

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 29th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxiv. 43-51 ; xxv. 1-13 : Transition at Christ's final coming at the day of Judgment. Exhortation to watchfulness. Parable of the ten virgins.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 106, 107.

Sunday, June 5th, 1870.

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

Recite.—S. C., 108, 109, 110.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXVIII.

Find the book, chapter and verse where these are spoken of; the initials of the words indicated will give the name of will give the name of King of Judah.

1. A precious stone.
2. A celebrated city of Asia Minor.
3. A Book of the New Testament.
4. A tree of Scripture.
5. A province in Arabia.
6. One of the books of the Old Testament.
7. A city of Phoenicia.
8. A Roman coin.
9. The language in which the Old Testament was written.
10. The name of a river.
11. The name of a King of Assyria.

A MECHANICAL PUZZLE.

Busy am I, day and night,
Though I neither sow nor reap;
Toiling on with all my might,
What others spend I keep.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE EVEN A SILENT LIAR.

There were prizes to be given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As Willie was young, and had never had much chance to learn, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that with all his might. And he did try so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were to be awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said, "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing the book back, said "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper class boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own."

"O, O," said the chairman, that may alter the case. The two books went back to the committee, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Willie. The boys laughed at Willie. One said he was silly to say any thing about the mistake.

"I wouldn't have told," said another.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it."

But in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told you who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have a prize, for truth is better than gold."

"Hurrah for Willie!" "Three cheers for Willie!" "Well done, Willie!" shouted the boys, and Willie went home to his work happier than he could have done if by means of a silent lie he had won the prize.

You see now, if Willie had not spoken he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have made a false impression on the minds of the committee, and he would have wronged Charlie out of the prize. We hope our little readers will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast the truth.

The perfume of a thousand roses soon dies but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after; a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

Do good to thy friend, that he may be more thy friend; your enemy, that he may become thy friend. Be a friend to virtue, a stranger to vice. Govern thy tongue, and learn to bear misfortune.

Here is an encouraging thought for the preacher and the Sunday school teacher: One of the English princesses, when her tutor, a bishop of the Church of England, said to her, "I find that my instructions have made you but little better," replied, "Ah, but my lord, you do not know much worse I should have been without them!"

Sign no paper without reading it, and drink no water without looking into it.

The drunkard is discovered by his praises of wine.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

We furnish our readers with a list of names more or less distinguished in English song. The list is divided chronologically, into four groups, two of which we give below, and the others will appear in our next. Brief references are given to works containing biographical sketches of most of the poets named, or critical notices of their poems. As the youth of to-day will need to be well versed by and bye in a hundred things not required of the men and women of this generation, this list of names may be carefully preserved, with much advantage, for future reference. Where there are children in the family, it will prove a useful exercise for them to question each other upon these names, and the dates at which these authors lived, until thoroughly familiar with them.

GROUP I.

From JOHN BARBOUR, A. D. 1316 to SIR JOHN DENHAM, A. D. 1668.

John Barbour, 1316—1395.

(Life, in Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*; see also his poem of *The Bruce*.)

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1328—1400.

(For Life, see Tod, Godwin, Sir Harris Nicolas, Singer, Craik's *English Literature*, Morley's *English Writers*.)

James I. of Scotland, 1374—1437.

(For Life, see J. Hill Burton's *History of Scotland*.)

William Dunbar, 1405—1530.

(Life, by Laing; see also Alexander Smith's *Dream* (Thorpe); Warton's *History of Poetry*.)

Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1503—1542.

(Life, by Dr. Nott and Robert Bell.)

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1517—1546—47.

(Life, in Froude's *History of England*.)

Edmund Spenser, 1553—1599.

(Life, by Dr. Todd, R. v. J. Milford, and J. P. Collier.)

Sir Philip Sydney, 1554—1586.

(Life, by Lord Zouch, H. Fox Bourne, and Julius Lloyd.)

John Lyly, 1563-64—1601.

(See Craik's *English Literature*, and Morley's *English Literature*.)

Christopher Marlowe, 1563-64—1593.

(Life, by Rev. Alex. Dyce's *Lamb's English Dramatists*.)

Thomas Nash, 1564—1601.

(Life, in J. P. Collier's *Pier's Penitence*, and J. D. Isaac's *Calamities of Authors*.)

Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552—1618.

(Life, by Oldys, P. Tytler, M. Napier, J. A. St John, and Edward Edwards.)

Joshua Sylvester, 1563—1618.

William Shakespeare, 1564—1616.

(Life, by Rowe, Drake, Malone, Gulzot, J. P. Collier, Charles Knight, J. O. Halliwell Phillips, Charles, Rev. A. Dyce, Howard Staunton.)

