

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, August 7th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 26-29: MARK xiv. 22-25: LUKE xxii. 19, 20: JOHN xiv. 1-15: The Lord's Supper. Jesus comforts his disciples. Recite—Scripture Catechism, 127, 128.

Sunday, August 14th, 1870.

JOHN xiv. 16-31: The Holy Spirit promised. Recite, S. C., 129, 130.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLVII.

Z-ebulu-n . . . . . Judges v. 14. I-dd-o . . . . . 2 Chron. ix. 29. B-aal-shalish-a . . . . . 2 Kings iv. 42. A-thalia-A . . . . . 2 Kings xi. 1, 13-16. ZIBA, 2 Sam. xvi. 1-4. NOAH, Joshua xvii. 3.

BIBLE SCENES.

NO. I.

Find the narrative in the Bible where the following picture is recorded:—

On a low green hill stands a temple and altar with its golden idol. This place is a strong frontier fortress, the key to an important region.—To the east rises a conspicuous hill covered with olive trees, and south-east a long deep ravine sweeps away to a rich plain. Its rocky sides are pierced with sepulchres, and its groves of vine, olive, and fig, are watered by the stream at their feet.—Open sin defiles this fair spot, and a king stands to offer incense to his idol amid the mean creatures he has chosen for its priests. At that moment a prophet appears and utters his solemn burden. The monarch's threatening action is suddenly arrested by Divine judgment, while the ashes fall from the riven altar. Now the stricken ruler humbly prays the seer to implore on his behalf, for God's restraining mercy. He consents; the prayer is answered, and the curse removed.

KATY'S TALK WITH THE RAIN.

"O Rain, rain rain," said little Katy Blain, "Pray tell us what you do, Running here, running there, and running everywhere, All the long, Summer day through." "We heard," said the rain, "that the mill and the plain Were fainting for lack of water; So we ran all the way, never stopping to play, Till we reached the miller's daughter." "We heard her say, 'No grist to-day,' As she gazed at the sky in sadness; Then we splashed right down on her pretty white gown, And she laughed for very gladness." "Then we ran with glee to old farmer Lee, Who was murmuring about the drought, And before he could think we made him blink, While his boys cried 'Hurra' with a shout." "We saw that the brook by the clover nook, Had almost dried away, Where lamc Bobby White made his pretty blue kite, That flew to our home one day." "So we brimmed the brook by the clover nook, And watered all the flowers, And filled the spring where the whippowills sing, Through the bright, warm evening hours." "Then we softly slid where the violets hid, And kissed them all around, And the daisies too, with their caps of blue, Every one, without a sound." "Now, Katy dear, speak a word of cheer To Bobby who plays by the brook, And tell old farmer Lee that soon we shall be With him in the clover nook." "But we must run, for the fiery sun Will catch us if we stay, And drink us up at a single sup, Good-day, Katy dear, good-day." M. V. B.

THE MODEL PRAYER-MEETING.

Even a child of eight years would have been interested in the enlivening service we are now etching. Not a moment was lost; not a syllable of persuasion was needed. One man rose, and gave a touching account of the scene a few evenings before, when he had first set up a family altar in his once prayerless house. That was his first audible prayer, and this was his first speech. While he is speaking, the tears stream down the cheek of his astonished and overjoyed wife.—Then comes a fervid prayer of thanksgiving to God from some one present, and a petition that the family altar thus raised may never be desecrated, or thrown down. After this a youth arose, with a blue jacket, and an anchor embroidered on his broad collar. He had been brought there by a tract visitor. The burden of his short, artless speech was—come to Jesus.—"Whoever will, let him come," said the sun-bright youth; "that means that everybody on board may come, from the captain to the cabin-boy. We are bound for heaven. Christ is our

pilot. The anchor is sure and steadfast. Come aboard, friends, before eight bells strike, and your time is up." No one felt like criticising this earnest lad, or objecting to his simple verbiage of the sea. He spoke as the Spirit gave him utterance. So did they all. One young man asked counsel in regard to the rightfulness of his discharging some prescribed duties in a Government office on Sabbath morning. The leader answered his questions briefly, and a brother offered prayer that God would guide aright his perplexed child, would enable him to "do right, even if it cost him his daily bread," and would deliver the land from Sabbath desecration in high places.

When his prayer was ended, a tremulous, stammering voice was heard in the farther room for a moment, and then it stopped. There was a breathless pause. Every one wanted to help him out. He began again—hesitated—stammered out a few words brokenly;—at last he said, "O Lord, thou knowest I cannot tell what I want to say; but thou hearest even what I do not say. Have mercy on my poor soul, for Christ's sake, Amen." An audible sob broke out through the whole apartment. Then outspoke a gray-haired veteran, in tones like old Andrew Peden's, among the Covenanters of the Highlands. The old man went into his prayer like Gideon into the battle with Midian. The sword of faith gleamed in his right hand; the light shot forth as from the shivered pitchers, and the whole host of doubts and sins and fears were scattered like chaff at the breath of the gale. How he took us all on eagle's wings heavenward! How he enthroned the glorified Lamb! And the close of his rapturous outbreak was in a "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs, and harping symphonies."

