

Outs' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, January 31st, 1869.

MATTHEW xix. 10-17; MARK ii. 15-22; LUKE v. 29-39. Levi's Feast.

Recite.—MICAH vi. 6-8.

Sunday, February 7th, 1869.

MATTHEW ix. 18-26; MARK v. 22-43; LUKE viii. 41-56: The raising of Jairus' daughter.

Recite.—HEBREWS xi. 1, 3, 6.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. III.

La-b-an . . . Gen. xxxi. 36-42.
D-a-n . . . Gen. xlix. 17.
Ca-l-eb . . . Num. xiv. 24; Josh. xiv. 14.
Ellis-a-beth . . . Luke i. 13; Matt. iii. 1, 2, 5, 6.
Jo-a-sh . . . 2 Chron. xxiv.
Ha-m-an . . . Esther vii. 10.
BALAAM. Num. xxii. xxiii. xxiv. xxvi. 2, 3, 8; Jude 11.

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

No. I.

I am the Word of Nine Letters,

- My 1 6 2 7, tells the name of a woman who rid her country of a powerful enemy.
My 2 6 3, gives the name of a part of the body miraculously restored by our Saviour.
My 3 2 4 8 7, a Midianitish priest with seven daughters.
My 4 3, will tell the country from whence a favoured family emigrated.
My 5 6 9 4 2 7, will supply the name of a child early given to the Lord.
My 6 7 9 5, will tell that which we are enjoined to give to the poor.
My 7 6 9 8, tells what the grandson of a king became.
My 8 7 6 9, tells a powerful kingdom, the subject of prophecy.
My 9 2 6 7, tells one of two things, miraculously increased in consequence of an act of kindness.

[Find the names described in the above, and the texts to which reference is made. The initials will give the word required. The correct answer will be given next week.]

GRATITUDE OF A FISH.

If the following story, which it is said was read before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, be true, it is the most remarkable instance of intelligence in a fish that we have ever heard of:

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in a few minutes he began rushing right and left, until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this extraordinary. Without further delay I examined the wound, and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle, and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

Among names and occupations in New York are Stickwell, a collector; Bidwell, an auctioneer; Witty, a journalist; Muchmore, a public caterer; Bier, a saloon keeper; Cant, a preacher; Gabbler, a lecturer; Hogg and Bull, butchers; and besides there is that legal firm, which has become traditional—I. Catchem and U. Cheatem.

Until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views—in history, and in art, and in science, and in law, and in freedom—must all be partial and fallacious.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year.

COUSIN MABLE'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. IV. RITUALISM TO ROMANISM.

About a twelvemonth after F had left my cousins for the second time I learned from my constant correspondent, Gertrude, that her eldest brother, who was settled in London, had just been married to a sister of Millicent Harrington's, to the great satisfaction of both the families. It was soon after this event that I again went to Mrs. Wellwood's to spend a short time, and she took the first opportunity of being alone with me to speak of the marriage. It was one which appeared in every way eligible, and seemed to hold out much promise of happiness; but a plan had been formed by the young pair which made her uneasy, though she did not feel able to refuse her consent. "At the time of the marriage," she said, "Henry's business would only admit of a very short wedding tour, so they just went down for a week to a friend's place; but now he has a long holiday in prospect, and he and Isabel purpose to spend it in Italy, and they have asked Gertrude to accompany them. She, of course, is in rapture at the idea, and I cannot object; but what makes me uneasy is, that she will find her friend Millicent there. I believe the girls did not tell you about her?"

"No. What has happened? Gertrude's letters have made no mention of her for a very long time past."

"She did not like to enter into the subject, I suppose. Millicent's health had failed, and we heard the superior had allowed her to accompany a friend to Italy for change of climate. Then for a long while we had no news; and at last a letter from Mrs. Harrington, nearly heartbroken about it, poor thing! told us that her daughter had joined the church of Rome, and entered a convent,—a very strict order, we understood,—not very far from Rome. How long this had been in contemplation, and whether Millicent's journey had been merely to give colour to the whole transaction, or whether it was while at Rome that her resolution was taken, we cannot tell; but poor Isabel is naturally very anxious to see her sister, and, as they will be at Rome, she means to take the first opportunity to visit the convent at—, and of course Gertrude will go too; and so full of romance as she is, poor child, about convent life, and so devoted to her friend I cannot but greatly fear she may get an impression in favour of it which may never be really overcome."

