

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, March 28th, 1869.

MATTHW xiv. 22-36; MARK vi. 45-50; JOHN vi. 15-21; Jesus walks on the water. Recite.—Romans x. 8-10.

Sunday, April 4th, 1869.

JOHN vi. 22-40: Our Lords discourse to the multitude in a Synagogue at Capernaum. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, Questions. 1, 2, 3.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS. A.

- 1. ADDER. Because (1st) it is often deaf, Ps. lvi. 4. (2nd) It is poisonous, Ps. cxi. 3. (3rd) It stings, Prov. xxiii. 32. Note.—It stings our conscience, Rom. ii. 15; and it stings to death, Jas. i. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 56. (4th) It is to be trodden under foot, Ps. xci. 13. Hence Gen. iii. 15; Rom. xvi. 20.
2. ADVOCATE. 1 John ii. 1; because he is a mediator between the judge and the prisoner, 1 Tim. ii. 5.
3. ALTAR. Heb. xiii. 30. The Jewish altar may be compared to the sacrifice of Christ for many reasons. Among others, because it was a place of refuge, 1 Kings i. 50; and because it sanctified all the sacrifices laid upon it, 1 Pet. ii. 5.
4. ANCHOR. This is made an emblem of hope, because (1st) It fastens itself on something out of sight, Heb. vi. 19; and (2nd) It stays the ship in the storm, Ps. xlii. 5; Rom. viii. 24.
5. ANTS. Used metaphorically of industry, in Prov. vi. 6; of forethought, in Prov. xxx. 25; and of individual responsibility in Prov. vi. 7, 8.
6. APPLE TREE. Cant. ii. 3. (1st) As chief among the trees of the wood. Hence Ps. lxxiii. 25; John vi. 68. (2nd) As giving a pleasant shade, Cant. ii. 3. Compare Is. xxv. 4, and xxii. 2. (3rd) As bearing delicious fruit Think of the sweet results of redemption.
7. ARMS. Used of God's love in Deut. xxxiii. 27; Is. xl. 11; and of God's strength in Is. xxxiii. 2; lxi. 8.
8. ARMOUR. See Eph. vi. 11.
9. ARROWS. An emblem of affliction in Job vi. 4; Lam. iii. 13. Zech. ix. 14; of slander in Ps. lxxv. 3; Ps. cxx. 4; Prov. xxv. 18; of Divine truth in Ps. xlv. 5; Is. xli. 2.
10. ASHES. Metaphorical of frailty in Gen. xviii. 27; because worthless, and the remains of something better: of humiliation in Esther iv. 1; Is. lxi. 3; of sin in Is. xlv. 20, because unsatisfying, and miserable to the taste.
11. AWAKING. Used of repentance in Rom. xiii. 11; Eph. v. 14; and of resurrection in Job xiv. 12; John xi. 11; Dan. xii. 2.
12. AX. Jer. li. 20.; Matt. iii. 10.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. VII.

It was carried to Egypt by want-stricken men, who went thither in famine and need; It was stolen by one who restored it again to its owner, repenting his deed; It was given in change for the field where the wife of a sorrowing patriarch lay; It was promised a king by the man, who had plotted an innocent people to slay; It was brought by his brethren to Job as a gift when his sorrow and trial were at end; It was sought in the sea at the Master's desire, who was careful in nought to offend; It was held by the prophet as needless for those who are thirsting life's water to buy; It was given to soldiers by priests as a bribe, for the which they dared utter a lie; It rewarded the traitor who gave the false kiss which his Master so basely betrayed; It was hoped for by Felix, who hearing Paul preach of the judgment to come, was afraid; It is gathered with labour, and used, and abused; it is lost, it is sought for and found; It is brought from the depths of the earth, and it oft in the depths of the ocean is drowned; It is treasured, and wasted, and given away; it is powerful for evil or good; 'Tis a blessing that turns to a curse, if its use be forgotten, or not understood.

MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.

A BIBLE SONNET.

