

Mouths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, February 13th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxi. 1-11; 14-17; MARK xi. 1-11; LUKE xix. 29-44; JOHN xii. 12-19; Our Lord's public entry into Jerusalem.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 79, 80.

Sunday, February 20th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxi. 12, 13-18, 19; MARK xi. 12-19; LUKE xxi. 45-48; xxi. 37-38; The barren fig tree. The cleansing of the temple. The barren fig tree withers away.

Recite.—S. C., 81, 82.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

- 1. TAIL, Deut. xxviii. 13; Is. ix. 14, 15. 2. TRAPS, Josh. xxiii. 13. THORNS, 2 Sam. xxiii. 6. THIEVES, John x. 8. 3. TRUMPET, Is. lviii. 1; 1 Cor. xiv. 8. 4. TASTE (verb): used with death Matt. xvi. 28; with the enjoyment of God's peace, Ps. xxxiv. 8; Heb. vi. 4, 5. 5. THRESH, Mic. iv. 13. TRIAL, Dan. vii. 23. TONGUE, Is. xxx. 27. 6. TOWER, Ps. lxi. 3. 7. TENT: used of the heavens, Is. xl. 22; and of the church, Is. liv. 2. TEMPLE: used of the heavens, Ps. xi. 4; and of the church Eph. ii. 21.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIX.

The initials tell of one who For Christ his life laid down; The finals of another, That later won that crown; They died his faithful martyrs, Their warfare ended well; And 'mid the "noble army" With him in triumph dwell.

- 1. A city were a widow Received a reverent guest. 2. On earth the Christian's portion. For this is not his rest. 3. A land of slave and tyrant, God's freedmen stay not there. 4. Here, from a loathsome dungeon, Hymns freight the midnight air. 5. This seek in every danger Of God, and not of man. 6. A priest and a reformer, Who marched in freedom's van. 7. He once approached the Master In darkness and in gloom; Again, a bolder mourner, Enriched that Master's tomb.

REPLY TO "ANOTHER WORD-SQUARE."

Those who have tried to form a square of the words described last week may now see how far they were right.

F O R E O V I D I C E E D E N

A HANDSOME SOUL.

One day last winter a little boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I'm very sorry." "Never mind that," exclaimed the lady. "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought that you would be very angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the hero, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother he remarked: "O, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge in angry passions, I will think of what she said: 'Better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"—Christian Observer.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy—always much readier for a "bicker" than apt at his lessons. At the Edinburgh University, Pro-

fessor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence, "Dunce he was and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands "fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy even in badness. His family glad to get rid of him shipped him off to Madras, and he lived to lay the foundation of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Cyprius Grant was called "Useless Grant" by his mother—he was so dull and unhandy when a boy.—Snides' Self Help.

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned round a moment after, of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young and never look tired or unhappy again, if, every day, my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little one. And now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine.

THE SAVIOUR AND THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

"Suffer the children to come unto me." Yes, suffer the children to come unto me, No ill shall befall them, at rest shall they be, For I am their Saviour and I am their friend, And loving them once, I will love to the end.

If the road shall be lonely and full of alarms, I will carry them softly, close, close in my arms; And if noonday be hot, to the shade of the rock I will tenderly lead them, the lambs of the flock.

Far away in the past, like a thin, golden haze— I remember them yet—are those wonderful days, When I gathered the lilies and stood by the sea, And talked with the children of old Galilee.

And Mary, my mother, she looked on and smiled To see how the little ones followed her child; So little they guessed that their Saviour had come, They said I was Jesus, the carpenter's son.

Now, sitting afar on my great judgement-seat, With the crowns of the world falling down at my feet I remember the children, and still to an fro To comfort and help them my messengers go.

I mark them a path through the changeable years, I hear all their prayers and I number their tears, And always and ever in sweet undertone Their hymns of thanksgiving float up to my throne.

Then teach them to love me, to call on my name At morning and evening, in pleasure and pain, Of such is my kingdom, of such it must be, Then suffer the children to come unto me.

HOW TO TEACH.

Some one speaks these beautiful words of comfort and encouragement to the anxious teacher:

Go, speak to Jesus first; Then to the child. Go, let Him speak to thee Who taught on earth in Judah's waning days, On mountain slopes, along the pebbly beach, And on the joyous billows of the sea. Yes, in the closet hear His voice who spake As never man did speak. Ask for His mind Whose patience bore the burdens of a world. Ask trustingly; the promise is to thee: Thou shalt receive. Then meet the child as one For whom the Saviour died. That ransomed soul— God knows—it may be given thee to lift The little fledgling to an angel's seat. O, touch not heedlessly the chords that thrill To gladness or to woe. Lay gentle hands On things that tell the tale in other worlds. Go, speak to Jesus, wait his answering word; Then tell the trusting child like one who comes Transfigured from the mount of prayer.

