

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 27th, 1869.

MATTHEW xviii. 15-35; Jesus exhorts to forbearance and brotherly love.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 25, 26.

Sunday, July 4th, 1869.

LUKE x. 1-16; The seventy instructed and sent out from Capernaum.

Recite.—S. C., 28, 27.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. XIII.

- A-himelech . . . . . 1 Samuel xxi. 1-6.
- P-harah . . . . . Exodus xiv. 5-28.
- R-euben . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 21, 22.
- O-badiah . . . . . 1 Kings xviii. 13.
- U-riah . . . . . 2 Samuel xi. 15-17.
- D-eborah's . . . . . Gen. xxxv. 8.
- L-ydia . . . . . Acts xvi. 14, 15.
- O-nemus . . . . . Philemon.
- O-rnan . . . . . 1 Chron. xxi. 22-25.
- K-orah . . . . . Numbers xvi. 28-33.

"A PROUD LOOK."—Prov. vi. 17.

A painful thing it is to see  
How foolish mortal men can be,  
In petty pomp and pride;  
Intent in setting forth their state,  
Yet pushing on to higher fate,  
And still dissatisfied.

And now 'tis pride of noble birth,  
Then pride of heaps of yellow curth,  
Or else of gifts and fame;  
And few their blessings can enjoy,  
Unless another they annoy,  
Who has not got the same.

O, if they only would recall  
The doom which swiftly comes to all,  
Which now they triumph o'er;  
The silent grave, the short-lived woe,  
The soon filled place they used to know—  
They would be proud to more!

SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter C.

6. Name a word which in two places signifies a multitude, and in another place the infirmities of old age. And show that it also describes a false and hypocritical profession of religion in two particulars.

7. Name a word which is used metaphorically to express death, ruin, strength, enlargement, love, affliction, and sin.

8. What sort of person does a prophet make prophetic of Christ, and why?

9. What word is used metaphorically for a king, an empire, and the faithful people of God?

10. What word is there that equally represents in metaphor false doctrine and the destruction of the wicked?

PRAYER—AN INCIDENT.

For fourteen years a father and mother prayed for a wayward boy. During this period they many times fixed a date inside of which they expected his conversion. One after another of these times passed by, until fourteen years had gone. The father was going out one morning, when the good wife laid her hand upon his arm and said, "Father, have you forgotten prayers?" "No," was the husky reply, "I haven't forgotten; but it's no use. God does not hear us." The wife's eyes were full of tears: "Well, let us pray that God will make us more earnest, and then, perhaps, he will answer our prayer." He went out to the barn, and then his wife's words, his overburdened heart, and the habit of years led him to fall upon his knees and pray for more earnestness, and to again beseech God to convert his boy. His boy heard the prayer, and wishing to get away, so that he might not hear more, went to the house. Going past his mother's room he heard her voice raised in prayer for more earnestness, and in supplication for him. He paused, overcome, and then went in and kneeling down by her and putting his arms around her neck, said, "Mother, God knows you are in earnest, and he has answered your prayers."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE SABBATH.

The streams of religion run deeper or shallower, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott.*

A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath "God's dyke shutting out an ocean of evils."

A preacher in Louisiana said, "Brethren, stop that crevasse in the Sabbath, or your plantations will be inundated with immorality."

"The more entirely," said McCheyne, "I give my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I."

Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other half.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained.—*Justice McLean.*

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS K. J. WHATELY.

No. XX.

THE TWO WORLDS.