Michael Drayton, 1563—1631.

(Life, in Anderson's and Chalmers' *British Poets*.)

Thomas Dekker, 1570—1638-39.

(Life, see his *Plays*, edited by Dyce.)

Sir John Davies, 1570—1626.

(Life, by George Chalmers.)

John Fletcher, 1579—1625.

(Life, by Rev. A. Dyce; see Lamb's *English Dramatists*, and Leigh Hunt's *Beaumont and Fletcher*.)

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568—1639.

(Life, by Izaak Walton.)

Ben Jonson, 1574—1637.

(Life, by William Gifford, and W. B. Procter.)

George Herbert, 1593—1632.

(Life, by Izaak Walton.)

Thomas Carew, 1589—1639.

(See Hallam's *History of Literature*, and Chalmers' *British Poets*.)

John Webster, 1585—1654.

(Life, see Rev. A. Dyce's editions of his *Plays*; Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Elizabethan Dramatists*.)

Sir William Davenant, 1605—1668.

(Life, in Anderson's *British Poets*.)

William Browne, 1590—1645.

(Life, in Anderson's *British Poets*.)

Robert Herrick, 1591—1634.

(Life, in Anderson's *British Poets*, and Dr. Drake's *Literary History*.)

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, 1591—1669.

John Shirley, 1596—1666.

(Life, by Rev. A. Dyce, in Gifford's edition of his works.)

Richard Lovelace, 1618, 1658.

John Milton, 1608, 1674.

(Life, and Criticism, by Lord Macaulay, Dr. Channing, Sir Egerton Brydges, Rev. W. Stebbing, James Montgomery, Thomas Hartley, Professor Masson.)

Sir John Denham, 1615—1668.

(Life, in Johnson's, Chalmers', and Anderson's *British Poets*.)

GROUP II.

From ABRAHAM COWLEY, A. D. 1618, to EDWARD YOUNG, A. D. 1765.

Abraham Cowley, 1618—1687.

(Life, by Bishop Sprat, and Dr. Johnson.)

Andrew Marvell, 1620—1678.

(Life, by Captain Thompson, and Hartley Coleridge.)

Richard Crashaw, 1625—1650.

(Life, by P. Phillips, and in Dr. Anderson's *British Poets*.)

John Dryden, 1631—1701.

(Life, by Dr. Johnson, Malone and Sir W. Scott; see Hazlitt's *Lectures on English Poets*.)

Dr. Edward Young, 1681—1765.

(Life, by Rev. J. Milford, Dr. Dorn, and Rev. G. Gilfillan; also by Dr. Johnson and Dr. Anderson.)

GOD SENDS BREAD BY A CAT.

[Translated from the German.]

In a certain little Scotch village lived a pious but poor day-laborer, Robert Lander, with his family, whom he supported by faithful steady toil. The village lay in a valley, and not much attention was paid to its cleanliness. In consequence of this, after a very hot summer, preceded by wet weather, a dreadful fever visited the place. It entered the family of poor Lander. First, the father fell sick, and then quickly one child after another, the good mother alone was spared from the dreadful pestilence. Neighbors and friends did not dare to enter the house, but inquired by the window how they were. Only the noble doctor was untiring in his visits, for which he took pay from none but his rich Lord in heaven. But Robert Lander died, and, in the depth of night, Joanna dressed the dear corpse, surrounded by her sick sons and daughters, who were groaning and screaming and laughing in the delirium of fever. Poor widow! She had never thought that her Robert could die; long before their marriage already he had been the light of her life. But she shed no tears whilst thus for the last time she gently put him to bed, and combed his hair, so that in death he might look as peaceful and lovely as in life.

Robert was buried without his family knowing of it, Joanna seemed endowed with wonderful strength. Every one wondered how she could, week after week, tend the sick. But she was not quite deserted. A poor half-witted woman, to whom Joanna had been very kind, came one evening into the cottage, and offered her help and services. Her appearance was like that of an angel of mercy to the hard tried widow.

At last came improvement; one member of the family after another grew better. But now each one needed strengthening food, and all means were exhausted. So they sat together one evening, all dying with hunger. Joanna could give them nothing, for not a piece of bread, not a penny, was left in the house. In the stores they were deeply in debt, and the poor people knew no one in the neighborhood from whom they liked to ask help. Now, only did Joanna understand what poverty means.

She sat down in the old arm-chair by the fire, and held her head. Then she knelt down and burst into a flood of tears, while she prayed, "Oh, my Father, do not put more upon me than I can bear! If it be possible, take this cup from me, and provide for my starving children! Lord, help me, so that I may not lose faith in thee, and fall into despair! She arose from her knees and sat down in the arm chair as still as a statue, quiet as a child. "Never," she told me later, "did I feel my faith fail me as in that night. Like Peter I began to sink, and could only cry: 'Lord, save me!'"

