

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 26th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 1-13: MARK xiv. 1-9: LUKE xxii. 1, 2: xii. 2-8: The Rulers conspire. The supper at Bethany.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 114, 115.

Sunday, July 3rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 14-19: MARK xiv. 10-16: xxii. 3-13:—The treachery of Judas. Preparation for the Passover.

Recite, S. C., 116, 117.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLII.

C-oc-k . . . . . Matt. xxvi. 75.
A-gat-e . . . . . Ezek. xxvii. 16.
L-aba-n . . . . . Gen. xxxi. 24.
E-lish-a . . . . . 2 Kings vi. 17.
B-oa-z . . . . . Ruth ii. 14.
CALEB, Judges i. 20. KENAZ, Judges iii. 9.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIII.

Who after the cheering strains of music foretold a miracle?
In what was a slain man once buried?
A river mentioned by a leper.
A king greatly interested in husbandry.
The initials give the name of a man who married the daughter of Elon, a Canaanite; the initials of his wife.

ANSWER TO A DOMESTIC PUZZLE.

MOTHER.

A SORROWFUL PUZZLE.

Complete, I am a sign
Of sorrow or of pain;
Behold me, and you'll find
I'm not far from the brain;
Curtail me and put on my head,
I am a useful shrub 'tis said.

UNDER THE SEA.

How few of us who love the sunshine and enjoy the blessings the beautiful world bestows, remember that there are unfortunates who live most of their lives in the bowels of the earth, toiling to earn the little pittance that supplies the bare necessities of their comfortless lives.

Of all mining, the collieries are the most objectionable. The pit where our story locates is, perhaps, the deepest and most revolting of them all. It is the colliery known as the Wearmouth, on the coast of the German Ocean, some dozen miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This colliery is said to have been worked over forty years, and to be now full two thousand feet below the surface. It employs twelve hundred men. One of its galleries is cut under the sea; and here the men labor year after year, with the waves above them, and ships riding upon the waters.

The wealth of coal in the Wearmouth is found from three to six feet thick. You can the better appreciate the difficulties of mining it, when you bear in mind that when the coal is removed it is found necessary to prop up the walls, which is done during the night, that there may be no cessation in the toil of the poor miners by day.

Some of these tunnels are not more than three feet high, and the atmosphere is so close that a writer, describing his visit to the place, says, 'The perspiration poured down my face, and I was moist from head to foot.'

Think of twelve hundred persons, including boys from nine years of age upward, immured in such a living tomb.

But to our story. Some two miles from the entrance to this dismal pit, there lived an old man who had spent the best portion of his life in the mines. We call him old, for although he was not more than forty-five years, the constant and cruel toil had made him old before his time.

He was one of those who wield the heavy picks, and cut away the huge blocks of coal, and he had stood in the same gallery during the last ten years, with no clothing but the shoes and breech-clout that such miners use, chipping his life away that others might live.

But accidents come sooner or later to most miners, and now that he was disabled and crippled for life, it was natural he should ask himself who was to support him while he groped his way to the tomb.

Collitt, for that was the man's name, had married late in life, and his first-born children having been daughters and both dying in childhood, he was left with only a son, who was approaching his ninth year when our story opens.

'It's no use, wile,' said the man, speaking in provincial dialect, which we will translate into plain English, 'to argue about it. I would not have thought of sending the poor boy to the pits, but for what it has pleased the Lord to send upon me. But seeing it is his will, it ill behooves us to rebel against our lot.'

'Ah, good man,' cried the woman, covering her face with her apron, that he should not see the struggle going on in her brave heart, 'it is not only for myself that I take on in this dismal way. I know it is your own kind heart that is breaking while you say it—but when I think of the lad, the blessed sunbeam that he is, I cannot

be willing that he should be, this one pet lamb of our flock, let down into this yawning pit, by his own father and mother! The boy shall not go to the mines. I will sooner go myself.'

The man turned his face to the wall with a weary groan. 'Hermann shall decide it himself, dear wife. I'm weary with your wilfulness, and if the old man could but get to the gallery once more, they might bury me alive before I would bring the water to your eyes in that way.'

'I can plant, and I can dig; I can hoe the taters and the corn; I can feed the cow and the pigs, and what more do we need, Collitt? You may have my share of all, for I could live longer on one look of my boy than upon a whole harvest.'

'But the winter lies between this and planting, wife, and I hang heavy on your hands.'

'Not so, husband. The handful of meal will be blessed even to us as it was to one of old.'

'At that moment the boy, Hermann, came in with a bundle of figs upon his head, which he flung boisterously down upon the hearth, and lifted his handsome face, glowing as it was with robust life and abundant exercise, for his mother's kiss.'

'Why are you weeping mother?' he asked. 'It's nothing, child, only that the rod has smitten my old heart, and the waters flow as they did in olden times from the rock.'

'Was it not God who caused the waters to trickle at Moses's bidding?' asked the lad. 'The Bible says it.'

'And if he smote through you, my son?' 'I never could make my mother weep.'

