

Heaths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 9th, 1869.

MATTHEW xvi. 1-20; MARK viii. 22-30; LUKE ix. 18-21: A blind man healed. The disciples profess faith in Christ.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 13, 14, 15.

Sunday, May 16th, 1869.

MATTHEW xvi. 21-28; MARK viii. 31-39; LUKE ix. 22-27: Our Lord foretells his death and resurrection and the trials of his followers.

Recite.—S. C., 16, 17, 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. IX.

- J-ason Acts xvii. 5.
O-badiah 1 Kings xviii. 4.
N-adab Levit. x. 1-7.
A-senath Gen. xli. 45.
T-irhakah 2 Kings xix. 7-9.
H-uldah 2 Kings xxii. 14-20.
A-bimelech Judges ix. 5, 52, 53.
N-eubuzaradan Jerem. xxxix. 11-14.
JONATHAN. Compare I Sam. xiv. and 2 Sam. i.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter B.

- 7. What is made metaphorical of wine, life, and sin? Show why in each case.
8. What word does Solomon use as metaphorical of hardness of heart?
9. Name a word which connects itself with Divine omniscience, providence and election.
10. Give the chief passages in which a metaphor is taken from a tree, and show how it is intended to be applied.
11. Name three words which are used as metaphorical of Christ in relation to his church.
12. What is made metaphorical of wisdom, prosperity, and consolation?
13. What is used metaphorically in connection with Divine judgment?

RUTH.

A BIBLE SONNET.

In Bethlehem's cornfield under sultry skies,
Meckly she stoops to glean, her shadowy tresses
Veiling her face, till she looks up and blesses
The reapers with the light of her sweet eyes.
Their godly master comes and soon espies
The stranger, whom he courteously addresses,
But quickly by his voice and look confesses,
That damsel fair had gleaned a golden prize.
See her for God and duty all things leaving,
A home of rest and husband of her youth
In Christ's own line and birthplace now receiving:
May we like her leave all with heart ungrieving,
Following with steadfast steps the incarnate Truth.
And feel God's comforts while to duty cleaving.
RICHARD WILTON, A.M.

A SHREWD AGENT.

A clergyman, soliciting funds for a certain literary institution, called upon a gentleman whom he well knew as able to subscribe a handsome amount, but who was rather penurious. When the object was presented, he proposed to put down a small sum, saying that he really could not afford to give more. He was urged to subscribe a larger sum, but declined. The agent then called upon a relative of the gentleman, in the neighborhood, who made a generous donation. When asked about the pecuniary ability of his kinsman, who had just been visited, he said, "Oh, he is well off—able to do three or four times as much as I am." The minister returned to the house where he had first called, and said, "What sort of a man is—?" naming his relative. "A very fine man," was the reply; "you can rely upon every word he says." "Well, he says that you are well off—able to do three or four times as much as he. He has readily subscribed so much." The gentleman acknowledged that he was "cornered," and increased his subscription.

A CHINESE FABLE.

The following discourse by a converted Chinese tailor, with reference to the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity, is worth preserving:—
"A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said: 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: if you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groined the man.
"A Buddhist priest next came by and said: 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest. But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said: 'Go, and sin no more.'"

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. XIII.

HOME OPPOSITION.

Marion continued: "I heard Adeline say the other day to a friend that she thought religious people were only fit to be at funerals, they looked so black and dismal. I could not help trying to tell them what cause a real Christian had to be happier than any one else, but my sister only said that if so, I for one did not show it. I used to think when I was at the Daltons, that wherever I was, I must be joyful when I remembered what my Saviour has done for me; and now it seems so faithless, that I should let these outward trials decompose me."

"Dear Marion, you are right in calling to mind your real cause for happiness; but do not write bitter things against yourself for feeling under trial. God would not have us insensible to his chastening discipline."

"No; but one ought to be able to rejoice when one is tried on account of one's religion. I wish I were called on to suffer as people did in old times, or even now in some countries! If I were secretly joining a little service in an upper room as they used to do at Florence, and heard the gens d'armes come in to take us to prison, I really believe I should hardly mind it as much as I do mamma's severe looks and Adeline's contempt."

"My dear, I never heard of any one who had trials sent him exactly in the way he liked. If we had to make our own crosses, we should take care to make them press lightly."

"Yes, but those confessors were able to rejoice. I met one of those Tuscan Protestants who was imprisoned at that time, and he said he was really happy in prison. Is it my fault that I cannot rejoice under my little trials as those people did in their great ones?"

