

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 2nd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 57, 58, 69-75; MARK xiv. 53, 54, 66-72; LUKE xxii. 54-62; JOHN xviii. 13-18, 25-27: Jesus before Caiaphas. Peter thrice denies him.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 143, 144.

Sunday, October 9th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 59-68; MARK xiv. 55-65; LUKE xxii. 63-71; JOHN xviii. 19-24: Jesus before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin. He declares himself to be the Christ: is condemned and mocked.

Recite, S. C., 145, 147.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LI.

- 1. M-ida-n . . . Judges vii. 20, 21.
2. E-lish-a . . . 2 Sam. xxiii. 25.
3. R-aine-d . . . Gen. xix. 24; Ex. ix. 23;
4. O-meg-a . . . Rev. i. 8. (Psa. lxxviii. 24.
5. D-anie-l . . . Dan. i. 21.
6. A-ann-a . . . Luke ii. 36.
7. C-ale-b . . . Numb. xiv. 6.
8. H-annah . . . 1 Sam. i. 2.

MERODACH-BALADAN. Isa. xxxix. 1.

BIBLE SCENES.

NO. V.

Where in the Holy Scriptures do we find an account of "Vain offerings" such as are here portrayed:—

Prophet, king, and princes, have gathered together on these lofty heights. Behind them stretch wide table-lands, and at their feet a fertile valley and rapid river lie, among whose acacia groves a vast host has encamped. Beyond the valley rises a jagged range of white limestone mountains. For the third time seven altars with their double victims have smoked in presence of this group, who anxiously wait the result, but in vain. Enraged at the prophet's words the king, with vehement gestures bids him depart; but, repelled by a resistless power, the seer again lifts up his voice in a prophecy, which made heavy the hearts of the hearers.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

A BIBLE SONNET BY REV. R. WILTON, M. A.

Out of the smitten rock on Horob grey
Bursts a white waterfall, glad signal waving.
Then glides a river down the valley, laying
The lips and limbs of myriads on its way.
For the smitten rock, to allay
With living water our immortal craving,
And with ceaseless current pure and

To wash our sin-stained souls from day to day.
May I behold that stream beside me flowing,
As through the desert stray my pilgrim feet,
With pleasant flowers upon its borders growing,
And from its peaceful waves a whisper sweet,
While to the Rock once riven for me I raise
The faint beginnings of eternal praise.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed up on grandpapa's knee!
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,
All the day busy, as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed the curls on her head,
"Who has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Booiful worlds, mama's castles of hope.

"I afterwards readed in my picture book,
And Bella and I, we went to look
For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed-up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it has dropped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guiltless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh, when weary, may we be so blest,
And to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

Standard.

Half a leap is a fall into the ditch.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

"People of good sense" are those whose opinions agree with ours.—Billings.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Willie," said Mrs. Page, as she lay upon her bed, very sick, "I want to talk to you a while. I may not be here long; and I want to tell you a few things that are in my mind.

"You are trying to serve Jesus. You want to please him. Now, remember, that in no way can you please him better every day than by keeping the 'Golden Rule.'—'Whatever you would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.' Try and follow this teaching of our blessed Lord, and you will be both good and happy. And I want you to take care of little Nellie. She is not a strong child, and will miss a mother's care. You must be both a mother and a brother to her. Promise me that you will my son."

Willie was sobbing by the bedside. "Oh! I will promise anything you ask darling mother," said he: "only don't leave me!" And the poor boy, who was not much more than a child himself, wept bitterly.

"God knows best, my dear son; and he will do all things well. If I must go from you he will care for and protect you. I can leave my children in His hands."

A very few days passed, and Willie was motherless. No one in all the city cared for him but little Nellie. He was poor, and too young to do hard work; but he must do something to support himself and his little sister. But he searched in vain for something to do. Some people wanted no boy, and others said he was too small. Even the crossings were all spoken for by other boys; and there seemed nothing left for him to do but starve.

One day, he was searching as usual. He was hungry and discouraged. Just as he was crossing a crowded street, he heard a cry; and, looking up, he saw a lame boy with crutches who was trying to cross. He could only walk very slowly; and, while he made his way along carefully and painfully, the street became full of vehicles, and one horse seemed to be coming right upon him. Poor Johnny was sadly frightened, and knew not which way to turn. Willie saw him; and in a moment, shouldered him and his crutches, and carried him safely over. He was a heavy load for the little fellow, being almost as large as himself; but he did not stop to consider that; and, although it was pretty hard, he carried Johnny across the wide street, and set him safely down on the pavement.