"Is Mrs. Henry Wellwood inclined the same way?" I asked.

"Oh no. Isabel is a most amiable, kind-hearted, affectionate creature, without any very decided views or opinions on religious subjects, though very well disposed. She was miserable at Millicent's decision, and only longs to see her again. But it is Millicent's influence I so dread for my child. It has already been so great over her, and distance has a little modified it; but now this news seems to have revived the feeling with which she regarded her."

"Sometimes a near approach destroys the charm," I replied. "If you will allow me, I will give them an introduction to a friend of mine, who is generally resident in Rome for her health, and whose influence would be just what you would desire for Gertrude. Mrs. Denison is a sensible, enlightened Christian woman, who has been able to live in the midst of the fascinations of Rome without her mind being biased or warped. She knows more, too, of what goes on behind the scenes than most of our countrymen do; circumstances have admitted her to intimacy with many Italians, and she is familiar with the language; so, in all points of view, one could not have a better guide than she will be."

Mrs. Wellwood was very grateful, and much relieved at my proposal, and I lost no time in writing to my friend, and making her in some degree acquainted with my young cousin's circumstances and predilections.

Gertrude's mind, as I could perceive on conversing with her privately, had not been strongly imbued with the peculiar doctrines which distinguish the church of Rome,—she scarcely knew what they were; but her romantic and enthusiastic nature had been captivated by the ideal picture she had formed for herself of the purity, sanctity, and self-devotion of a monastic life. She had seen it as it were in a distant haze, and clothed the dim forms with colours of her own imagination. She had a leaning for outward religious observances, which satisfied the strong religious instincts of a mind unenlightened as yet by any clear views of gospel truth, and desiring something which could make her feel she was doing a thing acceptable to God; and her love of all that was beautiful and graceful was gratified by the consecration of art and poetry, and the luxuries of the eye and ear, to the service of Him whom she sought sincerely, though ignorantly, to serve. She fancied she would feel nearer to God with all the outward helps, as she considered them, of a life of monastic observances, than in the ordinary occupations of social and domestic life; and she understood too little of real spiritual communion with God as a reconciled Father, to be able to comprehend how the Christian may "carry music in his heart in the midst of his common every-day life, and be in the world, and not of the world. From the round of "high church" observances in which I had at first found her engaged she had gradually, insensibly, following in the track of her friend, verged more and more towards Rome; and, without having really examined the doctrinal differences, she was now, from the causes I have described, on the very brink of embracing the whole system.

Her confidence in and affection for me, however, were unshaken, and she readily promised to write me a full account of all she saw, and especially of anything which might throw a

light on the nature of monastic life. Soon after the travelling party had reached Rome I received a letter from Mrs. Denison, telling me she had met them, and already had had some conversation with Gertrude. "I perceived at once," she wrote, "her enthusiasm about a religious life. Her brother and sister have formed a party to visit some places of interest in the neighbourhood, and I have joined them; and as I am acquainted with many of the convents in these parts, I have promised to introduce your young friend to them all and let her see conventual life as it really is, at least in this country."

