

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, December 4th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 45-50 : MARK xv. 33-37 : LUKE xliii. 44-46 : JOHN xix. 28-30 : Darkness prevails. Christ expires on the cross. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 158, 159.

Sunday, December 11th, 1870.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. IX.

The giving of the law by the hands of Moses. Exodus xix : xx. Deuteronomy iv : 11, 12. Luke xxi : 33.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LVI.

Here six words are described ; produce them, and the texts to which reference is made :—

- 1. A furious king, who furiously did ride ;
2. One of two words, to Jesus Christ applied ;
3. An early ruler o'er the promised land ;
4. A man who died the death for other planned ;
5. A prophet murdered by a wicked king ;
6. One who, forbidden, took the accursed thing.

The initials of these words the name disclose Of one whom God as Israel's leader chose.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

By the way side, near the city, Sits a beggar, poor and blind ; Who can pass him without pity ? Who so careless and unkind ? Now his sightless eyes upturning, Shaded by the leafy palms, Tears his wrinkled cheeks are burning, As he faintly asks for alms.

Lo, the multitude draw near him ; "What means this?" we hear him cry ; How the answer seems to cheer him, "It is Jesus passing by." Hear him crying, "Mercy, mercy," Though rebuked by those before, "Jesus, Son of David, mercy," Hear him crying more and more.

Now the blessed master standing, Hears the beggar's earnest cry, While in gentle tones commanding, "Bring blind Bartimeus nigh." "What wilt thou?" he asks, while o'er him Falls a halo golden bright ; Low the beggar bows before him—"Lord, that I receive my sight."

Hush! the multitude are bending, Breathless in the fading light, While his "saving faith" commending, Jesus says, "Receive thy sight!" Joy! he sees; and, upward gazing, Hails the glorious light of day ; And rejoicing, singing, praising, "Follows Jesus in the way."

WANTED, A BOY WITH TEN POINTS.

1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Polite. 10. Neat. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One of them is an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and the theatre. This costs more than he can afford, frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover the leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for some one else to fill. One by one they are reduced by death. Mind your points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at midnight. We have named ten points that will go to making up the character of a successful boy, that can easily be remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will never be ashamed to "show your hand."

ONLY.

Only one drop of water at a time that found its way from the mighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wending a little channel. Only one drop! Yet if that little child in her morning rambles had not noticed it, who can tell what the terrible results might have been?

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it hath pierced some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss-covered bank where the tiny violet grew, and caused a rich shade of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only one stray bullet that pierced the noble soldier-boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives intrusted to his keeping; yet the life-blood slowly ebbed out, and the morning sunbeam fell upon the cold face of the dead.

Only a sentinel! And yet one soul more had passed from its earthly tenement, to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

Only a drop of ink! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in the child's heart, and the quivering lips and eye told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy present; made the bed-ridden one forget the present agony for a moment as it dwelt in sunshine of joy, and lived in the warmth of that smile.

Only a word! But it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character, O how it pierced the lonely heart.

Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave through its influence! How many homes made desolate! How many bright anticipations of a glad and happy future blasted by its blighting influence!

Only a mound in the quiet churchyard, and yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost a light! some home circle has a vacant chair!

Only a child, perhaps, yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian; yours is a glorious work; hope on ever, for yours is a bright reward.

One soul snatched from the ways of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts, coupled with the grace of God, will add lustre to your crown of glory, and speak more for your happiness hereafter, than a life of selfish works.

Only a prayer! And yet it calls to you for help. It calls for good raiment and food; and Christians, shall not we, through the grace of God, answer that prayer? God grant it in His mercy.

Only a lifetime! A short day in which to prepare for death, for "as death overtakes us, so judgment will find us." Let us then gird on the armor anew, and press on, the hope of a bright hereafter being our talisman, using the weapons of prayer lest we enter into temptation, and lose the rich reward of Him who is faithful even unto death.—N. W. Presbyterian.

THE MODEL HEARER.

BY THE REV. J. I. BOWELL.