When the old man's prayer was ended, (it was the seventh prayer offered during that one busy blessed hour,) the time had arrived for closing the service. The leader touched his bell, and read the doxology. We were all in the very frame for that most celestial of strains—glorious Old Hundred—that magnificent battle-hymn to which Luther marched against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Immortal is that strain like him who gave it birth. There is not a Christian's tomb in all our land, where repose not the silent lips that once sang that matchless tune. If any of earth's music shall be heard amid the "new songs" of Paradise, be assured that the one surviving piece that shall outlive the Judgment, will be that "king of sacred airs," Old Hundred.

With this ancient song upon our lips, we closed our service, spent a few moments in handshakings, in introducing strangers, in cordial heart-greetings, and so ended a model prayer-meeting. A model alike in what it was, and what it was not—in what it embraced, and what it avoided. From first to last, it was an artless, honest affectionate reunion of a household of Jesus, baptized with the Spirit of the Master. There was nothing stiff, nothing forced, nothing feigned; not a faultless meeting, but as near to it as a service of sinful mortals can be. During one brief hour at least, we were delivered from that all-pervading curse of life, cant.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in Independent.

WHAT DECISION DID.

In the West lived a very proud, wealthy infidel and irreligious father, who, having one day called his family together, told them, if they went to the prayer-meeting and "got religion" as he called it, he would disinherit them, and banish them from his house. The wife and children were included in the threat. The daughter, however, continued to go to the prayer-meetings, and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. When an opportunity was afforded to make a profession, she meekly arose, and spoke of the "great change" in her heart, and of her faith in the Saviour.

The news was immediately carried to the father of the young lady. Having come home that night, she was met at the door by her father, standing with the Bible in his arms.

"Maria," said he, "I have been told that you have publicly professed, to-night, that you have religion. Is that so?"

"Father," said the girl, "I love you; and I think I love the Saviour, too."

Opening his Bible to a blank leaf, and pointing with his finger, said:

"Maria, whose name is that?"

"It is my name sir."

"Did I not tell you that I would disinherit you if you got religion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well I must do it. You cannot come into my house." And tearing the leaf out of the Bible, "There," said he, "so do I blot out your name from among my children. You can go."

She went to the house of a pious widow in the neighborhood, and heard no more from her father for three weeks. But one morning seeing her father's carriage driving up to the door, she ran out, and said to the driver:

"What is the matter, James?"

"Your father is very sick, and thinks he is going to die; and he is afraid he shall go to hell for his wickedness, and the grievous wrong he has done you in disinheriting you, and turning you from his house. He wants you to jump into the carriage and come home as quickly as possible."

She found her father sick, sure enough, on going home; but she soon saw he was only sin-sick. She talked with him, prayed with him, and endeavored to lead him to Christ. In three days, the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, making the whole family, were all rejoicing in hope.

The death of the body no more interrupts the life of the soul, than the breaking of a crystal glass destroys the sunbeam that shined so brightly in it.

THE TEN YEARS.

"Just seventy to day, sir!" said a handsome old gentleman, as he proudly drew himself up, "and as active as ever I was: there are few men of my age can say that."

"Few, indeed," was the reply. "You have had a long life, and ten years of it to acquaint yourself with God, and prepare for heaven. Did that ever strike you before?"

"No, it did not: please explain."

"Well, one-seventh of the time, every Sabbath day, makes ten years out of seventy: does it not? So you have had ten whole years of time given to care for your soul alone: what a responsibility to answer for!"

The old man seemed startled. He had lived to the world and for himself, and his own soul and his fellow creatures were the poorer for it; and now the accumulation of ten whole years of time to be specially inquired of as regarded his use of them for his soul's welfare placed his Sabbath-days before him in a light he had never seen them in before.

"Good gracious!" he said: "you place the thing in an uncomfortable way. I hope I won't be judged in that manner. I have done my best, and wronged no one: and I hope God is too merciful to inquire closely. Who could stand it?"

"Who, indeed, could stand before God?" was the earnest reply. "In his own right, not one; for all have sinned, and come short. But there is a way in which we can be justified; and that is through Jesus Christ, the well-beloved Son. O my friend! let me be faithful with you. Think how differently you could look back upon your seventy years if you had used them in his service, and were ready to say, 'Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me!' The ten years of Sabbaths would not then stand up in awful array to frighten you and judge you, and show you a life all poverty and barrenness."

"If I had but my life to go over again," said the conscience-stricken old man, "I would live differently; but it is too late."

"No, indeed! Blessed be God, it is never too late while life lasts, to turn to the Lord, and witness for him. Now, in your eleventh hour, go and pray God that your seventieth birthday may be the beginning of a new life to you.—Though it be but to fling—to use the words of an old sailor—the rag-end of a life in the face of the Redeemer, still be encouraged. He never casts out any who come to him: he says 'Whoever; and you may take him at his word.'—Christian Banner.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN RUSSIA.

