

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 26th, 1869.

JOHN x. 22-42: Jesus at the Festival of Dedication. He retires beyond Jordan.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 47, 48.

Sunday, October 3rd, 1869.

JOHN xi. 1-29: Sickness and death of Lazarus at Bethany.

Recite.—S. C., Questions 49, 50.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XIX.

- B-on-z Ruth ii. 11; iv. 21, 22.
I-dd-o 2 Chron. ix. 29.
L-am-p Exod. xxvii. 20, 21.
D-clia-A Judges xvi. 4; 5.
A-s-a 2 Chron. xiv. 11, 12.
D-ebi-r Josh. x. 3, 24-26.
BILDAD—ZOPHAR. Job ii. 11; xvi. 2, 3.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

The following questions are to be answered by the mention of words, all of which commence with the letter G.

- 1. Name some things metaphorical of national decay.
2. Name something metaphorical of, but inferior to God's word.
3. How are multitudes expressed metaphorically?
4. What is used metaphorically in connection with the inequality of God's Providence?
5. What is the church of God compared to in the Old Testament?
6. Name two things the wicked are compared to.
7. What is metaphorical of truth? And why?
8. A word used metaphorically in connection with injustice, captivity, and destruction.

LITTLE SERMONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

No. II.

FAITH.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I addressed a little sermon to you a short time ago on "the happiness of obeying God." I hope you read it carefully over: I hope also you read those chapters of your Bible I told you of.

I am now going to try and make you understand the meaning of a very difficult word, but one much used in the Bible, and one upon which much depends; for it is said by St. Paul, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." We may be doing all we think is right, and keeping all the Ten Commandments very carefully, as we think—not lying, or stealing, or swearing, or doing anything of that kind—and yet without faith, we shall never be saved. Faith is "taking God at his Word!" This answer was given by a poor old woman who was asked what faith was, and it is a very good answer; it is taking God at his word.

Believing at once what He says to us, even although we do not understand it. Some would have said, faith is believing; so it is, but it is more; it is believing what we do not see, and believing things that may be very unlikely, just because God tells us them.

Let us take an example from the Bible. God told Abraham to leave his home and his friends, and go to a land that He would show him. And he went at once; he did not say, "Where am I going to?" or "How am I to know I shall ever get there?" and so on; but at once he believed God, and God loved him for it, and made him His dear friend. Again, when God told him to offer up Isaac—the very son that God had before promised should be the father of many nations—Abraham at once went to offer him up, and even bound his son's hands in order to slay him, as God had commanded.

This was God's way of trying his faith. The mother of Moses had faith in God that he would preserve her little son, when she put him into a little basket and sent him floating on the river's brink. David had faith when he went forward to slay the great giant Goliath with only a stone and a sling in his hand, while his enemy had strong armour all over his body and a great sword in his hand. Daniel had faith when he feared not the den of lions, and felt sure that God would keep him in safety even there. Noah had faith when he kept on building his ark, though the flood did not come for more than one hundred years after God said He would send it. Elijah, Stephen, and Paul had great faith; and in the 11th of Hebrews you will find a long list of blessed ones who all died in faith. Read, mark, learn.

Now what think you, my dear children, is the faith that God likes best? I will tell you: it is that which believes all that God tells us about His dear Son Jesus Christ. If by reading the Scriptures, by prayer, and by God's blessing, we are so taught as to believe in Jesus as our Saviour and best friend, how happy will it be for us! Though poor in this world, we may become rich in faith, having true riches—not those which any one may steal from us, but those which will be ours for ever and ever; which death cannot take from us, but which we will find far more precious in heaven than we

have ever thought them to be here on earth. May they be yours and mine, dear children, and so good-bye.

Your affectionate Friend, WILLIAM LOCKE.

Canadian Baptist.

HOW THE BIBLE BECAME INTERESTING.

A FIRE SIDE CHAT.

KATE ANDERSON laid down the magazine. She had borrowed it that afternoon from Flemings in the village, at twopence for three days. Kate had read the chapters of its current novel, and had looked at the titles of the two well-written papers it contained, so she drew the arm chair on to the rug, put her feet on the fender (she was in the staggery; not in the drawing-room) and looked into the fire. After five minutes' meditation, she turned round and contemplated her eldest sister Clara, who was sitting before a small pile of books, carefully preparing for her Bible-class. Clara looked up, still pen in hand—"What a regular old book-worm you are; leave off now and come and have a talk."

