

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, March 27th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 15-22; MARK xii. 13-17; LUKE xx. 20-26: Insidious question of the Pharisees. Tribute to Caesar.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 88, 89.

Sunday, April 3rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 23-33; MARK xii. 18-27; LUKE xx. 27-40: Insidious question of the Sadducees. The resurrection.

Recite.—S. C., 90, 91.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

YOKE. Describes the service of Christ, Matt. xi. 29; cruel oppression, 1 Kings, xii. 4; spiritual bondage, Acts xv. 10.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXII.

- 1. "A quiet prince."
2. An eastern river.
3. A priest of Baal.
4. A word which sealed the doom of an empire.
5. A mighty man of valour.
6. A Levitical city.
The initials name one who was early dedicated to God; the finals name his mother.

THE MOTHER'S WALK.

A SKETCH.

It was night. Silence reigned over the land of Israel. Within the palace of Tirzah all, save one lone watcher, were wrapped in slumber.

In one of the lofty apartments, the wife of the king watched, with anxious tenderness, by the sick-bed of her son. Her true mother's heart could not leave her darling to the care of servants, willing though they were to render any service,—for all loved the gentle young prince.

Very strong and tender was the tie which bound that mother and son to each other. Her husband, flushed with success, and uplifted with pride, had turned from serving the God of Israel, and gained for himself an unenviable name, which should cling to him through coming ages, as "Jeroboam who made Israel to sin."

Influenced, no doubt, by the gentle teaching of his mother, the youthful prince Abijah worshipped the true God. To be a king like David, and reign for God in Israel, was the subject of his hopes for the future. They knew not that mother and son, as they wandered in pleasant converse on the hills of Ephraim, and turned their longing eyes towards Jerusalem joining in spirit with those who were praising God in the earthly Zion, that soon a brighter crown than ever earthly monarch wore should sparkle on that fair young brow, that his raptured eye should gaze not only on David, but on David's King, and his ear drink in sweeter songs than even those of the royal singer.

With all his faults,—and they were many,—doubtless Jeroboam loved his child, and as he noticed the death-like which rested upon the youth's face, a spasm of pain convulsed the father's features. Abijah was the heir to his kingdom, and sin-stained as Jeroboam must have felt himself to be, perchance he had pictured a brighter, purer future for his young son.

To whom will he turn in his hour of trouble: to his gods? Ah! no, he knows them powerless to aid. To the God of Israel? He had forsaken His laws, and despised His commands; he dared not call upon Him now. A sudden thought flashed across his brain. He turned to his wife, and in tones hoarse with emotion cried, "Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and get thee to Shiloh; behold, there is Abijah the prophet, which told me that I should be king over this people. And take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child."

A gleam of hope passed through his wife's soul as the king spoke. Perchance the man of God might have a message of hope for her. She would go to Shiloh. The eastern sun poured his scorching rays upon her head, her lips were parched, and her limbs weary. She heeded not, but climbed at length the steep ascent to Shiloh, and stood on the threshold of the man of God.

The blind prophet's first words showed her that her disguise was futile. "Enter," he cried, "thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent unto thee with heavy tidings." And in stern, awful words, the old man declared to his trembling listener, the terrible doom which awaited idolatrous Israel and her sinful king. Woe after woe was pronounced on Jeroboam and the people whom he had caused to sin; but as yet the mother's heart was not wolly crushed, for he had not named Abijah. It came at length. The blind prophet's voice took a softer tone, when he spoke of the young prince. "Arise," he said, "Get thee to thine house; and when thy feet enter into the city, the child shall die, and all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him; for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel."

The decision is given; silently the mother turns to retrace her steps. Could it be that she should never again meet the glance of those loving eyes, never again feel the clasp of those

clinging arms. A cry of despair bursts from her lips as the gate of Tirzah became visible. "Oh God, be merciful; I cannot pass the gate." Poor tried mother, in years to come she will bless God that her darling was taken ere the evil days came upon Israel. "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him, even length of days for ever and ever." She understands it now. She had asked an earthly thing for her boy that day, the Lord had given him a heavenly thing instead, even length of days for ever and ever. Breathing a prayer for aid, she arises and totters through the gate of Tirzah, and though her tears fell fast on her boy's face, beautiful in death, from the depths of her chastened heart she is enabled to say, "It is well with the child, I shall go to him: he will not return to me. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, oh, Jerusalem!"

