

Lesson 12.—Review.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

Central Truth.—The grace and patience of God in his dealings with his chosen people.

With the present lesson, the regular studies of both the quarter and the year are brought to an end. It will be well therefore for teachers and scholars to allow thought to run back over the entire year; to consider what great truths have been learned, what practical lessons have been mastered, and what spiritual profit has been gained. It cannot be a pleasant reflection for any of us that great opportunities have brought us little good. Life's years are not many. To accomplish its appointed work, and to secure "an abundant entrance" into the rest and unwearied activities of the life to come, we need to make good use of them all. Are we, or any associated with us, still without Christian hope? Having learned so much of the superior happiness of the people of God, do we still hesitate to join the divinely favored company? Must any of us still say "and we are not saved?"

The first quarter of the year took us over the first part of the Gospel by Luke; and brought before us the story of the birth, boyhood, and preaching of Jesus, the healer of the sick and the sinner's friend. God with us was the central truth which claimed our attention.

The second quarter was spent upon the remainder of the same Gospel. Following Jesus, The Good Samaritan, Lost and Found, The Prodigal Son, The Rich Man and Lazarus, Parables on Prayer, The Parable of the Pounds, The Crucifixion, and the Walk to Emmaus were the principal topics of the quarter; delighted all of them. Christ's love for souls, and eagerness to save them, seemed to be the central truth.

With the third quarter we turned to the Old Testament, beginning with the first chapter of the Book of Exodus. The first lesson gave us a glimpse of the cruel bondage of Israel in Egypt, The Birth and Rescue of Moses, his Call to be the Leader of God's People, his Commission along with his brother Aaron, The Story of Moses and the Magicians, The Passover, The Escape through the Red Sea, The Manna in the Desert, The Commandments given amid signs and wonders at Sinai, and the Shameful Relapse into Idolatry, filled up the quarter. The central and cheering truth, of which each lesson seemed to afford some illustration, was that God is able to save unto the uttermost.

The fourth and last quarter is that which is now coming to its end. It began with Free Giving, as seen in the building of the Tabernacle; and taught us the two great truths that God loveth a cheerful giver, and it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Its second lesson was upon The Tabernacle, built after the pattern which was shown in the mount; intended to be God's earthly house and home; his meeting place with his people; also a tent of witness, where, through altars, sacrifices and consecrated priests, he might testify his truth and grace.

The third and fourth lessons were The Burnt Offering and The Peace Offering. In both, it is seen that God is ready to be approached, but that the way to his favor is through sacrifices of expiation. By his own act, or his believing assent to another's, the sinner must appear with an atonement for his sin. But, besides this idea, common to all the sacrifices of animal life, the Burnt Offering especially expressed grateful self-surrender, and entire self-dedication to God; and the Peace Offering, the blessedness of reconciliation and communion with him. It should not be forgotten that the person offering the sacrifice, placed his hand on the victim's head, and thus made it the representative of himself. So our faith takes Christ to be our representative and substitute in his surrender of himself unto death on the cross.

The fifth lesson was Nadab and Abihu, whose transgression in offering strange fire before the Lord brought upon them divine judgment. It impressively reminds and warns us, that God will be worshiped in his own way, and not according to human fancy. He does not indifferently regard the pride which sets aside his revealed wisdom and will.

The sixth lesson was The Day of Atonement; the great day on which the high priest entered the most holy place, and there sprinkled the blood of expiation for his own sins, and those of all the priests and the people. The ceremony peculiar to the day was twofold. Two goats having been provided, one was slain, and its blood sprinkled as a sin-offering, while the other was made the bearer of the sins of the people confessed over it, into "a land not inhabited." Thus was symbolized the completeness of the work of Christ

as his people's Saviour. Not only did he make propitiation for our sins, but for those who appropriate him as their own he bears sin away—"as far as the east is from the west."