It was not till some time after Gertrude's return home that I heard the result of this experiment. Her own letter will give it best:

"I have seemed very backward, my dear cousin, in fulfilling my promise of writing you an account of my excursion, in company with your kind friend, Mrs. Denison. But, indeed, my mind has been so full, that it was some time before I could collect my ideas sufficiently to write. I shall always feel thankful that I visited these Italian convents when and where I did. They have quite changed my feeling about a monastic life; but I will tell you more particularly. Mrs. Denison would not talk to me about them beforehand; she said I should see and judge for myself. During the little tour we all took together she went with me wherever there was a nunnery to be visited. I shall never forget the first I entered. I felt quite a mysterious awe when I found myself passing under the massive old archway and through the stone gates. It seemed like a realizing of all my old romantic dreams to enter the convent chapel, looking so solemn and striking, with the dim light through the coloured glass, and the frescoed walls, and the one or two nuns still kneeling in prayer. A service was just over, and the soft swelling strains of the organ quite thrilled me. Altogether I felt soothed and impressed; but when we were taken into the parlour, and went up to the grating to speak to the nuns who had come to meet us, the spell was broken indeed!

"Mrs. Denison told me to speak first. I had grown tolerably fluent in Italian, and I began to say what a peaceful, holy, beautiful life theirs seemed, or something of that sort. 'Si, signora,' was the only answer, in the tone of a little child repeating its task. 'Are you very happy here?' I said, turning to another. 'Si, signora.' 'How long have you been here?' 'All my life.' I asked the same of another, and she said she didn't know. Well, I tried them with question after question, and sometimes they gave no answer, and sometimes just a mechanical 'yes' or 'no,' or 'I don't know.'—the last the most frequent, and this with such utterly vacant faces, as if they were nearly imbecile!

"In the next convent we went to they presented us with sweetmeats, served on a kind of round table which turned round with a touch like a dumb waiter, so that they could place the refreshment on one side of the grating and then turn it round to the opening, so that we could take it on our side. Would you believe that one of these nuns, a woman who must have been between forty and fifty, was engaged the whole time in busily twirling this table round and watching it spin, just as a child of three years old might have done! A lady was admitted with our party who was a relation and early friend of this nun, and wished to talk to her and ask her questions; but she could not get her to attend to a word, the nun was so occupied with this spinning table. And this description applies to all the convents I visited. The nuns seemed all either stupid or imbecile. In one or two places, chiefly where they had some kind of employment, they were more talkative; but even there the mind seemed stunted and dwarfed, in a state almost of childhood.

"But the saddest of all to me was the convent where dear Millicent was. It was one of the severest of all, were told. It was the only one Isabel visited; for she did not care to go to any convent but the one where she could see her sister. We sent in our names, and were taken into the parlour, and in a minute Millicent stood before us at the grating, looking more dignified and interesting than I had ever seen her, but deadly pale, almost ghastly, with that snow-white bandage over her forehead, and her beautiful hair all gone,—and so thin and wasted, as if she had been practising great austerities! Poor Isabel was quite overcome on seeing her, and ran across to kiss her with tears in her eyes; but what shocked me was the coldness with which Millicent returned her greeting. Though grave and quiet, she always used to be very affectionate in her manner; but now all seemed frozen up. When I came to the grating she met me in the same cold, measured manner. I could hardly help bursting out crying. I said, 'Oh, Millicent, are you really happy here? You look so ill!' 'I am not ill,' she said, 'and I am quite happy here. I would not change my situation with any in the world.' 'And don't you find it very gloomy and dreary here?' cried poor Isabel, hardly knowing what she said. 'I never find the time long,' said Millicent. 'Oh, dear Milly,' said Isabel, 'have you no message for poor mamma?—she misses you so!' 'Not a muscle of her face moved; she only said, 'Tell her that I pray for her,—that I am happy, and would not leave this place for anything.' Just then a bell rang. 'It is vesper time,' she said, 'I must go.' 'Must you, dear?' said her sister. 'Oh, can't you stay a little? It may be the last time.' 'I am not actually obliged; but it is my pleasure as well as my duty,' said Millicent; and she just put her hand out to us, and left at once. I got Isabel out as quickly as I could, for she was sobbing ready to break her heart, poor thing; and I could hardly help doing the same. It seemed as if all poor Milly's affections were cased in a coat of ice,—she seemed changed into a marble statue,—indeed, she look like one. Mrs. Denison was not with us, but she explained to me afterwards that the

most pious and earnest recluses are taught that it is a duty to crush all human affections and forget everything out of the convent.