"Very well," replied Clara, taking the vacant place by the fire; but somehow "the talk" didn't come all at once.

At last, Kate said "After all, Clara, I wish the Bible were as interesting to me as it is to you; of course, I believe it, and that sort of thing, you know; but still it does seem so dry. I could never sit down and read it for pleasure as you do. I wish sometimes I had never read it, so that it might be fresh to me. I think it would be very interesting then; it doesn't seem dry to you though."

"Just for one very good reason; because it isn't; but it was once; that was when I did not often read it."

"Well, but how did it get to be interesting to you?"

"Why, some years ago, I felt myself very wicked; so I set to work to try and make myself good. I had read in the memoirs of somebody who was very good indeed, that he had commenced by reading the Scriptures half-an-hour a day, so I thought I'd do the same. Accordingly I shut myself up in my room and began to read. I fancied I knew the Gospels by heart, so I turned to the historical books and endeavoured to work up an interest in the Kings and Chronicles. But I found it dreadfully hard work, especially when I had left downstairs the last volume of a novel whose second had finished with every one of the characters in the most complicated perplexities. I can tell you it was a very strong tussle between superstition and self-indulgence. The last few minutes sometimes seemed as if they wouldn't go. My conscience too, would insist upon my giving a little time over, and would afterwards bitterly accuse me for not coming for the Word of God. Well, after a time, I came across a copy of Barnes's Notes on the Gospels. I don't mean the abridged notes the boys use at school, but the beautiful long ones, on almost every word. 'Now,' thought I, 'I'll set to work on these,' and would you believe it, sometimes I found my half-hour extending to three-quarters. At first, I was attracted by descriptions of eastern scenery and customs, but as I went on, I felt that it was Christ I wanted, my whole soul kept crying out as I read, 'Oh that I knew where I might find Him.' I recollect two passages of Scripture which came to me with tremendous force. They seemed to blaze out of the Bible like great suns, suddenly illuminating both me and the dark book. The first struck me one evening as I was crossing St. Paul's Church Yard. It was this text: 'The entrance of thy word giveth light.' 'Yes,' I thought, 'but what does the Light reveal?' It seemed then as if that Light were searching me through—putting all my sins and sinfulness in the 'Light of God's countenance,' and I felt sick with horror at the sight of myself. Even now, whenever I think of that pavement between the gas-lighted shops and the dark cathedral, I think of those words too."

"I can't understand such a good girl as you have always been, should feel like that," remarked Kate.

"What we look is one thing and what we see ourselves to be when God opens our eyes is another," replied Clara; "but now, I'll tell you what the other verse was. I always read a few verses the last thing at night. One evening, not long after what I have just been telling you about, the Bible opened at the first of the 1st Corinthians. I read the last verse but one, 'But of him, are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.' I had never noticed that text before. At first I could scarcely believe my eyes, so I read it over and over again, and it kept growing larger and larger; I tried to grow it—it was beyond my comprehension. I looked at each word; each word seemed inexhaustible. The fulness of Christ; the fulness of Christ, quite overwhelmed me. But I should talk all night if I were to go over all the passages in which I am personally interested—so I'll just tell you one or two things that have helped me very much. In the first place—praying over what I don't understand; then, making my own references; of course, I like to have a reference Bible as well. Just look, for instance, at this 1st Epistle—there's scarcely room for one word more; see, I've written on the margin, at the ends of the verses and everywhere else I could. You would not find many of those texts in the reference Bible—but if I were to turn to them now, they would bring back to my mind thoughts connected with the chapter which I have quite forgotten. When you see your Bible with your own writing in it, it seems so much more friendly than a Bible all print. The best Christians don't always enjoy the Bible. Even John Bun-

yan, confessed that sometimes it was as dry as a stick to him. Now, when I don't feel interested in the spiritual part of the Bible, I sometimes turn to its more external subjects—such as the history and characters of the different nations, the styles of the writers, and their various way of looking at things, and often when I am mentally reconstructing Nineveh or Babylon, I come upon some wonderfully fulfilled promise or precious truth, that makes me love the Book more than ever."

THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when a very celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponion, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert of Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, nations in this deplorable state.

A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE.