'Come to my arms, Hermann. You shall decide for yourself and us. Your father lies there helpless. The winter is setting in—the meal is low in the bin. If I leave the poor man he will die. How are we to live unless I do?'

A troubled look passed over the boy's face, then the blue eyes gleamed with sudden intelligence. 'I am nine years old next month, and at nine years we can go to the collieries. What more can you ask?'

The arms of the woman slid away from her son's neck, and she sank down like one in a dead faint. The man groaned again, and turned his face closer to the wall.

And so, when nothing better could be done, the mother took the boy by the hand, and led him to the awful pit, which she knew must some time bring death to him, and through him to them all.

The little fellow was too much accustomed to the place to be alarmed when he was placed upon the frail platform, but he turned his eyes to the right and left, glancing over the hills and trees, and up into the blue sky, like one who is bidding a final farewell to everything he loved.

'It's not I, my bonnie lad, light of my heart, that let you down into this loathsome place, and before you go, tell your old mother that you forgive her for seeking to live on the young life of her boy.'

'What better could I ask for?' the boy said, shivering a little as he looked below. 'My father has been here before me, and it is the lot of us all.'

'But to think of the lamb only nine years old, that ought to be skipping in the field, breathing the poison of the pits. Ye shall not go down my laddie, ye shall not go down.'

But while the poor woman cried out, the wheel revolved, the ropes were in motion. The golden tresses of the lad waved backward, as if to kiss her once more, and he had sunk down into the pitless night.

We will not follow young Hermann into the earth, since we have already been there before him, but we will extend a cordial greeting to him, when, at night, he is whirled up again into the pure air, and begrimed as he is with coal-dust and hard labor, starts for his home, two miles away.

You can better imagine than I describe the eagerness of his reception there, how the mother wept over him as if he had been released from the grave, and how the old miner, his father, listened to the boy's glowing descriptions of what he had done and seen, until he would have given half the years he hoped to live, to be able to stand by the brave lad's side, and wield the pick as he had done in years gone by.

'And there's rats in the mines. Did you know that father?'

'To be sure, lad. I've seen armies of them there; but they are the only living things I ever saw down there, under the sea.'

'But what do they go there for, when they could live up here, and run about in the green woods. I wouldn't go down there if I was a rat.'

Ab, the poor lad! and because he is not a rat, but a noble boy of whom princes might be proud, he must pick, pick, pick his young life away, by the light of a candle stuck in his hat-band.

Surely there is that in the world which is sad to see! Hermann's life was now the monotonous toil of all miners. The novelty was soon over; the bright, joyous expression began to die out from his handsome face, and the cold, sad look settled there, so familiar on the faces of miners.

The mother had become used to it, and with suffering and self-complaints the father had all he could do to pity himself. And so the months came and went.

Three years had elapsed when the rumor spread like wildfire that there was an accident at the colliery, and frantic mothers and friends flew to the mouth of the pit, and wailed out their despair.

It is impossible to give any description of the horrors that always attend these accidents. We would not, if we could, describe what occurred here. It is enough, that when they bore, one after another, the dead into the upper world, and laid them down upon the cool green grass, there was one we have seen before—a boy with

golden hair, and a brow upon which genius had stamped its glorious signet.

'That's Hermann,' a man said, in a low smothered voice, as a woman tore past him, and flung herself upon the lifeless corpse.

'Better that than the mines,' was the bitter reply, and surely we can only utter the miner's word, better that than the mines.—Youth's Companion.

AN ERECT GAIT.

It gives to a woman a queenly appearance, and to men an air of manliness, integrity, and fearlessness. To bend forward or downward while walking, indicates debility, depression, or mental trouble, and always aggravates itself, and promotes disease. Pads and supporters are all pernicious, are worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on some other part, and, to that extent, tend to disease that part.

There is always one easily available and successful method of acquiring an erect, manly gait, without any material effort, or feeling of awkwardness. Let the chin be a little above a horizontal line, which is easily done by keeping the eye fixed on the top of some person's hat or bonnet in front of you.

The habit of this erect carriage may be facilitated by accustoming yourself, when at home, in the garden, or other places, to walk with the hands behind, held in one another, and the head thrown up, as is done in smoking a cigar, or singing a tune.—Hall's Journal of Health.

'The drops of rain and the rays of light are small themselves, but when all unite, they water the world, and they make it bright.'

They do not say, 'Of what use am I?' We may each do good if we will but try; We may soothe the some grief or some want supply.

We can lend to the poor a helping hand; We can cheer the sick as we by them stand; We can send God's word to a heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love; We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove; We can point the weary to rest above,

Oh! how sweet to think that in life's young days, We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise; And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways.'

HAS SHE A CALL TO BE A WIFE?

Has she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day?

Has the woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the latest novel, while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere or camel's hair shawl when her husband's notes are protested?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes, six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves the frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dress gown and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call for a wife who bores her husband when he comes into the house, with the history of a broken tea cup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom-handle?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next door neighbour's damask curtains or velvet carpet?

Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money, or exact a promise?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and 'have an eye,' when at home, to her servants?

Has she a call to be a wife to whom a husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings?

