

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 19th, 1867.

ACTS XV. 1-21: Concerning Circumcision. 2 Kings xvi: Abaz' wicked reign. Recite—PROVERBS VI. 20-23.

Sunday, May 26th, 1867.

ACTS XV. 22-41: Paul and Barnabas separate. 2 Kings xvii. 1-23: Hoshea's reign. Recite—PROVERBS XIII. 1-4.

Consequence of a Lie.

Let me show you what injury may be done by lying. There was a large river, across which several dams were built, within the distance of a few miles. These dams were built to form as many ponds, and carry on as many mills. During a severe storm, which greatly swelled the river, the upper dam was carried away. This brought the flood with so much pressure on the second dam, that it went too, and so with all the rest, one after another. If the first dam had been strong enough to resist the pressure of the current, none of the others would have given way.

So it is with falsehood and other sins. If we stop the first lie, we stop all the rest. If we are not disobedient the first time, we never shall be disobedient. If we do not use the first profane word, we shall never use the second. It is consenting to the first that does all the mischief.

Some time since, a youth, about sixteen years of age, whose name was James, came to this city (London) to reside. He was employed as a clerk in a store. He was faithful at first; and his employer liked him very much, and treated him with great confidence. One day he stepped into the store of a young man whose acquaintance he had formed. He was offered a glass of wine. He hesitated; but finally yielded, and drank it. On the following day, this young man called in at the store where James was employed. His employer was not in at the time. James thought he must return the kindness of his friend on the previous day, and he accordingly treated him to a glass of wine. But, in drawing the liquor, he did not close the stopcock securely, and it was left running a little. As his employer passed through the store, he noticed it.

"Have you been at this barrel, James?" he asked. The youth hesitated, as if there was a struggle between right and wrong; but he finally replied: "No Sir!" Here the first dam was carried away. We shall see how speedily the others followed. His employer looked doubtful, but said no more.

The next day, the young man came in again, and said to the owner of the store-house:—"Will you sell me a barrel of wine such as James gave me yesterday?" The gentleman gave a searching look at James, who felt almost ready to sink into the earth. He took the first opportunity to see the young man, and asked him to tell his employer that he drew the wine himself. Here was another dam gone. The young man promised to do so, if he would treat him to an oyster supper. James agreed. Both parties fulfilled the agreement; but James had no money of his own, and hence he took some from the drawer to pay for the supper. Here was another dam gone. After the oyster supper he was invited to gamble. At first he declined; but then, thinking he might make as much money as he had taken from his employer, and thus be able to replace it, he yielded. He played, and lost. But still, supposing he might win, he continued to take money from the store, until it was missed. Seeing that he was likely to be detected, he resolved one night that he would take fifty pounds that were in the desk, and endeavor to win enough to replace all he had taken from his employer. At midnight he arose. He entered the office, took the fifty pounds, and went to the gambling house, where he lost the whole. Now he was desperate. What could he do? He did this: Knowing that his employer had money in the bank, he forged a cheque in his name. He hastened to the bank and presented it. It was discovered to be a forgery. He was taken up, sent to prison, and transported.

The Bird of two Songs.

I was standing in the garden with a stranger one cloudy, unsummer like afternoon in June. Near us was a large clump of lilac bushes, into which we saw a bird of a dingy, faded, black color fly. Presently she broke out into what, perhaps, she called a song; but it was, in reality, just like the flat squalling of an old cat. "Yaah! yaah!" she continued to cry.

"Pray," said the stranger, "what bird is that making such a horrible noise?"

"That sir, is the cat-bird."

"I should think so, and a burnt cat, too! I thought it was homely enough to the eye, but the color is nothing to this screech."

"I can't say much at present to defend the poor bird, for looks and voice are against her. But I am confident you will think better of her ere long."

The next morning I found my friend standing in the piazza, listening to the notes of a bird in a thick sugar-maple near by. The song was

that of a mocking-bird, not so wonderful as the notes of the real mocking-bird, nor even so sweet as that of the thrush, yet they were round and full and often exquisite. She seemed to repeat the note of every bird with which she was acquainted, robin, sparrow, oriole, and the like, and with surprising accuracy. The morning was fair, the air still, and the bird seemed to be swallowed up in song.

"Pray tell me," said my stranger friend, "what bird is that which sings so delightfully? It is not quite the thrush."

"That, Sir, is our cat-bird."

"You must be making fun of me. You don't pretend to say that the homely, squalling bird we heard yesterday, and this singer, is the same?"

"I do truly, and to convince you I will throw a stone into the tree and drive her out, and you shall see it is the same bird."

With that I threw the stone, and out popped Mrs. Cat-bird, making directly for the lilacs, where she began again to scream "Yaah! Yaah!"

The gentleman looked on in amazement. "This bird," said I, "is very much like some people. In those lilacs she has her nest, and that is her home; but there she never utters a pleasant note. I should think her husband would avoid her, and her little ones tremble at the sound of her voice. But when she gets away from home, up in the lofty tree, you see how agreeable she can be, and how sweetly she sings. I know many people just like her. When away from home they are full of smiles and gentle ways, and they seem among the most agreeable people in the world. But see them at home! and the cat-bird's notes are theirs. They contrive to make home just as unpleasant as possible—to themselves, to their children, and to everybody that happens to see them at home."