OLD DOG GRIM.

Our minister was to preach to the children one Sunday afternoon, and all the little people were invited to come. Even the infant-school children were told that for once they should understand a sermon.

Little Nattie was one of the smallest boys—a bright, black-eyed fellow, just five years old. He was his mother's darling, just as all of you, dear children, are; but even while yet so small, he had one very great fault. He was a lazy little boy. He was very fond of dogs, too; and soon after the minister began to talk, Nattie whispered, "O mamma, it is a sermon about dogs; I am so glad;" and directly he began to listen with his eyes and ears and mouth all wide open, and was sure to hear every word.

The minister told about very cold countries where they use dogs for horses. He said men go to these countries in ships, and often they get fast in the ice, for the sea is full of it; and sometimes the ships are broken in pieces, and the poor men starve or freeze on the great dreary fields of ice.

Once an Englishman, Sir John Franklin, went with two ships to those frozen seas to make some great discoveries; but he never came back. After waiting many years, other men and ships went after these, to see if they could learn what had become of him. This last party came home safely, and wrote a book, telling wonderful stories about their life in the Arctic seas.

Sometimes they left their ships fast in the ice, and taking sledges with dogs for horses, travelled for many days over the ice. One of these dogs was named "Grim." He was a great strong fellow, and could draw a larger load, catch a fox quicker and eat more than any of the rest, and was a very agreeable, intelligent dog, as you shall see. He went with them once or twice, to help drag the sledge on their long journeys; but they found that with all his strength he was the first dog to lie down when they came to a rough place; all the dogs did this, and they had to unload the sledge and carry it over the bad place, and then the dogs would pull again. But old Grim was the first fellow down, and the last to start again.

The next time they were about leaving the ship, Grim was nowhere to be seen. When he found them getting ready for another sledge journey, he very quietly took himself off. They looked for him as long as they could spare time, and then had to start without him. After a day or two Grim came back to the ship, looking very innocent and very hungry, having had nothing to eat in his walk.

The next time they started, they called him to harness him, but found the poor dog was very lame. He could only walk on three legs, and seemed in great pain. Of course he was of no use and so they left him again. By the time they were out of sight, old Grim's leg suddenly grew quite well, and he was all right again; and always, when they wanted him to work, he acted in this way; he was lame, or tired, or sick, or ran away, and so was of no use to any one.

Children, I have never been to the ice countries, but I think I have seen many a dog Grim in our land. When a little boy or girl is asked to go up or down stairs to fetch something, and "he don't want to;" or when he is told to put up his toys and is "too tired;" when he can't learn his lessons because his "head aches" or his "eyes hurt;" when he wants the maid to fetch him a glass of water, and yet he can run all about the house at play—isn't such a little boy or girl very like dog Grim?

"Mamma," said little Nattie, growing quite red all over his face, "Does he mean me?" After that, when his mamma wanted help, she had only to say, "Remember dog Grim," and it was enough.—Child's Paper.

ARE WE IN EARNEST!

A little while ago, a clergyman said to a young man who never thought of his soul, "My dear young friend, I think you are going to lose your soul! You are putting off the day of salvation—neglecting all these solemn matters; going on heedlessly, I fear, to the day of your death."

The young man looked up with surprise, and said, "I don't think so! And you must really pardon me, but I have my doubts whether you really think so, or your church thinks so."

The minister was astonished. He never suspected the young man of scepticism. "How so?" he asked. "Why, my mother belongs to your church. Don't they all think as you do?" "Yes, they do."

"Well, then, don't my mother love me? And do you think she would never have told me, if she thought I was going straight to perdition? And there's my sister; don't she believe as you do?" "Yes."

