

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 5th, 1869.

JOHN IX. 1-41; A man born blind is healed on the sabbath.

Sunday, September 12th, 1869.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter E.

1. EARS, to denote God's knowledge, Ps. xciv, 9-11; Ps. x. 17; and EYES, to denote the same, Ps. xl. 4; Prov. xv. 3.

2. EYE. Used for (1) God's providential care, in Jer. xxiv. 6; 2 Chron. xvi. 9; (2) the human mind, in Ps. cxix. 18; (3) prudence, in Eccles. ii. 14; (4) benevolence, in Prov. xxii. 9; and (5) perversity, in Prov. xxviii. 22; Matt. xx. 15.

3. By the "EYELIDS OF THE MORNING," in Job iii. 9; xli. 18. (See margin of the Bible.)

4. TO EAT. It is used metaphorically for the destruction of life in Num. xxiv. 8; and for the reading of a book in Jer. xv. 16, and Ezek. iii. 1.

5. EARNEST, in 2 Cor. i. 22. Because an earnest is the beginning of some future good; so the possession of the Spirit is the beginning of our inheritance. Eph. i. 13, 14.

6. END. Prov. xxii. 18, and 1 Pet. i. 9.

7. EYE-SALVE. Rev. iii. 18.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XVIII.

Whose daughter did a famous exile wed? Who bound her window with a scarlet thread? What prince's head was to a monarch shown? What aged woman was interred alone? Who journeyed sadly up a mountain side, To take his father's vestments when he died?

By these initials find a fault Which leads to many a sin, And shuts our hearts to peace and love, And lets contention in.

STORY FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children, gather round me, And a story I will tell; For I know that little children, Always love a story well.

Once, far back in golden autumn, In the sunshine, roamed a child, Seeking, ever seeking something, That should please her fancy wild.

Round about the house and garden Ran her little restless feet, Till she spied the barn in building; But as yet 'twas incomplete.

Up, far up, she saw her father, On the roof, so high and tall, So up the ladder quickly climbed she, Never thinking she might fall.

When she gained the lofty station, Very charming was the sight; Woods and fields, and brown old farm-house, All were bathed in golden light.

There she stood, all fearless, dreaming Day-dreams that she loved so well, Wishing she was just a birdie, In the lofty trees to dwell.

And so earnest was she thinking, That her wishes gushed in song; When her father caught the murmur, Down to her he crept along.

Caught her by her russet garments, Clasped her to his trembling breast; And perhaps a little moment, Thought he loved this child the best.

So he bore her down the ladder, Laid her on her mother's breast; Safest place this said of heaven, For a little maid to rest!

Then he told the fearful story, To the trembling mother's ear, As she closer clasped her darling, In her gratitude and fear.

Years have passed, and now the maiden, In a home by heaven blest, Tells her little flock her story, As she lays them down to rest.

Kneeling, then she looks to heaven, With this earnest, pleading cry, "Bring me safely down, my Father, If I strive to climb too high."

Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

Most misfortunes may be turned into blessings by waiting the tide of affairs.

He who is angry with his just reprover, kindles the fire of the just avenger.

GOD IS NOT A MERCHANT.

Once there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was the dead of winter, and no flowers were in the garden and no fruit on the trees. But in the hot-house a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright winter sun, and the poor woman gazed at it till the water came into her mouth, and she sighed, "Oh, I wish I could take it to my sick darling!" She went home and sat down to her spinning-wheel, and wrought day and night until she had earned half a crown. She then went to the king's gardener and offered that sum for the bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly and told her not to come again. She returned home, and looked around her little cottage to see whether there were anything she could dispense with. It was a severe winter, yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two; so she pawned it for half a crown and went to the king's gardener, and now offered him five shillings. But the gardener scolded her, and took her by the arm rather roughly and turned her out. It just happened, however, that the king's daughter was near at hand, and when she heard the angry words of the gardener and the crying of the woman, she came up and inquired into the matter. When the poor woman had told her story, the noble princess said, with a kind smile, "My dear woman, you were mistaken, my father is not a merchant but a king; his business is not to sell but to give," whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine and gently dropped it into the woman's apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift what the labor of many days and nights had been unable to procure.

The salvation of the soul is the greatest treasure you can desire. But you cannot buy it with all the riches of the world, with all the prayers you can pray, with all the alms you could give, with all the useful works you could perform during a life as long as that of Methuselah. The fact is your soul's salvation is in the hands of a King, and not of a merchant. If you receive it at all it must be as a gift, for you never can buy it. - Wind-sifted Seed.

MUSICAL CULTURE.

Sufficient importance is not as a general rule attached to music as a part of divine worship. This results in part from a misapprehension respecting the object of music in this connection. It is looked upon too much as a means merely of gratifying the taste of the congregation. It is not to be wondered at that the true worshipper should be shocked at the sacrilege of degrading worship to the rank of a musical entertainment. But while good music gratifies a refined taste, it is calculated to accomplish also a far higher object. It gives greater effect, and becomes not merely an adjunct, but an auxiliary to the service. The fact that it gratifies the taste does not unfit it for accomplishing this object, but in truth gives it the same superiority for this purpose that an interesting sermon possesses over one that is dull. Music as well as preaching, in order to accomplish any good result, must first of all reach the intellect, and thus arrest and hold the attention.

