

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 6th, 1870.

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

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 151.

Sunday, November 13th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 3-10, 31-34: MARK xv. 20-23: LUKE xliii. 26-33: JOHN xix. 16, 17: Judas repents and hangs himself. Jesus is led away to be crucified.

Recite.—S. C., 152, 153.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. VII.

Saul failing to get from the Lord, a response to his anxious enquiries; although he had just put away the "familiar spirits and wizards out of the land," yet he goes to the witch of Endor—turns spiritualist—to learn from the departed Saul what to do. Samuel appearing, confirmed the judgment already pronounced, and foretells Saul's death on the following day. (See 1 Samuel xviii.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LIV.

Who at the age of fourscore and five years spoke of having strength to go forth to battle? What king heard from a prisoner truths which deeply impressed him? Name one to whom and to whose mother Paul sent a salutation? What Danite wished to prepare a kid for one who bore him good tidings? A zealous priest who lived in the days of Artaxerxes? Who entertained a young kinsman for a month, and then proposed giving him wages? The initials form the name of a mount which was the scene of a striking miracle; the initials bring to mind the land of giants.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whate'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut;
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun:
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whate'er you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lad, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

Kisses.—Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures; the kisses of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery, and Affection.

Reckon that a lost day in which you do not enjoy communion with God.

HOW A LITTLE BOY WAS KEPT FROM FREEZING.

"One winter, more than a hundred years ago, it was so cold, so very cold, that many persons were frozen to death. In a city in the north of France a poor little Savoyard, named Francois, who loved and feared God, was nearly dying from cold and hunger. Being without shelter, he resolved to enter the hut of a tame bear kept by the city for the king. The bear, who was called Masco, took Francois gently between his paws, pressing closely against him to warm him. So the little Savoyard lived, going out to clean shoes in the day-time, and returning in the evening to share the hut and supper of the bear.

"Some one discovering the child between the paws of the animal, and fearing that he might be hurt, tried to take him away; but the bear, who already loved Francois, licked him kindly, and would not suffer him to be removed. This was told to the king, who sent for the little Savoyard to be brought to the palace, where he was cared for and supported. My dear little friends, God never forsakes unfortunate children who love and fear Him."

True, Mr. Short. The Psalmist says: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."
"I should like to tell a bear story too," says uncle John.

UNCLE JOHN'S BEAR STORY.

"A Jewish missionary was once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. His informant told him that, to entrap these formidable and ravenous creatures, a pit was dug several feet deep; and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bears, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare. 'But,' he added, 'if four or five happen to get in together, they all manage to get out again.'"

"How is that?" asked the missionary.
"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out," asked the missionary.

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has endowed us with, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch a branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we should say, and a great deal better than some men we hear about, who never help any body but themselves.

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!"
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Ereter rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleeps enough—
"Better rub than rust:
Death perhaps is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work, shall want;
Naught for naught is just—
Won't do, must do, when he can't;
"Better rub than rust,
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

HOLD ON BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or say improper words.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth; for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue: it is above all price to you in all times and all places.

The following is a succinct but spirited account of the history of the Kilkenny cats:

"There once was too cats in Kilkenny,
And aich thought there was one cat too many:
So they quarrelled and fit,
And they gouged and they bit,
Till, excepting their tails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there wasn't any."

TEN THOUSAND CABINET ORGANS PER ANNUM.—Mason & Hamlin, the famous cabinet organ makers, are again obliged to add to their manufacturing facilities, which have been doubled about every three years since they commenced business. So great is the reputation of their work and so large the demand for it that there has been no time for years when they have not been largely behind orders. Recently they purchased some two acres of ground in Cambridgeport, on which is now completed another large new factory. This, with their other factories, will give them capacity to produce two hundred cabinet organs each week, or over TEN THOUSAND PER ANNUM. They are, of course, much the largest manufacturers of this class of instruments in the world.

They are introducing improvements in their organs, the present season, which they regard as very valuable and for which patents were granted them in June and August last:—*Boston Advertiser.*

IT STINGS.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror; and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings, it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you:

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just put his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn; and when the pain was gone, she said, "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this—Many pretty things have very sharp stings. It may save them from being stung, if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus, because the horses were pretty and their riders gay: but he learned to swear there; and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. This wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket, and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother.
"Fearing she should not get another if she said 'Yes,' she said 'No,' got another pear, and then felt so stung, that she could not sleep that night."

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says, "The sting of death is sin."

If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and he will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings; and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.—*Young Reaper.*

Strolling into the old church at Manchester, I heard a strange noise, which I should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating of lambs. Going to the spot a distant aisle I found two rows of women standing in files, each with a babe in her arms. The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infant as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling,—I mean the fact that the water did touch,—was evidenced by a distinct squeal from each. Words were muttered by the priest on his course, but one prayer served for all. This I thought to be a christening by wholesale, and I could not repress the irreverent thought that, being in the metropolis of manufactures, the aid of steam or machinery might be called in. I was told that on Sunday evenings the ceremony is repeated.—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

RESCUES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Six little children got into a boat, and were swept away to sea. All that could, put out in search of them. Great anxiety filled the place. All night the children were drifting on the cruel sea. Next day a fisherman discovered and rescued them. The cry, "They are safe!" ran through the town. The work of the Sunday School is rescue not six but millions of children who are drifting to ruin.