Even Moses with exceeding fear was bowed When in the midst of lurid lightning-flashes, And quick, reverberating thunder-crashes, God gave his law from the tempestuous cloud; Israel below witnessed, with spirits cowed, The sight tremendous, while the whirlwind lashes The mountain-peaks, and down the earthquake dashes The toppling crags—mid blasts of trumpet loud. Oh! as we ponder on that scene appalling, When God from Sinai spoke his holy law, Like Moses on our faces humbly falling, We feel and own our guilt with trembling awe, But soon we hear a voice from Calvary, calling Our eyes to see what Moses never saw.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quarles.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. IX.

PARTY SPIRIT IN MISSIONARY WORK.

I am frequently in the habit of collecting a few young friends to form a missionary working party in my drawing-room. Our special object, for some time, was the support of a school at a mission-station in India, in which many of us had a peculiar interest, from the circumstance that the teacher had been a young lady from our neighbourhood, and a member of the congregation to which several of our members belonged. She had long desired to labour among the heathen, and, about six or seven years before the date of my story, finding herself freed from home claims, she had resolved on devoting herself to mission work in India, and had ever since been labouring actively in the female schools in connection with the mission station at

Our little meetings for work had been suspended for a time, owing to the absence of several members; and when we met again in our accustomed place, it was with more than usual animation, for our missionary friend, Miss Sanford, had returned to spend some months in much-needed rest among her friends in England, and having arrived in our town, had promised to come to our little meeting, and give some account of her school. This had awakened a general interest, and zeal for our little meeting, which had sadly flagged of late, was revived in full force. Several who had nearly dropped their attendance were among the most punctual, and my little niece, Rosie, who had been admitted rather as a favour to join to party, being much the youngest there, turned her eyes to the door to watch for the new arrival, much as if she expected a missionary to be something very wonderful, and unlike other people even in person. But Amy Sandford had nothing to recommend her to a casual gazer, except a very bright, animated face, full of life and spirit, though pale and faded from years of anxious toil in a hot climate. She soon, however, attracted the interest of her little audience. She had the happy gift of narrating in a lively, simple, and graphic manner, and her eastern descriptions and school stories, enchained the attention of the whole party. I had not once to call to order on account of by-play and conversations aside. The whisperings about cotton and silk, and how to do such and such a stitch, which used sometimes nearly to drown the reader's voice, were stopped, and people's scissors and thimbles were marvelously tractable in staying in their right places. And when our time was up, and Amy rose to take leave, there was quite a chorus of, "Do tell us a little more, Miss Sandford," "Oh, I am sure it is not five o'clock yet," etc.

Amy had, however, another engagement, and was obliged to hurry away with a promise of soon coming again. The following Monday two or three of our party were assembled again in my sitting-room to arrange some school business, and when this was despatched we all lingered to talk over the last week's meeting. "I do think," said Julia Hayward, "that Miss Sandford's must be a very happy life, with all its anxieties. To be so entirely engaged in work for God must be such a privilege." "It is a privilege everywhere," I said; "but, dear Julia, it is one you can enjoy here. Surely you have plenty of work which is substantially the same as Miss Sandford's."

"Only much more prosaic," said Julia, smiling. "I do not mean to be discontented, but I must own that when I was going with umbrella and waterproof through the mud and drizzle to the Sunday-school yesterday, and found on my coming that Sarah Jones had started a new 'pork-pie' hat and feather (I wonder where she got it!) and all the others were so absorbed in gazing at her and whispering about it, that the hymns and texts were said in a very lame manner, I could not help thinking, 'Oh, for Miss Sandford's pupils with their nice white sarces over their heads, and none of that nonsense about dress!'"

"And perhaps you would not have been sorry to exchange the mud and drizzle for a southern sky?" I rejoined. "No, indeed, I quite long for sunshine; I don't mind heat, and think that any amount of it would be a good exchange for cold and damp." "Perhaps Miss Sandford would not agree there, Julia," observed her sister Caroline; "she seems sadly worn, and she told me that no one could conceive, who had not experienced it, the wear and tear of several years' work in a burning climate."

"To be sure, fevers and prickly heat are as bad in their way, I suppose, as colds and tooth-aches, though we find it hard to believe it," said Margaret Groves, Julia's cousin, who was some years older than the rest of the little group, and one who had long been actively engaged in most of the works of Christian charity going on in our town. "I was not thinking," she pursued, "of climate, or dress, and yet I must plead guilty to a little envy of Miss Sandford's work."