There is more in music than sound; there is sentiment even in the tones. Its effects are not merely mechanical, but rational. Appealing as it does, not to the senses alone, but to the intellect and the heart, it becomes a medium by which spiritual realities may be brought more vividly to the soul. Music preaches. Its mystic strains are potent to quicken the sympathies, and to prepare the heart for the fruitful reception of the sacred truth. It reaches many whom nothing else could reach. Any church which neglects to encourage the cultivation and use of the gifts of those connected with it, throws away a great source of spiritual power. - Zion's Advocate.

GAS AS PARSONS.

Rev. Newman Hall communicates to the Independent an incident which recently occurred in one of the outdoor meetings which he has been holding. A free thinker who happened to be present rose and said he came to hear about temperance, but that in his opinion the man who invented gas had done more to enlighten the world than all the parsons. Quite a disturbance ensued, but a friend of Mr. Hall at once begged for a fair hearing even for the objector; and then being himself called up, he said, "Mr. Chairman—I'm for free thought and a free speech; and yonder gentleman has a right to speak and think for himself as much as I have. [Loud cheers from the friends of the objector.] That gentleman says he considers the man who invented gas did more to enlighten the world than all the parsons. Well if that is his opinion, he has a right to hold it, and a right to maintain it. But, whatever our different opinions, there is a time coming to us all, which we call death, when most men are somewhat serious, and like to get advice and comfort respecting the world they are going to. Now, when this season comes to our friend, I would recommend him to send for the gas man." An immense sensation with a tumult of applause followed this sally, which, Mr. Hall says, was better than a sermon, and not likely to be forgotten.

HARD TIMES.—We insist upon it that no man has a right to complain of poverty, or of hard times, who can afford to use strong drink or tobacco.

"GOD SENT YOU."

Kitty went to spend the day with Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Carson had no little girl, and she loved Kitty dearly. The sun shone when she went. At noon clouds rose in the sky, and in the afternoon it rained.

"You can stay all night Kitty," said Mrs. Carson; "your mother will not expect you to come in the rain."

"Sleep away from my mamma?" thought Kitty; and the thought troubled her little heart. When Mrs. Carson left the room, Kitty looked out of the window. Rain, rain, rain. "I wish the clouds would stop till I get home," said Kitty; but the clouds did not mind her. The drops only fell faster. Tears filled the little child's eyes. "Papa," she said—"papa, won't you come and fetch Kitty home?" Her papa could not hear; he was away off.

Then Kitty thought of God. God could hear. God knows. And she prayed to God that, if he pleased, he would tell her mother to send for her. It was a great comfort to think of God. God sent the rain. He knew every drop. God made her, and took care of her, and saw where she then was. "If God thinks it best for me to stay here away from my mamma," thought she, "I can." But her little heart swelling at the thought, tears filled her eyes. "I can, if God sees best;" and again she brushed away the tears.

While trying with all her might to feel contented, who should come to the door but Bridget, with a great umbrella, to fetch her home. Kitty's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Your mamma sent me for you," said Bridget.

"No, Bridget," said the little girl, with a sweet seriousness on her face; "it was God sent you."

"May be," said Bridget; "but it was your mamma that handed me the message." - Child's Paper.

ASKING AND RECEIVING.—God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the flour barrel. So said the child of a poor widow to his mother, one morning, after she had prayed "as only the needy can." "Give us this day our daily bread!" Beautiful faith of childhood. Why may it not be ours? God always hears the prayers of His children, and He knows when to answer. Our spiritual as well as our temporal wants are known to Him, and every sincere cry for help enters His compassionate ear. When we feel entirely our dependence on Him; when our stock of pride and self-confidence is exhausted; when earthly friends and earthly comforts fail us; then the humble cry of "O, my Father," the oftener brings the speedy answer, "Here I am, My child."

God always hears when we have reached the depths of need and cry to Him for help.

HOW TO QUIET A NOISY MEN.—At the late meeting of a proslavery, when the subject of Scripture was under discussion, bro. W. said early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Bro. H. said to bro. W., "Go stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Bro. W. asked bro. H., "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Bro. H. replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

FAITH.—Said a dying sister, who had been very timid in health, "O, if I had a thousand souls, I could now trust them all on one single promise of God. But instead thereof I have but one soul, and a thousand promises."

RESPECTABLE HEARERS.—John Wesley always preferred the middling and lower classes to the wealthy. He said: "If I might choose, I should still do as I have done hitherto, preach the Gospel to the poor." Preaching in Monkton church, a large, old, ruinous building, he says: "I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people; so I spoke on the first elements of the Gospel; but I was still out of their depth. O! how hard it is to be shallow enough for a polite audience!"

