

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 30th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 20-30; MARK xv. 15-19; JOHN xix. 1-3; Pilate delivers up Jesus to death. He is scourged and mocked.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 150.

Sunday, November 6th, 1870.

JOHN xix. 4-6; Pilate again seeks to release Jesus.

Recite.—S. C., 151.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LIII.

Table with 2 columns: Letter and Verse reference. Includes words like S-bar, E-drei, A-chmetha, O-n, F-airhavens, G-athhaphel, A-shkelon, L-o-debar, L-shob, L-ydda, E-benczer, E-kron.

SEA OF GALILEE.—See John xxi. 1-16.

The morn was dawning on the shore Of Galilee's blue lake,

The night was past, the darkness o'er, The day began to break.

A fishing bark to land drew near, Its crew with toil were faint,

For all that night in anxious care They fruitlessly had spent.

In vain they cast their nets—in vain They sought on every side,

A draught of fishes to obtain— But still in vain they tried.

Their nets withdrawing in despair, They hastened to the land,

When lo! in light before them there, A form was seen to stand.

"My children, have ye any bread?" The stranger asked; and when

They answered nay, he gently said "Cast out your nets again,

And on the right side of the ship, Ye shall be sure to find."

And speedily into the deep, They cast, with willing mind,

Surprised, the net they scarce could draw, So heavy was the take;

And straightway the disciples saw, That it was Christ who spake.

When he whom Jesus loved beheld, He cried "It is the Lord!"

While Peter by new love impelled, Grew eager at the word.

Then girding round his fisher's coat, He rushed into the wave,

Leaving his partners in the boat, Their burdened nets to save.

They followed toiling, but soon brought To land their heaven-sent load,

And Peter drew the fish they caught To where the stranger stood.

Then on a fire of coals which flamed All ready to their hand,

Both bread and fish—by hunger claimed— They laid at his command.

"Come now and dine," the Saviour said, And to those favored few,

The Lord then gave the fish and bread, And gave his blessing too.

No longer could cold doubt or fear Disturb their peaceful heart;

They knew their risen Lord was near, His mercy to impart.

His presence should supply their strength, His love assume their care,

Their wearying labours cease at length, Their need find heavenly fare.

—Sunday at Home.

BIBLE SCENES.

NO. VII.

Here is a picture of the last night of a disobedient king. Find in the Scriptures the names of the several persons described:—

Enter a house on the rocky over-pierced hill-side. On its floor a prostrate figure turns a deaf ear to the entreaties of a woman beside him.— His two servants join their prayers to hers, and at last he rises—a man of lofty stature and handsome face. Though now haggard with fasting, and darkened by despair, seated on the low couch he broods over the dread words which have just rung in his ears; telling him that for his sins, God has forsaken him, and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, he and his will be numbered with the dead.

With kind haste the hostess makes ready an abundant repast, and thus strengthened, the three men, under cover of the night, accomplish their perilous journey.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your soul.—Clayton.

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A little boy came in from school the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at the supper time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again, "Willie, what ails you dear?" "Mother," said he—"mother, I swore. The minute I spoke it, I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me, for taking his holy name in vain? I pray for me, mother," and Willie sank upon his knees, and hid his face. His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the word of God on the subject; he said "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied these texts: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.—Ex. xx. 8. This is the third commandment.

"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shall thou profane the name of thy God; I am the Lord.—Lev. xix. 12.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up."—Jer. xxiii. 10.

"I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." These are the Lord Jesus' words in Matthew v. 34-37.

"Above all things, my brethren," says James, "swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest you fall into condemnation."—James v. 12.

"Oh! mother," said Willie, in reading them over, "how clear God speaks! How can a man or boy dare to swear, after reading this?"

He learned these scriptures, and I have written them down for every boy who pleases to learn them also.

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

A PROSE POEM BY MILDRED BENTLEY.

There was once a little wild rose that was taken away from her country home to live with her city cousins. The Sweet-Briar family, you must know, were the highest aristocracy of all the country side. For more than a hundred generations they had been lords of the soil, holding their real estate with their own armed retainers. So, though quiet and unpretending, they were a proud and unapproachable old family.

When the city gardener came one day to take away the little wild rose, Madame Sweet Briar received him with dignity, nodded and waved to him in a polite manner, sighed a sweet little sigh, and smiled a rosy smile, and hoped he would treat her daughter tenderly. And as she said it, she slyly gave him an ugly scratch, as a warning of what he might expect from the family, unless its members were treated with consideration. So the gardener took up the wild rose with the greatest tenderness and care, and bore her away. The tall ferns waved a gracious adieu, the clover blossoms bobbed humely little courtesies to her, the humming-bird kissed her, the bumble-bee buzzed about her, and said he should come to see her in her new home very soon, and her mother, Madame Sweet Briar, wept and sighed, and blessed her.