A GLORIOUS TRUTH.

The most glorious of truths is that God loves poor guilty sinners; and it is the greatest of all wonders, on reflecting, that the love that exists in God is infinitely superior to the love that lives in man. God is the only being who can find motives of action in his own bosom; he can never love from motives of excellence; the love of God is a free love. And strange as it may appear, this love involves more of the fulness of Deity in it, than the love that embraces angels. It includes pity and grace, which are not needed towards them. Hear the important truth; it will eventually live in the heart of every child of God; and kindle a fire purer than that of a seraph. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here is love! Love so great that it brings Diety down from heaven to earth to save sinners! And yet, remember nothing else would avail us—it is all necessary. True it is, we cannot understand these truths irrespective of a

revelation; but thanks be to God for his written Word. It is said, Romans v. 8, "But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—W. Howells.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

The Holy Grail, and Other Poems. By A. TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Strahan & Co., 1870. Pp. 222.

The taste for poetry seems never to die. Even in an age that is materialistic to a proverb, there are thousands who welcome the true "Maker." Browning's rugged obscurity, Morris' exquisite stories are marvellous English, Tennyson's matchless rhythm and unearthly beauty—all find readers and admirers. Nor need we scruple to say that if a Milton or a Shakespeare arise among us he may count on an audience—fit and not few. Already "The Holy Grail" has sold by tens of thousands, a presumption in favour of its merits, and a positive proof of the taste of the public for poetry.

The chief poem of this new volume takes its name *San Grail* from—

The cup, the cup itself from which our Lord Drank at the last sad Supper with it is own;

and the aim of King Arthur's Knights is to find it. Their adventures are described briefly, how many of them catch a sight of it, but all fail to get it. The characters of the Knights are admirably drawn—and their wanderings are set forth in lines that are perfect music. Besides the interest of the general story, the poem contains many lines of suggestive thought.

The Knights are spoken of in words that admit of much wider application—

I knew [thee] For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall, For good ye are and bad, and like to coin. Sometimes some light, but every one of you Stamped with the image of the King.

Among the Knights for whom the quest was not—for he was least worthy—was Sir Gawain:—

Yet Gawain swore and louder than the rest Sir Percivale was less successful than Sir Galahad, for he was wanting in humility; and in proof.

Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins

The Monk Ambrosius, who was a celibate, found his imagination more earthly than the married life itself,—

For we that want the warmth of double life, We that are plagued with dreams of something sweet, Ah blessed Lord, I speak too earthly wise!

Sir Lancelot, who had previously sinned.

Being so clouded with his grief and love, Small heart was his after the Holy Quest. If God would send the vision, well, if not, The Quest and he were in the hands of heaven.

How true to nature are these last lines! The next poem *Pelleas and Ettarre* is full of human interest. The portrait of Ettarre is fine, though the beauty is earthly:—

For large her violet eyes looked, and her bloom A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens. And round her limbs, mature in womanhood, And slender was her hand and small her shape, And but for those large eyes; the haunts of scorn. She might have seemed a toy to trifle with, And pass and care no more;

The Passing of Arthur (the Morte d'Arthur), which long since appeared among Mr. Tennyson's poems, is now joined to the *Idylls*, and takes its proper place at the close. It completes an epic such as Milton projected, and such as will take rank among the finest in our language.

The rest of the volume is made up of miscellaneous poems. The Northern Farmer illustrates in good Yorkshire style—dialect and thought to match, must we say?—the modern principle:—

But I know'd a Quaker feller as often as tow'd me this; Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is!

The Golden Supper is an exquisite tale. "Wages" describes the only reward for which virtue cares:

Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

The highest Pantheism sings nobly; God is law, say the wise; O Soul, let us rejoice, For if He thundered by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

The *Idylls* are now, we presume, complete; and though the themes are not always pleasing—the story, of Sir Lancelot, and of Sir Pelleas, to wit—English men may well be proud of their poet. For musical diction, for blended beauty of expression and thought, he is unsurpassed; and he fairly claims the merit of adding a new epic, and a thoroughly English epic, to our literature.—Freeman.

