

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 12th, 1869.

CONCERT.

Sunday, September 19th, 1869.

JOHN x. 1-21: Our Lord's discourses.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 45, 46.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTRUE ENIGMA.

No. XVIII.

- P-otipherah's . . . Genesis xli. 45.
R-abab . . . Joshua ii. 21.
I-shbosbeth's . . . 2 Samuel iv. 8.
D-eborah . . . Genesis xxxv. 8.
E-leazar . . . Numbers xx. 27-28.

"PRIDE."—Proverbs xiii. 10.

How many friends both true and tried,
Whom troubles never could divide
But only nearer draw,
Have let some wounded feeling stay,
And sting them, till they cast away;
Love's pure and perfect law.

And then when time has floated on,
And all the angry thoughts are gone,
And each is far away,—
Perchance by both alike 'tis sighed,
"O! I had hushed my foolish pride
We had been friends to-day."

Oh do not let your hearts be stirred,
E'en at a dear friend's slighting word,
But drive it from your mind;
And all the happy hours they've made,
And all the loving words they've said,
Remember—and be kind.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

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

- 1. What words are used metaphorically of Christ?
2. What is put metaphorically for the life of man?
3. What occupation is that of Satan compared to?
4. Name something metaphorical of God, angels, the Divine word, and evil speaking.
5. What word is used metaphorically in connection with the Divine anger, love, presence, and omniscience?
6. What is metaphorical of hardness of heart and spiritual blessings?
7. Name a word used metaphorically in connection with children, punishment, thanksgiving, conversation, and aims.
8. Name a metaphor for dispersing and scattering.
9. What word is sometimes used to indicate the exercise of Divine power?
10. Name a word used metaphorically of false prophets and a wicked ruler.

THE LITTLE ONE'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hand about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once Thou wert in cradle laid,
Baby lying in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me. —Palgrave.

QUADRUPLED PUN.—A comedian at Boston, by way of puff for his approaching benefit, published the following lines:—

Dear public, you and I of late
Have dealt so much in fun;
I'll crack you now a monstrous great
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a grate full of coals I'll glow,
A grate full house to see;
And if I am not grateful, too,
A grate fool I must be!

The law and the gospel are two keys. The Law is the key that shutteth up all men under condemnation; and the Gospel is the key which opens the door and lets him out.—Tyndall.

Walk, as it were, upon the borders of the ocean of eternity, and listen to the sound of its waters, till you are deaf to every sound beside.—R. Hall.

NOTES ON A MONTH'S SOJOURN IN IRELAND.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH AND IRISH MISSION.

Visit to St. Patrick's Stone.

At one end of Lough Beg, of the little lake—so called to distinguish it from its big neighbour Lough Neagh—there is an islet called Church Island. Having heard much of the superstitions which belong to sacred places, I crossed the lake in a small boat, for the purpose of seeing the famous granite block known as "St. Patrick's Stone." The church is a fine ivy-clad ruin, of unknown antiquity; and at a short distance from the tower, under the shade of a magnificent Irish thorn, is the famous stone where the saint is said to have performed his devotions. On the top is a hole representing the print of his knee; and in another large stone, close by, there is a groove just large and long enough to receive a man's finger, and where the finger of Patrick rested when he was in prayer. From the branches that overhang the stone, hundreds of rags, consisting of shreds of garments, kerchiefs, &c., were suspended. Pilgrims—including, of course, the diseased, halt, lame, and blind—go to pray at this holy spot, and to wash their sores in the water that is poured into the famous knee-hole; and they leave these rags as mementos of their visit, and expressions of their belief in the benefit which they expected to reap from it. There is a closer alliance between Popery and Paganism than is generally suspected. Restore the old heathen names to the places, persons, and rites of the Romish Church, and you have a restoration of Paganism almost pure and simple.

Way-side Pictures.—None of which were very bright. Our route to Bullina lay through a part of the county of Roscommon. The bleak, swamp, woodless, and ill-cultivated uplands that stretch towards the western coast are appropriately called the "Wilds of Connaught." The human habitations that are scattered about the bogs and moors are of the most primitive kind. They were about the worst I saw in Ireland, bad as the best are. In point of comfort and convenience, African kraals can hardly be inferior to those miserable hovels; and it was most depressing to reflect on the fact that through those wide regions multitudes of the inhabitants are without Bibles, without Evangelical teachers, without a Christian literature, and consequently "without Christ." If we had men cast in an apostolical mould, willing to hazard "their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus," their labours would be productive of great results.

