

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 18th, 1869.

JOHN vii. 11-31: Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacle in Jerusalem.

Recite.—S. C., 31, 32.

Sunday, July 25th, 1869.

JOHN vii. 32-53: Public teachings of our Lord.

Recite.—S. C., 33, 34.

## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. VI.

Abraham . . . Gen. xviii. 32.  
Elisha . . . . . 2 Kings iv. 32-37.  
Hannah . . . . . 1 Sam. i. 11, 24-28.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James v. 16.

Every heart hath known a grief  
For which earth has no relief,  
Which no friend can share;  
Very sympathy grows pain,  
We lift our cross with bitter strain,  
Almost in despair.

But one refuge open lies,  
We've one Friend beyond the skies,  
Who already knows  
All our tears in secret shed,  
Till the power for tears hath fled,  
All our buried woes.

Let us, ere our faith grows dim,  
Lift our heavy hearts to him  
In a fervent prayer:  
He may take our cross away  
Or, if he command it stay,  
Give us strength to bear.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XV.

These initials and finals two cousins declare  
Who wandered with I-ra-l many a year:  
The latter was chosen the priesthood to share,  
The former the sanctuary's vessels to bear.

An Eastern province often named,  
A rocky mount for curses famed,  
A city with an empire wide,  
A city on a mountain side,  
A nephew of a patriarch,  
A spy sent Canaan's land to mark,  
A homeless prince's generous host; true to his  
king, whose throne was lost.

## YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,  
Be true to yourself and God;  
Ere you build your house mark well the spot,  
Test all the ground and build you not  
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,  
Plant firm the outer wall;  
Let the props be strong, and the roof be high,  
Like an open turret toward the sky,  
Through which heaven's dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man,  
When shadows shall beild care,  
A chamber with never a roof, a thatch  
To hinder the light, or door, or latch  
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,  
A life that outlives the breath;  
For who shall gain say the Holy Word?  
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,  
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep and high and broad, young man,  
As the needful case demands;  
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,  
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,  
For the "house not made with hands."  
—Packard's Monthly.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?  
They shall blossom bright ere long.  
Are we sowing seeds of discord?  
They shall ripen into wrong.  
Are we sowing seeds of honor?  
They shall bring forth golden grain.  
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?  
We shall yet reap bitter pain.  
Whoso'er our sowing be,  
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

We can never be too careful  
What the seed our hands shall sow;  
Love from love is sure to ripen,  
Hate from hate is sure to grow.  
Seeds of good or ill we scatter  
Heedlessly along our way;  
But a glad or grievous fruitage  
Waits us at the harvest day.  
Whoso'er our sowing be,  
Reaping, we its fruit must see.

ALAS! how little reliance can be placed upon kind hearts, quick sensibilities, and even devotional feelings, if there is no religious principle to guide, direct and strengthen them.

## COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. XXIII.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The next letter from Bertha commenced:

"I cannot help enjoying my life here, though I am afraid it is rather an idle one. They breakfast very late, and I have the morning hours for writing letters and reading. I am afraid I can't say I do all I might in the way of useful reading, there is such a feast of amusing books here, and I have had none for so long. After breakfast our various engagements take up the day very agreeably, and every one is so good humoured and obliging. I do feel it a take-off that there is so little attention to religious duties, prayers hurried over before breakfast, or totally omitted if they are late, and never any in the evening; and the Sunday I have passed here was certainly very unsatisfactory. We went to West Terrace Chapel, a very fashionable-looking place, with a great deal of decoration, a regular choral service, prayers and lessons so read that I could hardly have known whether they were English or Latin, and a sermon of about ten minutes, all about nothing. I could not help, for the first time, looking back to Pelham church with some regret, and Mr. Mordaunt's excellent sermons, and simple, impressive reading. The only good thing here was the music; and that was much too elaborate for the congregation to take any part in. After service Annette introduced me to some of her young friends, and there was a great deal of lively talk and gossip at the church door, and appointments made for riding and music and parties, etc.: all of which seemed to me a very unfitting end to a sacred service. I suppose I looked grave, for Georgina began to rally me as we walked home about my solemn looks, and at last I owned to her that this gossip at the church door rather shocked me, for I had been always brought up to think idle-talk after service wrong. Georgina burst out laughing, 'You dear little Puritan,' she said, 'you haven't got over the effect of those sour old folks' teaching yet. I suppose you were not allowed to lift your eyes an inch from the ground at Pelham rectory.' 'I was not thinking of that,' I said, 'Mrs. Lawson was not at all severe, and yet she never approved of talking in this way after church.'"

"All very well for a school mistress, my dear; but we poor ordinary mortals could not live under the Carthusian rule of silence for a whole Sunday; why just think, what would Annette do if she were condemned to pass twenty-four hours without flirting? She would choke, and expire under such a discipline."

