

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 5th, 1870.

MATTHEW XXV. 14-30: Parable of the five talents.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 108, 109, 110.

Sunday, June 12th, 1870.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXVIII.

- Jasper, Rev. iv. 3.
Ephesus, Rev. ii. 1.
Hobbes, Heb. i.
Oak, or Olive, Isa. vi. 13.
Sheba, Psa. lxxii. 10.
Hosea, Haggai, Habakkuk.
Arvad, Gen. x. 18.
Penny, Luke xx. 24.
Hebrew.
Arnon, or Abana, Deut. ii. 24.
Tiglath-Pileser, 2 Kings xv.

JEHOSHAPHAT who reigned 25 years king of Judah.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIX.

- 1. Spring from the youngest of his race, he goes
In search of rest, but shrinks before his foes.
2. There, as they sup, the Master stands confest,
Whose words so lately warned their anxious breast.
3. Who dreamed a dream of kingdoms yet to be,
Yet without aid its meaning could not see?
4. In whose royal garden, when his days were past
Was laid, a penitent, in peace at last?
5. Daughter and mother of a roiling race,
Example of perpetuated grace.
6. King, prophet, sage, his mother's words he knew,
And a faded portrait of woman drew.

The initials and the initials will give the answer.
Hither in anxious doubt and dread he came,
And this henceforward was the pilgrim's name.

ANSWER TO A MECHANICAL PUZZLE.

A CLOCK.

AN AGRICULTURAL PUZZLE.

I have many eyes now, though at first I'd but one;
And yet I'm as blind as if I had none;
For a good reason why, I've been buried alive;
Yet, buried, I live; and living, I thrive.
But I stretch out my arms as if asking for aid,
And wait till I'm dug out again with a spade.

ABOUT THE CHILD JESUS.

Mamma, when our Lord was a dear little child,
Did his mother love him as you love me?
Do you think that he played and prattled and smiled,
And loved to clamber upon her knee?

Did he say his prayers when he went to sleep,
A king God's care for his mother dear?
Did he ever grieve? did he ever weep?
Did he ever wish? did he ever fear?

Did he understand what the prophets meant?
Did he always feel sure that he was the Lord?
Did he always know that he had been sent
To open the strait and the narrow road?

At night, I suppose, when all were asleep,
The angels came and talked with him long—
Made him his faith and his courage keep,
Sung him to sleep with their heavenly song.

I shall some time know; for now above,
Where the golden gates in splendor shine,
The Lord of Light and the Lord of Love,
He sits in a glory all divine.

All divine, and with naught of earth
Save the glorious form which he took away;
Yet I'm sure he remembers his lowly birth,
And I know that he hears when children pray.

WORK AND WEALTH.—The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law, or they strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge and food and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers. Yes, and worse than robbers. I am not one who in the least doubts or disputes the progress of this century in many things useful to mankind; but it seems to me a very dark sign respecting us that we look with so much indifference upon a dishonesty and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. In the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar it was only the feet that were part of iron and part of clay; but many of us are now getting so cruel in our avarice, that it seems as if, in us, the heart were part of iron and part of clay.—Ruskin.

A child may get to heaven without a penny in his pocket, but not without love to Jesus in his heart.

A LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

A correspondent of the Watchman & Reflector gives a graphic sketch of a visit to Constantinople and other places of great interest to the classical scholar, as well as to every Bible reader:

When Cyprus came in sight I was glad and went on shore. I thought how Paul felt when, a prisoner, drifting by this same island, tossed by the same waves, he was finally landed in rather an unceremonious manner on a neighboring island. Cyprus is full of antiquities, and rich both in sacred and classic history. In an inland town Paul and Barnabas labored and planted a church. It was noted for its idolatry, and Constantine, some three hundred years after Paul, ordered his soldiers to go through the island, enter the houses, and destroy all the idols they might find. Recent excavations bring great numbers of idols both of stone, pottery and bronze to light, all being broken or defaced. After a pleasant visit to our Consul's and a stroll on shore, we sailed away for our next port, Rhodes. A short stop at Rhodes, and we soon found ourselves in the Levantine Islands. Often the rocky shores of four or five islands of different sizes would be in sight at a time, among which are Patmos, sacred to the Christian through all time, as the spot where the Apostle John wrote his visions as recorded in the Revelation; Tenedos, where the Greeks hid themselves when besieging ancient Troy, after having made the famous wooden horse—and I looked in vain for the narrow bay in which Virgil says they hid their ships—and many others, too numerous to mention. Soon we came to Smyrna, another interesting spot to the Christian, as being the seat of one of the seven churches. The harbor is large and describes three-fourths of a circle, at the head of which lies Smyrna, a city of one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated at the foot of several hills, and rising up on their sides; it seems as if nothing was wanting, either in beauty of situation or accessibility to navigation, to make it one of the first commercial cities in the world. The site of the early Christian church is marked by a small, insignificant house. The tomb of Polycarp is here shown, and the spot where he suffered martyrdom. Here are also many ancient ruins which I will not describe.

On the railroad, fifty miles in the interior, is Ephesus. Little now remains of this celebrated city but heaps of ruins, broken columns, statues, pilasters, cornices, &c., in a mean village of five hundred inhabitants. The steamer Vulcan remained in port three days, when we were once more on our way, passing now the rocky and precipitous shores of Asia Minor on our right, and now numerous islands on our left. We soon found ourselves in the straits of Dardanelles, which can well be compared to the Hudson River, both in the width and the character of the adjoining shore. Here, too, we are on classic ground. Entering these straits, as you cast your eye to the Asiatic shore, numerous hills soon rise from the plain covered with olive and other trees, and nestling at their base two or three small villages are seen. These mark the site of ancient Troy. Nearly in a line three pyramidal mounds are plainly seen. The first is the tomb of the first Greek killed by a Trojan as he first stepped on the shores of Ilium. The second is the tomb of Achilles; on one of these Alexander the Great offered sacrifice.

Night soon hid these historic scenes, and amid a storm of rain and sleet, with a heavy sea and wind, we passed the night as comfortably as possible, and awoke to find ourselves steaming up the Golden Horn, and nearing the city which has been in time past, and will be in time to come, the seat of government for a great power of the earth, whatever that power may be. It has been the capital of Turkey since conquered, in 1453, and is, therefore, thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of Mahomet. Situated on a tongue of land at the head of the Sea of Marmora, with an arm of the sea extending into the city on one side, while the other is washed by the Bosphorus, it enjoys advantages for commerce not excelled by any city in the world. The climate is mild, with less variation than most other places in a temperate latitude. Seldom is any snow seen in winter, and during summer the heat is not excessive. The soil adjacent to the city is fertile, and so of the whole country on both the European and Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Constantinople consists of Stamboul, Gallati, Pera, on the European side, and Scutari, Chalcedony and several villages on the Asiatic shore; making, in all, a population of over nine hundred thousand souls. The city is a Babel in regard to language, all tongues being represented, from the far, far East to the west of Europe. In fact, Constantinople is being Europeanized at a rapid rate. The Turks are more tolerant in this city than in any other Mohammedan city in religious matters, and could the power of the Turkish government be broken the Christian religion would vitalize this ignorant and superstitious people.

There is a strange mixture of the beautiful with the commonplace; the hotel and the palace being often contiguous. Two days ago I went to see the Sultan on his way to church. A long walk brought me to a very pretty mosque with no pretensions to show externally, but said to be very fine within, situated on the shore of the Bosphorus. The military were at their station with a full brass band, quietly waiting orders. Our guide informed us we must take a caique and push out into the Bosphorus in order to have a good view of his Imperial Highness. The caique is peculiar to Constantinople—many thousands of them plying on these waters—and is a boat looking much like an Indian canoe, being very long and narrow, and sharp at both ends, both prow and stern out of the water, with a slight and graceful curve upward nearly a third of the boat's length. The keel is also