Nearly two centuries have expired since the old Cromwellians, who settled in the neighbourhood of Rahue, built—on a somewhat picturesque spot—a house for the worship of God. Nearly all that has been left to this venerable chapel are the memories of the past. The well-to-do families who assembled in it half a century ago are dead; and their descendants, for the most part, have found homes in other lands.

The Chapel in the Glen.—The journey to Cairndaisy was long and wearisome, but the novelty of the scene, and the spirit of hearing which I witnessed, amply repaid me. About a mile from Moneymore a private way belonging to the Drapers' Company leaves the high road, and winds along a glen of exceeding beauty at the foot of Slieve Gallion. After a drive of a mile and a half, the glen suddenly turns to the right, and at this angle stands the old Baptist chapel, where I was to preach. It is so secluded, and so completely surrounded by trees, that it is not seen till you come within thirty or forty yards of it. Not a human habitation was within sight. It was solitude itself. The goats which were browsing on the mountain side, and the birds that were singing their evening hymn, appeared to be startled by the noise of the wheels and the horse's hoofs.

The lengthening shadows of the oak,
And weeping birch, swept far adown the vale;
And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
Save the light whisp'ring of the spring-tide gale,
At distance dying.

Strong was the inducement to linger on this lovely spot, but we went direct to the little chapel, every part of which was literally crammed, which is generally the case, even on a winter's night, when a missionary can spare an evening for a service there. The place was built in 1805, and a church was formed about the same time, which exists to this day, although much diminished in numbers by emigration.

A melancholy Ride.—The appearance of the lower classes that we met on the road seemed to betoken some improvement in their temporal condition. They were better dressed than formerly—a result of the higher wages which they are now receiving. There is, however, hardly a shade of improvement in the dwellings of the peasantry. They may be a little better protected from wind and rain than they were twenty years ago; but the old Irish cabin remains still the sign of a depressed, impoverished, and unambitious race, and a disgrace to any civilized nation. The ride was a melancholy one. It lay through the county of Westmeath, with its tragic and blood-stained history.

A Lord's Day, and its pleasant work.—In the morning, I spoke to a good congregation at Donaghmore, and administered the Lord's Supper to a devout and goodly company of believers. Everything looks very hopeful here. There is an encouraging spirit of hearing, and believers are being added to the Lord, and to His Church. At a lone country place, nearly four miles from the central station, our friends have gathered a Sunday-school, which now numbers from forty to fifty children and youths.

The teachers go across bog and moor in all weathers to instruct their classes in the knowledge of the gospel. The national school—which is kindly lent to us—was well filled on

the afternoon that I visited it, and the regular teaching was dispensed with that I might talk to the scholars.

Power of the voluntary principle.—A fiery Baptism.—It was a fine, cold Sunday afternoon in the early part of June, that I visited Deryneil. The chapel is delightfully situated in one of many pleasant valleys that are shut in by the lofty mountain ramparts which stretch across that part of the island. This station supplies a fair illustration of the power of the voluntary principle. While many in high places have been prophesying the speedy downfall of a disendowed church, "sent naked and desolate into the world," a modest and commodious meeting-house has been erected at Deryneil, at a cost of nearly £500, the whole of which has been paid by the free-will offerings of the people, assisted by their friends in different parts of the United Kingdom. The ground in front of the chapel is tastefully planted with evergreens and flowers; and when I entered groups of people were standing about waiting to give me a true Irish welcome. Half-past five o'clock in the afternoon is an unfavourable hour for a public service; but every sitting was occupied, and not a few sat on forms in the aisles. Mr. Macrory and his friends have passed through a year of great conflict. As a young church, they had not previously experienced any trial; and, if a choice of afflictions has been offered them, they would probably have chosen any other than the one by which their faith had been so severely tried. I cannot give the particulars, but the reader may form some idea of the kind of trouble through which these good people have passed, from a single sentence in the Apostle Paul's address to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus—"Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." (Acts xx. 30).

AN ALGERINE CHURCH.

