

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 10th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 20: MARK xiv. 17: LUKE xxii. 14-18, 24-30: The Passover meal. Contention among the twelve.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 118, 119.

Sunday, July 17th, 1870.

JOHN xiii. 1-20:—Jesus washes the feet of his disciples.

Recite. S. C., 120, 121.

## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIII.

A-bira-m . . . 1 Kings xvi. 34.  
A-bedneg-o . . . Dan. i. 7.  
R-absari-s . . . 2 Kings xviii. 17.  
O-ssifrag-e . . . Levit. xi. 13.  
N-ethenim-s . . . Nehem. xi. 21.

AARON. MOSES.—Exod. vii. 1

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIV.

From letters of his name, a priest and king of old, Type of a Higher Priest, from ages long foretold, Make these nine names from which to find, Lessons of profit for the mind.

1. A man to whom God sent a child his weakness to reprove.
2. An altar raised for witness by two tribes upon their road.
3. A meeting-place in sorrow, where once parted friends in love.
4. The sire of one beneath whose roof the holy Child abode.
5. A prophet who in vision saw God's holy place defiled.
6. He who restored a city doomed, and paid the heavy curse, Founded on blood of eldest son, complete in youngest child.
7. A place where Israel's foes were met in anger fierce, And slain with weapon weak by mighty champion bold.
8. One of King David's mighty men, though not of Israel's fold.
9. A kingly name upon the roll of Joseph's sires twice told.

## ANSWER TO A MILITARY PUZZLE.

RAMROD.

## CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Some one—a dear lover of the little folks, no doubt—makes what is to us the beautiful suggestion that little children taken to heaven remain little children, and that these are "the small which in connection with 'the great,' an Apostle 'beheld standing before God'—Revelation 20: 12, 'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' Revelation 19: 5, 'And a voice came out of the throne saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.'

And Christ himself, when he called a little child to him, in order to teach lessons of humility to his disciples, recognizes, to our mind, the beautiful truth that the "little one" would remain so in heaven forever. He tells of "woes" because of "offenses," but he seems to warn us in tones of deepest kindness, that the heaviest woe will fall on him who "despises" "one of these little ones;" because the "angels" of these little ones always behold the face of his Father which is in heaven. Said he: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

There is nothing improbable in this idea that those removed from earth to heaven, in childhood continue as children, perfected in holiness and loveliness, in the celestial state. If these little creatures invest with additional charms dwellings here below, why may they not give likewise increased attractions to the mansions above? Who too, shall say that the voices of these small cherubs, "out of whose mouths," while they were in the flesh, "God perfected praise," may not be needed to impart a finished melody to the hallelujah chorus of the skies?

"It seems to me," remarks one of the missionaries at Constantinople—Mr. Schaeffer—"that we need infant choirs in heaven to make up full concert to the angelic symphony. True, these are themes of infinite interest, and the delight and wonder of angels. But oh! they are too tender for the archangel's powerful trumpet—too tender for the thundering notes of cherubim and seraphim. We must have infant choirs in heaven."

It is a pleasing thought that in the kingdom of heaven there are little children—that they form a large part of God's redeemed family. The thought is pleasing to every Christian; but to the bereaved parent—the parent of children "passed into the skies"—it is more than pleasing—it is sustaining, delightful, enrapturing.

"Oh! when the mother meets on high  
The child she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for grief and tears,  
The days of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her fears,  
An over-payment of delight?"

Yes, verily. The child, to the fond parent's eye, was beautiful in death; but it will be more beautiful, more precious, when seen planted a brilliant gem in the diadem of the Sun of Righteousness.—*St. Louis Observer.*

## DEBT.

When I was a very small boy, in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home; what, then, was John to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, and tops, and cakes, and balls, were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore, go into debt for a slate-pencil, and be sure to pay at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount; and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and I was in debt. It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong; but I little knew how soon I should smart for it. How my father came to hear of this little stroke of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it; he was a sensible man, and none of your children-spoilers; he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate, and play at what big rogues call financing, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt on the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon the way in which people were ruined by it; and how a boy who would owe a farthing, might one day owe a hundred pounds, and get into prison, and bring his family into disgrace. It was a lecture, indeed; I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingling at the recollection of it. Then I was marched off to the shop, like a deserter marched into barracks, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart vow and declare that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again? It was a fine lesson, and I have never forgotten it. If all boys were inculcated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them, and save them wagon loads of trouble in after-life. God bless my father, say I, and send a breed of such fathers into Old England to save her from being eaten up with villainy; for what with companies, and schemes, and paper-money, the nation is getting to be as rotten as touch wood.—*John Ploughman's Talk.*

## FLAW HUNTERS.

There are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases by which humanity can be troubled or afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But it is a blunder to mistake the Newgate Calendar for a biographical dictionary!

