

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 4th, 1869.

LUKE x. 1-16 : The seventy instructed and sent out from Capernaum.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 28, 27.

Sunday, June 11th, 1869.

LUKE ix. 51-56 : xvii. 11-19 : JOHN vii. 1-10 : Jesus goeth up to the Feast of Tabernacles. Ten Lepers cleansed.

Recite.—S. C., 20, 30.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter C.

6. CLOUD. Used for a great multitude in Is. lx. 8, and Heb. xii. 1; for the infirmities of old age in Eccl. xii. 2. Also for a false and hypocritical profession of religion in Jude, ver. 12, and 2 Pet. ii. 17, because (1st) it is shifting and inconstant; and (2nd) it promises rain but often gives none.

7. CORN. Is associated with death in Eccl. xii. 6; ruin in Jer. x. 20; strength in Eccl. iv. 12; enlargement in Is. liv. 2; love in Hos. xi. 4; affliction in Job xxx. 11, and xxxvi. 3; sin in Prov. v. 22, and Is. v. 18.

8. COUNSELLOR. Is. ix. 6; because (1st) he pleads, and (2nd) he advises.

9. CEDAR. It denotes a king, 2 Kings xiv. 9; an empire, Ezek. xxxi. 3; the faithful people of God, Ps. cxli. 12.

10. CHAFF. Used of false doctrine, Jer. xxiii. 28; and of the destruction of the wicked in Ps. i. 4; Is. v. 24.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XIV.

What good man was too ready to despair?
Who kept the hunted prophets in his care?
Who counsel from his servants did not spurn?
Who made a nation's heart with shame to burn?
Who was condemned for over hasty aid?
Who in a famine from his country strayed?

By these initials something find
Which needs a strong control;
Or it may blight a mortal life,
Or an immortal soul.

BACCHUS' BOWL.

(After reading in the regular way, read again by alternate lines; again begin at the bottom and read upward; then again upward by alternate lines.)

The merry bowl that Bacchus sings
I fain would banish far from hence;
I prize above all earthly things
Sobriety and temperance.

Old alcohol, the spirit-king,
Confusion to his odious reign;
Above all men, his praise I sing,
Who breaks the drunkard's galling chain.

Where grog-shop banners are displayed,
Defeat and ruin seize the cause;
May success the standard aid,
Of temperance principles and laws.

I turn away—disgust is mine—
Where fumes of rum are breathed free;
When asked the temperance pledge to sign,
'Tis there hand, heart, and name shall be.
—Temperance Advocate.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it; he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said—

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"
"A watch, sir." "A little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?" "Yes, sir."
"How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, sir."

"Very well. Can any of you hear it tick? All listen now."

After a pause, "Yes, sir, we hear it."
He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The littlest one, in your right hand, sir."

"Very well. But how do you know that this is the watch?"

"Because it ticks."

"Very well again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there—down, down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So is it with you children; your body is nothing but the case, and the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "little thought would tick after he was dead."

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS. E. J. WHATELY.

No. XXI.

THE TWO WORLDS.

"Let me now," I said, "go on to the next letter. You will see that Bertha's dislike of the faults of manner of those around her made her more liable to be unduly influenced by new friends, who were far less really safe or profitable companions. Her other guardians, Mr. and Lady Frances Bouverie, whom she had never seen, came about this time on a visit to a family who resided some distance from Pelham Rectory. They were accompanied by their eldest daughter Annette, who being a great favourite with Mrs. Lonsdale and her daughters, was claimed by them as a guest at their house almost as soon as she came to S— Park; and Mrs. Lonsdale invited Bertha, the day after Miss Bouverie's arrival, to spend the day, and be introduced to her new relative. Annette was a girl of considerable personal attractions, and Bertha was completely captivated by her.