"Annette flit!" cried I, indignantly, "how could you accuse your sister of such a thing?" Georgina laughed so loudly, that her mother had to call her to order. "I beg your pardon," she said, when she could command her voice; "but it is really too amusing, you are so innocent, my child—to think you should have known my respected sister for a week, without finding out that she is a desperate flirt? Just look at her now, talking to Captain Eyre."

"I thought he was an old friend, she seemed so glad to see him," I said, very innocently, I suppose, for Georgina went off into another fit of clamorous mirth, and said Annette would do the same by any one who paid her attention. I was quite angry, and did not wish to talk with her any more, and I certainly felt how entirely such conversation banished any serious feelings one might have had before. At luncheon there was plenty of lively chit-chat; and engagements for the week were arranged. Then came afternoon service for those who chose to go. I did. There was a great deal of good singing, and that was all the impression I carried away. Then we had a stroll on the Promenade. After dinner, Mr. Bouverie went to sleep; Lady Frances held up a book of sermons before her and tried to read, but followed his example; Georgina yawned and fidgetted about; and Annette set down to the piano and played through most of the music of 'Acis and Galatea,' which she said, being Handel's, was of course to be regarded as sacred, and therefore fit for a Sunday evening even in the eyes of the strictest people; I meant to read in my own room, but sat listening to her instead; every one seemed tired and sleepy and retired early, and I could not but feel I had not spent my Sunday as it should have been spent. You see I make you my confessor and tell you all; but I assure you, I don't mean to do this again; I am quite resolved next Sunday to read steadily in my own room as much as possible, and avoid frivolous conversation, for I felt all the time it was not a right way of spending the day. I cannot help feeling vexed at what Georgina said, and though I could not bear her way of showing up her sister, I cannot help owning, when I watch Annette, charming as she is, that there is some reason for her criticism."

"I think," said Grace, when I paused for a moment, "it is rather difficult to decide, is it not? when and where flirting begins and where it ends."

"I should not think you would ever be accused of it, Grace," said Sophy, laughing.

"No, I don't suppose I am. I have had no temptations to the kind of thing in our home life; but I know others have in whom I am interested. It is a question which often puzzles me, Cousin Mabel; one hears it said of girls so often."

"I think, dear, the accusation is often made lightly and without cause; but no one can doubt that there is such a thing; and no right-minded person can defend it. I should say, that whenever a young lady changes her manner in speaking to a gentleman, there is some cause for the imputation. But if she converses with all her acquaintance in the same simple, straight-for-

ward manner (whether the conversation be grave or gay), not as a young lady courting attention, but as one rational being talking with another, modestly, quietly, and unconsciously, then, I think, she need never be afraid of being deservedly charged with flirting."

"But some girls," said Lucy, "say that is impossible. One I know very well was telling me so the other day."

"And to such an one I should reply in the words of the good old schoolroom maxim, 'I can, because I ought.'"

"But do you think, then, it is a question of right and wrong?"

"Most certainly I do. Every mode of talking that comes justly under the head 'flirting,' proceeds from a self-engrossed and self-occupied mind; that is the root of it; the fruits are precisely what the apostle designates as 'foolish talking;' not to say, sometimes, 'jesting which is not convenient.' Endeavour to think of others more than of your selves; of giving pleasure rather than pleasing; try to meet all your companions of both sexes on the common ground of being rational beings, I may say also, accountable beings; be more ready to talk of things than persons; and above all, remember the solemn warning against 'idle words' in the Bible. This will be your best safeguard against all sins of the tongue, whether they come under the head of flirting, gossip, or any other description of unprofitable talk."

"But it is very difficult to keep such solemn recollections in one's mind when talking with some kinds of people," said Lucy.

"Yes, and this is just one of the dangers of frivolous and worldly society. But remember, that if there are any persons in whose company you feel it impossible to keep such thoughts in mind, these are precisely the persons whose society you ought to avoid. One who wishes to 'set God always before him,' will seek to be 'a companion of them that fear him.'"

## "I'LL PUT JESUS CHRIST BY A WHILE UNTIL PVE MADE MY FORTUNE."

Luther says in his *Table Talk*, page 248, that the Archbishop of Mayence, had in his court a Protestant courtier, who when he found himself out of favor with his master, made use of this base expression.

How many Christians put Jesus Christ by for a while? Let us see what kind of professors of religion act out this principle, if they do not use the same words.

1. The young man who has made a profession of religion, and permits himself to be induced to visit the theatre, or the horse race, puts Jesus aside for the time being.

2. The young lady who goes from the communion-table to the ball-room, puts Jesus by for the time being, and of course expects to make her fortune in that way.

3. The old professor, when he gets angry, loses his temper, and becomes ill-natured, "puts Jesus by" for a while.

4. The mother who is scolding like a settled rain, also for the time being "puts Jesus by."

5. The professor of religion who becomes worldly-minded, and gives up his religion for gain, has "put Jesus by."

6. The young man who gives up his religion for the pleasures of the world, "puts Jesus by."

7. The man who backslides, and forsakes the prayer-meeting for the bar-room, has "put Jesus by."

This putting the Lord by is a bad business for Christians. Christ says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" Paul says, (Hebrews iii. 12.) "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God."