But I will go on with the next letter:—

"I am afraid, dear cousin, that you will think I am ungrateful for the advantages I enjoy in this family. I know Mrs. Lawson would blame me for complaining; and indeed I would not be discontented. I know I have many blessings here; and Mr. Mordaunt's ministry I do truly value; but I cannot help telling you, who will not be shocked at anything I write, that I feel the life here to be exceedingly irksome. I know they are excellent people; what Mrs. Mordaunt does in the parish is not to be told; she is a most considerate mistress, benevolent to every one who comes in her way, and would give her very life for her children. To me she is very kind, and I am sure if I were sick or in trouble, there is nothing she would not do to help me. But I cannot help feeling afraid of her, and constrained in her presence. She has no sympathy for young people: she is strong in body and mind, never seems tired, and never wants rest or amusement, and she cannot conceive any one else's doing so. She looked so disgusted the other day when she saw me with a story book in my hand, and said something so severe about wasting my time, that I have never dared to read anything lighter than history in her presence since. You will say it is good for me to be made to study, and I do try to read steadily every day, and keep up my music; and so on; but I have no companion in my employments; the girls are always at lessons, Mrs. Mordaunt in her parish or busy with household concerns and letters. Mr. Mordaunt never visible but at meals, and visitors few and far between. We meet in the evening, and sometimes have reading aloud; but it is done so like a task, there is so much fault-finding about bad reading, and so many questions asked, and such surprise expressed when they were not answered right, that we all feel it quite a formidable affair. I would rather have our history lesson from old Mr. Grey, which I used to think trying enough!

"Well, you ask me what I have seen of the Ferrises, and you have heard, they are all that is good and charming, from Mrs. Lawson's report. Good they are, I am sure; but charming I cannot honestly say I found them! I will tell you how I first met them. We were going to a missionary meeting, a little variety in our monotonous life. I met Laura and Charlotte in the hall ready equipped, and not expecting to find them set free from lessons. I wished them joy of the treat. 'Of course,' said Charlotte, 'we were let off lessons; for a meeting of this sort we always are; if it had been an excursion to the woods, or anything pleasant, the lessons would have been too important to omit.' I was shocked at the way she spoke, and could not help saying something to that effect; she apologised, but said it was too hard never to be allowed a holiday except for a thing one didn't like. 'So you don't like this?' said I. 'How can I?' was her reply. 'I have been at such meetings all my life. I'm sick of them; I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea!'

"I was quite surprised; at Mrs. Lawson's we always thought a missionary meeting such a pleasure. I see now how much cause I have to be thankful that dear Mrs. Lawson always made those things so pleasant to us, and never urged our attending meetings, or anything of that kind, unless we really wished it, as under her training we generally did. I see now what an evil it is to have such things (I do not of course mean religious instruction; or Sunday services) pressed on one when very young, till they become irksome and wearisome. All this feeling was concealed from their parents; and Mr. Mordaunt, I believe, would have thought it inconceivable that his children should not share his lively interest in all mission work. His face was so bright and happy when he summoned us to join him, that it was impossible not to forget one's disagreeable impressions; and the account he gave me of the objects of the meeting, made me quite prepared to be interested, which indeed I was. [Here follow some details of these objects.] . . . But I cannot tell you just now more of what I heard, for I must go on to my introduction to your unknown friends. Soon after we were seated, a tall, elderly, military-looking man came in and took his place by Mr. Mordaunt, on the platform. The girls were quite excited. 'Oh, there's uncle Ferris! I wonder if our cousins are come,' was exclaimed in such loud whispers, that their mother had to check them. Uncle Ferris was evidently a favourite, and I did not wonder; for though not handsome, and looking a good deal battered from many years' hard service, as they told me, his face was really a 'letter of credit,' so benevolent and so intelligent. He proposed the first resolution at the meeting, and all he said interested me much. After the proceedings were over he came to our seat, and told his sister-in-law that his daughters would arrive that evening at the house they had taken in the neighbourhood, and would call next day.