Away and away, over miles of dusty road, the little, lonely rose was carried. She began to faint and droop long before the journey was done; but the gardener placed her gently in the shade, and bathed her in cold water. So after a while she grew strong and brave, and held up her head, and took heart.

It was a fine place where she lived now, fine, but lonely. She missed the green, waving ferns, the clover blossoms, and the old rail fence she used to rest on. She had a pretty, painted lattice now, but she did not take to it kindly for many days. But there were some brave little roots working away at her feet, their active little mouths drew from old mother earth nourishing, strengthening food, and the falling rain soothed her, and the sun warmed her—and so she got over her homesickness, and grew well and strong and happy; and when the time for blossoms came, a beautiful little pink flower came timidly forth and crowned the rose.

A proud and happy rose was she that day.—The gardener noticed her and praised her, and all the world looked beautiful. But there were other roses in the garden, whose cultivation had made them proud and vain.

"I wonder if she calls that a rose? the little countryfied thing!" said Madame Hundred-leaf, drawing herself up in pride, and bustling with spiteful thorns, as she said it.

"It looks like a dwarf-apple blossom," returned Madame Velvet Rose. "Only five petals—and such a faint color! I wonder she has the impudence to hold her head up in our presence."

"I am sure I think she is pretty," said Mrs. White Rose, who was a bride, and a very sweet young creature. "Indeed, I have heard that our grandmothers were all like her, and it is only because we have been treated so kindly that we are any different."

"For my part," returned Mrs. Hundred-leaf,

"I never have believed that story about the low origin of the Rose family. Some spiteful gossip invented the whole story, I have no doubt."

"That has always been my opinion," said Mrs. Velvet proudly. "But it is a shame to have that little plain, countryfied thing claim relation to us. It will only start the old story again."

"That is true enough," broke in Mrs. Madame Rose, getting quite red in the face. "I am vexed at the little upstart. I could scratch her well if she was within reach."

"Please don't talk so loud," pleaded the gentle White Rose. "Please don't; the poor little thing will hear you, and she is lonesome and timid already."

The caution had come too late. The poor little wild rose had heard all the unkind words, and the world was beautiful no more. She looked down upon the little blossom that had seemed so lovely, but it appeared poor and small and pale; the wind passed over it, and the little pink petals fluttered to the earth; the merry little buds wrapped their green coats tight about them, and hope and joy died in their hearts.

So they all hid their pretty faces in their green jackets, and cried bitterly.

"We don't ever want to be little, homely roses; make us larger, fuller, sweeter, and brighter. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The poor little wild rose was wilder than ever. When she heard the cry of the buds, she had not the least idea how to change the little, plain flowers. Should she flounce them, or crimp them, or ruffle and scallop them? Should she put two or three together and make one large one? What could she do? She asked the sun, the rain, the earth, the wind. But no one could help her. The Sun could not paint them.

"Nothing but the regular tints, ma'am," he said. "That is all I can possibly do for you.—I've a vast deal of work, and can't undertake any extras!" and away he glanced and danced.

"Dear me! don't ask me," said the Wind. "I am so flighty and nervous, I should die if I stood long in one place. I can't be of any service to you, unless you need change of air."—And away he flew.

The Rain could not help her, either.

"Sorry for you, if you are in trouble," he cried; "but I can't tell you anything about your ruffling and fussing. Just keep cool, keep cool,—that's always my advice,—keep cool, I say, and soak your feet well." And away he splashed and dashed.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned the little wild rose, wringing her hands till they bled from the scratches. "No one will help me! What shall I do?"

Then old mother Earth made answer.

"Be your own sweet, simple self.—Be true and natural, and you will be beautiful."

But all in vain the thirsty mouths sent the rich juices coursing through her veins. Her heart was dizzy and sick, and one by one the discontented buds dropped their heads and died. The wild rose watched them in sorrow. She longed unspcakably for her wildwood home, the waving of the ferns, the nodding of the clovers, the music of the brook, and the song of the birds.

The city garden blossomed in glory and pride. Lillies and roses and pansies and geraniums all flaunted their bright colors on the air. The greenery of June darkened into the deeper hue of midsummer, and flushed and flamed with the fevers of autumn. But the little wild rose was dead,—its freshness, sweetness, beauty, life were gone forever from the earth.

Ah! little wild rose, you are not the only one who has come to dismay and death by trying to be what you were not made to be.—Little Corporal.

A CHAPTER IN MODERN ASTRONOMY.

THE PLANET SATURN.

This interesting planet is now a brilliant object in the evening sky, passing below the Western horizon a little before midnight. It is situated in the constellation Scorpio, and may be readily known from its soft glow and pale yellow hue. It is the most interesting telescopic object in the heavens, with its triple rings, eight moons, and the changing colors which adorn its surface. It has special interest now for observers from the fact that such is the position of the rings with regard to the earth that they appear open to their widest extent, in a manner which will not occur again for fifteen years.

