

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 23rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 15-26; MARK xv. 6-15; LUKE xxiii. 6-25; JOHN xviii. 39, 40; Jesus before Herod. Pilate seeks to release Jesus. The Jews demand Barabbas.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, C., 148, 149.

Sunday, October 30th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 26-30; MARK xv. 15-19; JOHN xix. 1-3; Pilate delivers up Jesus to death. He is scourged and mocked.

Recite.—S. C., 150.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

NO. VI.

Abijah the son of Jeroboam being sick, sent his wife disguised to the aged and blind prophet Ahijah at Shiloh. Ahijah forewarned of God pronounced a judgement on Jeroboam for his idolatry. 1 Kings 14.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LIII.

Where did an angel appear to a bondwoman, and counsel her to submit herself to her mistress?

Where was Og, king of Bashan, defeated and slain by the Israelites?

In what city, during the reign of Darius, was found the decree of Cyrus for the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the temple?

Of what city in Egypt was the father-in-law of Joseph the priest?

Where did Paul land near the city of Lasea, on his voyage from Jerusalem to Rome?

Where was the birthplace of the prophet Jonah?

Where did Samson slay thirty Philistines, that he might give their spoil to the young men who expounded his riddle?

Where did Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, dwell when David sent for him?

What country sent twelve thousand men against David when he fought with the Ammonites?

Where did Peter cure a man of the palsy who had kept his bed eight years?

Where did the Israelites and Philistines encamp when the ark of God was taken and the sons of Eli slain?

Where was the ark of God taken when the Philistines proposed to send it back to the Israelites?

The initials give the name of a sea, near and on which our Saviour wrought many of his miracles.

SCHOOL.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

"Quarter of nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"

"One more buckwheat, then; be quick mother dear!"

"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf, just in the place where you left it yourself!"

"I can't say my table!" "Oh, find me my cap!"

"One kiss for mamma, and sweet six in her lap."

"Be good, dear!" "I'll try." "9 times 9's 81."

"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry up, Bill; let's run."

With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys And the mother draws breath in the lull of the noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"

"Oh, mother! I've torn my new dress; just look here!"

"I'm sorry! I only was climbing the wall."

"Oh, mother! my map was the nicest of all!"

"And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"

"Oh, say! Can I go on the hill with my sled?"

"I've got such a toothache!" "The teacher's unfair!"

"Is dinner not ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother; th' y're growing up fast. These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last; A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise; Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys! Merry's Museum.

GIRL'S NAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Agnes, pure; Amelia, busy; Bridget, strength; Charlotte, strong; Clara, bright; Eleanor, light; Elizabeth, worshipper of God; Emma, energetic; Eva, life; Grace, favour; Ida, godlike; Jemima, a dove; Julia, soft-haired; Lucy, born at break of day; Margaret, a pearl; Maria, bitter; Matilda, mighty-battlemaid; Rebecca, of enchanting beauty; Sarah, a princess; Susan, a lily; Ruth, beauty; Alice, noble birth; Amy, beloved; Anna, grace; Catherine, pure.

NANCY'S SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, and knit and spun for her living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives, and was half-blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there,

in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"Oh, yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking upward. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to be thinking about their business, of their wives and children; and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars night after night, and make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor thing as I am; and you see I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost comes after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose, I never can suppose, I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes and then make the best of it?"

She was right. We canker every pleasure with gloomy fear of coming ill. We seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. We should be more child-like to our Heavenly Father, believe in His love, learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in our own; and, above all, wait till the "suppose" comes, and make the best of it.

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

On the mantelpiece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a join in the glass throughout the length of the phial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There on a tree, was a phial tied and within it a tiny apple which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church; for alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened in carelessness and sin.—Spurgeon.

HINTS TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumption is not a disease of the lungs, but of the system, showing itself in the lungs. If you fully comprehend this, you are ready for common sense treatment. Avoid all local treatment by inhalation; all the panaceas, including whiskey and cod liver oil, (fashionable to-day, exploded to-morrow); employ those natural methods about which wise doctors never differ.

1. Walk in all kinds of weather two or three times a day. If too weak for this, begin with the saddle.

2. Hang by the hands, in rings suspended from the ceiling six feet above the floor swing backwards and forwards sideway, and in a circle. The effect upon the walls of the chest is very remarkable. I have known such swinging to reduce the pulse very sensibly in a week. In such exercises continue until slightly fatigued.

3. Wash the entire skin in tepid water and good neutral soap, every morning on returning from the first walk, and rub the skin to redness every night on going to bed with sharp hair-gloves. Lawrence's English patent gloves are the best. All druggists sell them.

4. Sleep much, retiring before nine, adding a nap, in the middle of the day. Never forget that good ventilation in the hours of sleep is vital in every case of diseased lungs.

