

Church Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, January 30th, 1870.

MATTHEW XX. 29-31; MARK X. 46-52; LUKE XVIII. 35-43; XIX. 1: The healing of two blind men near Jericho.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 75, 76.

Sunday, February 6th, 1870.

LUKE XIX. 2-28; JOHN XI. 55-57; XII. 1, 9-11: The visit to Zaccheus. Parable of the ten pounds. Jesus arrives at Bethany, six days before the Passover.

Recite.—S. C., 77, 78.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

S.

- 1. SHEPHERD: JOHN X. 11. SERVANT, IS. LIII. 11. SEN, MAL. IV. 2. STONE, 1 PET. II. 4, 6. SCEPTRE, STAR, NUMB. XXIV. 17. 2. SALT, MATT. V. 13. STEWARDS, 1 PET. IV. 10. SHOWERS, MIC. V. 7. SHEEP, JOHN X. 27. SOLDIERS, 2 TIM. II. 3. STONE, 1 PET. II. 5. STRANGERS, 1 PET. II. 11. 3. SEA: IN CONNECTION WITH THE GENTILE WORLD, IS. LX. 5; WITH WICKED MEN, IS. LVII. 20; WITH INSTABILITY OF CHARACTER, JAS. I. 6. 4. SEAL (VERB): THE HOLY SPIRIT, EPH. IV. 30; DIVINE SECRECY, DAN. XII. 4; PROTECTION, REV. VII. 3; AND WITH RESERVATION UNDER PUNISHMENT, REV. XX. 3. 5. SALTED, MARK IX. 49. SCOURGE, IS. X. 26. SIEGE, MIC. V. 1. SACKCLOTH, IS. I. 3. SMOKE, IS. XLV. 31. STREAM, IS. XXX. 28. STORM, IS. XXIX. 6. STRIPES, PS. LXXXIX. 32. SWALLOW, LAM. II. 2. SWEEP, IS. XLV. 23. SWORD, DEUT. XXXII. 41. 6. SHADOW: USED IN CONNECTION WITH DEATH, PS. XXIII. 4; DIVINE CARE, PS. XCI. 1; AND THE LAW OF MOSES, HEB. X. 1.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXVIII.

Who, after Sarah's death, did Abraham wed? Who left a monarch in his chamber dead? Who to his elder brother was preferred? Who sad reminder in a cock's crow heard? Whence came an eunuch who true wisdom sought? Who would not by his father's friends be taught? By these initials let us find, What God will always prove, To those who keep his holy ways, Relying on his love.

REPLY TO WORD-SQUARE.

C A N E. A W A Y. N A M E. E Y E S.

AN EXERCISE IN TRANSLATING.—The following is the first stanza of what is said to be a manuscript recently discovered in one of the religious establishments in Italy. It is not of much consequence whether it be really so or not.

TRES FELICULÆ.

Felinulæ tres, chirothecis amissæ, Tum miffilantes coperæ: "O mater amanda! res est suspicianda Chirothecæ quod abiere." Quid! perdidistis una cum istis, Catullulæ matæ? arto creata habere. Mihil heu, mihil heu, a mhi hue.

We shall reward those diligent little scholars who try to turn this into English by giving them the translation next week.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

Trouble never lasts forever. The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars—if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air. A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness; but get that which you can keep and is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay. When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire, a fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knows no rest: The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day. Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips off clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick: A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than tigers and lions, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room— Be on your guard, and strive and pray, To drive all evil thoughts away.

A STORY OF FIFTY-TWO PRAYER-MEETINGS.

How easy it is for neglect to get into a habit; and how frivolous an excuse appears, which written and printed, which nevertheless, is silently rested in; and how little a matter will keep one from fulfilling the duty to attend prayer-meeting: when there is not a real attraction felt for it, such as makes absence a self-denial: and various other lessons worth learning, may be found in this "story" which we copy from Packard's Monthly, and commend as an undoubted truth—to a common phase of human nature:

"To be sure," said I to myself, one year ago the last week in December, "to be sure, this is the evening of our church prayer-meeting, but as I have not been much this year, it is scarcely worth while to begin now. I'll just wait until next week, and then begin the year right, and go all the time."

Well, it so happened that the first evening of the year fell upon the evening of the regular prayer-meeting, and there was none. Of course, although I wanted to go, I couldn't. The next week my neighbor and particular friend, Mrs. Lamb gave a party. Now Mrs. Lamb is a member of our church, and most undeniably did wrong; but then she is a very dear friend of mine, and I can go to prayer meeting every week of the year, but it is not every week that I can accept an invitation from Mrs. Lamb, therefore, sorry, as I was, I felt that I must go to the party. The next week Miss Kellogg was here. Now I work pretty hard, and am fond of music, and I need some entertainment, and I really felt it my duty to go there, for Miss Kellogg does not sing every week. You see I was, at least, excusable.

