

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, August 29th, 1869.

LUKE xi. 1-24: The disciples taught how to pray. The seventy return.

Recite.—Scripture-Catechism, 43, 44.

Sunday, September 5th, 1869.

JOHN ix. 1-41: A man born blind is healed on the sabbath.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XVII.

- Lapidoth's . . . Judg. iv. 4-10.
O-nri . . . 1 Kings xvi. 23, 24.
V-ail . . . Exod. xxvi. 31-33.
E-unice . . . 2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15.
I-sh-bosheth . . . 2 Sam. iv. 5-8.
S-aul . . . 1 Sam. x.
T-iglath-pi-leser . . . 2 Kings xv. 29.
H-ilkiah . . . 2 Kings xxii. 8.
E-ve . . . Gen. iii. 6.
Flood . . . Gen. vii.
U-ziah's . . . Zech. xiv. 5.
L-uke . . . Acts xx. 13, 15; xxi; xxviii.
F-ire . . . Exod. iii. 1-6; xiii. 21.
I-ttal . . . 2 Sam. xv. 19-22; xviii. 2.
L-ily . . . Song of Sol. ii. 1; [22; xxxv. 3.
L-avites . . . Deut. xxxiii. 8-10; 2 Chr. xxx.
I-srah . . . Isa. xl. xxv. xxxv. iv. ix., lxi.
N-aboth . . . 1 Kings xxi. 1-14.
G-emadiah . . . Jer. xxix. 3.
O-g, king of Bashan . . . Num. xxi. 33-35.
F-ortunatus . . . 1 Cor. xvi. 17.
T-ryphena and Tryphosa . . . Rom. xvi. 12.
H-aman . . . Esther iii.
E-moch . . . Jude 14.
L-amb . . . Exod. xii. 1-27.
A-cha . . . Josh. vii. 20, 21.
W-ud . . . John iii. 8.

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW. Rom. xiii. 10.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter E.

- 1. Name two things which are employed metaphorically for an attribute of God.
2. What word is treated as metaphorical of God's providential care, the human mind, prudence, benevolence, and perversity?
3. How is the dawn of day put metaphorically? and where?
4. What represents, under a metaphor, the destruction of life, and the reading of a book?
5. Name a metaphor used of the Holy Spirit; and give a reason for it.
6. Give two texts where a word is used metaphorically for reward.
7. What external application is used to indicate spiritual enlightenment?

BOBBY'S LITTLE SERMON.

Bobby climbed up into his grandmother's arm-chair, and preached this little sermon to the children in the nursery:

"BELOVED HEARERS AND CHILDREN: I'm a goin' to preach to you about shoes. It was what my aunty told me once; and it is true. Every mornin', beloved hearers and chil'ren, there's two pair of shoes a standin' by every boy's and girl's bed,—not by the cradles, coz babies don't know enough. Well, one pair of these shoes is nice, and makes you good-natured and pleasant; and the other pair is all wrong, and makes you just as cross as tigers. If you put on the good pair, you'll walk through the day just as good and cheerful as a birdy bird, and everybody'll like to hear you comin', and your step'll be just like the music of a beautiful hand-organ with little men and women all dancing round and round; and everywhere's you go, things will seem all right and nice, and you won't even mind having your face washed, nor your hair curled, if they don't pull too awful. But if you put on the other pair, you won't have any comfort, and nobody won't want you, and everything will kind o' creak. Now, my hearers and chil'ren, (Oh, Mary Ann! mamma said you musn't jump your witch-box while any of us was a preachin'!) Now, my hearers, remember these two kind o' shoes is by everybody's bed every mornin'. You can't see 'em; but they're there, and all you've got to do is to say, 'I'll put my feet in the good-natured shoes, and wear 'em all day, and not forget it, and you'll do bully. But just as sure as you don't, your feet'll slip into the bad shoes afore you know it; and then look out!"

"Now, my hearers and chil'ren, I must get down. The breakfast-bell is a ringin'. I want you all to remember what I just said to you,—and another thing: if you've got on your good-natured shoes this mornin', you'll wait for me till I get my hair brushed, coz I've been preachin', an' we all ought to start fair if there's griddle-cakes."—Hearth and Home.