"There is much to be said on that subject, dear child. In the first place, you don't hear of these people's moments of despondency; you naturally have the best side shown, and this without any intention of deceiving. It is natural they should dwell, especially in recollection, on their brightest moments. But it is certain that under very great afflictions, especially those borne for his sake, the Lord sometimes is pleased to give his people very special manifestations of his love, and to enable them to feel a joy in their inmost souls which raises them above all troubles. We are not to be surprised if this is not our ordinary lot in the everyday trials of life; but He is not the less helping us day by day, though we may not experience so sweet a sense of his support as others. But there is another consideration: it is possible, dear Marion—do not be vexed if I speak plainly—that you might suffer less if you, as we say commonly, 'managed' better."

"I am sure you are right there, and it is just because I see I must somehow have made mistakes, that I want you to hear of all my difficulties. Well, I thought I must try to have an explanation, point blank with my family. In Louisa's last letter she said to me, 'I suppose you have made your father clearly understand that you are a Christian.' I felt quite ashamed that I had been so cowardly, and resolved I would seize the next opportunity. A day or two after something had been said about missionary work, in India particularly, and papa was saying he had lived so long in India he knew by experience it was all humbug, and that no resident in India, except a few fanatics, believed in mission work among the natives. I fought hard and contrived to get in a word, but I asked what was meant by fanatics, for if the word meant real Christians, it was just what I desired to be. Then Adeline asked if I meant they were all heathens? and then I spoke out, and told them something of what I really thought and felt. Well, they could not conceive what I meant; of course, they said, they believed what the Bible taught, and believed in our Saviour, and so on; and what more did I require? I tried to explain myself, but all I said seemed taken wrong; they thought I was claiming some peculiar merit to myself, and I could not make them see what I meant. Papa called me a silly methodistical girl, who did not know what I was talking about; and mamma was very much annoyed, and told me that good breeding required people not to force their religious views on others. And so it ended; for now she always changes the conversation in a marked way whenever anything approaching a religious subject is mentioned; and she never speaks on such subjects herself, nor does papa; but Adeline is always teasing me about my Puritan nonsense, and my pretending to be so much better than other people, and so on, and that tries me dreadfully. If I were one of the good girls I read of in Louisa's favourite books, I should always have some gentle, wise answer ready, which would have an effect that no one could resist; but alas! I am not like them and never shall be, I fear."

"Well, but about your worldly amusements, dear Marion?"
"Ah! that is the difficulty. The first thing was, when we were in town, papa brought us opera tickets for a night when a very celebrated star was to sing—I did not even look at the paper, I was so afraid of being tempted—so I don't remember the name. Of course, Adeline was in raptures; and it was taken for granted we should all be eager to go. Then I spoke out and said I thought such amusements wrong and unfitting for a Christian, and that I could not attend them. Mamma was very much annoyed, and we had a very disagreeable conversation; at last papa, who was more inclined to laugh at me than be angry, said, if I liked to go to bed instead, I was quite welcome, as far as he was concerned, and he had a friend who would be very glad of my ticket. Mamma said she would

let me off this time, as we were from home; but warned me that when we were settled here she should expect both her daughters to go with her wherever she thought proper to go. Since we came home there has not been as yet much going on, and we have only twice had invitations to balls. Both these I have avoided, but at the expense of so much displeasure and irritation, and such distressing scenes, that the victory was almost as bad as a defeat. The more I resist, the more determined mamma seems; she will never rest, she says, till she has brought me round. And really things have come to such a pass that I do not know which way to turn. If it were only papa and Adeline, I should not comparatively mind, for though incessant ridicule and taunts, and allusions before strangers which I can understand, are very, very painful; still one would only just have to bear in silence; but mamma is a very resolute character; she has set herself to overcome what she calls my prejudices. I know it was on that account she has prevented my going with Emily to Mr. Harvey's church, though she made some excuse to Mr. Marsden about its making me late for dinner; and every day now brings some fresh difficulty. Oh, Miss L—, what shall I do?"

"Pray, trust, and be not afraid, dear: those are the first counsels I shall give. It is very dark now; but God will open a way. But now, if you really wish me to give you some advice, you must bear with me if I tell you some rather plain truths, and perhaps give you some pain. Can you let me speak frankly to you?"

"Oh yes, I do not think anything you could say will vex me. I know I have made some mistakes, and I am not afraid to have them shown to me."

AN "UNLUCKY" HOUSE.

Most of the notions, popular more or less in society, about the sinister character of all things associated with or following death, are as foolish and ill-founded as that of the superstitious tenant here named, and the subjects of the delusion could as easily be reasoned out of them, if all were candid and the landlords wise:

Not long since, a certain housekeeper called and thoroughly inspected an old, but substantial and well-repaired house to let, and seemed thoroughly satisfied with it; when the landlord chanced to remark that his last tenant was a gentleman of high respectability, and had lived there for ever thirty years with his family, without ever desiring to change.

"And what made him go at last?"
"Why, Madam, it wasn't his fault nor mine. He lived here and he died here."