"The girls said so much of the perfections of their cousins, that, even making allowance for partiality, I could not help expecting a good deal from their visit. The eldest daughter came first with her father. He was pleasant as ever; but she—she is really a curiosity! She is much older than her sisters, fully thirty, I know,—she looks forty at least,—is very plain, homely in her appearance, and her dress must have been made in the year one, I believe! And her bonnet!—but you cannot bear descriptions of dress, so I will not go into that subject; but I think even you would own she is very odd-looking; though she has a very kindly, sensible face, with all her defects; and her

manners are so unaffected and cordial, one must like her in spite of everything. The persons of the family who are really disagreeable, and the ones you see most of, are the four younger girls. They are rosy, cheerful, though homely-looking damsels, from fifteen to eighteen or nineteen in age. They look healthy and happy; but their dress and manners are the most rustic, primitive, and awkward you can imagine. They all rushed into the room together, with, 'Oh, Sarah, do you know what we saw?' Sarah checked them, and reminded them their cousins were in the room. 'Oh, Laura, Charlotte, are you there? We didn't see you!' and there was a very affectionate greeting; but I was not noticed at all. Of course this was the fault of the Mordaunts partly; and poor Laura, who had tried to introduce me, but could not make herself heard in the storm of voices, and was too timid and nervous to try again, was severely rebuked afterwards by her mother. But the visitors were so noisy, and so engrossed with their own talk, that their elder sister's efforts to bring me into the conversation were quite in vain. Mrs. Mordaunt presently came in, and asked them to come that evening; they were engaged, but promised for the next day. The same afternoon I met three of them out walking, and they passed me without a word of greeting. The next evening the same thing went on. Colonel Ferris and his eldest daughter were the only ones who kept up general conversation; the others were whispering together most of the evening; and on her aunt's asking Harriet to sing, she pushed past me to the piano, nearly overturning the music-stool, and unceremoniously flung down the open music-book at which I had been practising. And this is a specimen of the manners of the family generally. The colonel is a most pleasing old man; but he has undertaken some missionary deputation business, and is mostly from home. His eldest daughter, odd as her dress and appearance is, is always well-bred and attentive, and seems very kind-hearted; but, between her household business and helping Mrs. Mordaunt in the parish, she is not much seen. But not a day passes without one or two incursions of the four girls, laughing, talking in loud voices, pushing by every one, and annoying one by various specimens of ill-breeding. They are evidently much happier at home than the Mordaunts. There seems too little restraint, instead of too much, and they are evidently very fond of their father and sister; but though it is another phase of disagreeableness, it is a phase quite as annoying to others as the constraint at the rectory. How Mrs. Mordaunt bears it I can't imagine—whether she is too busy or too partial to her nieces to notice their rudeness; but she constantly lets things pass in them which she would rebuke unsparingly in her own girls. I fancy these sisters have been brought up in some out-of-the-way place, among homely country neighbours or cousins, who were all on very familiar terms, and no one ever thought of attending to 'les biensances.' But how Mrs. Lawson, who has such irreproachable manners herself, and was so careful of mine, can like these girls! I do think it is a pity that really good people should have so many ways of making themselves disagreeable."

"Only," said Grace, "I think we may sometimes forget that stiffness and rudeness may be found sometimes with people who are not at all religious."

"Yes," I observed; "the religion gets the blame of things with which it may be quite accidentally united."

"But don't you think," said Lucy, "that some people who profess at least to be very religious make it almost a merit not to cultivate pleasing manners. The Wilmots behave just in the way Bertha describes; and the Thompsons are worse. They are so haughty and supercilious, that one would think they considered no one worthy to tread the same ground with them,—are they not, Sophy? I suppose it is all pride in religious people; they think it is not worth their while to try and be pleasant."

"No, my dear Lucy, you are mistaken. It is just a forgetfulness of Caroline's text, 'to walk in wisdom.' Many there are who are true Christians, and desire to do right in great things, but, as we were saying the other day, they forget to bring their religion into play to help them in little every-day matters; and so they forget the precept, 'Be pitiful, be courteous.'"

"But I think," said Lucy, "religion seems too high a thing to bring down to influence one in such little tiny matters. Does it not seem almost profane to be thinking about God's will in such things as coming into a room properly, or speaking politely to strangers?"