Josh Billings divides the human race into three classes: "Those who think it is so, those who think it isn't so, and those who don't care whether it is so or not."

A PARABLE.

"O dear! I am so very tired of the Sabbath!" So said Willie, a playful little fellow, who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his play.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present. "I, sir," "And I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable.

Our Saviour, when he was on earth, often taught the people by parables. The parable told to the little boys was of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon the tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple-tree. He counted these golden pippins. There were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away, and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy, that he called him and said, "My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." So he held out his hand, and received six of the apples. The owner had only kept one to himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for this kindness? No, indeed! He wanted the seven pippins all for himself, and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his time, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very sorry. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself. I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in the week, Willie?" said his friend. "Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply, for now he began to understand the parable. And he felt very uneasy about his heart; conscience began to whisper to him: "And should not a boy be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his play? Ought he not to be punished, if he will not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"—Picture Magazine.

A REAL HERO.

A SCENE AT SEA.

Some weeks ago, on board an English steamer, a little rugged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little boy was roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him, and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him on the yard arm. He then made him sit down under on the deck. All around him were the passengers, and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that we had ever beheld,—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling, like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned upon him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor wail' whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for him,—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and begged the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds, that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.—N. Y. Sun.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Harper's Bazar gives the following opinion on the subjects of dressing for church: "The best bred people of every Christian country but our own, avoid all personal display when engaged in worship and prayer. Our churches, on the contrary, are made places for the exhibition of fine apparel and other costly and flaunting compliances with fashion, by those who boast of superior wealth and manners. We shall leave our gawgawed devotees to reconcile humiliation in worship with vanity in dress. That is a problem which we confess we have neither the right nor the capacity to solve. How far fine clothes may affect the personal piety of the

devotee we do not pretend even to conjecture; but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The fact is, that our churches are so fluttering with birds of fine feathers, that no sorry fowl will venture in. It is impossible for poverty in rags and patches, or even in decent but humble costume, to take its seat, if it should be so fortunate as to find a place, by the side of wealth in brocade and broadcloth. The poor are so awed by the pretension of superior dress and "the proud man's costume," that they naturally avoid too close a proximity to them. The church being the only place on this side of the grave, designed for the rich and the poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it certainly should always be kept free for this common humiliation and brotherhood. It is so in most of the churches in Europe, where the beggar in rags and wretchedness and the wealthiest and most eminent, whose appropriate sobriety of dress leaves them without mark of external distinction, kneel down together, equalled by a common humiliation before the only Supreme Being. The adoption of a more simple article for church on the part of the rich in this country, would have the effect, certainly not of diminishing their own personal piety, but probably of increasing the disposition for religious observance on the part of the poor.

WORSE THAN DANCING.

A lady who advocated dancing said to an aged minister of another denomination: "Well Mr. N—, with all your objections to dancing, you will be obliged to admit that it is not half so bad as to be in another room, at an evening party drinking, or playing cards, or perhaps slandering one's neighbors." Mr. N— replied: "I candidly confess, as you say, that it is not half as bad as either of these, and if the members of your church are obliged to drink, gamble, slander their neighbors, or dance, I say, by all means, dance—or, what is better, stay at home. As for our church, we are not obliged to do either."

SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL TEACHING.

An old divine has said that "he who would set others in a flame, must himself be burning." This is the real and true foundation of all successful teaching. When we read the few sermons left by the great evangelist Whitefield, so meagre are they in thought, and there is so little brilliancy in language, that we can scarcely comprehend how they not only moved the masses, but even the critical Lord Chesterfield. But his soul being on fire with love to Jesus, a flame of love to Christ was kindled in his hearers. So must Sunday school teachers be; for it is earnestness, not mere knowledge or mental power, that is needed to make teaching and success synonyms. In other words:

Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HOW THE CALIFORNIA CHINESE GO TO CHURCH.

The congregation is composed principally of men, and boys, dressed in their every day clothes. Some of them stare about them, or talk with each other. Instead of sitting down and paying attention to what is said, many stand up and walk about. Perhaps some will come up to the speaker and try to look over his book, if he reads from the Bible, or they will examine the foreign stove if it is cold weather and there is fire in it; or they will stand in front of the clock and watch it for awhile. Others have with them parcels of merchandise, or a fowl, some vegetables, &c., they have bought or wish to sell; and if it is warm weather very many will strip the upper part of their bodies naked, and fan themselves so as to be as cool as possible.