The seventh and eighth lessons were The Feast of Tabernacles, and The Year of Jubilee. Of these, the one was a delightful autumnal Day of Thanksgiving and harvest home. The people commemorated God's mercy to them in the wilderness, and gave thanks for the year's bounty. They made the day a kind of type of that heavenly feast, when after the harvest of the end of the world, God shall dwell in the midst of his people forever. The other was a great year in Hebrew history; ushered in with the joyful shout and clangor of trumpets; bringing rest to the land, liberty to captives, and the recovery of lost estates. Our Saviour referred to it as a type of the Gospel age, "the acceptable year of the Lord," which he himself proclaimed.

The ninth lesson was The Serpent in the Wilderness; a believing look at which saved those ready to die of the bite of fiery reptiles; and an impressive symbol of him who, as Son of Man and Saviour of the world, was, in like manner, lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Then tenth lesson set before us the double-minded and unstable Balaam; one who could speak noble words, and whom God could use to utter true prophecy; but whose fatal example is a lasting warning against attempts to serve God and Mammon.

The eleventh and concluding lesson was The Last Days of Moses. Israel is now upon the east bank of Jordan, and ready to cross to the promised land. But first the people must part with their leader. There is both cheer and admonition in what is told us of the last work, counsel, experience with six, and support and comfort of this great and good man. God gave him one look at the earthly Canaan, and then buried him in a valley on the summit of Nebo. To the last and at the last, God was with him.

In each of these successive lessons, the grace and patience of God in his dealings with his chosen people, and the blessedness of a part with them, has fresh and striking illustration. Often they murmur and complain, yet he never casts them off. By experiences of trial and discipline he prepares them for the promised inheritance, and then brings them thither. So he does with all his people of every age. He fits them for heaven, and then opens to them its holy gates.

ARCHIBALD FORBES ON AMERICAN SOLDIERLY.

Speaking of the Connecticut troops, said he, I could not but be struck with that miraculous gift of talk which is the attribute of the American citizen. We Englishmen have a habit of looking down upon a talking man and to agree with Carlisle when he says the able man is the silent man. And I am bound to say that the first night I was here, when I heard those Connecticut men get upon their hind legs and orate freely, with a good deal of buncombe thrown in, I said to myself: Much that I am told I will see tomorrow will be promise without fulfillment. But it came about quite the other way. And I am free to say that it seems to me that if there are a great many regiments like the Connecticut regiment which I saw here on parade in the nation, it don't want any standing army at all, as they constitute a far cheaper and more effective force than any standing army would be. I have seen all the armies in the world, I believe, from the Afghan scalawags to the Russian Imperial Guards, and I have never seen greater precision and solidity than those men manifested on that dress parade. To me it was a revelation, and rather a disagreeable revelation, simply from this point of view, which you can easily understand, that I became painfully aware that there was another factor in the world capable of beating us. A man never likes to find out that the number of men stronger than himself is on the increase. We Englishmen have been indulging in satisfaction that however the continental countries might grow with their millions of reserves against our hundred or two hundred thousand trained troops, we were yet capable of swaggering over the United States, in the matter of drill and discipline and punctilious performance of evolutions. But what I saw yesterday proved to me that such was not the case. These men marched and wheeled quite equal to our Granadier Guard, and I don't think I have seen anything to equal the precision in the manual in that dress parade. It seemed to me that the commanding officer, who went to the front and moved as a piece of mechanism and not like a creature with bowels in him at all, had his foot on an electric wire which communicated with the regiment and with every man in the regiment, and that each was a mere automaton, not moved by the word of command, but by their colonel's foot on the concealed wire in the ground. And what I admired most of all was the absolute rigidity of accuracy that was preserved in the minutest detail.

The tendency of a republican country like this is to despise accuracy which does not bear fruit right away. But the accuracy in military affairs which appears good to outsiders is re-

ally the means to an end. It is the evidence of that discipline which in time of danger may be found to have no other stable reliance than by that constancy which rigorous drill and practice, the intuition of discipline, carries with it. Discipline becomes second nature to a soldier—almost first nature. The weak point of all volunteer improvised forces is that they have not the amount of discipline that becomes engrafted into the very nature of the old soldier. But those men seemed yesterday to have been that way so long that what they did was not the result of thoughtfulness, it was not the result of a first rehearsal or a second rehearsal, but the performance of a thing by rote. And they had come to that perfection as naturally as the taking of a cocktail. All this seems to come out of an infinite capacity for taking pains in these Connecticut people.