"And now, dear cousin, I must say that the charm of convent life is gone for me for ever, and the striking and impressive ceremonies I afterwards saw at Rome could not alter my feelings. I could not think such a life is what God meant us to lead; and when I saw so many of the visitors at Rome viewing everything as an object of art or curiosity, and thinking only of beauty and not of truth, I could not help remembering what you used to say. For certainly if decorations and wonders of art were the way to make people religious, Rome ought to be the most Christian city in the world; and I saw enough to show me it was not that. But I will tell you more when we meet."

"And when I did meet my dear young friend I had the happiness of seeing that a real work was going on in her mind; and that not only was she herself much impressed, but her sister also had been struck with all she had heard from her. Both began to see that the round of outward observances into which they had so eagerly thrown themselves was not real Christianity; that much of what they thought genuine devotion was merely love of art and beauty, and much came from the cravings of an unenlightened religious feeling. They began to see their own sinfulness, to feel their need of pardon and cleansing, and to be aware that no round of ceremonies could suffice to heal a wounded conscience; that this could only be done by coming in faith to Christ as a personal Saviour, and resting the soul wholly on him, without the intervention of priest or church. By his grace they were, as I had soon reason to believe, truly enabled to do this; and when I was last with them, I had the joy of seeing my young cousins as active in the real service of God as they had been before in the round of empty observances in which they had imagined it to consist. They have learned to think more of the living stones than of the dead walls,—of the dedication of the heart than of any outward dress or badge. They do not neglect the talents and accomplishments with which they have been gifted, but they do not put these in the place of a living faith. They have found many ways of turning to account their painting and embroidery to be really instruments of usefulness in God's service; and they are not the less diligent in promoting the improvement of the church-singing, because they endeavour at the same time to lead their young scholars to "sing praises with understanding." Above all, they have found that we may be more truly dedicated to God and to his service in the bosom of our families, and in the faithful discharge of our daily duties, than we could be if we left the home where he has placed us to assume the uniform of a sisterhood; and they remember that there is one badge, and but one, which all who truly belong to Christ are bound to assume, even the solemn words engraved on the high priest's mitre:

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Scientific.

MUSICAL.—In the "Answers to Correspondents" in the New York Musical Gazette we find the following Question, and very appropriate answer thereto:

"What kind of music should be sung in our choirs on the Sabbath? What is the most appropriate? Are tunes which abound in chromatics at all suitable, no matter how correctly and beautifully they may be performed? Or do you consider that the worship of God in song demands the performance of the most highly-wrought compositions, if the choirs can perform them? Some men of the present day contend if a choir can perform those difficult and beautiful compositions of the great masters, they wrong their Maker by not giving Him their best efforts.

If a choir sings to be listened to, the standard is then one of artistic excellence. The finest music may be selected, and the more finished the performance the better. But if the object of the choir is to lead the congregation in an act of worship, then a simpler style will have to be preserved. It is our firm belief that the hymns in public service should be sung to such tunes and in such a way that "all the people" may join. But then it may be said what is to be done with all the musical culture of the present day? Is that to be thrown away? Our answer to that question is this: that because people improve in music it does not necessarily follow that the church should be used as a place for the public exhibition of that improvement. If one of the congregation should become a great painter, he would not think it necessary to bring one of his works to the church for the people to admire during the service. Yet still, in music, some use may be made of the improved culture of the singers. We think that an opening piece may properly be sung, in which the training and cultivation of the choir may be made to appear to the best advantage. Only beware, even here, of making the act a mockery. If sacred words are used let them be truly felt, and let not the object be display, but let all the culture of the singers be brought to bear upon this one point—to impress upon their own hearts and upon the hearts of all who listen the solemn sentiments they are uttering."

We were pleased to see, not long since, in one of our exchanges, some pretty severe remarks addressed to several persons who, during an interesting lecture by Rev. John S. C. Abbott, kept a continuous coughing, which prevented many from hearing. People who cannot refrain from coughing, had better stay away from such places, or else take a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment with them.