HOW TO REBUKE A LIE.—A clergyman going to a miserly old lady to beg for a worthy object, found himself refused on the ground of poverty. Feigning himself much interested in her story, he expressed great surprise thereat, and said, "I had not thought you in such want;" and then taking out some money he said, "here is something that will do for the present purpose; when I call again I will bring you more." The old lady was so enraged that she gave him a good round sum, to show him that she did not mean that she was a pauper.

WHAT WE OWE TO CHRISTIANITY.—The late criminal judge, Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in London, "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—What his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, as to all its holy, healthful parts, to the gospel."

Scientific.

NEW USES FOR PAPER.—In recent times the use of paper in various modifications of form and manufacture has been applied to purposes so extraordinary, that scarcely any new application of this material would surprise us. It has been used, with apparently great success and economy, as a building material for dwelling houses; to form external walls, and roofs, and interior divisions. One of the latest novelties offered to the public, is a patented invention, to which the name of "felted paper" has been given, and from which are manufactured all sorts of fabrics for the purposes of upholstery or dress such as curtains, quilts, tablecloths, and petticoats the latter, we are told, "quite irresistible," all amazingly cheap, and the last named articles for as little as 6d. apiece. The material is also applied to articles of a more substantial character. Very good imitation leather is formed of it, capable with the addition of oil and india-rubber of making shoes in various to wet. This new branch of industry is likely to have a sensible effect on the manufacture of and trade in woven fabrics; at all event, it will open out a fresh field for commercial enterprise.

CLEANING GILDED WARE.—In cleaning gilded ware, there is a difference to be observed between articles gilded by fire or by the galvanic process and articles gilded by imitation gold, such as frames for instance. For cleaning articles gilded by the first named methods one part of borax is dissolved in sixteen parts of water. With this solution the article is carefully rubbed by means of a soft sponge or brush, then rinsed with water, and finally dried with a linen rag. If at all convenient, the article is warmed previously to being rubbed, which means the brilliancy of it is greatly increased. In cleaning gilded frames of the last named order, pure water only must be employed, and the rubbing off of the impurities must take place by means of a very slight pressure. Wares of imitation gilt are generally covered with a shellac or resin varnish, which would be dissolved by the application of soapwater, alkaline solutions, or spirit of wine. Were the varnish rubbed off, the exceedingly thin layer of gold or silver leaf beneath would also disappear. In our experience we have seen hundreds of once valuable but now worthless frames, they having become thus simply by the application of soapwater. - Manufacturer and Builder.

HYDRAULICS.—The latest application of motive power to steam vessels is called the hydraulic propeller. A water-wheel inside the vessel revolves in a metallic case perforated for the admission of water. Taking up the water as it enters the case the wheel expels it again through two nozzles, one on each side above the water-line, and thus gains a power similar to the recoil of a gun. Cheapness of fuel (or gain of force proportion to its expenditure), absence of vibration and more complete control in rough weather are the advantages claimed. The apparatus is said to have been successfully tested in England.

CURE FOR FELON.—Among our exchanges we notice the following simple method of curing a pest which has been very annoying to the human family for centuries: "When you first feel the stinging and thumping sensation procure a small piece of fly blister, place it directly over the spot, and let it remain for about eight hours; then remove the same, and you will see the felon, or matter under the surface of the skin, and which you can remove by pricking with the point of a needle." This is said to be a sure remedy.

PRICE OF A BIBLE.—In the reign of Edward I, the price of a Bible fairly written was 3s. 7d. The hire of a labouring man was three-half-pence a day. To purchase a copy of the Bible would therefore take 4,800 days' earnings of such a man, or about thirteen years' toil.

On a farm of W. Pearson, in Elbridge township, Ill., stands a mammoth red beech tree that on the ground forms two distinct trees, standing six feet apart, the south fork measuring fifteen inches in diameter. About thirteen feet from the ground the two unite and form one perfect tree fully one hundred feet high.

Mynheer Paul Dietrich, of Milwaukee, feeling his earthly tabernacle, stored with troubles to be expelled, decided, after full enquiry and investigation, to employ Ayer's Pills. In his haste to purify his Dutch stomach, he mistook the directions, 2 to 7, and swallowed 27 for a dose. This created, of course, an appalling internal rebellion. But Paul went through the fight like a hero, and came off victor at last, with a renovated system which he proudly exhibits as proof of the wisdom of his choice. He advises his friends who are ambitious of following his example, to be sure and take der right bottom," Minnesota Telegraph.

Edward Bayer Esq., Horton, Kings Co, N. S., writes that an astonishing cure has been effected on his daughter, by the use of "Johnson's Anodyne Linctus." The whole spine became diseased, she lost the use of her limbs, and her back was rounded up like a bow, in consequence of taking cold after having been inoculated for the kine pock. She is now well.

We pledge our reputation on the assertion that any educated physician after a careful examination of the receipt, will say that "Parson's Purgative Pills," possess more merit than any other pill now offered for sale.