

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 8th, 1870.

JOHN xii. 37-50: Reflections upon the unbelief of the Jews.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 101, 102.

Sunday, May 15th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxiv. 1-14: MARK xiii. 1-13: LUKE LUKE xxi. 5-19: Jesus on taking leave of the temple, foretells its destruction and the persecution of his disciples.

Recite.—S. C., 103.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIV.

R-izpah 2 Sam. 21: 11. Euphrates Jer. 13: 4. B-enaiah 2 Sam. 23: 20. E-uroclydon Acts 27: 14. K-eturah Gen. 25: 1. A-chan Joshua 9: 19, 25. H-or Numb. 20: 25, 26.

REBEKAH.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXVI.

What wicked prophetess once lent her aid To make a good philanthropist afraid? What faithless slave, who once a truant proved, Returned at length, a brother, well beloved? Whose wily Queen with a murderous clan Plotted the death of an innocent man? What servant was once appointed to wait On a lovely bride of regal state? Those initials spell the honored name Of a minister known to Bible fame. —W. J. R.

ANSWER TO WORD SQUARE.—May be read either from left to right or from top to bottom.

C O A L
O N C E
A C R E
L E E R

THE TWO CATERPILLARS.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Once upon a time there were two caterpillars, who lived in the same tree, and were good friends. They were very busy, for it was almost time for them to be making their cocoons, and they were obliged to eat a great many leaves. 'I wish I could be a butterfly now—to-day,' said Oro. 'This constant toiling is so wearisome, and then comes the long sleep. If I had only my wings, I would fly away—up to the beautiful sun.' 'Ah, but if you should fall?' said Bruno. 'Besides, this eating the green leaves is a pleasure as well as a necessity; and as for flying, we can crawl to the top of our tree, and have a view of the whole garden. We have nothing to complain of in this life, excepting that murderous birds are allowed to go at large. But of the other life we know nothing.' 'That is true,' said Oro; 'but we knew nothing of this life when we came into it, poor, helpless little things. Yet here was our beautiful tree all ready for us, and the tender green leaves waiting to be eaten. O, I long for the new butterfly life, and do not fear to begin it!' 'But here we have lived so happily and quietly,' said Bruno. 'What if we should never meet in the new life, or should not know each other if we do meet?' 'Dear friend,' said Oro, 'that is too sad to think of. It would spoil even a butterfly's happiness. Let us make our cocoons close together, so that we may be near each other when we awake.' So they chose a dry and sheltered place, under the edge of the garden wall, and there began their cocoons. When Bruno's was almost done, he said, 'Oro, I have nearly finished my work. The sleep is coming over me. I am growing drowsy. Call me, if you wake first. Good night.' 'Dear friend, good night,' said Oro, whose cocoon was only half done; 'but O, to think of being alone in the world; I must make haste, for I cannot bear it.' So he worked busily, till at last his work too was finished, and the deep sleep came over him. The rain fell and the wind blew. The winter snow and frost came, in their turn, and the bright sun shone. But still they slept. At last, when the time for the new life was come, Oro awoke. 'Is this the butterfly life?' thought he. 'and is Bruno near me still?' Then he burst the cocoon, and unfolded his wings, and looked around him. 'O, how lovely the world is!' said he; 'and Bruno is still asleep. I must call him.' At that moment Bruno burst his cocoon, and began to spread her wings. 'Is this the awakening?' said he, 'and is that you, my friend?' 'Yes, dear Bruno,' said Oro; 'but how beautiful you are, like the flowers in our garden! The same, yet not the same—but I should have known you among a thousand.' 'And you too are beautiful, dear Oro,' said Bruno; 'your wings are bright like the sun. But I should never have mistaken you. Changed,

yet the same! How good it is to meet, after the long separation! 'Can that pyramid of green be our tree? It never looked so bright before,' said Oro. 'Yes,' said Bruno; 'there we toiled in the caterpillar life; but that is past, and seems like a dream.' 'O Bruno!' said Oro, 'let us fly away to the clear blue above!' 'Yes,' said Bruno, 'let us go! The long sleep is over, and this is the new life.' So they floated away together in the summer sky, and bathed in the warm golden sunlight.—Our Young Folks.

THE SILVER SHILLING.

'Please! sir, will you buy my chestnuts?' 'Chestnuts! No!' returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair were appealing so pitifully to his own. 'What do I want with chestnuts?' 'But please sir, do buy them,' pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. 'Nobody seems to care for them, and—' 'and—' She fairly burst into tears, and Ralph, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stooped instinctively. 'Are you very much in want of the money?' 'Indeed, sir, we are,' sobbed the child; 'mother sent me out and—' 'Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart broken way,' said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness. 'I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a shilling, if that will do you any good.'

