

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 11th, 1870.

CONCERT.

Sunday, September 18th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 30, 36-46: MARK xiv. 26, 32-42: LUKE xxii. 39-46: JOHN xviii. 1: The agony in Gethsemane.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 138, 139, 140.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

NO. III.

King Abijah with four hundred thousand of the men of Judah meets Jeroboam with eight hundred thousand men who attack Abijah "behind and before." The men of Judah call upon the Lord and he delivers them so that five hundred thousand are slain on the battle field giving a lesson of

TRUST AND TRIUMPH.—2 Chronicles 13, 3-17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. L.

- 1. Name the first moorings of the ship first built.
2. And where, in figure, Isaac's blood was spilt.
3. Say how the apostle spells a prophet's name.
4. Where Samuel first saw Israel's altar flame.
5. Repeat the prophet Haggai's interjection.
6. And God's own name of relative affection.
7. Describe the sixth of Simeon's dwelling places.
8. And one of Asia's churches, first in grace.
9. Of Japhet's offspring, name the third of four.
10. And of Christ's symbol names the last explore.
11. Say last, whom God, for Israel's priest, did choose;
And all the first and final letters use.
This was the holy prophet's name.
And where he dwelt, or whence he came;
And that his humble calling shows—
No bar, where God his grace bestows.

SAMSON'S RIDDLES.

A SONNET BY REV. RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

Through Timnath's vineyards as alone he strayed,
Roused from its secret lair, a lion rared;
With his bare hands and help from heaven implored,
Lifeless the tawny monster soon he laid.
Passing once more he sought the same green shade,
When lo! a swarm of bees had strangely stored
In the bleached skeleton their fragrant hoard,
And there a dainty feast for him had made.
Thus in our path when threatening danger rises,
Let us trust God and it will disappear;
His Providence assumes alarming guises
To make us fly to Him, unseen, but near;
While Love prepares a thousand sweet surprises
God's ways to our weak hearts the more to endear.

"FATHER KNOWS."

A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry goods. His little son was standing near, and, as his father took the packages from the box, he laid some of them upon the arm of the boy. A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said,—"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?" "Never mind," answered Johnny, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry." Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt that his father would not lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not over-task it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in Him that God desires all His children to possess.

In a railroad car, the seats were full, except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about going into a back car, when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it. "Never ye mind that," said the gallant Hibernian, "yer're welcome to it. I'll ride upon the cowcatcher to New York any time for a smile from such jiltin'-manly ladies," and he retreated into the next car amid the cheers of his fellow-passengers.

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, argued: "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

GARDEN PRAYER MEETINGS.

Although the fashionable newspapers frequently have much that is pleasant to record of the "garden parties," now so largely in vogue among aristocratic families, it is very doubtful whether any of these, even including that recently given at Windsor by the queen ever possessed features of greater interest than those which are to be found associated with some of the garden prayer meetings which during the summer months, are not uncommon in the country, especially in the midland and southern counties. These rural gatherings are organized in a very simple manner. A number of Christian friends meet in a garden or pleasure ground belonging to one of their number, or specially lent for the occasion, where, surrounded by trees and flowers they devoutly join in prayer and melodious strains of thanksgiving. The number present varies from six or seven to two or three hundred according to the extent of accommodation afforded by the place. In one of our southern counties a wealthy land owner, who possesses a large orchard and extensive shrubberies, is in the habit of inviting his poorer neighbors at least once in each fortnight during the summer, into his garden, where they find tables covered with plates of ripe, tempting fruit awaiting them on the lawn, under the grateful shade of the tall and richly foliaged trees. There is no stint in the supply of fruit. Strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, currants, or whatever fruits may be in season are furnished in lavish profusion. Then comes a stroll through the grounds after which the company reassemble on the lawn for the purpose of taking part in the prayer meeting. Very picturesque is the scene during the singing of one of the grand old hymns so familiar to the lips of the simple villagers.—Many an artist has selected a far less promising subject for the exercise of his pencil. Yet we question if the spectacle were more touching than that at which we ourselves were present in one of our small midland towns. It was of a private, almost a family character, a circumstance which added considerably to the genial impression which it created on our minds, and was held in an open space in the centre of a large orchard belonging to one of the party. Here, surrounded by shrubs, flowers and fruit trees, with the clear blue sky above, and a broad expanse of meadow and woodland stretching out before them, the little band of worshippers raised their voices in grateful strains of praise or breathed their fervent tones of prayer. It would be difficult to imagine anything more touching or impressive. It was a picture which would have softened the heart of a stone. There was no affectation of piety all was simple earnestness and loving zeal; and as the music of the hymns floated heavenward accompanied by the warblings of feathered songsters, the humming of countless insects, and the rippling murmurs of the neighboring stream, it was impossible to resist the strange influence of the scene. It was literally the worship of the Almighty in the temple of Nature; and as the bright sunshine streamed through the wilderness of branches which rose up proudly behind us, we thought how cold and lifeless appeared the most magnificent of cathedrals, erected by the labor of human hands, compared with this little spot of garden enclosed by the manifold charms of nature. Long, very long afterwards, we thought of this pleasant gathering, and once mentioning it to a friend, he was reminded of something similar witnessed by him during a visit to Devonshire. He had just left the chapel in the little village where he was staying—it was a Sunday evening—when he was attracted by the sounds of singing which appeared to proceed from a garden close by. Tempted by curiosity, he passed through the gateway, which stood invitingly open, and speedily found himself in the presence of a large party of villagers, who were seated on chairs and forms ranged in semi-circular form around a table, on which was placed a small desk. An awning of canvas protected them from the glare of the evening sun, and enabled them to use their hymn-books without their eyes becoming dazzled with the unnatural whiteness of the pages. The lawn where the gathering took place was surrounded by beautiful gardens, and at the bottom of a walk leading from the spot of meeting pleasant glimpses could be obtained of statues, fountains and rich conservatories, for the proprietor of the ground was possessed of taste as well as wealth and kindly feeling. The prayers were of a very simple character. There was nothing artistic in their delivery, for the poor villagers knew nothing of the tricks of oratory; yet they possessed an eloquence that many a popular preacher might have fairly envied. They told, in their own rude uncouth way of harsh nature rendered warm and loving by the blissful influence of religion, of households made happier by its welcome presence, of trials rendered lighter by its cheery teaching. If ever true happiness on earth was to be found, it was in that little Devonshire garden prayer meeting.—Christian World.