The next week it snowed; the next it rained; the next it was terribly cold, and the next it was warm and thawing, and so wet under foot. The next week Gough lectured, and as I can go to prayer-meeting every week, I thought I might just for once go to hear Mr. Gough. The next week I had a headache; the next a dress-maker; and the next, which was the twelfth, a very hard cold. So you see I could not go any the first quarter. The following week it was very dark, and I had no company. The fourteenth I was going, but just as I was about to start I heard that our "beloved pastor" was away, and that Deacon Quickset would lead the meeting. Now I don't like Deacon Quickset. He was so unkind as to say, upon one occasion, that he believed that if I would make an effort I might get out to prayer-meeting; as if I were not constantly making an effort; and he ought to know that I always go when it is at all consistent. He had better remember that "charity covereth a multitude of sins." I am sometimes obliged to be absent from prayer-meeting, but I do not talk about my neighbors. As Deacon Q. was going to lead the meeting, I did not feel it my duty to go. The next week, I will confess, I forgot it until it was too late. The next week I started, but was so vexed to find that my time was too slow, and I was again late. The sixteenth I did not feel at all well, and the next I went to visit a sick friend. You know it is as much our duty to visit the sick as it is to attend meetings. The next week, unfortunately, there was a wedding in one of the churches to which I received an admission card, and as I could go to prayer-meeting every week, and particularly as the bride's dress was said to be very elegant—the trail at least four yards long—I just thought I would go to the wedding. The next week I was very tired; it was our house-cleaning, and Bridget took it into her head to take this time of all others to get the ague; and then the week after that it was too warm to wear my hood, and my new hat was not trimmed. For the next two months I was out of town, and I never enjoy going to social meetings where I am a stranger, and so I did not think it best to go. The first two weeks after I returned from my summer tour I was altogether too tired. One's health is of the first importance. The next Wednesday, which was the thirty-fourth of the year, was a happy day for me. Nothing interfered with my regular and my established plans, and I went to prayer-meeting. How pleasant it was! I really think Mrs. Lamb ought to make an effort to go. I mean to speak to her about it. The thirty-fifth week my poor cousin wished me to stay at home with her; she was disappointed about going out herself, and she said as I went out last week she really thought I might. As I did not wish to seem ill-natured, of course I could not refuse; do you think I could? The next week there was a heavy thunder-storm, and I am afraid to go out when it lightens. The thirty-seventh, thunder again. I often wonder that Providence should interfere in this way with what really seems to be our duty. The thirty-eighth it was excessively warm, and the thirty-ninth was the only evening in the week when my regular dress-maker could fit my dress. The fortieth week there was to be a Bible agent, or something of that sort, and I hate agents. The forty-first there was a festival in another church, and as I am not a sectarian at all, and think it our duty to help one another, I thought I ought to go there. The next week I staid at home to write to my dear mother. I went riding the night before, and had an invitation to the theatre the next night, and so was obliged to take this

night for my letter, though I was sorry. The following week I was obliged to stay at home to finish a tating tidy I was making for the orphan fair. Surely the orphans must not be neglected; and the next week I was at the fair. I should have gone to meeting, but they had put me upon a committee, quite against my wish; and the next week I was suffering from a severe cold, which I had contracted while working for the orphan fair. The forty-sixth I was rather obliged to go to another party, though I am principled against such things generally. But, if people will give parties on such nights, what can a person do? The forty-seventh, most unluckily, occurred upon the evening of my birthday. I could not help that, of course, and a person's birth-day only comes once a year, and you can go to a prayer-meeting any time. So we thought it only right to be social, and we invited a few particular friends. One gets dropped out of society very soon if their invitations are not returned, and I have often heard ministers say that our social duties are quite as bindings as our religious ones, or at least something to that effect. The next week I started, but at the gate I met my dear young friend, who is just getting ready to be married, and she was so anxious I should go with her to give some orders respecting her wedding hat, that I could not refuse, particularly when she said she would trust no one's taste and judgement but mine. Besides, as she will only be married once (at least not unless John should die), I suppose it was my duty to go with her. The two following weeks I was just as busy as I could be, for we had decided to have a Christmas tree, and I was getting ready for it. I fully resolved to go after Christmas. Well, the last week of the year had gone. I was tired and blue, and did not feel like going out, and it did seem to me that I had better wait for the New Year again, and then go all the time. But you see I really intended to do so this year; and Mrs. Lamb says that she heard our minister say that God would give us credit for our really good intentions; and that is a great comfort, I am sure, and much more charitable and sensible than that other really profane remark, which I have heard vulgar people quote from some old-fashioned fellow, that "The way to hell is paved with good intentions."

