

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, March 6th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxi. 33-46; MARK xii. 1-12; LUKE xx. 9-19; Parable of the wicked husbandmen.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism; 85.

Sunday, March 13th, 1870.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXX.

E-ther . . . Esther ii. 17, etc.
Z-ion . . . Ps. lxxvi. 2; xlvi. 2; Cor. ii. 9.
K-izpah . . . 2 Sam. xxi. 10.
A-balom . . . 2 Sam. x. 6; xviii. 32, 33.
'EZRA.' Ezra x. 10 and iii.—vi.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

To be answered by words commencing with the letter W.

1. Name a word used metaphorically in connection with God's anger and protection.
2. Name also a word used metaphorically of God's care of the church.
3. What word is used metaphorically in connection with destroying and comforting?
4. What two things are the saints compared to?
5. What two things is the Holy Ghost compared to?
6. Name a word which is used metaphorically in connection with God, the morning, the wind, and a large army.
7. Name a word by which God expresses the election of his people, the renovation of their hearts, and the ordaining of their afflictions.
8. Name two words to denote false teachers in religion.

SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

My first, of Israel's tribes, were lost,
When two were left remaining,
Distinct from all the heathen world,
God's righteous law maintaining.

The sluggard, Solomon advised
To go unto my second,
And learn a lesson from her ways—
It would be wise, he reckoned.

My whole mankind may claim to be,
Whate'er may be the station,
Whate'er their rank or dwelling place,
Or what their occupation.

—Ch. Era.

OFF THE TRACK.

Not long ago I saw a locomotive which had run off the track. It was a large and valuable engine. In its proper place it was capable of doing much for its owners. But its usefulness depended entirely upon its being on the track. Standing where it did it was in the way of others, while if it moved along it could do nothing but injury to itself and to the road on which it was designed to run. Before it could be of any service it had to be got on the track. When this was done, it moved on with majestic speed and power. It could then accomplish the work which it was made to accomplish.

When we find that we are loving the creature more than the Creator, and asking counsel of our earthly friends, while neglecting to inquire the will of our heavenly Father, we may be sure that we are off the track.

It is a great thing to be in the right place, ready for any service to which the Master calls. Upon our being in place our usefulness greatly depends. Let us try our thoughts and actions by the Word of God, and prove ourselves whether we are in the true path, lest we make a fatal mistake and find at last that we are forever off the track.—*Sunday School Times.*

HARD TO BE GOOD.

"Henry," said I to one of my most weary scholars, "you have been a very good boy. I hope you will do as well all the term."

"I'll try, teacher," said Harry, with an audible sigh; "I'll try, but it's awful hard work to be good."

"Ah, Harry," I thought, as he turned away, "you are not the first one who has found this out. To be good is up-hill work for all, and the hill is so high and so steep that none can climb alone. If you try ever so hard, you will fail."

"Who will help me?" says one. "Who can help me better than myself? Why not depend upon myself in this as in other things?"

Because you cannot do this alone. Because there is One who will help you to be good, who longs to help you if you will but ask him. Jesus, your Saviour, is his name. He says, Without me ye can do nothing (nothing good). It is hard work without him, but go to him, and you will find his yoke easy and his burden light.

It will not then be so "hard work to be good."—*H.*

BETTER suffer for truth than prosper by falsehood.

AUNT JUDITH; OR, THE PATH OF DUTY.

Good old Aunt Judith. You should have known her. She lived in a poor little cottage at the foot of (not "Vinegar" but) "Sugar Hill," and if there is anything in a name, it was just the place for her to live.

Aunt Judith was one of the sweetest ladies I ever saw. At sixty she possessed attractions rarely found in more youthful women. Her silvery hair was just covered with the neatest cap, while a kerchief of the same fabric was folded across her breast. Her black dress and white apron were without spot or speck, as she sat of afternoons in her tidy parlor. Then there was such an expression of restfulness on her countenance when in repose, that one could not help wondering what could have been her history, how it was she got so tired.

How we all liked to go to her for sympathy, and what valuable hints she gave of some better way. I think the woman who lost one of her thirty pieces of silver to find it again among the rubbish of an untidy house, would have gone right over for Aunt Judith to rejoice with her, and she, good soul, would have run in to see the exact spot where it was found, and left the gentlest hint, that would have grown to a principle of improvement in her housekeeping. In sorrow, too, Aunt Judith was indispensable. Indeed, that was her forte. Weep with those that weep, was to her a sacred injunction, and her tears seemed to dilute the mourner's, and make them less bitter. I never went to Auntie with an aching heart from some rude blast on my unsheltered head, without feeling that her kind sympathy was drawing the cold all out of me.

Then she was such a dear, loving disciple. I am sure if our Saviour had walked this earth he would have "put up" with that godly woman rather than any of those cold, worldly church-members on the "Hill." For you must know that there was a little church in our place, gathered long ago, but at the time of which I am writing, it had become as dead and cold as a Christian church can be, and that is saying considerable.