A wag having a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his store one day, as he was serving several customers, with an immense dead cat, which he quickly deposited on the counter, saying: "This makes nineteen; as you're busy now, we'll settle another time," and he was off in a twinkling. The customers, aghast, soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

"I have just met your old acquaintance, Daley," said a Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see how he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

Some men are always employed in repairing damages—in re-confessing their sins, and getting them forgiven over and over again. Instead of leaving them to be cleansed away in a Saviour's blood, they run over the whole black catalogue again and again and are never free from the yoke of bondage. A good old deacon tells this to his minister, and wonders "how he can be relieved?"

"How can you be relieved? A strange question now let me ask. Have you laid all your sins at Jesus' feet?"

"Laid your deadly doings down—"

Down at Jesus' feet?"

Have you really done it?"

"Why, yes; I have really done it, I trust, many and many a time, and yet they return upon me."

"Return upon you? How is that, when God says: Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more forever?"

"I know—I know. But it seems impossible for my repentance to stay repentance. It comes up to be repented of."

"Are you a Roman Catholic, deacon?"

"No—no. Why do you ask?"

"I mean that we sometimes may fall into the snare of a Roman Catholic devil and be all our life long in a sort of purgatory. If we have repented, we have been forgiven. We are reconciled unto God through the death of His Son. Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I try to."

"That is not right. Trying to believe is not believing. You must believe God."

"Yes—yes! I try to."

"Now, deacon, I remember your son stoutly rebelled against your authority some time ago afterward felt sorry and repented of his sin, and very humbly asked you forgiveness. Did you forgive him?"

"Of course I did."

"What did you forgive him for?"

"Because I could not help it when I saw how sorry he was."

"And does he still ask for forgiveness?"

"No—no! Nothing is said about it. It is all settled forever."

"Now, do you believe that you can be better to your son than God is to you? He pardons like a God."

A man, who seemed to be a clergyman, said he was glad to hear the Gospel so admirably set forth. Few receive it in all its fullness, and hence few have its abundant consolation. Let us believe God in all His promises, and lay hold on the hope set before us.

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

"Liquor fattens; whiskey is a good tonic; bitters aid digestion." These are statements made every day with considerable confidence, and in a manner well calculated to impose on a certain class of minds; hence, it is well that the friends of true temperance should have at hand the weapons of their warfare against the liquor traffic.

If alcohol is food, why not give it to our horses?"

If liquors fattens, why not give it to our beef cattle, our turkeys and our pigs; a good dram of it might do them good?"

If whiskey is a good tonic, that is, gives a good appetite, why is it that so many whiskey-drinkers, the men who are always full and never empty, eat so little; and on the contrary almost live on whiskey, and they want nothing else but leisure to drink it.

If "bitters" aid digestion, why is it that those who take them all the time are never well?"