"O, yes," said the stranger, "I know scores of such people, some fathers and mothers, so easily pleased, so smiling and pleasant away from home, but the moment they enter their own doors, every ray of cheerfulness fades out, and they are cold, silent, and repulsive. And some young ladies, I am sorry to say, are so lively, cheerful, obliging, and happy when away from home, that one would think they were uncommonly lovely, while at home they are discontented, disrespectful to parents, coarse, and unlovely. So with children. I know many like our cat-bird with her two songs, lively, cheerful, and well-bred among strangers, but the moment they get home, are rude, disobedient, rough, and ill-tempered. What is the reason why people do so?"

Let every father and mother see how pleasant they can make their home, let the brothers and sisters see how useful and amiable they can be, let the little ones see how much sunshine they can bring into the house, and we shall have no more of these cat-bird people, who have one song for the public, sweet as the music of the harp, and another song for the home, coarse as the raven's and unmusical as the cat's."—Sunday School Times.

The Color of Sounds.

Every one who has attentively listened to sounds, must have noticed that, besides their acuteness and gravity, loudness or softness, shape and figure, there is another quality, which musicians have agreed to denominate color. The answer of the blind man, who, on being asked what idea he had of scarlet, replied that it was like the sound of a trumpet, is less absurd than may at first be apprehended. If, as Sir Isaac Newton supposed, the impulse upon the nerves of the eyes produced by color is similar, in kind or degree, to that produced upon the ear by sounds, the impression upon the sensorium, or seat of sensation, in the brain, will probably be the same, or so nearly so, that the ideas of the respective external objects will be associated in the mind. According to this theory, the different musical instruments may be characterized by corresponding colors, so as to be fancifully classed in the following manner:

WIND INSTRUMENTS.

- Trombone.....Deep red
Trumpet.....Scarlet.
Clarionette.....Organ.
Oboe.....Yellow.
Bassoon, Alto.....Deep yellow.
Flute.....Sky-blue.
Diapason.....Deep blue.
Double Diapason.....Purple.
Horn.....Violet.

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

- Violin.....Pink.
Viola.....Rose.
Violoncello.....Red.
Double Bass.....Deep crimson.

In addition to what the preceding scale expresses, let it be understood that the lowest tones of each instrument partake of the darkest shade of its color, and as they ascend they become of a lighter hue. The symphony in the "Creation," which represents the rising sun, is an exemplification of this theory. In the commencement of this piece our attention is attracted by a soft-streaming note from the violins, which is scarcely discernible till the rays of sound, which issue from the second violin, diverge into the chord of the first, to which is gradually imparted a greater fullness of color, as the viola and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony. At the fifth bar, the oboes begin to shed their yellow lustre while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violins as the notes continue ascending to the highest point of lightness; the orange, the scarlet, and the purple unite in the increasing splendor, and the glorious orb at length appears, refulgent with the brightest beams of harmony.

In the human voice the shades of color are still more perceptible. The lowest tones are formed in the chest, partake of the most sombre

hues, and forcibly express our inmost feelings; as they become more bright and cheerful, expressing the more lively sensations of mirth and joy. It is in the utterance of these tones that we disclose where the soul of music lies concealed.—Gardiner.

"Only Christening."

Two children of our acquaintance, one of Presbyterian, the other of Baptist parentage, were playing together, when the former proposed that they should christen their dolls. The other objected on the ground that "mother said it was wrong to make play of religious things."

"Oh," was the prompt reply. "This isn't any thing religious at all. It's only christening." More than once since then, as we have watched the congregation of a city church while the infants were brought forward for baptism, as we have seen the eager looks, the general expectation of a rather funny time, have noticed the smiles as the faint wails of the little ones reached the ears of the expectant audience, and then have listened to the remarks of some of the church members on their way home, the question has suggested itself, Do they regard it as "any thing religious at all," or is it "only christening?"

I remember another little one who, at the age of four, on returning from the first infant baptism she ever witnessed, asked, "What did the minister put water in those babies' faces for?" Looking over the writings of Pedobaptist authors on that subject, I confess that to my mind the question remains unanswered.

Here is a work—Patterson on the Catechism—in use in the Bible classes of several Presbyterian Sunday Schools, which devotes two pages to enforcing the idea that infants are baptized, not that they may be made members of the visible church, but because they already are so, and as church members are entitled to church ordinances. This would seem satisfactory enough were it not that another book, published by the same publishers, is used in the same Sabbath School, in the infant class taught by the wife of the minister who uses Patterson in his Bible class, and here I find—

"Q. Why should infants be baptized?"

"A. Because they are sinful and need a Saviour."

Whether this means that baptism is a Saviour, or that all who are sinful should be baptized, I cannot say, but certainly the reason given the children for their baptism is quite another thing from that given their parents.

Again, I know two ministers in the same place, one of whom baptizes infants "on account of original sin," as he expresses it, while the other, also Presbyterian, declares that they "are born into the world as spotless as a sheet of white paper," and on this he "founds his belief in infant baptism, and both of them find in their hymn book, hymns suitable to use on the occasion."

Really isn't it time the infants should know whether they are baptized because they are so wicked they need it, or because they are so good they deserve it?—National Baptist.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS IN GERMANY.—The following extract from the most influential musical journal in Germany, the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" of Leipzig, is interesting to all Americans, freely admitting, as it does, in such unequivocal language, the superiority of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin's well-known Cabinet Organs over the best of the German "Harmoniums." Testimony in favor of these beautiful parlour instruments seems to flow in an undiminished tide from all quarters, and it is not surprising that the manufacturers find themselves compelled, almost yearly, to add to their factories:

"We desire to call the attention of our readers, especially of those interested in that class of musical instruments whose tones are produced by free vibrators or reeds, to a new and beautiful "Cabinet Organ," manufactured by the celebrated firm of Mason & Hamlin of New York and Boston, U. S., which can be seen and examined for a short time at the residence of its present owner (Teubenstrasse No. 15, Parterre) who has kindly consented to show it to visitors. It has eight stops, viz: Bourdon, Hautboy, Diapason Bass, Diapason Treble, Principal Bass, Principal Treble, Automatic Swell and Coupler. The quality of tone produced by these different sets of vibrators contrasts remarkably with that of our own German harmoniums, for, in place of the thin, reedy, sharp tone, we have substituted here a rich, mellow quality, which pleases quite as much as it surprises us, while the effect of its full capacity is grand, exhibiting a depth and body of tone quite organ-like. Its case is a model of taste and beauty, far superior to any similar work of domestic production. We learn that this firm have forwarded to the Paris Exposition six different styles of their organs, and we are certain that they will compare favorably with, and even excel in many essential points our European instruments. The head of this firm is brother to the celebrated pianist and composer, Wm. Mason (pupil of Liszt and Dreyshock) and son of the venerable composer of church music, Dr. Lowell Mason, whose works will stand a lasting memorial of his fame and genius." [Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, Leipzig, Germany.]

Knew it in reality though not by name.

Some years ago, while spending a summer in W—, Md., I used often to visit the prisoners in the county jail. One afternoon the jailer's wife said to me, "A slave was brought here yesterday by her master, as a punishment for

running away. He ordered her in close confinement, and to see no one; but I will let you in for a little while if you'll go." I entered her cell, and, sitting down by her side, began a conversation.

I learned that she had been a field-hand, and was very ignorant. Her mind seemed almost a blank. After a while, I asked,—

"Did you ever go to meeting?"

"Never but once," she replied. "I walked five miles to go."

"Do you ever hear the Bible read where you live?"

"No."

"Do you ever pray?"

"No."

"Do you know what prayer means?"

"No; never heard tell of it before."

I began to explain it to her by saying that prayer was just talking to God, speaking to the Lord Jesus. Her dark face lighted in a moment; the stupid look left it; and she exclaimed, eagerly, "Talking to Jesus! I know what dat means. When I see here all alone I just tell the Lord Jesus all my troubles, and the darkness goes away. I don't feel lonely no more."

"And you love to talk to Him?"

"Deed I do, it's all the comfort I has. 'Pears like He's standing close by, and hears every word I say."

I was convinced that, without realizing it, she had found her way to Jesus; and I learned a lesson upon the simplicity of prayer.

Kempis says, "I had rather feel penitence than understand the definition thereof." Christ has many babes who experience the genuine exercises of piety long before they know how to call them by name, as all children learn to talk before they know grammar.

Women and Ladies.

In the days of our fathers there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and gentlemen"—has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things that were; but "ladies" are found everywhere. Miss Martineau, wishing to see the women wards in a prison in Tennessee, was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madam." Now, so far as the ladies were concerned, it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then it sounds a little odd—ladies in prison! It would seem bad enough for women to go to such a place.

A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." Of the modern improvements, we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine, up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of hymen around the happy couple, he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible to take breath.

THE NUMBER OF WORDS WE USE.—Professor Max Muller quotes the statement of a clergyman that some of the labourers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. A well-educated person seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who select with great nicety the words that exactly fit their meaning, employ a much larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 20,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any other writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 different words.

A GOOD REMEDY.—A gentleman was always complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last papa-in-law, becoming very wearied of endless grumbings, and being a bit of a wag, replied: "Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her tormenting you any more, I shall disinherit her." The husband never again complained.

A Doctor gave a prescription to a lady a short time ago, as follows: "A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots." The lady recovered immediately.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

SATISFACTION.—The moment a man is satisfied with himself every body else is dissatisfied with him.—Arab Proverb.

"WHERE was your religion before the Reformation?" triumphantly demanded a Roman catholic of a Protestant. "Where was your face this morning before it was washed?" was the query in return.

Horace Greely says that the darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

BETTER be called a fool for doing right, than be a fool by doing wrong.