"Now, then, I know my sister loves me. I affection."

know she would come and throw her arms around my neck, and tell me, 'Don't! don't! don't!' if she thought I was going to perdition."—Rev. J. W. Smith.

A HARD CASE.

A little Irish girl about six years old, living in Massachusetts, was lately telling some of her schoolmates—children of Protestant parents—what great things the priest could do. "Why," said she, "if he wished to, he could turn a man into a stone!" The other children laughed, and said, "We don't believe it." "Well," was her reply—beautiful for its simplicity—"if I was you, I wouldn't believe it; but I've got to!"

Such is the power of early education, and such the fear of priestly anathemas, that they choke down their better judgment, saying, in their desperation, "We've got to."

Mr. HURLBURT, the World's correspondent in Rome says:—"All the most intelligent Catholics whom I hope know here seem to agree with Cardinal Antonelli in regretting that the Council should ever have been held; and most of them pretty plainly express a hope that the new dogma of the Papal infallibility at least may be smothered in committee."

A letter written entirely in Chinese characters, and directed to a Chinaman in Pond Lake City, Utah, has been received at the dead-letter office at Washington. As there is no clerk in the department who can read Chinese characters, the letter cannot be returned to the writer. In view of the rapid addition of Chinamen to the United States population, the Postmaster General will shortly ask for an appropriation to appoint a Chinese clerk. Every other known language is read in the dead-letter office.

Scientific, &c.,

TO MAKE SCREWS HOLD.

Where screws are driven into soft wood, subjected to considerable strain, they are very likely to work loose; and many times it is very difficult to make them hold. In such cases we have always found the use of glue profitable. Prepare the glue thick; immerse a stick about half the size of the screw, and put it into the hole; then immerse the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible. When there is some article of furniture to be repaired, and no glue is to be had handy, insert the stick, then fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized resin, then heat the screw sufficient to melt the resin as it is driven in. Chairs, tables, lounges, etc., are continually getting out of order in every house; and the time to repair the break is when first noticed. If neglected, the matter grows still worse, and finally results in the laying by the article of furniture as worthless. Where screws are driven into wood for temporary purposes, they can be removed much easier by dipping them in oil before inserting.—Ohio Farmer.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WASHING SODA.—A German scientific journal recommends laundresses to use hyposulphite of soda in place of common washing soda. It does not attack the fabric in any way, and at the same time exerts some bleaching action which greatly improves the appearance of linen and calicoes.

SAILING IN THE AIR.—The great obstacle to aerial navigation has been the impossibility of directing the course of a balloon. A French inventor has apparently solved the difficulty, by means of a powerful exhauster which forms a partial vacuum before the balloon and drives it forward.

Accurate statistics show that the Jews are much longer lived than the Gentiles. The sanitary laws of the Jews are excellent, and where did they get them except from the Lord?

BEGGAR-WOMAN: "Please, sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving!" GENT: "Can't stop, in a great hurry: I've got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute."

OLD master Brown brought his ferrule down, His face was angry and red; "Anthony Blair, go sit you there, Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air, And his head hung down on his breast, Went right away and sat all day By the girl who loved him best.

A SONG that is just now very popular in the London music halls has the unusual feature of funniness in the idea. The chorus runs thus:

I saw Esau kissing Kate, And the fact is we all thro' saw; For I saw Esau, he saw me, And she saw I saw Esau.

The largest Sunday-school in the world is at Stockport, England. It has three hundred teachers and five thousand scholars.

Nurses give children toys to go to sleep with, and I have seen many sharp men sent to sleep by the judicious gift of some toy, or a politic pandering to some passing whim.

MEN may live in a crowd, but they must die alone. Friends and ministers can only accompany us to the pass. None of them can speak from experience, and tell us what it is to die.

A LOVE that is never reciprocated.—Neuralgic tree.

For Sunday School Teachers.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF DIVINE ORIGIN.

BY REV. LANSING BURROWS, MO.