The following acrostic exhibits some of the qualities which make a good Sabbath school teacher.

TRUTHFULNESS. EARNESTNESS. AFFECTIONATENESS. CONSTANCY. HOPEFULNESS. ENDURANCE. REGULARITY.

"Where was John Rogers burned?—tell me now," said a teacher in a voice that filled the room, and startled the listeners at the door. "Couldn't tell," said the first. "No answer from the next." "Joshua knows," whispered a little thing at the head of her class. "Well, then, if Joshua knows, he may tell," said the teacher. "In the fire," shouted Joshua, with a look of imperturbable self-complacency.

Scientific, &c.

A COMBINATION CHURCH ORGAN.—For months past the organ of St. Joseph's Catholic Church has behaved in the most strange and unaccountable manner. Frequently, at the beginning of the service, when the organ struck a high key, the instrument would give forth a curious wail, prolonged for a minute or two, regardless of time or tune; and before the close of the service it sometimes happened that one or more of the low tones would take a similar "kink," and utter a sound similar to an engine blowing off steam, that could neither be stopped or regulated. The organist was immensely puzzled by these pranks, which were the most curious from the fact that they were intermittent—on some Sundays the instrument behaved with faultless propriety. At length, one recent Sunday, the organ let out such an unendurable "yowl," at a most impressive portion of the mass, that a thorough search was resolved on, when, wonderful to relate, it was found that an old cat had been blessed with a litter of kittens; she was wont to stretch herself and family across some of the interior cards or pipes of the organ in such a manner as to produce the unearthly sounds referred to. The squatters were ejected with indignant promptitude, and the blower induced to resume his post, and the organ being faithfully exercised, has behaved itself ever since.—N. Y. Gazette.

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.

WHEN the idea of learning to sing by note was first introduced into New England, something more than 100 years ago, it was strongly opposed on religious grounds. It was regarded as nothing less than Popery in disguise. The *New England Chronicle* put it in this form—"If the singing of songs by rule is allowed, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule, and then comes Popery." In the town of Braintree, several members of the church were expelled because they advocated singing by note.

FARADAY'S YOUTH.—Mr. Barnard, writes to the *Times*:—"In Dr. Benec Jones's recently published 'Life of Faraday,' it is stated that 'the family received public relief, and to Michael, who was nine years old, one loaf was given weekly, and it had to last him for that time.' Now, the question as to whether Faraday ever received public relief may not, perhaps, interest the public very much; but as it is quite a mistake, and never occurred, his friends are anxious that it should be corrected, and I have to request of your kind courtesy the insertion of these lines. 'The Faradays never received any public relief, but at this time they were, no doubt, poor, and bread was very dear—I believe Is. 9d. the quarter loaf. Old King George III. set an example to his subjects by restricting himself to one small piece of bread at dinner, and allow no puddings or pastry to be made in the royal kitchens, and it was recommended by the Government that every one at such a period of scarcity should make use of rice, potatoes, and other food, and so diminish the consumption of wheat-en flour. I have more than once heard my brother-in-law tell the story of their domestic economy at this time. Faraday said that at the beginning of the week his mother gave him a quarter loaf for himself, that he might have the management of it entirely. He immediately marked it out carefully into fourteen portions, one of which he ate each morning and evening, thus learning his first lesson in frugal economy.'

AN IMPROVED MODE OF DUELING.—A Valparaiso merchant recently receiving a challenge from an officer with whom he had quarrelled, sent back this answer:—"I have no desire whatever to kill you, still less do I desire to be killed myself. Here is what I propose: Go to the nearest wood. Choose a tree about as stout as myself, place yourself fifty, thirty, or even fifteen steps from it—just as you like—and then fire bravely on the tree. If you hit it, I will admit that I was in the wrong, and will offer an apology. In the contrary case, I shall be ready to receive yours."

WET SUNDAYS.—The *Sunday Magazine* has an article on wet Sundays as a means of grace. They furnish a fine opportunity for Bible reading, self-examination, family instructions and devotion. It is sad evidence of an unfurnished mind or of an unsatisfied heart, if these days of constrained leisure cannot be pleasantly and profitably spent in retirement and in the domestic circle. We recommend a well conducted religious journal as an admirable means of diversifying and enlivening the exercises of such occasions. Wet Sundays are an excellent test of piety. If professing Christians go through rain, hail, snow or storm to attend to their secular business, but are kept by threatening clouds from Sunday school and public worship, there must be something wrong.

It is observable that in general those who have least religion to lose are most ready to thrust it into danger.