It is a solemn thing to preach the Gospel. Many books are written on the subject, and much advice—often unasked—is freely given. But it is an equally solemn thing to hear the Gospel; and therefore, without further preface, we beg leave to introduce to your notice the model hearer.

He enjoys a high state of religious experience. One proof of this is seen in the fact that he rises as early on Sunday as on any other day of the week. Like the lark, he is up with the sun, and pours forth a hymn of praise to his Creator. His first emotion on waking is one of gratitude, and it lives in his soul and strengthens through all the hours of the day. Hear him as he sings to himself with religious fervor

"Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest."

To be sure he may not be much of a singer, but he makes up in devotion what he lacks in melody. His life is a sweet hymn of praise, and its echoes will linger in the world long after he has passed away.

At family prayers, he makes special mention of the services of the sanctuary, and implores the Divine blessing upon the preaching of the Word. He believes it to be a duty to pray for the preacher, and he lives up to his duty. The other day he met Mr. Grumbler, a good brother in the church, but a little peculiar,—a man who has the misfortune to live in a chilly northeast fog, and who suffers, in consequence, from spiritual rheumatism. "Brother Grumbler," he said, with a merry twinkle of his left eye, "pray for the preacher,—as perhaps you do." Keep on praying for him, and in time his faults will decrease, until he becomes almost as good as you and I are."

The model hearer attends with his family the nearest church of his own denomination. As the distance is short, he prefers to walk, even though it is the fashion to order the carriage. He goes early, partly for the sake of example, partly to get in a right frame of mind. "I think," he says, "that a minister should be the last one to come to church, and he should always come early." He does not altogether approve of the proverb which is the favorite of tardy church-goers, "Better late than never,"

but proposes to amend it thus: "Better never late."

The few minutes before service are spent profitably. He is busy in meditation, or he opens his Bible for he always keeps a copy in his pew—and reads the Psalm: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Thus engaged, he is happily ignorant of what is passing around him. The boy with the new boots does not disturb him, nor is his attention diverted by the newly married couple, who, like birds of gorgeous plumage, flutter up the middle aisle and settle themselves in the front pew, where they can be seen to greatest advantage.

The hour for service arrives. Alas! a stranger is in the pulpit this morning. A cloud of disappointment comes over the soul of the model hearer, and quickly goes. He prefers to listen to his own pastor, yet he is thankful to hear the truth even from a stranger's lips. It is to be feared that his critical taste is not equal to his devotional spirit. He differs in this respect from many in the congregation. "I believe," he says, "that it is my duty to attend regularly my own church. Suppose our preacher has not all the gifts and graces of a great orator: what then? Hear him for the truth's sake. He has a message from the Most High—gratefully receive it. No man can grow in grace who is always making the tour of the churches, and flying from one point of the compass to the other, to hear with morbid eagerness the sensational sermons which have been duly advertised in the papers."

The fact is the model hearer believes that his preacher, whoever he may be, is a good one. No doubt this is a delusion, but then it is a blessed delusion; and it is a pity, indeed, that it does not seize all the hearers of the Word.

He is profited by the preparatory services. The opening prayer and the Scripture lessons bring his soul into hallowed communion with his God. His soul is full of peace. With joy he joins in the hymn of praise, save when the chorister leads a chosen few in some sky-soaring tune with incomprehensible variations, when he listens in mingled admiration and despair. He is now ready to hear the sermon. It proves to be a sermon which severely taxes the attention. It is very old fashioned, for it abounds in doctrinal statements, each of which is enforced by Scripture quotations. There is in it no witicism, no illustration, no funny anecdote to win a smile, and no allusion whatever to the dreadful boiler-explosion which has been the town-talk for the last two days. The sermon is a long one—over half an hour. The preacher is solemn, but not very animated. Clearly he is the victim of pulpit dignity, for he does not even, when most in earnest, flap his arms as a bird does its wings, nor pace up and down the platform like a discontented tiger in a cage. For these and other reasons, it was hard to hear him patiently. Some were asleep, some twisted their necks to look at the clock-face which beamed from the front gallery, and many others were busy with their own thoughts. But the model hearer received the truth with joy. "A good sermon," he said to himself, at the close of service. "The fruit, no doubt, of a ripe Christian experience. What a privilege to worship God—in listening to it! The fact is, I never hear a sermon but I find there is something in it to do me good." Feeling thus, Judge of his surprise as he hears the following conversation on leaving the church.