## THE FLOWERS OF PALESTINE.

"The hills in the region of Mount Tabor," says Dr. Bellows, "offer better pasturage than any we have met in the Holy Land, and yet there seem fewer flocks of them. But its flowers have taken advantage of this absence of cattle and people, to spring up in a variety and beauty I have never seen equalled. We gathered bouquets in a few moments by the path, which I defy any London or New York conservatory to equal in beauty, and freshness, and variety, or in rarity. Such feathery things, such hairy shapes, such delicate colors, such exquisite contrasts, were never, it seems to me, combined in any nosegay, and I felt then, as I do now, ashamed that my feeble botany could not name and place them. I make their beauty the *amende* of a most honorable mention. Could I have sent one of these Syrian bouquets to each of my beloved friends at home, I would gladly have paid the largest New York price for a hundred, and a hundred might have been plucked from a rod of ground. But their frailty was equal to their freshness and delicacy. There is a solemnity in the houseless, treeless, unpeopled state of this fine country, which is an affecting preparation for the approach to the great centre of Jesus's ministry, the Sea of Galilee. Nature seems to say there is no room in this sacred region but for the memory of Him whose glory fills the earth. The hills are green, and flowery, and fragrant, but they refuse any *service* more than that of acting as the witnesses of Him who once, putting their lilies above Solomon in all his glory, used them as His altar and His pulpit."

THE ART OF BEING MISERABLE.—Rev. Charles Kingsley, the English author, utters the following: "If you wish to be miserable you must think about yourself; about what you want,

what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch: you will make sin and misery for yourself out of every thing which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you chose."

A writer says: "Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly, both are bred in the house, and also the flower of the family; thirdly, both have to be cradled; fourthly, both are generally well thrashed before they are done with."

## Scientific.

## EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRICITY.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* gives the following amusing and instructive experiment: "Procure four glass tumblers or common glazed tea-cups, and having wiped them dry as possible, hold them over the fire to evaporate any moisture that may still adhere to their surface; for if there is the least moisture, it makes a connection and spoils the experiment. Place them upon the floor in a square, about one foot apart; place a piece of board on the tumblers, and have a person standing upon the board. This person is now completely insulated, the glass being a non-conductor of electricity. Now take a common rubber comb, and having wound a piece of silk around one end of it, rub it briskly through your hair, and draw the teeth parallel to the insulated person's knuckles, leaving a little space between the comb and the person's hand. The result will be a sharp, crackling noise, and if dark, there will be seen a succession of sparks. Repeat the process until the phenomena cease. The person is now 'charged' with electricity, the same as a Leyden jar. To draw off the electricity, approach your knuckles to the person's hands or his nose (being careful not to allow any portion of your body to come in contact with his), and there will be a loud snap, and the sparks will be very brilliant. If a cat be held so that the charged person can place his knuckles in proximity with the animal's nose, it will suddenly appear as if it were in contact with an electric battery. A glass bottle may be used in lieu of a comb, but it is not so well adapted for the purpose. Much amusement may be derived from this extremely simple experiment, and some of our numerous young readers will hasten to try it for themselves."

NIGHT AIR.—An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without, and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day, than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient.

One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut,—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better.—*Florence Nightingale.*

HOW TO MAKE TAFFY.—What rare sport we used to have, when children, pulling taffy; and, indeed, it is rare sport for children of larger growth, to spend an evening in making molasses candy, or taffy. This is my process:

Put into a pan, or some shallow vessel, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a pound of brown sugar; set it upon the stove, and stir together for fifteen minutes, or until a little of the mixture, dropped into a basin of water, will break clean between the teeth, without sticking to them. Any flavouring that is desired, as lemon, pineapple, or vanilla, should be added just before the cooking is completed. The taffy, when done, should be poured into a shallow dish which is buttered on the bottom and edges. By drawing a knife across it when it is partially cool, it can easily be broken into squares. Molasses may be used instead of sugar, but it is not so brittle.

This taffy is a most excellent thing for a cough and one which children are easily persuaded to take.—*Western Rural.*

DON'T RIDE CHILDREN BACKWARDS.—An exchange warns the mothers and nurses against the too prevalent practice of drawing little children around the streets backwards. It has been known to produce insanity. We make a note of it because we often meet with such instances in our walks about town. If you value the health and comfort of your little ones, get them a carriage in which they can ride naturally, and enjoy it.—*Webster Times.*

To cure the toothache, saturate a piece of clean cotton wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and apply immediately to the affected tooth. The relief is instantaneous, and elevates the patient from the depth of despair to the heights of bliss.—*Journal and American.*