"I know," she writes, "that my dear, wise cousin Mabel will tell me I have taken one of my violent fancies for Annette Bouverie; but you must not be too severe on me. After being so long with people who were either grave and severe or rustic and awkward, one really longs for something pleasant to look at (I mean in the way of 'the human face divine'), and to listen to. And such sparkling beauty of face, such a striking, graceful figure, and such singularly sweet, graceful, winning manners as Annette's, I think you would not be able yourself to resist. I could not take my eyes off her for the first half hour. I think she is the loveliest person I almost ever met; and one can't stop at liking her,—one must get to love. She began by saying we must be friends; she had always felt sure I was meant to be her friend; and as to calling me 'Miss Westbrook,' it was quite impossible. I must be 'Bertha,' and she hoped I would call her Annette at once, and, as she said, consider all the formalities gone through and done with."

We had a walk together, for she said she must have me all to herself; and then, later, we had music. Mrs. Lonsdale had collected a few young friends for a musical afternoon, and Annette's singing and playing was indeed something to enjoy! and, after the thumping and pounding I have been undergoing the misery of listening to daily from Laura and Charlotte and their cousins, not one of whom has an idea how to play, it was indeed a refreshment. The time passed only too quickly. Annette said they must have me now to stay with them; it was fairly their turn. 'I don't know,' she added, 'if mamma knows you are here. I shall write at once and tell her; for it would be a charming plan to carry you off with us when we go back to N—.' Mrs. Mordaunt can surely spare you. She has old women and dirty school-children enough to fill up the blank in her heart.

"I could not help laughing, but felt it right to defend the poor school-children from the charge of being dirty; for certainly the Pelham Rectory schools are patterns. 'Well, my dear,' said Annette, 'I have no doubt of the excellence of everything at the rectory; but now you have had a dose of goodness enough to set you up for six years at least, you may surely be spared to come with us and have a little pleasure. And, after, all, your good friends have those enchanting Ferrises to engage their heart. What can they want more?—with that—what's her name, Fanny?—that extraordinary old body in the queer bonnet, and her troop of extremely clownish young ladies.'

"Well," said Fanny, "they are very good people, and mamma won't let them be laughed at."

"Oh, not for the world!" pursued Annette; "I regard them with the highest respect, only I think that Bertha will have learned their perfections by heart, by this time, and she must come and learn ours now, it is fairly our turn, is it not? Oh, say you will come, Bertha, and we shall be so happy together, and ride together, and I have a thousand plans for making you like N—. But that I am sure you will."

"How could I help it, with such a lively, entertaining companion! I am afraid now I have written down thus much of our conversation, you will be shocked, and say she is too fond of turning into ridicule; but if you could see the sweet, good-humoured way in which she does it, you would see there is no ill nature, only playfulness."

"Since I wrote the above, I have been introduced to my guardians. Mr. Bouverie is gentlemanly and quiet, and that is all; but Lady Frances is most agreeable: quite worthy to be Annette's mother. She must have been as handsome in her youth as her daughter; she is still a very fine-looking woman, and her manners so warm and cordial that they put one quite at one's ease! such a contrast—but there, I won't say any more of good Mrs. Mordaunt. She has been very kind. She made no objection to my going with the Bouveries, though it was rather suddenly arranged; and now it is settled that we leave to-morrow. Mrs. M—, and indeed all of them, have been in everything most kind, attentive, and considerate, and her parting words to me this evening, though they a little vexed me, were, I am sure, intended as a most friendly warning. I see they are afraid I shall be carried away into a worldly vortex, and become quite dissipated; but they don't know me. I can like and admire the Bouveries without making them my model. I hope, indeed, I may be able to influence Annette, who is certainly, I can see, too fond of dress and admiration. I shall go out with them in moderation; but balls and late crowded assemblies I shall avoid, for I have been quite convinced, from all Mrs. Lawson has told me, that they

would be hurtful to me in the highest point of view. And, dear Cousin Mabel, I do hope to be able to show that I can serve God at N—, as truly as I could at Mrs. Lawson's or Pelham Rectory, and can live in the world without being of the world."