"Who was that stranger who preached for us this morning? Why, he was more tiresome than the regular preacher."

"I do not know; but a man who will preach to such a congregation as ours for forty minutes is an imposition on good-nature."

"Do you think so? Well, if he is going to preach to-night, I shall go around the corner and hear Dr. Trumpet. But I must hurry, or dinner will be served at the boarding-house before I can get there. Good morning."

Gentle reader, do you fancy the portrait of the model hearer? Does it have a strangely familiar look? Does it remind you of some one you have met, you know not where, you know not when? Look steadily; perhaps what is held up to your view is only a mirror, and that portrait so strangely familiar is only the reflection of your own face—and perhaps it is not.

DO YOU PRAY?

We should not think of asking a man whether he partook of food, or attended to the other wants of nature, for these are imperative. They cannot be ignored or neglected with impunity. To neglect them is to perish. We apprehend the danger and forestall the result, using appropriate means to prevent it. Equally imperative and more important is the demand for prayer. It is the medium of pardon, and the only means of obtaining daily spiritual food. To neglect it is to die spiritually, which is more to be dreaded than a temporal death. "Tis only while we pray we live." Hence the pertinency of the question.—Morning Star.

PAUL'S HUMILITY.

It has been remarked that soon after Paul was converted he declared himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As time rolled on, and he grew in grace, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all saints." And just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Scientific, &c.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago, Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender— Veining delicate, and fibres tender— Waving, when the wind crept down so low; Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it, Playful sunbeams darted in and found it, Drops of dew stole in, by night, and crowned it, But no foot of man e'er trod that way; Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main, Stately forests waved their giant branches, Mountains hured their snowy avalanches, Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain; Nature revelled in grand mysteries, But the little fern was not of these, Did not number with the hills and trees; Only grew and waved, its sweet wild way— No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood, Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean, Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood, Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay, Covered it, and hid it safe away; Oh, the long, long centuries since that day! Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost, Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Loss? There came a thoughtful man, Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep; From a fissure in a rocky steep He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran Fairy pencilings, a quaint design, Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine, And the fern's life lay in every line! So, I think, God hides some souls away, Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

WALKING STONES.

They have walking stones in Australia, and as we are informed, they have traveling stones in Nevada. Here is a description: "They are almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about the floor, table, or any other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a-half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows. Taken away four or five feet it remained motionless. They are found in a region that, though comparatively level, is nothing but barren rocks. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these the rolling stones are found. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron."

FACE BRICK.

When common brick is used for the outside facing of the house, it should be well rubbed down brick, and with a free use of cement water. This fills up all the interstices, and produces an even surface upon which to paint. Common brick, however, should not be used for the outside of the house, except in extreme cases, where economy has to be studied.—Builder.

The American Board of Missions has received the munificent gift from Mason & Hamlin of twenty of their best resonant case Cabinet Organs, worth between \$4000 and \$5000, which will be placed in their foreign seminaries and training schools.

One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which renders it impossible for him ever to be an intruder or a bore.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't endorse.—Billings.

The aphorism, "Whatever is, is right," would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong.—Charles Dickens.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.

He who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw when he has forgotten the cause.—Anon.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.—Lavater.

Agassiz, during the year, has discovered ten thousand different varieties of the fly.

It is said the \$90,000,000 have been sunk in journalistic enterprises in New York city.

An Irishman called at a drug store to get a bottle of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" for the Rheumatism, the druggist asked him in what part of the body it troubled him most, "Be me soul," said he, "I have it in ivery houl and corner of me."

For loss of Cud, Horn Ail, Red water in Cows; loss of appetite, rot, or murrain, in sheep; thick wind, broken wind, and roaring, and for all obstructions of the Kidneys in horses, use "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder."