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THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1873.

SUNDAY, Jan. 12th, 1873.
In Eden.—Gen. ii. 15-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou crownest him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands." Heb. ii. 7.

SUMMARY.—A sinless nature, a delightful home, an exalted station, and a congenial companionship were God's first gifts to man.

ANALYSIS.—I. The Installation. vs. 15-17. II. The Marriage. vs. 18-23. III. Comments. vs. 24, 25.

EXPOSITION.—The relation.—This lesson keeps us still within the last or sixth day of creation, and to the closing crowning work of it. It is more minute than the previous account of the origin of man. That gave only the most general statement, this gives details. That was framed to complete the account of creation as a whole, and to take its place in it harmoniously; this is given to begin distinctly and formally the history of the race in its relations to God and his moral law. This, therefore, differs in many respects from that, but in no respect contradicts it.

Verse 15—"Lord God." This double name first occurs in verse 4, of this chapter. The word Lord does not rightly render the Hebrew as written, but only as spoken. Curiously the Jews did never speak the written word, because they deemed it too sacred to be uttered, falsely interpreting Leviticus xxiv. 16 as teaching thus, but substituted the name Lord as in their view less sacred, and hence as suitable to be spoken. "While Elohim [the word currently translated God] exhibits God displayed in his power as the Creator and Governor of the physical universe, the name Jehovah designates his nature as he stands in relation to man, as the only almighty, true, personal, holy Being, a spirit, and "the Father of spirits." "The garden of Eden," i. e., of pleasure. The pleasant garden. This Persian word designated "a wide open park, inclosed against injury, yet with its natural beauty unspoiled, with stately forest trees, many of them bearing fruit, and with herds of antelopes or sheep." In verse 8, it is said the garden was "planted eastward," i. e., to the east from the writer, probably Moses, who was at the time somewhere to the south of Palestine with the migrating Hebrews. The precise location no one knows. Gesenius says somewhere in the mountains of Armenia. It was certainly on the Euphrates, at some point. God provided for the gratification of man's senses. He made us with natural powers to which, by his will, nature ministers. Our sin is not in using God's good gifts, but in abusing them. "To dress it and to keep it," i. e., probably to cultivate it, and to defend it against the animals without. Notice that action is the original law of life, indeed a very necessity of life. Laziness is not, and never was a virtue. We want useful employment, and enough of it, whether we be here or in paradise. Agriculture is honorable in its origin and nature, and at the foundation of all other employments.

Verses 16, 17.—Man was made upright (ch. i. 13; Eccl. vii. 29), but his integrity

was to be tested, developed, confirmed. To do this God placed over against commands a prohibition, over against implied promises an express threatening. All was plain, simple, easy, in the man's power, whether to obey or disobey. The more plain and simple the test, the more obviously fair, but not a whit less its importance. Command a child to take from the floor a pin. This is as good a test of his spirit as the command to take up a bag of diamonds. It is not so much just what is to be done, as that something is to be done. The virtue is in obeying God's will, whatever it requires. "He that keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all." Of the trees, two are named in verse 9. One of them again comes to view here. Its name indicates its design. It was put there to serve as an instrument for awakening and developing man's moral nature, and so securing the knowledge of moral and religious distinctions. It was to serve this purpose by being left untouched. The command not to eat was very plain, direct, positive. It left no decent excuse for disobedience. So are our great leading duties as plain. The threat was as plain and direct as the command. "Thou shalt surely die." The meaning of this we shall learn next week. He knew to some extent the meaning, that it was evil. He could not have known as fully as after the event. It was not needful for him to know all without any knowledge of the penalty the transgression would have been as truly, as grossly wrong.

Verses 18, 20.—Verse 19 does not teach that God formed the animals to be a helpmeet to Adam. This would be not less contrary to verse 20, than to ch. i. God had formed the animals, and now, after man's formation, he causes them, or rather some of them, to become known to Adam. Their nature suggested to him names. Here is the origin of language. From this his need of a companion was awakened. How perfectly natural and rational everything is in this narrative, exactly accordant with the nature of things? It proves itself to be no myth, no invention of man, but the testimony of God.

Verses 21, 22.—Compare i. 27. That is general; here we have details. "Deep sleep," or rather drowsiness, torpor, and in consequence the man "slept." The drowsiness led to the sleep, but was not it, as our translation would make it. "One of his ribs," significant. It has been aptly said, "She was not made out of his head to surpass him, nor from his feet to be trampled on, but from his side to be equal to him, and from near his heart to be dear to him." She was made not of separate dust, but of his own body, to signify both the mysterious precious union of spirit and life which belongs to the marriage relation. "Brought her unto the man." The first wedding. How finely and strongly this affirms God's approval of marriage.

Verse 23.—The husband's acceptance of his bride, and his view of the new relation. It was to him truly a union of souls, of life, of destiny, and, as he well judged, founded on a decree of nature, of God as given in nature. How he knew that she was "bone of his bones," we neither know nor care. Enough he did know it, and its deep meaning. "Woman." In the Hebrew the word for woman is formed by adding the feminine ending to the word for man. This bespeaks her equality of dignity.

Verse 24.—The inspired writer's language, applying the holy lesson to the men of his, and all other generations, laying down a universal law of domestic life, a law never broken but at a fearful cost, never obeyed without the richest results. Matt. xix. 5; Mark xvi. 7; 1 Cor. vi. 16; Eph. v. 31.

Verse 25.—No stronger demonstration of the purity of Adam and Eve could be given. "Not ashamed." How beautiful is the picture of the sinless pair in the garden of pleasure.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT.—The dignity of labor. Employment needful for man's comfort. Heaven a place of activity. The nature of man's dominion over the world. Modern inventions. The origin of language. Diversity of languages. The family. The sinlessness of our first parents. The test of virtue. Positive commands and natural law. Both still in existence.

QUESTIONS.—Vs. 15. Where was man put after he was created? What was he to do? What is your idea of the garden of Eden? What two trees of the garden are named? vs. 9.

Vs. 16. What permission to Adam? Vs. 17. What prohibition? Why? The name of the tree whose fruit was forbidden? Why that name? Does God test us in like manner?

Vs. 18. What is a help meet? Vs. 21. How was woman created? How does this differ from ch. i. 27. What does this mode of her creation show as to her nature and her relation to Adam?

Vs. 23. How was she received by Adam? Vs. 24. Are these the words of Adam or of Moses? What does the verse teach? What are Christ's words in Mark x. 5-12? Is this law still binding? What effort has Christianity in making bones? What is the bond of union? What sort of houses would there be in the world if there were no sin? In what respect would a sinless world differ from ours?

Scripture Catechism, 91, 92.

SUNDAY, Jan. 19th.—The Fall and the Promise.—Gen. iii. 18, 15.

Youths' Department.

MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS.

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn long chapters,
As my elder sisters do;

But I know three little verses,
That mamma has taught me,
And I say them every morning,
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, 'Thou God see'st me.'
Is not that a pretty text?
And 'Suffer the little children
To come unto me,' is next.

But the last one is the shortest
It is only, 'God is love.'
How kind He is in sending us
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows the chapters I can't learn
So I think He sent those three
Short, easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

—Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE BOY'S ADDRESS AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

A farmer there was, who brought to his barn
One morning, quite late in the fall,
A little, late colt, poor and homely in shape,
And timid and awkward, withal.

Old Dobbin, the farm-house, scarce deigned
him a look,
While Lightfoot, the spirited gray,
Neighed loudly enough to be heard all around,
"I hope he'll keep out of my way!"

The farmer's good wife, when she saw the poor thing,
Exclaimed, "Pray, what have we her?"
No horse for the road or the farm can be made
From the stupid starveling, that's clear."

The neighbors declared it a poor, worthless thing,
That ne'er for its keeping would pay;
But the farmer, undaunted, gave colts a stall,
And led him with care, every day.

As time waned apace, he began to repay
The patience and care which was shown,
Till at length, e'en Old Dobbin and Gray
stood aside,
Such a fine, noble steed, had he grown.

And not long ago, when the State held a fair,
Where gathered the horse, judges wise,
This late, little colt, of unpromising birth,
Was there, and received the first prize.

Kind friends and dear parents, assembled to-day,
To pass on us your judgment wise,
Remember that we are the little, late colts,
And our efforts, pray do not despise.

We have not lived long enough yet, to have grown
Well proportioned, and graceful in mind;
We can not keep pace with the strong and the fleet,
We are weak, and they leave us behind.

But when we've been fed by the strong, mental food,
That makes people learned and great,
And when we've grown out of these jackets and frocks,
And become more mature and sedate,

We hope that that the feeblest and least in our school,
Will reflect all the credit we owe
To you, our dear teacher, dear parents and friends,
For the patience and care you now show.
S. S. Festival.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

"Oh! dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad-day, unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all; and I'll have just to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you three rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy," cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and—

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! Why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper-dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good night, dear Uncle Jack."
"Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

Uncle Jack and Little Jennie.
She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember: A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.—The Little Folks.

COMING HOME.

The welcome letter is read—thrice welcome, for it says 'I will be home to-night.' How softly bright the mother's eyes, as she busies herself about the house, making it fresh and inviting for the absent one. How merrily the children shout and caper as they are told that 'Papa is coming home to-day.'

Mother prepares his favorite dish for the late tea; sister Ann practices over the old Scotch ballad papa loves best, and Rob and Hattie can scarcely wait for nightfall.