He did not stay to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: 'That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she had 'nt a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond.' While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-orbed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the streets with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall, ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat looking woman, with large brown eyes, like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of the fire. 'Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon!' 'Oh, mother see!' ejaculated the breathless child. A gentleman gave me a shilling. Only think, mother, a whole shilling!

If Ralph Moor could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused, in the poor widow's poverty stricken home, he would have grudged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him. Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver shilling. The crimson window-curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate—and the dinner-table, all in a glimmer with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver; was only waiting the presence of Mr. Audley.

'What can it be that detain papa?' said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enamelled watch. 'Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance!' 'There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business,' said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire. 'I'll call him again,' said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But, as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of an humble-looking man in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

'Charles,' said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, 'who is that man—and what does he want?' 'His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messenger hip in the bank.' 'And will you?' 'I don't know, Mary—I must think about it.' 'Charles, give him the situation.' 'Why, my love?' 'Because I ask it of you as a favour, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything.'

'And I will keep my word, Mary,' said the husband with an affectionate kiss. 'I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address somewhere about me.' An hour or two later, when Bobby and Frank and little Minnie were tucked snugly up in bed in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years. 'That's right, my little wife!' said her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded, 'never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most.'

Ralph Moore was sitting the self-same night in his poor lodgings, besides his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley. 'Good news, Bertha!' he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words. 'We shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation.'

'You have dropped something from the note, Ralph,' said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor. Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty pound note neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written: 'In grateful remembrance of the silver shilling that a kind stranger bestowed on the little chestnut girl, twenty years ago.' Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many days it had returned to him!

WHAT YOUNG MEN SHOULD DO.

- 1. Every young man should make the most of himself, intellectually, morally, and physically.
2. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.
3. He should be willing to take advice, from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, unless his own judgment or conviction, properly founded, should otherwise direct.
4. If he is fortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he must do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not those obstacles to overcome.
5. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.
6. He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desires as possible—he will thus reach the object of his ambition.
7. All young men have "inalienable rights," among which none is greater or more sacred than the privilege to be "somebody."—Dunn.

THE GRACE OF HANDSHAKING.

BY JOHN HALL, D. D.

I maintain that shaking of hands, rightly administered, is a means of grace. You, my dear sir, are established, and every one knows you to be a solid man. There is a man beside you, just fighting his battle and making his way. You know him and nod to him. Take him by the hand, my dear sir; it will do him good, and if he is cast down a little, as men will sometimes be, it may encourage him. 'Our minister shook hands with me.' What made that hulking fellow, too big to be a boy, too raw to be a man, announce that fact so loudly when he went home? The truth is, for sensible effect on him it was more than the sermon. John Smith has been a hard drinker, but is trying fairly to get out of it. Going down the village street he meets Mr. Brown, who is "boss" at the "works above." Mr. Brown shakes hands with "Mr. Smith," in sight of the entire village. Does that do Smith any good? I tell you it is as good to him as one of Mr. Gough's admirable lectures. It says as plainly as if Mr. Brown had written it, "Mr. Smith you have only to take care of yourself, and you will be a respectable man in spite of all." That makes Smith stronger; and when he goes to church next Sabbath, and looks over at Mr. Brown, he will find it easier to believe God's most loving word: "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." So "shake hands and be friends," at market, on the street, and, above all, at church. I presume the Apostle meant something when he said, "Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss." Some people quit church for want of this means of grace. Everybody looks as if just returned from the North pole, and there had not been time to thaw, and the deacon who "runs the church" (if anything so lifeless can be said to be run) had been in command of the party. I suspect the boys sometimes say, "Well, I guess I ought to be good; but, if ever I do, it won't be long with the deacon." They wait, poor boys, till some one comes along with heart,—getting no good in the meantime.—whose genial, life like way make them "feel kind o' good;" and they catch the inspiration, and "run with gladness in the way of God's commandments."

A young lady once met in company a young gentleman who evidently had an excellent opinion of himself. During conversation he introduced the subject of matrimony, and expatiated at length upon the kind of wife he expected to marry—that is, if ever he should take the decisive step. The honored lady must be wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, amiable, &c. &c. His listener quietly waited until he ended, and then asked coolly, "And pray, sir, what have you to offer in return for all this?" The young man stammered, reddened a little, and walked away.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.—In Norway and Sweden the last sheaf from the harvest-field is never threshed; it is always carefully reserved, both by the rich and the poor, till Christmas-eve. On that evening it is brought out and fastened to a pole, and set up in front of the dwelling or on the roof as a feast for the hungry little birds. The inmates of the household then partake of their supper—a family fest for which the utmost ingenuity is exercised in providing the greatest variety of cakes, &c. One of each sort is apportioned to every one in the house, including all the servants. A Swedish lady says: "These, with many other customs, are most strictly observed even by the poorest peasant. My father's sheaf is always set up every Christ-

mas-eve, and it is a most beautiful sight to see the little birds of every kind flocking to and feasting on the Christmas sheaf."