Hon. S. S. Cox, in his letters to the World from Algiers, says:—In 1843, when Marshal Bugeaud was rebuilding the town of Orleansville, the ancient basilica of St. Reparatus was discovered. This Christian church was built here under Roman rule in the third century. It had some rude mosaics—red, black, and white,—and is ornamented with five inscriptions, of which two form a species of abracadabra. One of these is upon the words, "Sancta Ecclesia," spelt Ecclesia (with one c). It is a square, covered with letters. The letter S occupies the intersection of the two diagonals, or the centre of the seventh line. Starting from thence, you may read in every direction—"Sancta Ecclesia"—repeated a great number of times. Here it is:

A I S E L C E C L E S I A
I S E L C E A E C L E S I
S E L C E A T A E C L E S
E L C E A T C T A E C L E
S C E A T C N C T A E C L
C E A T C N A N C T A E C
E A T C N A S A N C T A E
C E A T C N A N C T A E C
L C E A T C N C T A E C L
E L C E A T C T A E C L E
S E L C E A T A E C L E S
I S E L C E A E C L E S I
A I S E L C E C L E S I A

PLAIN WORDS IN THE PULPIT.

Mr. Hood, in his work of rare humor, and learning, and tact, called, so appropriately, "Lumps, Pitchers and Trumpets," has a good illustration of the inability of the people to understand many words which seem very clear to the preacher. He says:

A clergyman, while composing a sermon, made use of the words, "ostentatious man." Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself before he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of these words, and he adopted the following method of proof. Ringing his bell, his footman appeared, and was addressed by his master. "What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?" "An ostentatious man?" said Thomas, "why, sir, I should say a perfect gentleman." "Very good," observed the vicar; "send Ellis, the coachman, here." "Ellis," said the vicar, "what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?" "An ostentatious man, sir?" said Ellis, "why, I should say an ostentatious man meant, saving your presence, a very jolly fellow." It is hardly necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word.

IMPRISONING DRUNKARDS.

The city of Elmira, N. Y., has just passed an ordinance empowering magistrates to fine and imprison any person found intoxicated. T. K. Beecher says of it, "That's sensible. Fine and imprison every man found drunk. But don't, don't make fools of them by sentimental pity, or by throwing the blame of their sin on the liquor sellers. Liquor dealers have sins enough of their own, to answer for. The crime of drunkenness is committed by the man who drinks. A well kept jail is the best inebriate asylum. To be drunk is a crime! AMEN."

The leader of a recent camp meeting in Ohio announced, "The brother-in-law of President Grant will now lead us in prayer."

Scientific.

THE BANDS OF ORION.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"—Job.

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their orb; they preserve the same relative position to each other and to the rest of the constellation from year to year and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom "Passing away," it is comforting to look up to that bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the restless surges of time's great ocean. And yet, in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centres, and even passing into new collections. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hillside with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling all the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill, frozen by the distance into silence and rest—a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

COLOR OF LEAVES.—The green color of leaves, one element of which must be a vegetable blue, some time since led an American experimentalist to the conclusion that leaves turn red at the end of the season through the action of an acid, and that the green color could be restored by the action of an alkali. The conclusion has been verified, the London Athenaeum now declares, by experiment. Autumnal leaves placed under a receiver with vapor of ammonia in nearly every instance lost the red color and renewed their green. In some, such as the saffron, the blackberry and maple, the change was rapid and could be watched by the eye, while others, particularly certain oaks, turn gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green.

WRINKLES SHOWING THE AGE OF HORSES.—It is said that after the horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the eyelid, and every year thereafter he has a well-defined wrinkle for every year over nine; if, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get it. As a good many people have horses over nine it is easily tried. It true, the horse dentist must give up his trade. —Ohio Farmer.

TO STAIN FLOORS.—To strong lye of wood ashes, add enough copperas for the required oak shade. Put this on with a mop, and varnish afterwards.

CLEANING KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip in the milk, and then rub off a good quantity of soap on the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove towards the fingers, holding firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Let it dry, and the operator will soon be gratified to see that the old glove looks nearly new. It will be soft, glossy, smooth and elastic.

HOT MILK A REMEDY.—Hot milk has been very successfully tried in Bengal, as a remedy for diarrhoea. A letter from a resident says that a pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach-ache, incipient cholera, or dysentery. It is perfectly soothing to the whole alimentary canal. Half a pint, every meal, generally reduces gradually and pleasantly any ordinary diarrhoea.

A BAROMETER!—It is said that a cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the bubbles rise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected.

The most astonishing cure of Chronic Diarrhoea we ever heard of is that of Wm. Clark, Frankfort mills, Waldo Co., Maine; the facts are attested by Ezra Treat, Upton Treat, and M. A. Merrill, either of whom might be addressed for particulars. Mr. Clark was cured by "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

Hon. Joseph Fowell, Mayor of Rockland, Me., Isaac M. Bragg Esq., Bangor, and Messrs. Pope Bros. Machias, Me., Lumber merchants, fully endorsed the "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders," and have given the proprietors liberty to use their names in recommending them.