Here I paused.

"Well, and I suppose she might, and be of more use in that way than she could shut up at the rectory with her stiff friends there," said Sophy.

"There is such a thing as living in the world without being of the world, dear Sophy; but I think Bertha would have been the first to own later that she had not discovered the secret of doing this rightly. I saw at once by her letter that she was in a fair way of being rather the influenced than the influencer, and that the charm of her new friend's society was too powerful for her judgment to have fair play."

THE "NO-HELL" CHURCH.

A correspondent of the *Christian Observer*, states that formerly there was a well-known meeting-house at the cross-roads, in the up-country of South Carolina, where any evangelical denomination could worship. A showy man from "the Land of Isms" appeared among them, was engaged to preach, and soon, it seemed, bid fair to win all hearts. Large congregations gathered to hear him, but after a while he began to reveal his true character. He was a Universalist. Many were grieved and astonished, but knew not what to do. The mischief was done. Some time after many wagoners were camping about the building, and the question was asked—"What is its denomination?" At first there was no reply, when a rough Scotchman spoke—"Mon! Don't ye know—it is the 'No Hell' church."

The name was accepted, approved, and universally adopted. It was concise, clear, and compressed in itself so much argument and force, that it was too much for the "No Hell" preacher, and his "No Hell" members, and both soon died away. There is something in a name, provided it tells the truth and does it well.

ARE BAPTISTS PROTESTANTS?

An interesting article lately appeared in one of our denominational papers in answer to the question, "Are we not Protestants?" Some of our brethren insist with a good deal of earnestness that Baptists are not Protestants. Baptists, they say, were not born of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, but their existence ante-dated Romanism itself. We have not been reformed, for we never shared the errors of Rome. We have no part and have no historical connection with the Protest of Spiers or any of the public acts by which the State Churches of Germany separated themselves from the Roman See. In the view of these brethren there are two parties, Rome and other unreformed churches on one side, the unoccupied Baptists on the other, and between them the communions once corrupted, now more or less reformed. It is of course a part of their doctrine that the Baptists have existed in uninterrupted succession from the time of the Apostles. That succession is an article of faith, not of sight or knowledge. But it is a faith which is kept "whole and undefiled" by not a few among us. Upon this matter the writer of the article mentioned says:—Unless all the Baptists at present in the world are *lineal* descendants of the Baptists in the Apostolic age, the character having been transmitted hereditarily in uninterrupted succession, there must be some of us whose spiritual ancestry was Reformed or Romish. A good many of us were either Pædobaptists or are the children of Pædobaptist parents. Some Baptist churches were once Pædobaptist churches. All the Baptist churches formed in Germany since 1835 originated in secessions from Lutheran and Reformed churches, and we doubt, if the facts could be fully disclosed, whether most of the Baptist churches gathered in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not gathered out of the mass of the national church by reformation carried to its logical results. Historically, really, looked at in a prosaic, matter-of-fact fashion, we are not at all convinced that we can escape the imputation of Protestantism, if we wished to—which we do not, for reasons soon to be stated. But leaving these questions of pedigree and endless genealogies, we ask, What is Protestantism? Is it a protest against the errors of Rome? And do not Baptists make such protest? If they do not, it is high time they began to. Shall we say, with Chillingworth, "The Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants?" Baptists may then not only claim to be Protestants, but to be the *only* thorough and consistent ones. We are Protestants of the Protestants, reformers of the Reformation. The whole question is one of sentiment, rather than of practical action.

"GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!"