But the power of God can make even dry bones live, and at length it came to Sugar Hill. There was a revival. It commenced outside the church, gradually thawing it round the edges, and by the time a score or two were converted, she roused herself and had a sort of general house-cleaning (preparatory to enlarging her borders). Three or four who had been too restless to sleep all the time, and so had walked disorderly, were expelled. When that was effected, she opened wide her motherly arms and gathered in the converts, and was enriched thereby.

About that time there came a sister to the place, bringing the then new and strange doctrine of sanctification. Ours was not a church that taught such things, and so it became a stumbling-block to the old professors, while the young Christians, many of them, accepted it with all the ardor of a first love. I had just experienced justification, and there was something so beautiful in that strange foreshadowing of the coming glory that was so far to exceed the present, that my soul was ravished with it. And all the more that it was a mystery to me I thought about it, dreamed about it, and prayed over it, and at last I put on my bonnet and went down to talk with Aunt Judith about it.

She met me at the door, led me in, and pointed to her low rocking chair, as she took away my bonnet.

"Not that, aunty, for I want you to sit down too."

She smiled as she brought her knitting, and when seated, lifted her mild, questioning eyes,

"Well Mary, what is it?"

I scarcely knew where to begin with my subject, I was so full of it; at length I asked—

"Do you know Mrs. R.?"

"The woman who is staying at Deacon Bowler's, and is speaking to the people here? Yes, Mary."

"What do you think of her, Aunt Judith?"

"I have heard her but once; I don't go to the evening gatherings, you know. I enjoyed her exhortation very much, and think her a Christian woman."

But the doctrine, aunt, so strange and new."

"Not new, child, the Saviour taught it long ago. It ought not to be strange to the Christian Church, it's going on to perfection."

"I can't understand it at all, Aunt Judith; she tells of those who have fallen into a trance and awake as sinless as the angels. Can you explain it?" I asked.

"Mary, I would not try to explain it, but believe and accept. The doctrines of Christ are often robbed of their simplicity, and clothed in mystery even by those who attempt to explain them. God is his own interpreter, my child."

I looked at Aunt Judith, and wondered if I could not get her history, for it ever woman walked with God, I was sure it was she. And as though divining my thoughts, she began—

"I think, Mary, I will tell you some of my experience. It may teach you a useful lesson."

After a few moments of silent thought, she commenced.

"I was but fifteen when I lost one of the dearest mothers that ever lived. Never in my whole life had I willfully grieved her, and never had other than words of love come from her lips. I cannot tell you how sacred her precepts were to me, and how zealously I labored to keep everything as she best liked it. There were but two of us children, Brother Harry and myself, and we were getting along nicely when but a few months after mother's death, our father brought home a second wife but three years older than myself. Had he given one warning word, I could have wept away the keen edge of my sorrow before she came, and not brought upon myself the cruel reproof my father gave me. From that day my home was a scene of trial and discomfort.

"My father's manner quite changed to me; he never seemed to forgive that day of reproachful weeping. His wife was jealous and fault-finding, and Harry sullen, and, I am sorry to say, disrespectful. I remonstrated with my brother, and apologized to mother, and then I went to Christ, that 'Man of sorrows,' and prayed that I might be made holy in heart and life. This was the burden of my petition. I think there was a sort of pride and spiritual ambition in my heart. I wanted to live above the trials of my life, to suffer and not to feel. 'I am being crucified with my Saviour,' thought I, 'but where is the keen anguish of spirit? Where the humiliation? yea, the degradation he experienced.' Mary, I was expecting some change as you spoke of. An overshadowing of the power of God, in which I should be transformed, and thereafter be able to prove that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. I asked for the reward of faith, but God said, Nay, give her the fight."

"It came to me, though I knew it not. 'Time rolled on, and our father entered into speculation, and succeeded in dissipating our small property. A little family came to their heritage of poverty, among whom was an idiotic boy, of hideous deformity, whom not even its mother loved. At length the mother fell ill, and for many years was a pitiful invalid."

"Now," said Harry, "you will consent to leave and go to Uncle Tom's."

"I am afraid I cannot, these children hold me back," said I.

"Not one of them loves you, she has taught them," said he bitterly.

"I think Joey does," I replied, looking at the idiot boy; "he can't be taught, you know."

"What, that—fool!"—Harry said naughty words sometimes—Judith, you are another fool."

"Yes, Harry, I think I am foolish, and what is worse, I don't get any wiser. I scarcely see an inch before me, everything is so dark."

"I heard a little sob, and then Harry came and put his arms about me, 'Judith,' said he, 'I am going away, will you forgive all my unkindness?'"

"O Harry, you have never been unkind, you are all I have; do not leave me." But I knew that he was decided, and I couldn't blame him, even when I was sobbing on his neck.

After my brother was gone, I girded myself anew to the work before me. I nursed mother and took care of the children, and when there was no bread to give them, I sang little hymns instead, till they forgot their hunger. But for little Joey, the poor idiot, I always kept a bit in my pocket, his moan was so pitiful.