A Frenchman of our acquaintance relates the following anecdote of himself, with great good humor. Shortly after arriving in this country and while he could speak the language very imperfectly, he was engaged as to teacher of French in a young ladies boarding-school. He kept his ears wide open to learn every new phrase, and progressed rapidly. One expression at the meals puzzled him for some time. He noticed that the young ladies often replied, "Yes'm," when asked if they would be helped to some of the dishes. He carefully consulted his lexicon, to find the meaning of "Yes'm," but the word was not there. So he asked the principal, who informed him that it was the same as "Oui Madame," in French. He then was able to use the phrase correctly himself. But, one day, when asked to partake of something he chose to decline, he answered, "Nos'm," greatly to the amusement of the whole family. "They all laugh so happy," said he, in relating it, "I laugh too very much."—American Agriculturist.

The following parody is from Alice's Adventures in Wonderland—

How doth the little crocodile Improve his shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin, How neatly spreads his claws, And welcomes little flies in, With gently smiling jaws.

MUSICAL.

A MUSIC BOOK WITH FIVE HUNDRED EDITORS. —Mason Brothers announce the speedy forthcoming of a new work to be entitled "The American Tune Book," which is to contain all the church tunes which have proved widely popular in America, and none others. Something like one thousand tunes will be included. Five hundred musicians and leaders of choirs, in all parts of the country, only one in a place, have been interested in the preparation of this volume each of them having furnished a list of tunes which have proved popular in his section, and in his judgement are therefore worthy of a place. These lists have been made the basis of selection. By this means the publishers believe they have been able to determine what are the really popular tunes; to collect them all together and exclude all others. There will be an Elementary Department for Singing Schools. It is to be ready in September.—New York Musical Gazette.

CABINET ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.—Some feeling has been excited among the manufacturers of Reed Organs, by the low prices at which the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company are now offering their well-known instruments.

It is claimed that instruments of such quality cannot be afforded at such prices, and that the company are, therefore, by their course, ruining the business of other manufacturers without benefiting themselves. The ground taken by the Mason & Hamlin Company is, that this course is only in accordance with their fixed policy to sell always the best instrument at the lowest remunerative price. With the rapid growth of their business, which has now assumed very large proportions, they have been enabled to avail themselves of new facilities, such as improved machinery, so that, notwithstanding they are now producing the best Organs they have ever made, the cost is at the same time reduced, so that they can afford what seemed to makers having less facilities to be ruinously low prices for work of such fine quality.

It is admitted that no instruments can surpass these; and the ambition of most manufacturers is satisfied when they believe they are turning out organs "equal to the Mason & Hamlin."—Peterson's Magazine.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass; for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only,—the latter to our friends.

Scientific.

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

One dull day a few weeks ago, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleed Hills, on the Western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with surprising velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of clouds more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue, and below lay an immense expanse of clouds, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and deep, dark ravines, appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next to the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a ship laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsaline lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! What profound silence! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year, as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, nor life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth! higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawngiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim, he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the falling barometer that they are rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arm refuses to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the car, he finds his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses falling him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized the valve in order to open it and let out some of the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralysed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument—they were nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating, unattended, with two corpses in the wide realms of space.—Once a Week.

THE JERUSALEM EXCAVATIONS.—The Athenæum correspondent writes from Jerusalem, June 11:—"We have, during the last few days, succeeded in driving a gallery up to the great block of masonry forming the north-east angle, and have found the wall to be built of great bevelled stones to a depth of at least 60ft. below the surface, and we have not come on the rock." "If the portions above ground are in situ, it would appear that this angle is a portion of an ancient tower reaching above the old city wall probably somewhat similar to the view De Vogue gives of it."

HOW TO TEST FLOUR.—The writer of the following, which we quote from a provincial paper, speaks as one with authority, and we give it the advantage of our circulation, for the good of whomsoever it may concern:—"Place a thumb-nail in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger. If the flour smooths down, feeling gentle and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, high-priced, and white as the virgin snow-draft, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like fine sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figure, will make good, light, nutritious bread."

BAKED SOUP.—Take one pound of lean beef, chop rather fine, place in an earthen pot which will hold five quarts of liquid. Slice and add two onions, two carrots, two tablespoonfuls of rice, well washed, a pint of whole or split peas, a teaspoonful of black pepper, and a tablespoonful of salt; pour over all one gallon of cold water; put the lid of the jar on it, or a close-fitting plate, and bake four hours. This is a nice, wholesome dish.

A German colony intend to settle at Jaffa, on the spot where the American colony failed. They will engage in manufactures.

CONUNDRUMS.—Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Answer.—Unquestionably. Is there another which contains them in regular succession? Answer.—Facetiously.