SOUND PHENOMENON.

WHY ENGINE BELLS AND WHISTLES SOMETIMES VARY IN PITCH.

Providence Journal.

"When two trains, going in opposite direction at a rapid rate, meet each other, with the engine bells ringing, or whistles blowing, a passenger of one train notices a marked variation in the pitch of the bell or whistle of the other train. When the sound first strikes the ear, the pitch is at its highest. Gradually it goes down as the train dashes past, and the lowest pitch is reached when the last notes fall on the ear. Why is this?"

This question was propounded to an engineer the other day by an individual thirsting for information.

"The question is simple enough," was the reply. "To start with, it is an axiom which needs no proving that the pitch of a sound depends on its number of vibrations. Thus, while forty vibrations a second produce the lowest sound, 40,000 a second produce the highest. Pitch rises with an increase of the number of vibrations. A certain number of vibrations are emitted by the bell or whistle during the time the train is running a certain distance—say a quarter of a mile. Suppose each train runs the distance in half a minute. Then as the one train approaches that in which the listening passenger is seated, all the vibrations emitted during the half minute will strike the ear in less than half a minute (supposing, of course, that they can be heard over so great a distance.) The reason for this is that the first will not be heard until more than two seconds after it has been emitted, as the sound will have to travel half a mile, while the last will be heard the instant it is emitted, because the engine will then be within a few feet of the ear. Thus, 30 seconds' vibrations will be heard in 28 seconds. When the trains are receding from each other, the vibrations emitted during the half-minute will take rather more than 32 seconds to reach the ear, as that emitted when the train is half a mile off will have to travel to the ear."

"Can you illustrate this to make it plainer?" the engineer was asked.

"Certainly I can. Suppose a man with a rubber hose stands ten yards from a tub. The capacity of this hose enables him to squirt a pint of water per second in that tub. But if, during, say five seconds, he walks up to the tub, all the while allowing his hose to pour water into it, there will be more than five pints of water as the result of that five seconds' work. There will be five pints plus the quantity contained in the stream which would have fallen to the ground if he had stood still and at the end of five seconds turned the cock, shutting off the stream. By the approach of the whistle or bell of an engine, a greater number of vibrations meet the ear in a given time, just as a greater quantity of water reaches the tub from the hose by the approach of the nozzle. And, accepting as correct the axiom that the greater number of vibrations the higher the pitch, it will be seen that when the trains approach the ear gets more than its due share of vibrations per second, and when they recede it gets less than its share."

SELF-CONTROL IN SOCIETY.

Never show that you feel a slight. This is worldly-wise as well as Christian; for no one person will put a slight on another, and such a person always profoundly respects the person who is unconscious of his feeble spite. Never resent publicly a lack of courtesy; it is in the worst taste. What you do privately about dropping such an acquaintance must be left to yourself.

To a person of noble mind the contest of society must ever seem poor and spurious as they think of these narrow enmities and low political manoeuvres; but we know that they exist and that we must meet them. Temper, detraction, and small spite are as vulgar on a Turkey carpet and in a palace as they could be in a tenement house; nay, worse; for the educated contestant know better. But, that they exist we know as we know that the diphtheria rages. We must only reflect philosophically that it takes all sorts of people, to make a world; that there are good people rank and file; that there is a valiant army and a noble navy; that there are also pirates who will board the best ships, and traitors in every army, and that we must be ready for them all; and that if we live in a crowd we must propitiate that crowd.

Never show a fractions or peremptory irritability in small things. Be patient, if a friend keeps you waiting. Bear, as long as you can, heat or a draft, rather than make others uncomfortable. Do not be fussy about your supposed rights; yield a disputable point of precedence. All society has to be made up of these concessions; they are your unnumbered friends in the long run.

We are not always wrong when we quarrel but if we meet our deadliest foe at a friend's house we are bound to treat him with perfect civility. That is neutral ground. Never, by word or look, disturb your hostess; this is an occasional duplicity which is ordered by the laws of society. And, in all honesty, cultivate a graceful salutation, not too familiar, in a crowd. Do not kiss your friend in a crowd; be grave and decorous always. Burke said that manners were more important than laws. "Manners are what vex or soothe, comfort or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like the air we breathe."