We quote the following singular incident from the *Atlantic Monthly* of the visit of a devoted Baptist minister, now gone to his rest, to a coal mine:—The lamps came and we advanced some two hundred feet farther between those astonishing walls of coal, to the end of the spacious gallery. We were by this time well prepared to appreciate the pious enthusiasm of a well-known Boston clergyman (since deceased, widely lamented), who paid a visit to these mines last summer. When he found himself in the heart of the mountain, surrounded by this immense body of coal, which he was told extended for miles on every side, he looked about him for some moments in speechless awe and wonder, then reverently took off his hat;

theology bowed before geology; and he called out to the miners, in a sudden, loud voice, that echoed portentously through the long dim-lighted cavern: "Praise the Lord! get down on your knees every one of you, and praise the Lord for His wonderful providence!" This summons he delivered with such prophetic power of lungs and spirit that all the miners except one threw down their tools and knelt with him on the spot. "I thought at first I wouldn't kneel," said the exception; "I never had knelt for any man, and I didn't believe I ever should. But he began to pray, and I tell you if my knees didn't begin to give way under me; he put in, and my legs crooked and crooked, till I couldn't stand no longer; by George! he prayed me down." I thought the power of the preacher must have been somewhat to bring such rude men to their knees. Not uninteresting to contemplate is the picture of a little group bowed in worship there in the hollow mine, lighted only by the small lamps hooked on to the miners' caps and by the serene eye of day looking in smilingly at the end of the cavern.

IT WON'T LET US ALONE.

Rev. F. P. Thwing recently delivered a temperance address in Quincy, in the course of which he used the following illustration. Said he; "It is sometimes said, 'Rum never hurts those who let it alone.' Go stand to-night beneath this waning moon, on the southwestly slopes of Mount Auburn, and you will see a little new-made grave. Over it bend the branches of a walnut tree, through which the struggling moonbeams reveal the resting place of our latest born and earliest taken. It is with flowers and tears and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumn showers have steeped the sod, yet by the cutting of the spade the stranger sees it is the grave of a child. When I go to the little grave I cannot help feeling a new consecration to this noble reform. Do you ask why? Startle not when I speak out of my heart. *Rum helps to dig my boy's grave.* Indirectly perhaps but really. Yes! intoxicating drink stole away the sense of one who was in charge of these two little brothers while their parents were absent at the death bed of a mother. Deserting her charge, she wandered about, incoherently talking of unfulfilled duties, and left without food or drink, companionship or care. Half-starved and chilled, the little convalescent soon relapsed, and passed away ere long to the safer custody of Christ above. I have no curses to pour on any human being, however deeply he may have sinned; but on the traffic which can not only stultify man, but besot woman,—which puts property in peril, and renders life insecure,—upon that I heap my hottest hate! By all the love I bore to that child, by all I bore to others just as precious, by all that is high and holy, I vow against this trade eternal war."—*Boston Nation.*

A FIELD OF LABOUR.

Some ministers are uneasy because they haven't a "field" large enough for their talents. They want wider scope. Let us tell what we saw the other day. It was a man selling some rare sort of cement for broken glass or crockery. He took his station at the corner of a street, and began to talk in praise of his wares. At first he had but one or two hearers, but he talked and talked, just as earnestly and eloquently as if he had a crowd. His cement—why, there was nothing like it! It came from a far country, from China—the famous Chinese cement—no family could dispense with it. Gradually one and another halted as they were passing, until at length he had a "field," and was all in his glory.

Imitate this vender of cement. Talk to your few hearers just as earnestly and thoroughly as if you had a house full. Put your whole soul into your work, and keep at it. Preach, preach, preach; never mind whether you have few or many to hear you. Cry aloud, and spare not. You'll have hearers enough by-and-by.

To do this, seek to have your soul profoundly impressed with the value of the gospel, the worth of a single soul, the shortness of time, and the rich promises of God, praying all the while for the Holy Spirit to bless your work. Resolve to persevere, and your work shall not be in vain.—You'll make your own "field."

I AM NOT, AND I AM.—Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question, "Are you happy?" "Happy!" he answered, "when just as you are going to dinner you have a letter placed in your hand saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds I will blow your brains out! Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow! No indeed, I am not happy!'"

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't put off death." And so it was plain to see he was not happy.

But I went once to see a poor, lame and aged woman, who lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her this same question, "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full?"—*British Workman.*