The entire alphabet is found in these four lines. They form a pleasant stanza for a child to learn—

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man who tastes his finest wheat
Should joy to lift his praises high.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason that it should not go abroad; a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Cumberland.*

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—We are always happy to record the legitimate success that belongs to mechanical skill, to honest, persevering effort, followed and aided, as it should be, by liberal advertising. No more conspicuous example has come under our notice, in the department of musical instruments, than the steady popularity of Smith's American Organs. The general voice of musical people gives them a very high, if not the highest, rank among organs in all agreeable and all solid qualities. During the last year their business has increased so fast that they have added a sixth story and new mechanical facilities to their factory, so that they are now able to make one hundred organs per week. Yet they are some hundreds behind orders. They have fairly earned, and we hope they will long enjoy, their prosperity.—*[New York Tribune, Aug. 24.]*

The season for coughs and colds is rapidly approaching, and every one should be prepared to check the first symptoms, as a cough contracted between now and Christmas frequently lasts all winter. There is no better remedy than "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." For all diseases of the throat and lungs, it should be used internally and externally.

Lung fever, common cold, catarrhal fever, and nasal discharge of a brownish color in horses, may be checked at once by a liberal use of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders."

THE LATE REVOLUTION AT ROME.

Recent events in the City of Rome are regarded but as the culmination of what has been long foreseen, and only retarded by the intervention of French troops. The act of the King of Italy in taking possession of the Papal territory is denounced in the most bitter terms by a large portion of the Roman Catholics of almost all countries.

The following letter was sent by King Victor Emmanuel to Pope Pius, on the Italian troops taking possession of the Eternal City:—

"Holy Father.—With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the loyalty of a King, with the sentiment of an Italian, I address myself again, as I have done formerly, to the heart of your Holiness.

"A storm full of perils threatens Europe. Favoured by war which is desolating the centre of the Continent, the party of the cosmopolitan revolution, increases in courage and audacity, and is preparing to strike, especially in Italy and the Provinces governed by your Holiness, the last blows at Monarchy and the Papacy.

"I know Holy Father that the greatness of your soul would not fall below the gravity of events; but for me a Catholic King and an Italian King, and as such guardian and surety by the dispensation of Divine Providence and by the will of the nation of the destinies of all Italians, I feel the duty of taking, in face of Europe and of the Catholic world, the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula, and the security of the Holy See.

"Now Holy Father, the state of feeling of the populations governed by your Holiness, and the presence among them of foreign troops coming from different places with different intentions, are a source of agitation and of perils evident to all. Chance or the effervescence of passions may lead to violence and to an effusion of blood, which it is my duty and yours, Holy Father, to avoid and prevent.

"I see the inevitable necessity for the security of Italy and the Holy See that my troops already guarding the frontier should advance and occupy the positions which are indispensable to the security of your Holiness and to the maintenance of order.

"Your Holiness will not see a hostile act in this measure of precaution. My Government and my forces will restrict themselves absolutely to an action conservative and protective of the rights, easily reconcilable of the Roman population with the inviolability of the Sovereign Pontiff and of his spiritual authority, and with the independence of the Holy See.

"If your Holiness, as I do not doubt, and as your sacred character and the goodness of your soul give me the right to hope, is inspired with a wish equal to mine of avoiding all conflict and escaping the danger of violence you will be able to take, with the Count Ponza di San Martino, who will present you this letter, and who is furnished with the necessary instructions by my Government those measures which shall best conduce to the desired end.

"Let your Holiness permit me to hope that the present moment, as solemn for Italy as for the Church and for the Papacy will give occasion to the exercise of that spirit of goodwill which has never been extinguished in your heart towards this land, which is also your own country, and of those sentiments of conciliation which I have always studied with an indefatigable perseverance to develop into acts in order that while satisfying the national aspirations the Chief of Catholicity, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian populations, might preserve on the banks of the Tiber a glorious seat independent of all human sovereignty?"

"Your Holiness, in delivering Rome from the foreign troops, in freeing it from the continual peril of being the battle-field of servile parties, will have accomplished a marvellous work, given peace to the church, and shown to Europe, appalled by the horrors of war, how great battles can be won and immortal victories achieved by an act of justice and by a single word of affection.

"I beg your Holiness to bestow upon me your Apostolic benediction and I renew to your Holiness the expression of profound respect.

Your Holiness's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted son.

VICTOR EMMANEUL.

Florence, Sept. 8, 1870.

The following is the reply given to the above—styled an insidious and hypocritical letter of Victor Emmanuel:

To the King Victor Emmanuel.

Your Majesty:

The Count Ponza di San Martino has put into my hands a letter which your Majesty has been pleased to address to me, but it is not a letter worthy of an affectionate Son who glories in the profession of the Catholic Religion and who prides himself on the due observance of kingly faith. I do not enter into the details of the letter itself, because I would not renew the grief which its first perusal caused me. I adore my God, who has suffered your Majesty to add to the bitterness of the latter days of my life.

In conclusion, I cannot admit the demands advanced in your letter, nor can I give any adhesion to the principles contained in it. I once more pray to the Lord, and I place my cause in His hands, because it is wholly His. I pray Him that He would grant abundant graces to your Majesty; that He would deliver you from all dangers, and bestow upon you those favours of which you have need.—From the Vatican; September 11th, 1870.

PIUS, PAPA IX.