as sharp as a knife, and a powerful oarsman can propel them as swiftly as a steamboat. After a cursory view of my immediate surroundings, I cast my eye up the Bosphorus, when a puff of white smoke was seen, quickly followed by the boom of a cannon; another, and a succession of one in about one-fourth of a minute from the men-of-war in the harbor, and as the cortege approached and passed the batteries on shore, salutes were also fired, when, amid the roar of cannon, mingled with strains of music, eight caiques, in white and gold, came gliding noiselessly toward us. The sight was purely Oriental, and beautiful beyond any thing I have ever seen;—on either side three caiques, each with six oarsmen, all dressed with white pants and flesh-colored shirts, while in the centre a large caique an hundred feet long, white as the drifting snow, with prow and stern covered with gold. Under a canopy of velvet and gold sat His Serene Highness, the Sultan of the Turks. This was rowed by twenty-six oarsmen dressed as described. The oars dipped the waves without noise, and with the regularity of machinery. Sultan Abdul Aziz appears to be about forty-five years of age, of medium size, a decidedly Turkish face, with a cold, acid, indifferent expression. It may be this was his "Sunday look," but I scan his face in vain for the appearance of either a wise or benign ruler.

A short distance in the rear was a second royal caique, bearing the Grand Vizier and other officers of State. In a few moments all were passed, and landing upon the quay, they quickly disappeared amid a grand military reception, and the throng disappeared in the mosque. The military display being over, we pulled across the Bosphorus to Scutari, where we entered one of the many and extensive cemeteries of this city. Among the Turks it is the custom to plant a cypress tree at the birth and death of each member of the family. This ancient custom has produced forests of these trees, which, even far at sea, mark the resting places of the dead, and the dark shades of the cypress invite the traveller to wander into these cities of the dead, where about as much may be learned of the habits and customs of this people as can be gathered from the living. The grounds are completely covered with graves, most of them having slabs at the head, of marble, from which much may be learned of the sleeper beneath. If the tomb stone be surmounted by a turban it shows the individual to be a male, and has also quite a number of verses from the Koran inscribed on its surface, which is turned toward the road, whichever way the body may be laid. These quotations from the Koran are read by the faithful Mussulman to help the deceased out of purgatory; each reading "counts one good deed," which atones for ten sins committed in this life. The females are not supposed to suffer that way, as I saw no inscriptions of that character on their monuments. Their monuments have no turbans on the summit, and nothing from the Koran, but emblems of a different signification. A grape vine with leaves and much fruit indicates the woman to have been fruitful. A single tulip or other flower tells the simple story that the sleeper had not the honor of being a mother. On the top of each of the graves a slab of marble without inscription is laid horizontally, with a large elliptical opening in the centre, through which the dead may rise at the resurrection. At one end of this horizontal slab are cuplike excavations to hold the rain as it falls, in order that birds may come and drink. Every time a bird drinks at these little pools the act is counted a "good deed," and counts off ten sins from the individual who is supposed to be in purgatory.

A walk of a couple of miles through the cypress shades, and among the disgusting relics of morality, bring us to the summit of a ridge of hills stretching up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. The country is beautifully broken and fertile, and the summer residences of the rich crown the hills as far as the eye can reach. On our right, extending to the water's edge, are the hospitals erected by the English during the Crimean War. The site is a good one for a hospital, having the pure air from the Black Sea and Bosphorus, and a fine view of the surrounding country and adjacent waters. Here the English soldier, languishing in pain in a foreign land, first felt the gentle touch and tender care of woman's hand, and the name of Florence Nightingale may well go down to posterity linked with those of England's greatest heroes. Continuing your walk a mile or two you ascend the hill of Bulgaria. The summit of this hill is said to command the finest view in the world. Here the Orient and Occident meet face to face. Looking to the European shore, at your feet are the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus, covered with vessels, from the graceful caique to the man-of-war of largest size. To the left is the Sea of Marmora, dotted with its many islands. On the opposite shore, rising from the water's edge, is the ancient city of Stamboul, with its mosques and tall minarets crowned by glittering crescents. Obliquely to your right the Golden Horn winds its way with graceful curves, and is lost to view in the distant hills. Still farther to the right is a tongue of land on which is built the European portion of this great city, comprising Gallati and Pera, beyond which, on a succession of hills, are the quarters of the Jews, Greeks and Armenians, each nationality in the limits of its own district, while still farther to the right, and stretching away to the Black Sea, a distance of twenty miles, is the continuation of the Bosphorus, its shores lined with palaces and beautiful villas as far as the eye can reach, the whole scene as beautiful as the eye of man ever rested upon.