According to the ritual, "When the bridegroom is presented, the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, and friends and neighbors, on both sides, are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the match-maker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The father first, then the mother kisses him. The bride's father then leads the young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread on it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings—one of gold, the other of silver—are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms. With this image they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother, and then gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this the father and mother of the bridegroom do the rings. The bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, and the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat and drink, and separate, after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between the ceremony and the marriage the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often *tete a tete*. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because during the ceremony a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the joys which await them, and the eternity of these ties. During the public celebration of the marriage, the rings worn by the young couple are exchanged: the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company are invited to go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after, they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage."

A HORSE GETTING HIMSELF SHOD.

A horse having been turned into a field by its owner, in the parish of Ashelworth, England, was missed therefrom the next morning, and the usual inquiries were made as to what could have become of him. He had, it seems, been shod new a few days before, and as usual got

pinched in a foot, and desirous of relieving the cause of pain, he contrived to unhang the gate of his pasture with his mouth, and make the best of his way to the smithy, a distance of a mile and a half, waiting respectfully at the door till the bungling artist got up. The smith relates that he found him there at opening his shed; that the horse advanced to the forge and held up his ailing foot; and that he himself, upon examination, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully; which, having been done, the sagacious creature set off at a merry pace homewards. Soon after a servant passed by the forge in quest of the animal, and upon inquiry, received for answer: "O! he has been here and got shod, and gone home again."

Missionary Intelligence.

COLORED PREACHERS FOR THE FREEDMEN.

Since the emancipation of the colored people in the Southern States, the attention of the U. S. Home Missionary Society, has been largely occupied on behalf of the Freedmen, especially the preachers. In the Macedonian for July, we find the following in reference to this very important work:—

EDUCATION OF COLORED PREACHERS.—This has been our chief work among the freedmen, and must continue to be for years to come. God calls colored men to the ministry as truly as white men, and preach they feel they must—preach, we may be sure they will—educated or uneducated. The question for us to answer is, shall they be properly trained for their work?—To this question, happily, we as a people, South, North, West, East, give an unanimous, almost an enthusiastic affirmative. Here are a few specimen testimonies from Southern men themselves on this subject: A Baptist minister, whose birth, education, and antecedents are all Southern, called at the Home Mission Rooms, and said:—

"I have not conversed with an intelligent man since the close of the war, whose opinion was not decidedly in favor of educating the colored people. We have to live with them as citizens, and we want them to be intelligent citizens."

Another writes from Mississippi:—

"The interest taken by the Home Mission Board in the education of the Freedmen meets the approbation of many Southern hearts—once slaveholders. We always wanted the race evangelized, and now we are as anxious to see them enlightened. Their prejudices will not let us reach their hearts at present, so you must begin the work. Suitable instructors are sadly needed."

A former Virginia slaveholder addressed the following urgent words to one of the Secretaries while travelling in that State:—

"Educate the leaders, sir, by all means! For goodness' sake, for the Lord's sake, do your utmost to educate the colored preachers and teachers. They prefer not to hear white preachers. They will follow their own leaders. And, in many cases, it is the blind leading the blind, and both are tumbling into the ditch."

Rev. Edw. Lathrop, D. D., just returned from a Southern tour, writes:—

"I would say, emphatically, Throw all your strength into schools for the education of a competent ministry. On this point I am afraid that our churches are not half aroused. It is my deliberate and firm conviction, that, if we fail in this, our work at the South, among the colored population, will come to a disastrous end. This, in so far as the Freedmen are concerned, is the great work of the Home Mission Society. We must educate a ministry for this people or abandon the field."

Animated by this spirit, we have carried on the work of teaching at numerous places in the South, the chief of which are as follows:—

Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va.; Raleigh, N. C.; Augusta, Ga.; New Orleans, La.; Nashville, Tenn. and St. Louis, Mo. We have also commissioned a goodly number of our colored students to teach and preach during their vacations, and God's blessing has signally tended their efforts.

MENNONITES COMING TO TENNESSEE.—The enforcement of a recent law in Prussia, rendering military duty compulsory upon all citizens, has decided the Mennonites to leave, in a body, that country. Their numbers, in 1869, was estimated at 10,000. The valley of the Vistula, redeemed from overflow by the industry of this people, is now "the garden spot of Prussia." Their leaders are in correspondence with reference to the purchase of a large tract of land in Tennessee, which, doubtless, they will soon make to blossom like the rose.

A Sunday school man of Wisconsin, of small means and a large family to support by the harbor of his own right hand, has lately given a month's time, bearing his own expenses, to holding conventions and institutes. Others to whom the Lord has given heart to work and ability to instruct have done likewise.

A want has been felt and expressed by Physicians, for a safe and reliable purgative; such a want is now supplied in "Parsons' Purgative Pills."

Henry K. Bond, of Jefferson, Maine, was cured of spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the stomach, by the use of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."