The hour comes at length, and brings papa, laden with all those parcels which are so delightfully mysterious to the children.

What a glad shout and rush to greet papa! What a flood of happy questions and answers!

What an undoing of the parcels, whose wrappings are so troublesome, and whose strings will knot!

Then the pet rabbit and Miss Dolly's new dress, made by Hattie's own tiny fingers, are shown, and much admired.

The evening swiftly glides away, the good nights are said, and all go to rest, while the old clock ticks on more contentedly than ever, now the master is home again; or, at least, mother thinks so, as she lies listening to its sounds a few moments before falling asleep.

"Jimmy, father is coming, let's run;" and two dirty, ragged little creatures hurry out of the basement into which a drunken man stumbles the next moment.

Finding no one there but his poor miserable wife, he begins the usual order of things by cursing and abusing her.

The abuse, at length, reaches blows, and the wretched woman escapes into the street, calling for help—her husband followed her.

"That's Jim, I'll be bound," mutters the policeman, as he buttons up his coat and starts down the narrow, dirty street in the direction of the sounds, while the children cower tremblingly in the corner, now and then peering forth to see if 'Father is coming.' Loud fierce words and oaths reach their ears, and soon they see the 'star' shining, and know, by that, the policeman is coming back, and by the noise and confusion, that he is taking 'Father' to the station.

When they are quite past, and out of sight, the frightened little objects draw a long breath of relief, and come out of the corner and go back to the house, they call 'home,' comforting themselves with the assurance that 'Father won't be home to-night, anyway.'

My darling is coming home to-day, whispers the young girl to herself, as she sits about, now here, now there, restless, with joy, and snatching every possible

moment to read again the dear lines which brought the glad tidings. She counts the hours and moments as they drag along—to her at least—and, as the time draws near she takes out the white dress and pretty ribbons she wore the night John told her she 'looked so beautiful,' and after a careful toilet and a last smiling, lingering look at the charming picture she meets in the glass, runs out into garden and gathers a bouquet of the freshest, choicest flowers, and placing one on her bosom and another in her hair, she selects a sweet half-opened rose for 'dear John.' In a few moments the well known step and voice are heard, and the next instant, in a flutter of joyful excitement, she is clasped to her lover's breast.

Not now does she even whisper the fond words of the morning—that is only for her own heart, as yet—but her eloquent, love-lit eyes and blushing face are all-sufficient answer when her lover's deep, tender voice whispers, 'Is my darling so very glad to see me?'

When the brown curls press the pillow late that night, she looks out at bright, glimmering stars, and thinks 'what a beautiful world it is!'

Ah! the beauty she sees is chiefly to the fact that her lover has come home to-night.

There is another coming home—to a dark, dreadful home. So utterly dark and wretched, my pen refuses to attempt a description of it. Banished from all things beautiful, holy, and pure, to a world of darkness, pain and despair, who can measure the unfathomable depth of woe and anguish which must attend the coming home of the lost!

In a bright, a glorious mansion, they are making ready for the coming home of many loved ones.

There is a joyful flutter of wings, a tuning of melodious harps and lyres. The soft, pure air is laden with the refrain, 'They are coming home! they are coming home!'

Here, close to the gates, a faithful mother is waiting to welcome home her child. The fond husband waits for the absent wife; the 'lost baby' longs for its mother; and the gentle sister looks eagerly for her brother, the wild young brother to whom she whispered, at parting, 'Meet me in heaven, 'Charley.' Friend waits for friend: the pastor for his flock.

There is a glad expectant stir; the pearly gates are opened wide, and amid the triumphant anthems of heaven's host, the ransomed enter in. Oh, what a meeting for that mother, husband, sister, friend! But far above all these is the joy of the meeting of the saved with his Savior, of the repentant prodigal with his father, of the sheep with the Shepherd. No more temptation for the sinner and the prodigal! No more wanderings for the sheep in rough and lonely ways! No more weariness, pain or sorrow! At home forever, where all is joy and peace! —Chr. Union.

THE WORST PUNISHMENT.

"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a wicked man one day.

"I haven't prospered at it," cried the man feelingly; "it is a business that don't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be now a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying, "I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but, I tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am."

HAVE YOUR TRUNK PACKED.

An old colored lady in the South, in an experience meeting, is reported to have said: "Whenever I'm going on a journey I always begin to pack my trunk a long ways ahead, and I pack a little every day. Den I'm sure dat when de whistle blows I'll be ready. An' just so I tries to do a little every day to get ready for de good world, so dat when Gabriel blow de big trumpet I may have my trunk ready to git right on de train."

The characteristic of her is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits, and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. —Emerson.

It is a proof of mediocrity of intellect to be addicted to relating stories.