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good work everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner, or so smooth—that his temper is so fiery, or that he is fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief, requiring of them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is, with them, something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with *a priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolutions of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. 'Littleness,' he said, 'is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch.'—*Good Words.*

## ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE RIGHT?

One day a large number of guests sat at the dinner-table of the principal hotel in Dresden, the beautiful capital of Saxony. Foreigners and native Germans sat side by side, eating, talking, and apparently having a very good time. Suddenly a young merchant, who had travelled through India, attracted the attention of everybody by holding up a peculiar piece

of gold money, which he had brought with him from that country. The coin was eight-cornered, and had very strange figures on both sides of it. The people around the table were greatly surprised to see such a beautiful and queer piece of money, and it is no wonder that they admired it.

The gentlemen owning it let it pass around the table, and a good many remarks were made about how such a queer piece of money could have been prepared. Finally it reached the hands of a gentleman sitting at the end of the table, who was apparently an officer of high rank, and who had been so intent upon conversation with his neighbor that he was really the only one in the company who had not paid much attention to the curious coin. He looked at it a moment, noticed the figures with some indifference, and then laid it down on the table, saying, "Oh! I know that piece of money already; I have seen one before," and continued his conversation.

Shortly afterwards the people began to talk about other things, and the piece of money was apparently forgotten. As the dinner, which lasted a good while, drew to a close, the young merchant who owned the money looked around upon the guests, and said:

"Will the gentleman to whom my piece of money was handed last be kind enough to give it to me again, for I have not yet received it?"

The people were greatly astonished at this remark, and wondered that he had not received the money again. Every one declared that he had passed it on to the one sitting next to him, but nobody seemed able to tell what had become of it. The company were in great surprise at the thought that a thief could possibly be in the number, and yet it did seem that somebody had taken the gold coin. Finally, when the money could not be found, an old gentleman arose and said in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, since every one of you says he has not got the piece of money, and since all of us in this dining-room are responsible for it, I propose to you that each one have his pockets searched by the landlord, and I am willing that mine should be searched first. The landlord and I will take our position at the door, and I propose that nobody leave the hall without the landlord examining his pockets. In fact, there is nothing else that we can do, if we want to save ourselves against the supposition that some one of us is a thief!"

It appeared that everybody was agreed to this proposition, and one after another had his pockets searched by the landlord. Finally, the officer who had paid but little attention to the piece of money when it was handed to him said:

Gentlemen, I do not agree to have my pockets searched, though I give you my honor as a soldier that I do not have in my possession the piece of money. Here is my name, and that is all I can submit to!"

All eyes were now directed to this officer, and immediately every one else seemed to have a suspicion that he was the one who had the money in his pocket. A number said to him that, as they had been searched, it was nothing more than right that he should be also. But he protested against it, and said that he would submit to it under no condition whatever.

"Then," said they, "we shall have to consider that you are the thief, unless you agree to have your pockets searched."

"I am no thief, gentlemen, and yet I will not have my pockets searched!"

Just in the midst of the excitement, a rap was heard at the door. The landlord opened it, and seeing the chief waiter of the hotel before him, asked him what he desired. Said he:

"I wish to tell you, sir, that in one of the napkins which has just been brought from the table there was found this gold-piece, which fell out when the napkin was thrown into the pile of soiled ones. I have come to give it to you, that you may return it to the owner."

The whole company was greatly surprised, and there was a universal feeling of satisfaction; and those people who had accused the officer of being a thief felt very much ashamed of themselves, and would have been glad to find any place in which to hide. The officer, now seeing that they could no more call him a thief, stood up before the company, and said:

"Gentlemen, I think you will now allow me the privilege of saying a word. The reason why I did not allow my pockets to be searched, that I had in my portemonnaie a piece of gold just like the piece which the waiter has returned to the owner. If it had been found in my pocket, and the other piece had never been found, I would have been called, and with some right, perhaps, a thief. There are strange things in this world, and we can never be too sure that we are right. See, here is my piece of money!"

And with that, the officer took out a piece of gold which was in every respect like that owned by the merchant.