THE RECHABITES AND THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

The Divine promise was given—"Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab, your father, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Now, look at the fulfilment. The great Dr. Wolff, the Jewish missionary, has left on record the suggestive fact that on his arrival in Mesopotamia some Jews that he saw there pointed him to a descendant of the ancient Rechabites. He stood like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. He was much pleased when he saw the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, as he could read both languages, but he had no knowledge of the New Testament. Dr. Wolff asked him whose descendant he was, and he replied, "Mousa is my name, and I will show you who are my ancestors," reading Jeremiah xxxv. 5-11. "Where do you reside?" inquired Dr. Wolff; and, turning to Genesis x. 27, he answered—"At Hadorman, now called Simar by the Arabs; at Usal, now called Sanan by the Arabs;" and, referring to another verse of the chapter, he continued—"At Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed; and live in tents, as Jonadab, our father, commanded us. Hobab was our father, too. Come to us, and you will find us 60,000 in number, and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled." Then, having read the prophecy, Mousa the Rechabite mounted his horse and fled away.—Belfast News Letter.

MAHOMET'S BIRTHDAY.—EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

Writing from "Cairo, Nov. 1st," the Daily News correspondent says:—The great public ceremony of the Mussulman year took place today. The prostrate bodies of fanatics were ridden over by the Sheik el Bekree; live snakes were eaten, glass crushed and swallowed, bodies slashed with swords, cheeks and breasts pierced with sharp metal instruments which were left sticking in the wounds they made, and hundreds of men and boys shrieked and writhed, and wrestled, in what professed to be a mad ecstasy of religious fervor. All this was gone through in the public streets, in broad daylight. The chief performers were of the rank of what are called "street Arabs" at home; though here and there men of a grade higher wound themselves up by shrieks and prayers and then threw themselves down with the rest.

Christian graces are flowers which bloom in the shade as well as in the sunshine. They often open at sundown; they ever shed their fragrance after a shower.

The bird that soars on loftiest wing. Builds on the ground its lowly nest; And she, that doth most sweetly sing, Sings in the shade, when all things rest.

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble, Which I hope will fit when you try it; It will last you long, if it's half as strong As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

An editor in Illinois gives notice that "there will be no paper this week," as his wife is using the scissors.

A WESTERN paper calls a ten-inch gun the x pounder of cannon law.

Scientific, &c.,

THE SUN; WHAT IS IT?

Scientific men have advanced various conjectures as to the material of which the sun is composed and whether or no it is in a state of activity. Some have offered opinions that it is in a state of conflagration and advancing towards the earth with great rapidity, Professor J. D. Steel, has recently communicated the following to the Elmira Advertiser:

It has been known for some time that during a total eclipse, red flames were seen to play about the edge of the moon. During the eclipse of 1868 and 1869, it was definitely settled that they were entirely disconnected from the moon, and were vast tongues of fire darting out from the sun's disc. By observations with the spectroscope of the sun taken by Dr. De La Rue during the eclipse of 1868, it was discovered that these great mountains consisted mainly of burning hydrogen gas. This was precious information to secure in the midst of the excitement, and novelty, and in the brief duration of a total eclipse.

It did, however, satisfy scientific men. For two years Mr. Lockyer, aided by a grant from Parliament, to construct a superior instrument, had been experimenting and searching in order to detect these flames at other times than at the rare occurrence of a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1868, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterwards traced entirely round the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time.

The result of observations now being taken show that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes sweep over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools; huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out eighty thousand miles and then died away, all in ten minutes time. Besides such awful convulsions the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance.

There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have, in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have no means of investigating their nature and measuring their height and velocity, furnishes no cause of anxiety. Rumors of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and, exaggerated by repeated copying with sensational additions, have given rise to these mysterious and uncalled for predictions.

OXYGEN is one of the best stimulants known, and the safest as administered by a kind Providence. Very delicate invalids may sometimes find certain climates too stimulating; but, other than that, no one is ever injured by taking too much fresh air. When one feels languid and even weak, to walk out doors, quickening the breathing and giving the benefit of pure air, will restore the strength more quickly than brandy. Clergymen may take advantage of this fact if called to pulpit effort while feeling weak. A few deep inspirations, taken deliberately before commencing the sermon, will infuse a fresh life into them. In fact, they should cultivate the habit of fully inflating the lungs, and freeing them from bad air, before preaching and during preaching. It will both strengthen and improve the oratory.

NEAR SIGHTED people who are much engaged in writing or reading had better have the paper raised to meet their eyes rather than bend down to the paper; this, not only for the fuller expansion of the lungs, but because in an erect position of the head the bloodvessels have their freest action. To interfere with these is to deprive the brain of its full nutrition through the flow of blood, oftentimes when it is most needed, and to throw the blood back upon the heart.

A PERFECT WATERPROOF.—A writer in the Illustrated Times says: "By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of my readers, I will give the receipt: In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead, and a half a pound of powdered alum; stir this, at intervals, until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in twenty-four hours and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party,—a lady and a gentleman,—have worn garments thus treated, in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is, in every way, better than what we know as waterproofs."

SOMETHING FOR DR. DARWIN.—Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. "How so, pray?" said the baronet. "Why," continued the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin—'About this time the world was created.'"