"You are a dear old piece of wisdom, we all know, Maggie," said Caroline, laughing; "but I think there is a little corner of romance in your mind, and I am sure you were thinking that a black-eyed Heera, or Tara, was more interesting than a stupid little Tommy or Sally crying over their grimed lesson books!" "No, no," said Margaret, laughing in her turn; "I was thinking,—you will understand me, cousin Mabel,—that the union and Christian love must be so much greater in countries where one has to meet face to face with heathenism, and where the few mission stations are like oases in the great desert. And some things I have heard lead me to think there must be a

great deal more of that kind of brotherly feeling. Now that is what I long for. You cannot think how I have been chilled and discouraged since I really entered into the work here—you know I have a great deal to do with the school managing, and district meetings, and committee work. Well, it is not the dry details I mind, I am glad to be useful in any way, but it is the tracasseries and divisions which weary me. Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Wilson always at daggers drawn and getting up little battles when we meet—last time it was about the cut of the winter cloaks for the charity school; Mrs. Wilson would insist on one pattern, I really believe only because Mrs. Jenkins wanted the other! And worse than that, the intrigues into which people let themselves be drawn. At the last election of an under-teacher for the infant school, I assure you the party spirit shown really disgusted me. Several voted against one who was by far the best candidate, because she belonged to a congregation whose minister they did not like. It is this kind of thing, dear Miss Selwyn, that does make me very heart sick, and sometimes I feel as if I must give up in despair!"

"Never do that, my dear friend, whatever you do; keep to the old Scotch proverb, 'lose heart, lose all.' Besides, it is not worthy of a Christian to despond." "I know it; but I cannot help sometimes thinking, with a sort of longing, of a station among the heathen, where the few who are working together on the Lord's side are banded together as brethren, and work side by side with one heart and hand. Oh, dear cousin Mabel, I think, if I could have that comfort, it would overbalance every trial!"

Margaret had scarcely done speaking when a tap at the door announced another caller, and Amy Sandford entered, her usually happy face flushed and agitated, and her manner showing that something had happened greatly to discompose her. "What is the matter, dear Amy?" She glanced round for a moment. "I must tell you; I am sure my young friend here will consider it as told in confidence; but the truth is, I have been dreadfully vexed." She sat down and drew a letter from her bag. "No bad news from your school, I hope?"

"Not exactly bad in one sense, but extremely annoying. I think I told you that I had had great trouble with one of my native teachers in the orphan asylum. She had been brought up there, and had become a Christian, at least outwardly, some time before I first came. She was a good deal Europeanized, was a very clever girl, speaking English well, and a capital teacher; she made a profession of piety, and Mr. N.—(the missionary) believed her sincere. Well, I had doubts of her from the first. She gave a great deal of trouble in the school, married from it, and afterwards came back as a daily teacher, being poor, and I being greatly in want of help. The end of it was, she turned out exceedingly ill, and deceived me in every possible way. I found she had been secretly carrying on a regular system of peculation, with the help of a native servant of mine, taking away things with her to her home every time she came and went. Then she told the most atrocious lies when this was found out, accused a girl who was perfectly innocent, and in short—I can't tell you half the annoyance she gave both me and Mr. and Mrs. N.—. Of course she had to be sent away in disgrace; and now Mr. N.— writes me word that Miss L.—, the teacher of the school belonging to a Society at —, a station close by, has actually taken this good-for-nothing woman to be her schoolmistress!"

"But she surely does not know the case. You had better write and explain." "Ah, but the painful part is, that she does know the whole affair as well as I do. I told her the history myself, and we talked it over together at full length; there is not a detail she is ignorant of."

"But what can have induced her to take the woman?" "I can't make out; I only know that that Society has been hostile to me and my school from the beginning; and why I cannot understand; our object is the same; my work does not interfere with theirs in any way, and there would, I am sure, be room for fifty more such in that district if we had them! But the whole set at — has been jealous of our work ever since it began, and there are always little unpleasantnesses going on. Before Miss L.— came, when Mrs. R.— was head of that school, she showed her dislike openly, and one day when a lady and gentleman called on her, and asked where my school was—they had just come to England, and brought letters of introduction to me from friends of mine—Mrs. R.— helped as little as if she had forgotten where I was, or at least did not tell them, though she knew my house as well as I knew it myself! They found it was no use asking them, and if they had not met a former active servant of mine (a heathen) they would never have found me out, though they came with a special message and a gift from an English friend. But when Mrs. R.— left, and Miss L.— was always personally pleasant to me; but it is that horrible jealousy! Societies, even in a mission field, look on each other often as rivals, not to say foes?"