A salutation may have a great deal of meaning in it. It may say, "I respect you, and I wish you well." It may say, "I love you." It may say, "I hate you." In a crowd, it should simply say the first. The bow of a young lady should be maidenly, quiet, not too demonstrative; yet not cold or forbidding. The salutation of a man to a woman can not be too respectful. It is to be feared that "old fashioned courtesy" has no place in our fashionable society. There is either coldness or too great familiarity.

The manners of young women are apt to be too careless. They emulate the manners of men of the age too much, not remembering they should carry in their gentle ways the good manners of all ages. She should remember that when a woman's salutation ceases to be delicate, elegant and finished, she steps down from the throne and throws away her sceptre. There is no salutation, however, more displeasing than that of a too effervescent and flattering subservience. "He bows too low" should never be said. Avoid being a snob in private as in a crowd.

OLD HICKORY'S WIFE.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Danwood.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the general rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied, "how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously: "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her: "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter and began to expostulate with him saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties, and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron nerve hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

Two Irishmen, fresh from the old country, where they had no such varnishes, were bothered mightily one night by the incessant attacks of the mosquitoes. Then they lay on the bed and lit the lamp, which they found attracted additional hosts of the enemy. Putting out the light they crept under the bed, thinking they might get a respite there. A firefly then came into the room, when one of them exclaimed in despair—"Och, murther, its of no use; there comes a fellow after us with his lantern!"

THE NEW SOUTH AND ITS WEALTH.

Philadelphia Times.

The chief lesson of the Atlanta Exposition are eminently practical, and they are so regarded by the southern people. They will give not only immediate but lasting and incalculable fruits of the grandest character. The Cotton Exposition will silence the hum of many spindles in the north and it will make the south much more legitimate field for both invention and capital than it has ever been in the past. It will teach to the great mass of the southern people what only the theorists have known until now—that the greatest boom to the south after the cotton gin is the cotton spindle; and I hazard nothing in saying that in another decade Georgia will spin all her cotton, have looms for the most of it, and make the music of the cotton factory heard in every cotton centre of the south. Of all civilizations of the nineteenth century, the old south was the only one that would have paid more than two hundred millions of dollars annually to a hated north to spin its cotton. With the cost of a thousand miles of transportation; the cost of baling; the injury to the fibre by pressing and separating it again for the spindle, and the increased cost of labor in the north, all pleading for the spindle in the south, the north gathered the chief profits of southern products by receiving the raw material and returning it in web to be sold largely to those who should have made it. But the new south has studied simple arithmetic and its Cotton Exposition is merely a huge blackboard on which is presented to the whole south the plain lesson that the three hundred millions worth of cotton, produced this year, will be worth three hundred millions more when the ample and iceless water powers of the south shall be employed to whirl the merry spindles at home. This is the great lesson of the Atlanta Exposition, and the preliminary progress that has made the grand Exposition possible, has developed a measure of invention and advancement in the south that is truly wonderful. No one can carefully note the cotton machinery at the Exposition without accepting the conviction that even the old cotton gin and the old spindle will soon become integral parts of the same cunning implements, and that the raw cotton from the field-sack will be ginned and spun by a single process. That once attained, or even the spinning of the cotton, with its two or three hundred millions of annual compensation, assured to the south, its progress will outstrip the wildest calculation, and every channel of industry will share the impetus. It was a hard up-hill struggle even for Atlanta and Georgia to lay the solid foundations for southern progress, but it has been done, and the active men of to-day will live to rejoice in the enlightened advancement and wealth and grandeur of the new south.

Balloon Voyages for the North Pole.