"At last my stepmother died. Just before she went, I heard her call my name. She looked up as I stood by her side, and there was an expression of love on her countenance that made me stoop and kiss her cold cheek. 'A good girl,' she murmured, and these last words were very precious to me. After that, I tried to lift the cloud that seemed hanging over us. I made clothes for the children from my own worn garments, after I had used up their mother's, and nearly began to think I should get them nicely through the winter, when one day our father was brought home with a broken limb. Again the office of nurse was added to my other duties.

After a while I grew so tired that a word would make me weep, and I began to fear that I was growing ill and fretful. For several years I suffered from overtaking my strength, and then I recovered.

"I remained with my father till I was thirty years of age. It took all that season of trial and deep humiliation to teach me to live. The third wife then came home. I did not make the mistake of weeping at her advent, though she was five years younger than myself. Oh how thankful I was that poor Joey had gone where there was no more hunger, and I had emptied my pocket of the bread crumbs to the birdies whom God feedeth."

"The next three years I spent with my brother and his gentle wife. Harry had learned to love his Saviour, and had built an altar to his God. It was there that I read the interpretation of my Father's dealings with me. On looking back the long hard road I had travelled, its thorns and sharp stones were all precious for the guiding Hand that had led me on. The glorious land became to me a place of broad rivers and streams. I found work to do, but it was restful labor. While there is a broken heart to bind, or a downtrodden one to lift: while there is an aching head or bleeding feet; the Christian may not be idle. Never fear that the great Husbandman will mistake your place in His vineyard, if you will only labor in it. But I did not mean to talk so long. Mary, you must be tired."

"No, Aunt Judith," I replied, "I have enjoyed every word of it. I think I have been seeking some kind of eminence in the Christian work instead of usefulness. I have learned a lesson."

"And yet, my dear," said she, "you may not drink of another's cup, or be baptized with their baptism. Your own path may differ widely from mine. To the eyes of the world it may be very pleasant, but unless it be the path of duty it will prove exceedingly dangerous. Do not fail to look to God for your appointed sphere, and then, with a pure conscience, a warm heart, and diligent hands, you may there be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."—*Ex.*

Oh, that all our churches were lighted "from the roof"—of heaven; for, then, there would be far less need of contrivances to heat the pews, and windows, looking earthwards, might very well be closed!

An Illinois agricultural society offers a premium for the best-made white shirt, the handwork of any of the country girls.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

The stately Homes of England.

How beautiful they stand!
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greenward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam
And the swan glides past them with the sound,
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,
What glad looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light?
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move gracefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!

How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells' chime
Floats through the woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet lanes,
Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the graves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

Scientific, &c.,

CEMENT FOR IRON AND STONE.—Glycerine and litharge, mixed into a paste, furnish an extremely firm cement for iron and stone, as well as fastening iron to iron, and is said to be particularly adapted to fixing iron in stone, as for railways, &c. The material hardens very quickly, and must therefore be used at once. It is insoluble in water, and only attacked by concentrated acids. Articles joined with it can be used in a very few hours afterwards. Sandstone blocks, joined by this cement, have broken in a fresh fracture, rather than at the point of the union of the original surfaces. Very dry litharge does not form so good a cement as that which has absorbed a considerable amount of water. Only the purest material is to be used.

MENDING PUMPS.—When the tube of an endless chain pump has become so large that the baskets, or carriers, do not fill, take some light sole or heavy harness leather, and cut into circular washers large enough to fill the tubing; cut holes in the centres and slip them on the chain next above the carriers by taking the links apart, but do not use too many; four are enough, let the web be deep or shallow; not more than two should be in the tube at a time. Many, in repairing pumps with leather, put a washer to every bucket, and make the suction too great.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The white of an egg, given in sweetened water, is a sure cure for the croup, according to the testimony of a distinguished French physician. The remedy must be repeated until a cure is effected.

THE LAST AND SWEETEST THING IN FASHION is the "Alexandra Limp." Shoemakers in London now offer their fair customers the choice of boots with equally high heels for each foot, or the far more charming variety of a high heel for one foot and low heel for the other, causing the wearer to halt in a way supposed to be imitative of Royalty.

Verse 21, chapter vii., of Ezra, contains every letter of the English alphabet. It is perhaps, not so well known that verse 8, chapter iii., of Zephaniah, contains every letter, including finals, of the Hebrew, as well as every vowel sound, and also the different form of the Sheva.

NEVER attempt to do anything that is not right. Just as sure as you do, you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that anything is wrong, do not do it till you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

In the new Lutheran church at Hagerstown, Md., a large hand is painted on the wall in the vestibule, pointing to a spittoon with the inscription: "Please leave your tobacco there."

A gentleman who had amassed a competence was recently asked by a friend the secret of success. "I have accumulated," said he "one half of my property by strictly attending to my own business, and the remainder by letting other people's alone."

The worst form of indigestion is that which arises from having to eat one's own words. This causes more pain than inability to stomach other people's.