The devil is a great dentist, and buoys up all those whose teeth he is destroying by his vile sweets with promises of better false ones; and so on with every part of life.—aye, and with life itself.

For Sunday School Teachers.

THE RELATION OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL TO THE COMMUNITY.

The community has a deep personal interest in the Sunday School, and has corresponding duties. Thousands of youth are every year saved from prison and from crime by this institution. The three hundred and fifty or four hundred thousands voluntary Sunday School teachers of our land constitute a moral police, to which the community are immensely indebted, whether they are sensible of it or not. It recently cost New York city more than twenty-five thousand dollars to convict one murderer, who had been neglected from a child. That sum of money would have paid his board for sixty years, or sustained twenty thousands children in mission schools for a whole year. The Sabbath School is a cheap and simple agency to give the gospel to the millions. It is the cheapest civiliser extant.

Thousands of the best patriots, statesmen, and Christians of our own and other lands love to acknowledge their immense obligations to the Sabbath School, for what they are and what they hope to be. The Bishop of London said: "The Sunday School has saved the manufacturing districts." And the Earl of Shaftesbury declared: "To you Sunday School teachers, is entrusted the future of the British empire."

Many thousands of parents in our land, who are entirely neglecting the religious instruction of their children, can bring them to the Sabbath Schools, where four hundred thousand voluntary teachers stand cheerfully ready to teach them, without money and without price. Like the waters of the river of life, this stream runs free. Let parents see to it that their children are regularly there. The community should do all they can to help forward this beneficent voluntary scheme of Public Education, manifest their real obligation to the teachers, offer them rooms in their public school buildings, and by the pressure of a sound public sentiment increase the uniform attendance, particularly from the ignorant and neglected classes.—Am. paper.

WORDS TO PARENTS.

Rev. A. D. Mayo utters the following suggestive words to American parents:—

Dear friends, teach your children early to love the religion of Jesus Christ. Bring them into vital communion with some progressive, truly living church; teach them to love it, work in it, support it by their money, and stand by it in after life. If you neglect this your house it will be full of young pagans, as many a prosperous man's house in America is to-day filled with children who are further from any religious character than the Chinese or the North American Indians. It will be a dismal day for this Republic when your little ones are turned over to the wild and heartless materialism and atheism that rave through our great cities for their support in life. The poorest church is better than that godless and inhuman creed. Organized religion is the cornerstone of human society, and every fabric of religion reposes on childhood as its living foundation, everlastingly renewed by the creative love of Almighty God.

BIBLE STORIES.

In teaching Bible Stories, it is well to connect with each story a text which will form the point of the lesson. Select, for instance, the story of the conversion of Paul, in connection with his prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Show the children a portrait of Saul of Tarsus. Excite their attention by an account of his character as a persecutor, "consenting" unto the death of Stephen, "hailing men and women, add committing them to prison."

Use the language of the Bible narrative as much as possible. Set vividly before them the ride towards Damascus. Describe the appearance of the armed escort. Call their attention to the time of day—noon—the intense brightness of the sun at that hour; the light brighter than the sun; the falling down of the guards; the voice from heaven; and Saul's immediate humble inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Go on with the history, and tell them of his changed name, then of his subsequent ministry, and his apostleship. Show them how he carried out the spirit of the text, by striving always to know and do the will of the Lord.

Afterwards, whenever you teach them a verse from one of Paul's Epistles, made them repeat the outlines of the story. Interperse the story with questions, talk with the children, not merely to them.

A GEM.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to toll of day;
If, in one poor bleeding bosom,
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of Heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow warm and strong,
Then my God! I thank Thee,—bless Thee
For the precious gift of song.

Mary Louise Chitwood.

To praise what is estimable is right; but to flatter what is wrong, is the property of a designing hypocritical soul.