"That is just the mistake these people make, my dear. They have not, we may suppose, been trained up in the ordinary maxims of politeness and good breeding; they want the early habits which should be inculcated in childhood; and they do not think of remedying the deficiency by bringing in a principle which, rightly applied, would tell in these small things as well as in great. I believe, if we try fairly, we shall find that Bible rules would teach truer politeness than all the books ever written on good manners."

"But one must look a little to what people generally do, to show us how to follow the customs of society, must we not?" said Sophy. "We could not learn those things from the Bible."

"No, because customs and manners differ in different countries, of course. A European would take off his hat and make a bow, where the Oriental would put off his shoes and say, 'Peace be unto you.' But true politeness will conform in all lesser and indifferent matters to the customs of the place we live in. But the principles of real courtesy are like the rules of music or arithmetic: we use different names

for notes and numbers in different languages, but the notes and numbers themselves are the same everywhere. And so the golden rule of doing to others as we would they should do to us, will teach us to avoid any modes of speech or action, any ways or habits, which could annoy others. 'Render unto all their due' is the true standard for good manners; and one great advantage of acting on this principle is, that it will work equally well at all times and with all classes. A man who is polite and kindly because the Bible teaches him to be so, will be as courteous and considerate to an old apple-woman as he would to a queen; whereas one who is polite only from worldly motives, if he is taken off his guard, may be betrayed into actual rudeness; and I have seen persons who were models of elegance and propriety in company, guilty of positive incivility towards their own relatives, or servants, or poor people."

"Yes, I am sure that is true," said Grace.

"I do not, you see, defend such persons as Bertha describes (I have seen many such) for their deficiency in good breeding; but in many cases I believe it springs partly from early neglect and partly from want of thought; and we who have had the advantage of better early training should be indulgent to those who suffer from want of the teaching we have enjoyed."

COOLING OFF.

It is surprising what ignorance there is of the most common laws of health among our people. A lady who was accustomed to do her own washing by which she became very much overheated, used to go into her dark, cool parlor, and lie down on the floor for an afternoon nap. The result was a cold which ended in a rapid consumption, and finally laid her in her grave.

It is just this matter of cooling off suddenly when overheated that sends so many of our farmers' youth to an early tomb. It is often a matter of surprise that so many farmers' boys and girls die of consumption. It is thought that abundant exercise in the open air is directly opposed to that disease. So it is, but judgment and knowledge of the laws of health are essential to the preservation of health under any circumstances.

The cool breeze, which blows in so refreshingly through the open window, is delightful to the flushed brow and heated blood, but too often there is death in the breeze, or years of lingering illness and consequent wretchedness. A friend who had spent the day in the heated city, stood out on the deck of the ferry-boat as he crossed the river, for ten minutes, perhaps, enjoying the delightful luxury of the cold, salt breeze. But soon the luxury was changed to a decided chill, which was far from comfortable. For a long time he lost the use of his voice, and his lungs were seriously threatened with permanent disease.

Teach your children when overheated to cool off slowly—never in a strong draught of air.—Gently fanning, especially if the face is repeatedly wet with cold water, will soon produce a delightful coolness, which leaves no disagreeable results.

The "ounce of prevention" theory is never of more service than in medicine. No cold comes without a cause, and Dr. Hall states that "four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise is taken." We should begin to teach our children this principle at three or four years of age—and help them to form right habits in the matter. If this were the regular custom, thousands of useful lives might be yearly spared, which are now cut off prematurely by pneumonia, often within a week of the exposure. Others would be spared long years of torture from that arch-inquisitor rheumatism, which seems to haunt our farm-houses like a ghost.—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that," asked the other eagerly.

"Only to tend this line until I come back—I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise, from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."—*Home Monthly.*

HOW TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go and visit the sick and the poor—inquire into their wants and minister to them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and I have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—*Howard.*

The only copy of the first newspaper printed in America, known to be in existence, is in the British archives in London.