The project for the reaching of the North Pole by balloons is no new one, but the advisability of the attempt being made is revived by the recent arrival in this country of Commander Cheyne, of the Royal Navy. This gentleman was one of those who went in search of Sir John Franklin, and in this enterprise he has accompanied three expeditions. He is now interested in the fate of the Jeannette, sent out by the New York Herald, and came to the United States for the purpose of offering his services in the search for that vessel, as well as to present his views of a plan for the successful discovery of the North Pole. Commander Cheyne wishes, in company with Lieut. Schwatka, who approves his plan, to make an attempt to reach the North Pole by means of balloons, heretofore considered impossible. His method is to go out next spring in a vessel as far as St. Patrick's Bay. There he would put up a house near a coal field and stow away provisions in a cave in the cliff. At that point also he would fill three balloons, each one intended to carry three men, a sledge, Esquimaux dogs, provisions and instruments. Observations would be made at three different points to determine the variations in the course of the wind, and when found to be in the right direction the balloons would be released to drift toward the Pole, 496 miles away, which Commander Cheyne thinks would be reached in twenty-four hours by one balloon, the other two being left at proper distances behind, in case of necessity. Cheyne, after having photographed the vicinity of the Pole, would allow the successful balloon to drift beyond the Pole to the shore of Russia, and continue the journey to St. Petersburg, from which city the news of the discovery could be telegraphed to all parts of the world within one week after having taken place.

The cost of the expedition is estimated at between \$100,000 and \$150,000—a sum of money that were the Herald satisfied the enterprise would be a success, it would itself doubtless advance.

PERSECUTION produces no sincere conviction, nor any real change of opinion. On the contrary, it vitiates the public morals by driving men to prevarication, and commonly ends in a general, though secret infidelity, by imposing under the name of revealed religion, systems of doctrine which men can not believe and dare not examine.

The Newspaper in a Farmhouse.

People who live near the great thoroughfares, where they have access to two or three dailies and a half dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They, come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one must be far off in the country, remote from the "maddening crowd," to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one newspaper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a news item or advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by every member of the family, each one looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a love story. The son, who is just about to engage in farming, with the enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports, and has a keen eye for hints about improved modes of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that brings the paper with the liveliest interest, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come, it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied, can carry into a family. They have, week by week, spread before their mental vision a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its vast concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper can fail to join in invoking a blessing on the inventor of the means of intellectual enjoyment.

What People Enter Saloons For.

Nothing is more deceptive than the saloon business. When you see a fat man rolling into a saloon on a hot day your first thought is that he will fling his hat on the floor, fall into a chair and call for a claret with ice on it, and you wrong him. He simply enters the saloon to see if coal will be any higher, if he waits another month before buying. The saloon keeper always knows whether coal will be up or down, and is always willing to tell.

You see a couple of lawyers enter a saloon, and your impression is that they are going to shake dice for the drinks.—Nothing could be more erroneous. They are simply going to consult a State map, to decide a bet. Having secured their information, they walk right out without stopping to reflect on the awful suction nature must have given a man to pull a whole glass of lemonade through a straw six inches long.

An insurance agent is encountered as he comes out of a saloon wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. The public at once jumps to the conclusion that he has been struggling with a brandy smash.—That's where the public wrong him. He holds a policy on the saloon and he accidentally dropped in to see if the stock was being kept up to the given figures. A fly bit him on the chin and he instinctively wiped his mouth.

Out of a hundred men who enter a saloon only a hundred per cent. quaff the goblet. The rest go to find out the exact shortage on the wheat crop, the fluctuation in bank stocks, and various other things; and if they happen to wipe their mouths as they come out, it is simply an involuntary movement for which they can no more be held responsible than a yearling babe.

When a woman sees a new fall style bonnet on another woman's head, she declares it to be hideous. The next day, when she gets one also, she suddenly discovers it to be as pretty as it can be.

WHAT should a young man carry with him when calling upon the affianced of his heart? Affection in his heart, perfection in his manner and confectionery in his pocket.

MEN are like an old fashioned country wagon. When loaded, every thing works well and smoothly; with nothing in it, it rattles so it can be heard for miles.

LET us not forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to man.

THE mill will never grind with the water that is past, maybe, but the hand-organ grinds right along with the airs that are past a couple of hundred years.

THE man whose thoughts, motives and aspirations and feelings are all devoted to himself is the poorest judge as to the effect of his own action on other men.

A shoemaker in Allentown named Jerry Wilson, shot at a companion because he circulated a story that he was an infidel. Bob Ingersoll will be ashamed of that fellow.