The history of the Sunday-school is unwritten, but it is as divine in its origin as any other department of Christian labor. That is to say, if giving bread to the hungry, sympathy to sick, comfort to the prisoner, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, the Bible to the heathen,—if these things be divine in their origin, then equally so is the giving of the bread of life to our children, who look not for stones, nor serpents, nor scorpions at our hands, when they "faint for hunger in the top of every street." Had we the power to trace back through the ages ago, in which the church was alternately illumined by, or eclipsed from, its own light of a pure gospel, we should find that at the zenith of her glory not only were our communicants indoctrinated, and cleansed from filthy spots in the r feasts of charity, but infant voices too proclaimed the power and glory of the holy child Jesus. The Sunday-school was too important, too valuable an auxiliary for the Christian of the latter day to invent.

Indifference to work, however, has in some places grown into a serious obstacle, and may begin to quote the words of the Saviour charged to suit their purpose: "The Sabbath-school, is it of heaven or of men?" expecting the answer, "We cannot tell," as it fell from the lips of the discomfited Jews. If we were thus to answer, the amount of truth found in the replies would be the same in both cases. The friends of Sabbath-schools cannot afford to acknowledge a doubt upon this thing. If "every good and perfect gift" cometh down from the Father of our spirits, then has this labor of religious training of children come fresh from God's hand; for he has owned it and blessed it, and we do know that it is a gift which is good and perfect. The lambs of the fold, and the gray-grown veterans of the cross combine their voices in praise for the blessings God has given through its instrumentality. Good and perfect! yea, here, as at Peniel, hath God met us.—here have we raised Ebenezer in the midst of the rejoicings of new-born souls,—here have we seen the valleys of Baca overflowing with the waters of life,—here have we seen the Architect taking our uncouth work for polished stones in his great temple,—yea, here hath the Lord blessed us, and established our work, and crowned our labors, —and to his name, not unto ours, be all the glory, now and forever. Amen.

THE SUFFERINGS OF ILLINOIS SCHOOLS.

From the statistical report of the last annual meeting of the Baptist Sunday-schools of Illinois, we clip the following:

One item in the school blanks asked, "From what cause suffering, if any?" The replies of a portion are grouped together as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Cause of suffering and Number of schools. Includes items like 'Want of interest by parents', 'Discipline', 'Room', 'System', 'Library', 'Librarian', 'Food superintendent', 'Teachers' meetings', 'Pastor', 'Spirituality', 'Chronic indifference of church', 'Unpunctual teachers', 'Unhealthy', 'Too near other schools', 'Too much land and too few children', 'Wet weather and bad roads', 'Total depravity'.

Doubtless other schools suffer with these whose troubles are so well set forth. But how can these things be remedied? Will not brethren in various sections send us their judgment on any of these? Send brief experience, or suggestions.—Baptist Teacher.

MAKE IT BEAUTIFUL.—The Sunday school room of the First Baptist church, Newark, N. J., Dr. Fish pastor, has just been refitted and refurbished, and otherwise improved, so that it is perhaps the largest Sunday school hall (in one room) to be found in the country—seating about 900. The whole is furnished with chairs, and handsomely carpeted, and in the centre is a beautiful fountain. The cost of these splendid improvements was over \$5,000, which has been wholly paid, and is already proving itself a good investment, by the increased attendance (now averaging between 500 and 600), and the added interest throughout.

A Sunday or two ago, a little girl of four summers, delighted with the place, asked, "Is heaven as pretty as our Sunday School room?" Make beautiful the places for beautiful faces. Festoon their pillars and walls with pleasant memories and cheerful associations. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Er.

INDOCTRINATED CHILDREN.—Dr. Backus, of the Home Mission Society, tells that during his recent overland journey to the Pacific coast, Brigham Young challenged him to test the Mormon children twelve years of age.

I doing so, he found them all thoroughly indoctrinated in the Mormon creed. In this respect, Roman Catholics do not surpass them, nor do evangelical Christians of any name.

Too much stress cannot be laid on this care of the young,—on this twig-bending, which so universally determines the inclinations of the tree.