While thus sitting silent and thinking what could be done, she heard a scratching at the back door, which continued for more than a minute. At last she went and opened the door, and what did she see there? The big cat, with a hare between her paws! Can any one be surprised that the poor woman exclaimed, "God has not deserted me!"

She prepared a strong soup, and the children thought they had never eaten anything so delicious.

The next day some friends who had heard of her trouble helped her, and from that day Joanna never suffered want again. "That is the only act of poaching that has been confessed and as willingly forgiven," said smilingly the good forester. Joanna herself related this story to me, while the big cat, purring loudly, rubbed herself against the stove.

When I visited the good people some months later, and reminded them of that wonderful fulfillment of prayer, I saw that suddenly every one looked sad. "I hope that no new misfortune has happened?" "Ah, yes," answered the widow, and wiped away a tear, "the good old cat is dead!"—*Liberal Christian*.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.

Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and prevails with Christ—Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purposes he had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahitophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat cries unto God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Ezekiel pray—one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahava—God answers Nehemiah darts a prayer—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain descends upon Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel.—*Rev. J. Ryland*.

A thing may be lawful and yet dishonorable. Economy is itself a great income. Avoid the dangers of leisure.

FORM OF JEWISH MARRIAGE.

The Jewish Reform Convention in Philadelphia has been discussing the form of marriage, and has arrived at the following result. It has decided to permit an exchange of rings in the marriage ceremony; that the marriage formula shall read: "Be wedded unto me, as husband; respectively, as wife, according to the law of God;" that the priestly marriage laws, "which pre-suppose the higher sanctity of the Aarons, have lost, since the destruction of the Temple and the extinction of the sacrificial worship, all validity, and are no longer to be respected;" and that "divorce is, on Mosical and rabbinical grounds, only a civil act, and never was a religious function; it therefore, must be recognized solely as an act emanating from a judicial authority of the State. The so-called Ritual Gat (Jewish letter of the divorce) is, therefore in all cases declared ineffectual."

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING, as stated in an address by Rev. Dr. Lindsay, at Lynn, Mass.:

1. If you would give, you must first possess.
2. In order to succeed, a teacher must deal with particulars.
3. Teachers must be impressed with the sacredness of childhood.
4. The successful teacher must be patient.
5. The guidance of the Spirit of God is absolutely necessary.—*The Methodist*.

Scientific &c.

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MARS.

A pamphlet by Mr. Proctor, a well-known astronomer, written to accompany some recent stereograms of Mars, calls attention to the very great similarity between this planet and our own earth in many points of its extraordinary physical condition, and infers, as has been before suggested, its entire adaptation to the requirements of living creatures such as those that now people the earth. The polar ice can readily be distinguished, extending its borders in the winter and contracting in the summer. An atmosphere carrying clouds and mists with definite qualities is readily appreciable; and the indications of rain and snow are not wanting. How soon it will be possible for us to determine the nature of the inhabitants of the planet—since we can scarcely refuse to believe in their existence—is yet a matter of uncertainty; but it is to be hoped that the time is not very far distant when we may arrive at some definite conclusions in regard to them.—*Harper's Magazine*.

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Lowenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

HOW TO CLEAN MARBLE.—It may be of some value to housekeepers who have marble top furniture, to know that the common solution of gum arabic is an excellent absorbent, and will remove dirt, etc., from marble. Brush the dust off the piece to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic, about the consistency of thick office maulage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. Of course if the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be applied again. 2. Make a paste of soft soap and whiting. Wash the marble first with it, and then leave a coat of the paste upon it for three or four days. Afterwards wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap.—*Scientific American*.

CURE FOR OBESITY.—Dr. Gibb, of London, recommends the use of bromide of ammonium to those who suffer from excess of fat. When taken in small doses it will absorb fat and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy.—*Canadian Medical Journal*.

WHEN TO SMOKE.—The *Christian Union* prints a list of fourteen rules to regulate the indulgence of smoking, and then says: "We think these rules clear and judicious. But could they not be condensed? Thus:

1. Never smoke when ladies are present.
2. Never smoke in the presence of gentlemen.
3. Never smoke when alone."

A REMEDY FOR A COUGH NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.—Three cents worth of rock-candy; three cents worth of gum-arabic. Put them in a quart of water; simmer them until thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents worth of paregoric, and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap, and good.—*Exchange*.

The Jewish Messenger doubts whether there is a single American Jewess that could write a correct Hebrew epistle. Hebrew study is but little encouraged by American Jews.