"How can I thank you enough?" said a young lady who was crossing behind him. "I was so afraid my little brother would be run over! Here, little boy, take this!" and she held out some money.

"No, I thank you, I only did as I would be done by. If my little sister was lame and in the street I should want some one to help her across."

"But can't I do something for you, my boy?" said the lady.

"I don't want anything but something to do. My little sister and I must have something to eat and wear; and I am trying to find work; but nobody seems to want me." And Willie looked very sad.

Willie looked very happy, and thanked the lady with all his heart. And he was not disappointed this time; for Mr. Hindreth took him at once, and liked him so well that he said Providence must have sent him just in the right time.

Willie was never sorry he helped across the lame boy; and still he keeps up his practice of the "Golden Rule."—Wellspring.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trimmed cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Not ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Not Latin, Greek nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousands of volumes rambled o'er;
Not Judge's robes, nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race.
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace.
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a fetter's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and him alone,
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God
And thus can smile at curse and ban;
That is the soul that makes the man.

A PRAYER MEETING RECIPE.—A correspondent alludes to the wretched, monotonous dreariness of many prayer meetings, the longwinded exercises, the prayers that cover the whole dictionary of subjects, the exhortations that are stereotyped sermons, and thus suggests, by way of prescription:

When one prays in public let it be a thoughtful, genuine prayer, and a short one; let the petitions be varied; omit telling God about the attributes he possesses.

Keep your long prayers for your closet.

Be cautious about the number of times in which you proclaim publicly how vile you are. Keep that for your closet. And when you speak in meeting have some fresh thoughts on Scripture, or some old thoughts redressed, or some new instance of God's love and mercy, and converting power; or some personal experience, tersely told, that may profit hearers; or some joyous things to awaken and make happier those who attend the meeting.

THE POWER OF CHARACTER.

At home I remember one very excellent woman, in many respects saintly, a lover of meetings, and prayer, and good men and women, active, and useful. She was universally held to be a pattern Christian. But her son, an educated and intelligent young man, was a skeptic. I used to wonder how it was. He went through two or three revivals of religion, but they did not seem to produce the slightest impression upon him. I asked what was the matter. Finally some one said, mentioning her name, "She is irritable and inconsistent at home, and he sees her homelife; and it is that which has produced in his mind this conviction." There was that imperiousness, that irritableness and self-seeking at home that made all the outward excellencies, all the display in the community, all the charity as nothing to him. It was all interpreted from the standpoint of irritable selfishness at home. When his own mother was so, he could not see that there was anything in religion at all.

On the other hand there have been many persons who have been so impressed with the even, calm, and beautiful lives of persons who never opened their lips to speak on religion, who had been tied so that they could never get to do any work, at meeting or anywhere else, but have steadily shown such a charming Christian life and disposition that myriads looked upon them and said, there is religion in the world, I know there is religion there. They had seen it.

There is nothing that will make a man believe in religion so much as for him to find, or you presenting, a line of disposition and conduct in contrast with the common, unsanctified nature. You may stumble and go wrong, but it will be said that you are trying to live a better life. If they see the struggle is victorious, and that you are living above the world while yet you are living in it, they will feel its influence. I have known many a business man who was doing more to convince the people of the reality of religion by this than many a minister. Without wishing to discourage others, I wish to say to those who are not called out of the family to more public exertion, that you, too, can reach Christ. Let your light so shine that men, seeing your good works, shall glorify your Father which is in heaven.—H. W. Beecher.

MUSIC.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT WRITERS.

"Among the instrumentalities of peace and love, surely there can be no sweeter, softer and more effective voice than that of gentle, peace-breathing music."—Elihu Burritt.

"I pronounce it openly, that after theology, there is nothing that can be compared to music; this only like theology can give peaceful minds and glad some hearts."—Luther.

"Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings."—Addison.

Others, whose written thoughts have survived or become detached from their names, have thus given praise to music:

"A Christian's cheerful look glorifies God. True religion does not take away our joy, but refines and clarifies it; it does not break our viol, but tunes it and makes the music sweeter."