But suppose that in some cases spirits do fatten, it is a watery fat; gives no strength, but increases the inability to work, and the susceptibility to all prevalent diseases. In cholera and all epidemics the liquor drinkers are the first to die.

If liquor fattens, why is it that we see so many spindle-shanked drunkards? Whiskey-drinkers are often long, lank and lean, with so little flesh on their bones that the skin seems almost to cling to them, and so tottering are they in their step that the wind is ready to blow them away at any moment.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A JOKE ON THE CHOIR.

Many years ago there was in the Eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a good joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use; it so happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the Summer he got out of the pasture, and came belouping up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality; perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor; at any rate, the doctor was in the midst of his sermon when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time; it annoys me very much."

The people tittered, for they well knew what the real state of the case was.

The minister went on again with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and again exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lefevor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Mr. Lefevor got up, much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It isn't me, Parson B——; it's th—— that mischievous town bull!"

GREAT HUMILITY.

The following advertisement appeared lately in a Philadelphia paper:—

DIED.—At Snohoming, W. T., D—E—, of Philadelphia, in January last, of consumption, in the 48th year of his age.

God takes the good—too good on earth to stay— And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

HIS ONLY BROTHER.

It is to be hoped that the self-depreciation of the only the only brother is an excessive as is the eulogy of the deceased.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A man who has recently got out of the law, says he wants to obtain a large framed picture of a cow with one client at the head and another at the tail, pulling, and the lawyers meanwhile quietly milking. Such a picture would also illustrate very well the folly of rations that engage in war, only that military commanders, army contractors and office seekers should be substituted for the lawyers.

As a pilot that steers the ship has his hands upon the rudder, and his eye at the same time upon the star above, so should we be diligent in the use of means, but look up to God for direction.

For Sunday School Teachers.

WHEREVER THERE ARE BAPTISTS, THERE SHOULD BE BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

In all Union Sabbath Schools, important truths are purposely and by mutual agreement kept out of sight. Of the Baptism of Christ, as an example for us to follow, or of baptism as a figure of His burial and resurrection no one is expected to speak. Everything explaining or defending the ordinances, or teaching the truths by which Baptists are distinguished from others, is denied a place in the books, tracts, cards, and papers used in Union Sabbath Schools. In all such unions, Baptists are compelled to conceal their own convictions, and to hide a portion of their light under a bushel. It is a "Union bushel," made for the purpose of concealing the Baptist portion of light. All such unions, so far as they conceal, silence, or require even a temporary surrender of a fractional part of the truth as it is in Jesus, are organized conspiracies against Jesus. To those who are prepared to write "non-essential" on an ordinance of Christ, and on any truth that may be in the way of union, it is of small moment. They can defy union, and deny Christ, to do it. Not so with an intelligent Baptist. He cannot "go beyond the word of the Lord to do less or more." The moment that he does he ceases to be the Baptist that he should be. Consequently, if there is but one Baptist in a community, that one must of necessity remain true to his "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." In the absence of a Baptist Sabbath School, he may, if permitted, enter and teach in another, but only as a Baptist. If as a Baptist he is competent to organize and conduct a school, he had better do it; and we think if he can only gather and teach a class, and supply it with books and papers, he had better do so, that thus the word of God may grow and multiply among the people, until the truth shall make them free.

Let Baptists everywhere have their Sabbath Schools to teach the truth as God has given it to them, and have their books, papers, tracts and cards, and especially Bibles and Testaments. And let it be understood that the Bible is the book to be studied, and others are furnished only as helps; and God will bless them, and others will come more and more to respect them, and with them to have respect for all of God's commandments.—Examiner & Chronicle.

A MODEL BLACKBOARD LESSON.

"Children," the teacher says, "we have taken the word SAVIOUR as the key-note of our lesson to-day. Let us see how many of his names and attributes we can find that describe his blessed character and work. First, we will write the letters on the board. [Writes in a vertical column.]

Now, can you give me the very best word you know, beginning with S, that describes our Saviour? The scholars answer: "Sovereign," "Shepherd," "Son of God," "Sinless," "Sympathizing"—ah! now you have it—that is the word I want,—Sympathizing; Jesus is such a friend in need and in trouble he can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. We will write it on the board.

In this way the school filled out, after various answers, descriptive words beginning with the required initial letters, until the board presented the following appearance—the teacher dwelling a moment on each character written down, and making an interesting and impressive exercise:

- S—YMPATHIZING
A—TTRACTIVE
V—ICTORIOUS
I—NTERCEDING
O—MNIPOIENT
U—NCHANGEABLE
R—EDEMING