An instant change darkened the lady's countenance, and she gave a small shriek.

"Oh!" cried she, "dear me! Died here? Then this house will never do for me. I do not want to live in a house where anybody has ever died."

"It don't hurt a house any, Ma'am, to have a person die in it."

"You may think so, but I think it is unlucky. Besides, if I lived here, I should always be thinking of the dead man. It would be dreadful unpleasant. I feel faint, now, while I think of it."

"The man wasn't murdered, Ma'am. He died a natural death."

"I presume so; but still I think it is unlucky to have any one die in a house."

"People must die somewhere, Ma'am."

"I know it."

"We must all die, some time or other."

"I know it."

"And we certainly don't want to die out of doors."

"I know it," repeated the lady firmly; "but that don't alter it a bit. I always said, and I always shall, that I never would and never could live where a person had been and died, if I knew it. O horror! how could I ever come in and out of a front door where a dead body had been carried; how could I enter a room where a man had died, and been laid out stone-cold—and I suppose he was decorated in the parlor, for visitors—best room, of course."

"But what of that? Once gone, he'll never come back to bite you."

"I know it—but there the life has departed out of him, and out of the house—that's what I think of, if I can express myself—and when the life goes out, it seems to me as if it left un-luckiness behind."

"Then this is a very unlucky world, Ma'am, for unnumbered millions have left it, in the same unlucky way; and there must be a great many unlucky houses in this unfortunate scene of mortality."

"I suppose so—though I never thought of that before."

"We are living in little better than a grave yard, Ma'am. I have no doubt that the world has been scoured all over with graves, so many have got into this ugly habit of dying. Life comes and goes like the old woman's soap."

"You appear to be a cheerful-tempered man. I wish I could take things so easy."

"I am so, Ma'am, for the matter of that. But since you have this superstitious dislike of a place where the life of a human being has departed what is your opinion of births, Ma'am?"

"Births? Oh, dear, law, Sir! They are lucky. Births are lucky. I always hold to that. I shouldn't want to live in a better place than where there had been plenty of births. That is life. That is life, coming in; and life is lucky."

"Then I can refer you to a house that I think would suit you. There were ten births in that house, all children of one family."

"Ten children born in one house? Oh, that is good! That was a lucky house indeed. And where is it?"

"This is the house, Ma'am, and they were the children of the gentleman who died here."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, heaving a sigh of amazement, and throwing up her hands with a stare, as if endeavoring to strike the balance between life and death.

"I hope you're a true American, Ma'am, and believe that the majority ought to rule. Only one life departed in this house, and ten came in. One life balances one death, and nine lives majority in favor of good luck to the house. What do you say?"

"The lady smiled, and said she would take it."

A HISTORY; OF WHOM!

I first saw him in a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and that at the earnest solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire caused by his sordid indulgence, and thought there was no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

A FABLE.

"HALLOA, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a mistake made in the stack-yard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn end of the shaves into the stack, and leaving the stubs outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under these circumstances?"

"Any thing else?" asked Shag.

The cock was offended, and shook his wattles; but answered: "Yes; I have also to remark—"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farmyards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for farmyards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you; that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware of SELF. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will not be either useful or happy; and he will be very unlike Him who "pleased not himself."

AN ARGUMENT FOR CANALS.—When the Erie Canal was talked of the subject of favoring it was discussed in a Quaker business meeting of the men. It was opposed by an influential member—no less than Elias Hicks—on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say, "When God created the world, if he had wished canals, he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty Friend" rose up and said, slowly, in the intoning voice heard in their meetings "And Jacob digged a well!" and sat down.

TEACHING IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—Somebody shows in the following rules how to teach the lesson:

- 1. Plainly—So plainly that the scholars cannot fail to understand it.
2. Earnestly—So earnestly that they cannot fail to feel it.
3. Personally—So personally (1) that they cannot miss the truth; (2) that the truth cannot miss them.
4. Kindly—So kindly that they will not fail to love the teacher; to love the truth; to love Jesus, who is at once the great Teacher and the Truth.

IRISH WIT.—Bishop Hedding, speaking of the muddy travelling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The bishop was moving along in a gig at a slow walk, when an Irishman on foot overtook him.

"Good-morning," said the bishop.

"Good-morning, yer honor," replied the Irishman.

"You seem to have the advantage of me in your mode of travelling, my friend," continued the bishop.

"An' I'll swap with yer, if yer please," was the quick reply.

MARKS OF LOVING CHRIST.—1. If we love a person, we like to think about him.

- 2. We like to hear about him.
3. We like to read about him.
4. We like to please him.
5. We like his friends.
6. We are jealous about his name and honor.
7. We like to talk to him.
8. We like to be always with him.

J. C. Ryle.