"The art of song will certainly never cease to delight man, and to call forth emotions in the feeling heart. For it is in-born to man, and constitutes a part of his nature; the muse without music is an incomplete being."

"Man is as truly made to sing as to speak."

"The soul alone, like a neglected harp, Grows out of tune, and needs that hand Divine.

Dwell thou within it, tone and touch the chord, Till every note and string shall answer Thine."

"Life is a grand poem, and religion, love and music are the sweetest of its stanzas."

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

The tongue is called in the Bible "an unruly member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed:

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth. The God of truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, it will run in such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much. It is a kind of wastegate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the wastegate is always open, the water will soon run

shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people when they are about to put this member in motion hoist the wrong gate—they let out passion instead of reason. The tongue then makes a great noise—disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, think before you speak.

5. Never put your tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion. The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in abinding sprinkle upon himself.

6. See that your tongue is hung true before using it. Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it to yourself.

TEMPER.

TEMPER in a man answers to temper in edge tools. A man destitute of that heaven-born principle would be as insufficient in the hand-to-hand difficulties that must be encountered as a rock-drill without the correct temper. An axe may be made of the choicest quality of steel, ground to an edge, and polished so beautifully that a chopper can see the color of his eyes in the polished surface. Let him sink such a tool into a stick of green basswood up to the eye, and the bright edge will seem adequate to any requirement; but strike a hemlock knot, and the beautiful edge writhes and turns this way and that way, into a doubled and twisted corrugation. Ah! the correct temper is lacking. But thrust the burnished steel into the fire and give the edge a proper temper, and it will walk straight through the gnarly oak, and the knotty hemlock, as a warm knife will pass through a roll of frozen butter. But the instrument is the same in both instances. Nothing of an appreciable nature has been added to or taken from the steel. So it is with a man or woman. Correct temper gives efficiency to every word and action. Were it not for the uniform temper of an engineer, the Hoosac Mountains could never be tunneled, nor could the Niagara ever have been bridged. A bay without "grit," without "spunk," destitute of temper, might grow up into a feminine imbecile, capable of feeding the chickens, and always requiring a guardian or superintendent.

No man or woman, boy or girl, ever inherited too much temper or grit. The great trouble has always been the controlling of it. A noble horse that has not sufficient temper to tear his harness and rend every rein, making kindling-wood of the vehicle that he is drawing, when things about him become unstrung and out of gear, would be an animal of little value. A horse never possessed too much fire and temper. Wherever there is difficulty, it may be attributed to a lack of control of that temper by means of a correct education. So with children and so with adults. In every noble nature, whether animal or human, the all-wise Creator his implanted this wonderful power of resistance, thus rendering each possessor of it efficient—enabling him to battle successfully with the asperities and obstacles of life. A young man or boy, in these perverse days of seduction, intrigue, and corruption, needs the grit of emery and the unflinching firmness of the diamond to enable him to meet with unuffled temper the persuasive incentives to dishonesty, crime, and popular corruption. The temper must be controlled and educated in childhood, in boyhood, through the critical period of youth, up through the years of riper manhood, and down to hoary age. Temper, firmness, decision, pluck, grit, or spunk, by whatever euphonic appellation we may be pleased to name the quality, is one of the most praiseworthy qualities of a noble manhood. Without such a granitic foundation, the entire superstructure of character will resemble the soft and yielding edge of the tool destitute of temper. Without this persistent quality, everything would be unreliable and as unstable as water on an inclined surface. But this faculty must be controlled.—Technologist.

Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you scarcely fail of making him a happy man. You make him a denizen of all nations,—a contemporary of all ages.

We would not recommend the frequent or constant use of any medicine. It is important to take even a good article judiciously. "Parson's Purgative Pills," are safe, prompt, and reliable as a laxative or cathartic.

Base Ball is undoubtedly good exercise and capital amusement, but it often occasions bungled eyes, broken shins and blistered hands. We can tell you that in all such cases if "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" is resorted to, it will reduce the swelling and stop the pain.

From the advertisement of the Messrs. Smith, in another column, it will be seen that they intend the "American Organ" shall be acknowledged as the standard of excellence.