5. Eat for breakfast and dinner, oat meal, cracked wheat, beef, mutton, potatoes, plain bread, and other vegetables, except tomatoes. Use no pastry, or other trash. Eat no supper.

6. Cultivate the society of jovial people. Laughter is the most precious of all possible exercises for all chronic affections.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

OLD AGE.—Old age is a public good. It is indeed. Don't feel sad because you are old. Whenever you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, no one ever honors you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow-feeling with the aged ripens the soul.

Cramps and pains in the stomach, are the result of imperfect indigestion, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." A tea-spoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose.

Heavy oats are good for horses; none will deny that; but oats can't make a horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders" will do this when all else fails.

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

The following is from one of Henry Ward Beecher's Lecture-room Talks:

There is one good thing about singing hymns, which perhaps you never thought of or noticed, and that is how effectually it quells combative feelings. I suppose there are a dozen different denominations represented in this congregation to-night; certainly the great congregation on Sunday is made up of twenty or thirty denominations; and during the twenty years that I have been here I do not recollect that there has ever been a hymn sung that they could not all sing together. Here were the High Church and the Low Church, and the no Church; here were all the various sects into which we are divided by the different shades of theology; and yet, hymns that go over the whole ground of Christian truth (expressing it, however, as hymns almost always do, and as good hymns always should, as it is represented in its experimental forms), we could all sing. We can sing Arthur Cleveland Coxe's hymns on the Church, though we could not stand his sermons for a moment, but should start up and want to oppose them. Let him write a hymn in exultation about the Church, and tell how it stands forever, and what pleasure there is in it,—and we all see the truth of the hymn, and feel that it is good enough for anybody,—the lowest Church or the highest Church—and sing it without any hesitation; but let him preach a sermon on the same subject, and it will put a tee in the head of about every other person in the congregation. You may take the strongest hymns expressive of the sovereignty of God, and the foreknowledge of God, and the divine decrees, but expressing these things experimentally and lyrically, and everybody feels that it is very right to ascribe such power and majesty to God; and the Arminian will sing Calvinistic hymns, and the Calvinist will sing Arminian hymns, and all the outer sects will sing Orthodox hymns; and it is a good thing. Hymns bring people together.

A GOOD ONE FOR SMOKERS.—An aged negress whose piety had secured for her an extensive reputation, in walking her usual round of visits dropped in upon a neighbor who was equally well known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco.

After being courteously received the negress pulled from her pocket a long pipe and commenced smoking some very "Union" tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes, but the fumes and smoke became too powerful for him and rising from his chair he said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are are a Christian?"

"Yes, brudder, I speeks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible, aunt?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chloe, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I speeks to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven."

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated as the result of his personal investigation, that "of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred who live an honest life up to the age of twenty, afterward enter upon a course of crime," and that "almost all who enter upon such a course, do so between the ages of eight and sixteen." O, the necessity of family discipline! O, the blessedness of early religious instruction!

Musical.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSICAL CONGRESS.

The first Annual Convention of this Congress was held in Steinway Hall, New York, on the 31st of August, and the 1st and 2nd of September. William Mason was elected President, and Eben Tonjes, of Boston, Secretary.

Several papers were read; the following are some of their subjects: "Musical Criticism;" "Academical Degrees in Music;" "The voice considered as the organ of aesthetical feeling in Art;" "Philosophy of the elementary principles of music;" "Congregational singing—its advantages and its difficulties." Appropriate music for church service;" "Dramatic music;" "The moral influence of music."

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk and afterwards sup with me. In passing through some dark narrow street he paused suddenly.

"Hush," he said, "what sound is that?—it is from my symphony in F," he said. "Hark; how well it is played!"

It was a mean little dwelling; and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more—it is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne."

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed, "what can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he exclaimed in an excited tone; "here is feeling—genius—understanding." And before I could prevent, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes, and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter; I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend; "you wish to hear—that is you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so eccentric and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend, "how then does the Fraulein—"

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered, but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us when we lived at Brühl, two years ago. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

"And have you never heard any other music?"

"None except street music."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly at the instrument and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to the blind girl and her brother! He was inspired and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter with her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearing lest the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magnificent, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly, the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered and went—Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitted a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and illumination fell strongest upon piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped on his breast—his hands rested upon his knees—he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker arose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently, "Wonderful man," he said in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly.

"Listen," he said as he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from both, and, exclaiming: "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go but they held him back with tears and entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his glorious head and massive figure.

"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars—then his hands dropped upon the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement which crept over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon a sward. Then came the swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away upon its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and going toward the door "farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they both in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell—I will come soon again."

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us now make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can remember it!"

We did so and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of the Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.