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the School Question will show that in many cases the initiative has been taken by superserviceable politicians, who have fancied that the expulsion of the Bible from the common schools would secure Catholic favor at the polls. The School Board of Cincinnati, previous to their action, sent a committee to confer with the Catholic Archbishop, who plainly informed them that the issue was not upon the Bible, but upon the question of separate Catholic schools—not less of religion, but more. His words were these: "The entire government of public schools in which Catholic youth are educated cannot be given over to the civil power. We as Catholics cannot approve of that system of education for youth which is apart from instruction in the Catholic faith and the teaching of the Church." So many leading Catholic journals in the land have reiterated the assertion that what Catholics desire and demand is not the expulsion of the Bible, but their own sectarian school maintained by governmental support.

In other years Catholic priests desired the expulsion of the Bible. Thus as early as 1842, on complaint of Bishop Purcell, the School Board of Cincinnati so modified their rules as to exempt from the Bible reading any Catholic child whose parents so desired, and also to restrict the distribution of library books to the same extent. But the ground taken by the leading Catholic journals now is a step in advance: it means nothing less than the overthrow of our Common School System. The following is an example: "The Catholic solution of this middle about Bible or no Bible in schools is—'hand off!' No State taxation or donations for any schools. You look to your children, and we will look to ours. We don't want you to be taxed for Catholic schools. We don't want you to be taxed for Protestant or for godless schools. Let the Public School System go to where it came from—the devil. We want Christian schools, and the State cannot tell us what Christianity is." Freeman's Journal Dec. 11.

Might it not be as well to leave the Bible where it is, and look at the issue, which lies farther on?—Evangelist.

A BABY HERO.—The following story will serve to comfort many a mother's heart when their children are voted tiresome. The subject on which the writer was enlarging was woman's rights; and he took occasion to contrast their position in this country, with that in lands where they are numerically scarce. Ten years ago, a woman in the streets of San Francisco was followed as a curious and pleasant sight. But even scarcer still were children. At the theatre one evening, whilst the orchestra were performing, a baby was heard to cry in one part of the house; whereupon a man in the pit mounted on his seat and shouted out, "Stop them squeaking fiddles, and let's hear the baby cry! I haven't heard such a blessed sound for years and years." And the fiddles did stop, and the baby did cry, and was rapturously encored, to the delight of all, except, perhaps, the young performer himself, who had thus suddenly brought down the house. This little incident serves to show how differently the same things are regarded under different circumstances. This thought, philosophically considered, would help us to put up with many inconveniences that are now barely tolerable.—The Quiver.

Scientific.

A STEAM OMNIBUS, or an omnibus drawn by a road steamer, has been built in Edinburgh for an enterprising omnibus proprietor in one of the largest towns of England. At the first trial the engine, with the omnibus attached to it, was run up and down an incline to exhibit its speed and the ease with which it could be controlled. It went up hill at the rate of seven miles an hour and came down at the rate of nine. It turned in the road with far greater ease than if drawn by horses, was pulled up instantaneously at the word of command, and even backed up hill. It then ran at best omnibus speed up Leith-st., Edinburgh, in spite of its steepness. The dexterity with which it picked its way between strings of cart-horses, omnibuses, and cabs, and the docility with which it stopped or turned whenever it was required were marvelous. It ran from one end of Princes-st. to the other without stopping, then turned down South Charlotte-st., and on through North Charlotte-st. to Forrest-st., where at the steepest point, when the descent looked really dangerous, it was brought to a sudden standstill to show how completely it was under command, and how entirely it could dispense with any kind of brake. The trial was completely successful, and left nothing to be wished for. It was very amusing to watch the surprise depicted on every face as it passed.

A CELLAR-WELL.—A correspondent sends the following plan for building, which he has found good and cheap:—"I dug the well in my cellar in the usual way until a good supply of water was reached; then stoned it up about three feet, making a good reservoir; then inserted a 1 1/2 inch galvanized iron pipe, placed some flat stones over the well, and filled in even with the cellar-bottom with dirt. The pipe leads directly to the sink, were a good iron pump is attached. The advantages are pure water, absolutely free from insects or vermin and all surface rubbish, and a saving of the expense of stoning up to the surface. I am very much pleased with the plan."