Oftentimes, unless forbidden to smoke, several engage in smoking little pipes full of tobacco, having first struck a fire by means of a flint and piece of steel, and some very dry paper. Almost every Chinaman carries about with him his pipe and tobacco, and materials for striking fire. Sometimes a beggar woman will enter the chapel and bawl out lustily for cash. It is a very common practice for most of those who come to stay but a short time, and when one of them goes out all of his mates and friends usually follow. If an idol procession, or a mandarin and his retinue are passing along the streets, or some sudden or unusual noise is heard, the boys and most of the men rush out to see what is to be seen, after which some of them will perhaps come back. Very few are regular hearers of the gospel, and fewer still come in for the purpose of hearing about Jesus. Almost all who come are prompted by curiosity.

Some churchman has accurately computed that if ten families consecrate one-tenth of their income to pious uses, the result will maintain an eleventh family, viz: the Pastor. Any church of ten families is therefore demonstrably self-supporting.

A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one, but as the clergyman was taking his leave, he expressed hopes that his lordship would not send him to the interior of the Principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, Sir!" said the bishop, what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she? "No, my Lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

Temperance.

WAKING UP A RUMSELLER.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Tremont Temple, Boston, in a forcible speech before the National Temperance Society, gave this bit of interesting experience:

There is a rum-seller in my congregation, who is a prince in many respects, but I never could get him to feel towards rum as I do, until we went once to call on a poor family, and found a man with simply a shirt and pants on, sitting on a broken chair, before a broken table, and eating from a broken plate a few pieces of broken victuals. The man's wife wanted me to come and see her husband when he was drunk, for then he was religious; but when he was sober he was an infidel. I will not stop to tell the story of the misery we saw there, but when we got out, I asked my companion what he thought of rum-selling now, and he exclaimed: "I think it is the most damnable business a man ever engaged in." And that rum-seller was so waked up, that afterwards I had the honor of baptizing him.

IT WON'T LET US ALONE.

Rev. F. P. Thwing delivered a temperance address in Quincy, Mass., 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 south-westerly slopes of Mount Auburn, and you will see a little new-made grave. Over it bends the branches of a walnut-tree, through which the struggling moon-beams reveal the resting-place of our latest born and earliest taken. It is sweet with flowers and tears, and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumn showers have steeped the sod, yet by the cuttings of the spade the stranger sees it is the grave of a child. When I go to the little grave I can not help feeling a new consecration to this noble reform. Do you ask why? Startle not when I speak out of my heart. Rum helped to dig my boy's grave. Indirectly, perhaps, but really. Yes! intoxicating drink stole away the senses 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 them 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, that is high and holy, I vow against this trade eternal war."

ADVICE FROM A RAT'S EXPERIENCE.

The rats once assembled in a large convention to devise some safe way of getting the bait from a trap, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by merciless jaws. After many speeches and fruitless proposals, a wise old rat standing erect, said: "In my opinion we can safely take off the delicious bait, if we hold down the jaws of the trap with our paws." All the convention wagged their tails in applause and squealed assent. So the convention adjourned. But deaths by the trap did not diminish, and a second convention was called to carry out the plan. When all were assembled, and were about to proceed to business, a faint voice called to the moderator, and a poor rat with three legs came limping and bleeding into the circle, and stood up to speak. When all was hushed, he stretched out the remains of his bleeding leg, and said: "I have tried the method to my sorrow and I am a wretched cripple for life. My advice about the trap is,—Don't touch it."

Beecher compares a text to a gate-opening in the Lord's garden, and says that many ministers, instead of unlatching the gate and lending their hearers in to pluck the fruit and flowers, content themselves by getting upon it and swinging to and fro.

A great many people have asked us of late, "How do you keep your horse looking so sleek and glossy?" We tell them, it's the easiest thing in the world; give "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder" two or three times a week.

A gentleman in the eastern part of the State, who was about having his leg amputated on account of its being bent at right angles and stiff at the knee, heard of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." After using it a short time, his leg became straight, and is now as serviceable as the other.