QUAINT TITLES OF BOOKS.—In 1868 a pamphlet was published in London, entitled "A most Delectable Sweet Nougay for God's Saints to smell at." About the year 1640 there was published a work entitled "A pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry," and another called "The Snuffers of Divine Love." The author of a work on charity entitles his book "Hooks and Eyes for Believer's Breeches;" another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, called his labors "High-Heeled

Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" and another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A Quaker, whose outward man the authorities thought proper to imprison, published "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in an Earthly Vessel, known by the name of Emanuel Fish." At about that time there was also published, "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage-ground, or a Loupingstand for Heavy Believers." Another, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Covenant." Another, "A Reaping Hook well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." In another we have the following copious description of its contents; "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, The Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, wherunto is also added William Humino's Handful of Honey-suckles, and divers godly and pithy ditties, now newly augmented."—Literary Pastimes.

ANAGRAMS.—Though anagrams are not the grandest productions of human genius, yet the intellectual ingenuity that is sometimes displayed in dissolving a word into its elements, and from these elements compounding some new word characteristic of the person or thing designated by the original—is quite surprising. For example, what can be more curious than the coincidence between Telegraphs and its anagram, viz.:—Great Helps? So of Astronomers—Moon-stars; Penitentiary—Nay, I repent it; Radical Reform—Rare mad frolic. Hardly less felicitous are the following:—Presbyterian—Best in prayer; Gallantries—All great sin; Old England—Golden land.

The two finest anagrams ever made are, Honor est a Nilo (Honor is from the Nile) from Horatio Nelson; and the reply evolved from Pilato's question, "Quid est veritas? What is truth?" "Vir est quid adest—It is the man who stands before you."

HYPERBOLICAL.—The Rev. J. Bonar was one day preaching at Kettle, in Fifeshire, for his friend the Relief minister thereof. It was a very warm day; the church closely packed; the occasion, the Monday following communion, he observed, with some annoyance, many of the congregation nodding and sleeping in their pews whilst he was preaching; he took his measures accordingly, and introduced the word "hyperbolic" into his sermon, but he paused and said, "Now my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolic. I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were all asleep in this church at the present time, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because (looking around) I don't believe more than one-half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous, and those who were nodding themselves nudged their sleeping neighbors, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened.

STATISTICS OF CHURCH-BUILDING.—The New-York Observer tabulates the organizations of churches and dedications of meeting-houses reported in its columns during 1868. The summary is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Churches, Dedicated, Organized. Rows include Baptist (100/125), Presbyterian (100/85), Congregational (65/75), Methodist (129/75), Lutheran (43/7), German Reformed (14/2), Episcopal (13/3), Reformed (9/1), Moravian (2/2). Total: 474 Churches, 295 Dedicated.

One day, when Napoleon was on a visit to a female school he had founded at Rouen, he playfully asked a bright young girl, "How many needfuls of thread does it take to make a shirt?" "One, sire, if it were sufficiently long." Napoleon was so pleased with the reply that he gave the young lady a gold chain.

Mr. Moody stated in the late National Christian Convention that Chicago had more Sunday-school scholars, in proportion to its population, than any city in the Union.

A man charged with ten gallons of molasses in an eight gallon keg, said he did not care for the money, only it was such a strain on the keg.

NEURALGIA.—A speedy and in most cases a certain relief may be found from this terrible pain, by taking the yolk of an egg and thoroughly beating it with one teaspoonful of table salt. The efficacy of this remedy will be greatly promoted by the addition of a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine. Let the mixture be rubbed on the part affected.

TO CURE HOARSENESS, take the white of two eggs, and beat them; two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.—West Philadelphia Star.

QUESTION IN ETHICS.—"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such a silly question for?" "Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied he.