"Look at it carefully, gentlemen; I am not afraid that any one of you is a thief, and after you have all seen it, I think you will say that it is precisely like the merchant's piece. Hereafter, let me beg of you never to call any man a thief, or suspect him of any crime, unless the evidence is positive."

Those who had been suspicious of the officer taking the money then came up to him and asked his pardon, when he said to them:

"I freely grant it, gentlemen. But hereafter, always, before you have a suspicion that some one has done wrong, 'BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT!'—*The Methodist.*

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

## Scientific. &amp;c.

## THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," says Christ to his disciples. The comparison must have been as striking to those who first heard it, as to the millions who have pondered it since; but it we throw upon it the light of the latest discoveries of modern science, its beauty and force will be greatly increased. In his admirable lectures on "Spectrum Analysis," Professor Roscoe says:

There is not a speck of dust, or a mote in the sunbeam, which does not contain *chloride of sodium* [the scientific name for *common salt*]. Sodium is the prevailing element in the atmosphere. We are constantly breathing in portions of this elementary substance together with the air which we inhale. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and the fine spray which is continually being carried up into the air, evaporates, leaving the minute specks of salt which we see dancing in the sunbeam. If I clap my hands, or I shake my coat, or if I knock this dusty book, I think you will observe that this flame becomes yellow. This is not because it is the hand or coat of a chemist, but simply because the dust which everybody carries about with him is mixed with sodium compounds. If I place in the colorless flame this piece of platinum wire, which has been lying on the table for a few minutes since I heated it red hot, you see there is sodium in it; there, we have for one moment the glimpse of a yellow flame. If I heat the wire in the flame, the sodium salts will all volatilize, and the yellow flame will quite disappear; but if I now draw this wire once through my fingers, you observe the sodium flame will, on heating, again appear. If I heat it again, and draw it through my mouth, it will be evident that the saliva contains a very considerable quantity of sodium salts. If I leave the wire exposed here, tied round this rod, so that this end does not touch anything for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, I shall obtain the sodium reaction again, even if the wire be now perfectly free. This is because sodium salts pervade the atmosphere, and some particles of sodium dust, flying about in the air of the room, settle on the wire, and show their presence in the flame.

A NEW SCARECROW.—A correspondent in *Hearth and Home* recommends the following simple, and as he says effectual plan of scaring birds from grain or fruit:

Suspend a piece of looking glass by a string, so that it may swing in every direction, which gives the appearance of something coming, and scares off the birds. Not even the most foolhardy of birds will remain in the neighborhood of the scarecrow. And it may also put out somebody's eyes.

REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA.—The following is given by a correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* as an excellent remedy for this disease: Take equal parts of dried blackberry brier root, and the inside of white oak bark; steep and drink as the case demands.

An eminent physician says that the white rubber used for nursing-bottles and infant's toys, is very poisonous, causing sore mouth, skin eruption, decayed teeth, spinal curvature, and death. In Europe the sale of it is prohibited by law.

CASTOR OIL.—A story is told of an Irish girl in this city who called on an apothecary for some castor oil, to be mixed with something which should disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon and the oil. But she still lingered waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the man informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, murder!" she cried, "I wanted it for a man who is sick." Soda-water is not always as handy as it may be effective for the purpose, but castor oil may be readily deprived of its terrors. Heat the bottle which contains it. Rinse the cap in boiling water so as to get that also warm, and when the dose is poured out it will be almost as liquid as water. A few drops of brandy or of peppermint added to it will cover the odor, and the patient can swallow it with a large degree of comfort.—*Christian Union.*

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, of 596 Broadway, New York, and 154 Tremont Street, Boston, is an incorporated company with a capital of \$200,000. They are said to be the most extensive manufacturers of cabinet organs in the world. In their large factory at Boston, with a force of 450 hands, during the past year they produced 5,300 of these instruments, and were unable to meet the demand. They are at present building a large new factory at East Cambridge, Mass., and after its completion will be able to produce 175 organs per week, or over 9,000 per annum. Their sales per annum amount to about \$700,000, of which \$100,000 worth are exported to England, France, Germany, Australia, and South America. The policy of this firm has been to make the best possible article, and to sell at the lowest remunerative profit. Thus, in fixing their prices which are invariable, they add a certain per cent. profit. On this principle, by the aid of machinery, in every department economy of production is so great that their prices are less than would be the cost of production to makers without such facilities. The officers of the company are: Lowell Mason, Jr., President; Henry Mason, Treasurer, and L. M. Palmer, Secretary.