wood for that?" handing him a piece of money; "my children are freezing."

The man looked closely at her. "Why, are you not Seth Blake's wife?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the woman.

"How does it happen that you are in such low circumstances?"

"Yes, sir, it is bad. My children are starving, and rum did that; my children are ragged, and rum did that; my children are growing up outside of the Sabbath-school, outside the day-school, and rum does that. My husband, once kind and industrious, is now a vagabond, and rum did that; and the poor woman sank down on a log of wood, the picture of want and woe.

Nor did the rough woodman keep his eyes dry, for he remembered the time when Seth Blake was a promising a young printer as ever was. He married a nice woman, and the young couple started in life with as fair a prospect of comfort and happiness as a young couple could well have. They had seats in church too, and used to be seen listening to the word of God.

But Seth had a weak point. He would sometimes "drink." He did not quite believe in total abstinence. "Taste not, touch not, handle not," was not his motto.

The habit gained on him, and ruined him; and the worst of it all is that a drunkard's family so often has to share a drunkard's shame and degradation.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," boys. This is the only safe ground; any other may sink you.

GOOD RESOLVES.

I would like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eye, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame—therefore, I will not touch strong drink at all.

I would like to have a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience so that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting—therefore, I will not touch strong drink at all.

I would like to have a quiet home and happy fireside. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable—therefore, I will not touch strong drink at all.

I would like to go to heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory forever. But they say that strong drink keeps many from entering into heaven—therefore, I will not touch strong drink at all.

Scientific and Useful.

SHADE TREES.

No native tree we have is better adapted to the purposes of shade and ornament than the sugar maple. Its foliage is full and dense, and its form is that of a rounded cone of beautiful proportions. It is also clean and free from insect enemies. It would be well if, in planting shade trees on our streets, there could be a suitable alternation of different kinds, some of rapid growth for temporary use, and others for permanence. Some attention should also be paid to variety. Probably the very best trees for general street planting are the different varieties of the maple. Next in value we would place the elms. For intermediate and temporary planting, the box elder and the ash may be mentioned. Here and there should be the bass wood, or linn, the tulip tree, the horse chestnut, and the buckeye.

THE USE OF STORMS.

The wildest storms of winter do great good by thoroughly removing any noxious gases that may lurk about our great cities, and carrying them out to the deep, there to "suffer a sea change," and replacing them with purer air. Air and ocean are the two great physical purifiers of the world. So, while we fasten our garments more tightly around us, and hurry along in the pelting shower flung at us by a boisterous wind let us think of the health giving oxygen that comes on the tempest; and while enjoying the shelter of our roof, think of the good work going on above us in the sky, alike whether we wake or sleep. We love to think of the mighty operation of the hand of God going on ceaselessly for the good of man and the mass of living things on earth, when we are passive and powerless; and this wind movement is one of these. *Dublin University Magazine.*

STRAWBERRIES FOR THE MILLION.

It is a burning shame at this day for any farmer or gardener no matter where located, to be without a clean and thrifty strawberry patch for family use. The old plea that the common farmer has no time to fritter away in raising such "stuff" never was a valid excuse for neglecting the kitchen garden. It is one of the most profitable parts of any farm. No kitchen garden is complete without a strawberry-bed. To one that has always been accustomed to a bountiful supply of small fruits for home use, it is strange that farmers cultivating from fifty to two hundred acres with the ordinary field crops from year to year should be without a raspberry, a blackberry, a currant, or a strawberry under culture. These farmers would think it quite important to keep a fifty-acre field of corn as clean as an onion bed, yet they have no such feeling about strawberries. We have seen many beds of plants that might with propriety be called grass beds, with here and there a strawberry-plant, belonging to this class of farmers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RULES FOR BATHING.

These are Dr. Hall's directions for indulging in this luxurious necessity for every Christian. Other doctors would probably give other directions. These are worth thinking about, at least:

1. Bathe quickly, wipe dry, and walk off rapidly, all within ten minutes.

2. It is dangerous to bathe when tired or at bed-time; hence, it is better to make a rule to bathe before breakfast, when the system has been rested by a night's sleep.

3. Before bathing wash the face, hands and head in cold water.

4. Do not bathe within two hours after eating a full meal; death has often resulted from inattention to this rule.

5. Cold water baths are hurtful under all circumstances to very young or very old people; to invalids, to consumptives, to those subject to spitting blood. It is the safest rule that a woman should never take a cold bath other than to rub the whole surface quickly with a soft towel, dipped in water pressed out; lay the towel smooth on the hand, and rub quickly the whole body, within ten minutes.

The general health of mankind would be most benefitted by avoiding all cold water or sea bathing, and take but one bath a week, and that in a room not under seventy degrees, on Saturday night, using warm water, soap, and a common new scrubbing brush, bristles at least three quarters of an inch long; wet the body all over with water; then rub a piece of soap over the brush, and with it rub the body with a will, as far as can be reached in every direction, rapidly; then rinse off and wipe dry with a cotton towel at least a yard square; this leaves the skin more perfectly dry than a common linen or crash towel; the whole operation should be performed within ten minutes; the water should be at least eighty degrees; this kind of bathing certainly cleanses the skin, stimulates the surface, and leaves the body in a safe condition.

When that which is a duty becomes the highest delight of a man—the joy of his very being, he no more thinks it needs to think about it as a duty.