As Saturn requires thirty years to complete one revolution around the sun, its path in the heavens is easily traced, for it remains about two years and a half in one constellation. During this revolution the appearance of the rings takes on a variety of phases. The edges of the rings are sometimes turned towards the earth, in seven or eight years after they open to their widest extent; then gradually closing they take on a new form, then open again, and then closing they become invisible. The rings have now, as we have before said, reached their period of greatest separation, and the same opportunity for observation will not occur until 1886. The next period of disappearance will take place in 1879.

We made a telescopic observation of this interesting planet, a few weeks since, on one of the clear nights which are the delight of astronomers. The body of the planet lay shining like liquid gold against the dark background of the sky, while the broad circle of the rings threw its circling concave around it in a manner so bewitchingly lovely, that we could only give expression to our admiration in exclamations of amazement. The telescope through which we looked was powerful enough only to show the body of the planet, the dark space between, and one bright ring. More powerful glasses give a

triple ring, as many of the eight satellites as are visible at the time, and beautiful and contracted bands of coloring on the disc of the planet. The coloring of the disc, the nature and number of the rings, are now exciting great interest among the astronomers. Under ordinary circumstances the only colors which can be recognized on Saturn, are the white of the cloud zones, and the yellow of the belts. But under rare atmospheric conditions, a great variety of colors, distinctly marked, can be seen. The poles, and the narrow belts around them, are of a pale blue, the body of the planet yellow, orange, and purple, of a dark brown. "But," says an enthusiastic observer, "no description can give any adequate idea of the ringed planet in its full glory. There is a muddiness about terrestrial colors when compared with objects seen in the heavens. These colors could not be represented in all their brilliancy and purity, unless we could dip our pencil in a rainbow, and transfer the prismatic tints to our paper."

But the ring system in Saturn is what makes the most impressive spectacle to the telescopist. It has long been known that what we call Saturn's ring is divided into concentric rings, 2,000 miles apart, of which the inner is the wider and the brighter. It has more recently been discovered that several other divisions exist in the ring system; that those divisions are not black, and also that the great dark division is not black. The dark ring within the inner bright one is now considered a dark part of the ring system, and the curious anomaly that, where it crosses Saturn, the planet can be seen through it, is accounted for by an ingenious theory given by a writer in *St. Paul's Magazine*. His theory is, that the bright rings are composed of myriads of minute satellites circling in ever-twining orbits around the great centre of the Saturnian system. Minute satellites, more widely separated than in the case of the bright rings, compose the dark ring, and between them we see through to the planet. The effect is as though the dark ring were composed of crape, veiling but not hiding the disc. For this reason the dark ring is sometimes called the crape ring. Thus we have Saturn raised to the dignity of a sun. His eight satellites correspond to the number of planets which constitute the sun's family, and the myriads of minute moons which form his golden belts are the asteroids which are governed by his movements. The immense vaporous masses forming the cloud-belts hanging over the equatorial regions of Jupiter and Saturn can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than that of internal heat. It is not unreasonable to suppose that these giant planets of the system have been longer in cooling off than their smaller contemporaries, and that in the cold and distant regions where they extend their broad circle around the sun, they are themselves suns to the worlds of satellites and rings revolving around them. At least the theory, while it waits for confirmation, adds a new element of interest to those scientific developments which throw a poetic charm around the oldest, the most interesting, and the queen of the sciences.—*Providence Journal*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

Five musical instruments, in form like the clarionet, have been unearthed at Pompeii. The lower half is silver, while the upper half and mouth-piece are ivory.

A young lady who was very much enamored by Verdi's music expressed her readiness to become Mrs. Verdi any time. "Then you would simply be Mrs. Green," was the answer, an announcement which took off almost the entire romance. So much for a name. Signor Giuseppe Verdi sounds very romantic, but Mr. Joseph Green is anything but poetic.

Handel wrote during his life at least forty-four operas, thirty-nine Italian, four German, and one English. He composed nineteen English oratorios, two Italian, and one German. Besides oratorios, and operas, he produced a hundred and fifty cantatas, five Te Deums, seven Psalms, twenty Antheims, two Motettes, and Hymns, Serenades, Odes, Organ Concertos, Sonatas, Etudes, and Fugues, of which it is not possible in so small a space to give any adequate idea.

On one occasion, when Rev. Samuel Bradburn well known as "the Methodist Demosthenes," was brought very low,—for his income was not quite forty pounds a year,—he laid his case before Wesley, who sent him the following pitiful reply, with an enclosure of five pound-notes:

"Dear Sammy; Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Yours affectionately  
"JOHN WESLEY."

Bradburn's reply was equally characteristic and pertinent:

"Rev. and Dear Sir: I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before. I am, rev. and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,  
"S. BRADBURN."

Fevers seldom make an attack without warning; and may often be thrown off by soaking the feet in warm water, wrapping up warm in bed, and taking two or three of "Parsons' Purgative Pills."

A Missionary just returned, says he regards "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain killer in the world.