Has she a call to be a wife who listens to outside slanders against her husband, and does not scorn the slanderer?

This world of ours stands not isolated, not rounded and complete in itself, but in living relation with two worlds,—a higher, from which all good in it proceeds, and a lower, from which all evil. To each man the key is committed, and the task given, to keep closed the gate of his soul by which the enemy would enter. But it is also true that it is the existence of another world, of evil beyond and without our world, which makes all remissness here of such fatal and disastrous issue.—Trench.

Says an elderly clergyman in Maine: "I have been for more than half a century in the Christian ministry, and I suppose my younger brethren around me are beginning to consider me a croaking old fog; but I insist upon it, a man must be blind as a bat not to discern the diluting and depleting tendencies there are in the theological world. There is an excessive courtesy shown to the propagators of error; and a sort of half way fellowship extended to those of whom Paul would demand, 'How long wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?'"

"Japanese rabbit" is a San Francisco dainty. It is baked rat.

Missionary Intelligence.

(From the Macedonian.) MR. CRAWLEY IN HENTHADA.

A note from Mr. Crawley, dated Feb. 17, says—"I am once more 'at the front' in my old station. I arrived in Henthada on Sunday, the 13th inst., and just in time for the last day of our Burman Association. . . I find less change in all respects than I had expected from a three years' absence. Not one of the native Christians has died, and they all appear to be doing well, and the prospect for years of joyous and fruitful labor is as bright as I could wish."

ANOTHER PLAN TO HELP.

A young friend in Nova Scotia, skilled in the art of singing, had gathered together and trained a choir, which assisted greatly in a number of literary entertainments during the last winter, for the purpose of raising money to support native preachers in Burmah.

This narrative shows that where there is a disposition to help, an inventive mind will find methods.

ZEAL OF A RED KAREN.

Mr. Bunker writes thus of the Christian activity and zeal of a Red Karen convert, the first of his tribe who has been baptized.

The first Red Karen convert was baptized the beginning of last September. He promises to be more than ordinary. As a preacher he is already performing a great work. He has now under his tuition four Karenees, here on our compound, and is uncommonly zealous and earnest not only to teach them to read, but of the glorious salvation. He reads the Bible to them, expounds it to them in his own language, and prays with them every evening. Here is one baptized and four in different stages of advancement. All will tell you that the Red Karens are the superior race, and that by God's grace we are to expect more from them as disciples than from the other races. But they ought now to have a large share of my time, or some other missionary's.

SWEDEN.

Testifying before a Court.—A brother in Sweden, who suffered persecution for Christ's sake, being tried and condemned to a fine, gives this interesting account of his appearance before the court:—

The Lord has made this persecution the means of doing much good. While standing before the tribunal, I experienced the force of the Saviour's saying, "Take no thought what ye shall speak." I stood before the Council for three hours, with the exception of one quarter's respite, and felt such tranquility of mind, that when the three hours were over, it was to me only as a minute.

The room was filled with priests, gentlemen, common men, and women. I was permitted to speak freely.

All were quiet and attentive while I gave an account of my life,—how long I had served the devil, how I was awakened, how long I went in bondage under the law, how I came to be a Baptist, where I was baptized, how the baptism was performed, how we were dressed, and how the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

Then I remained silent, while seven witnesses gave in their testimony, and they told the truth. Now the Lord be praised for the means which enabled me to go out again and preach the gospel here, and to win souls to Christ.

HOW TO REPLENISH THE TREASURY OF THE LORD.

Let Annie buy one ribbon less \$ 1.00
And Fanny give one ring; 5.00
Grace sacrifice one change of dress, 50.00
Owe sash and fancy string. 3.00

Let Julia from her next new suit
One lace trimmed ruffle spare; 3.00
The time required, one such to flute,
Let it be spent in prayer. [Blessing invaluable.]

Let Mesdames A. B. C. and D.
Their household's watch with care;
Each save from waste (theft?) one ounce of tea,
One needless luxury spare. [50 cts. per week,
x 4=] 2.00

Let Kate and Rose each take her turn
With their wise ma's consent,
Each for one week three dollars earn,
(As Bridget left in Lent.) 6.00

Let Mary once with Jane forego
Their pleasant carriage drive, [saved 5.00]
And help dear Sister Abbie sew; [Earned 5.00]=
Thus save and double five. 10.00

Let Sarah watch the "Sunny Side,"
That makes her husband free;
And when he joins next room and bride,
Receive and give the fee. 5.00

Let Susie save her furs with care,
To serve next winter's cold,
And guard her dress from stain and tear
That she may give her gold. 20.00

Let Lizzie stop and think again,
Ere she conclude to buy,
"This diamond's cost might save lost men!
I'll give it's price—and try." 500.00
605.00

Here the name we misapply,
This way, just make it right,—
Let Miss and Mrs.—each one—try
To give, at least her mite.

The hundreds by one church thus saved
By thousands multiply,—
'Twill far exceed the sum we craved
The Treasury to supply.

Who can refuse to aid, to pay
Our debts; and send abrad
The Gospel light to lead the way,
Of millions unto God! S. D.
PROVIDENCE, April 18, 1870.