

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1871.

Rich man and Lazarus.—Luke xvi. 19-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." vs. 22.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Matt. xxv. 23-26; Rom. ii. 6-16.

Is this Scripture history or parable? To whom addressed? The occasion, vs. 14. How is this lesson related to the last?

Why the mention of purple and fine linen? vs. 19. Of the sumptuous fare? Every day? What do you infer of the man's moral character?

Name the points of contrast between the two men, vs. 19-21. The contrasts in their deaths, vs. 22. What is meant by "in Abraham's bosom"? What other name for the place? Luke xxiii. 43. Do these passages teach that Christians are conscious and happy immediately after death? What does vs. 23 teach of the state of the wicked immediately after death?

What is figurative language? Does it mean less than literal? Is the doctrine of the future essentially the same whether vs. 23-31 be taken as literal or figurative?

What was the rich man's first request? vs. 24. Explain it? What was the answer? vs. 25, 26. Does this mean that the rich must all be lost, and the poor saved? Explain vs. 26.

What was the second request? vs. 27, 28. Did this spring from right feeling? The answer? vs. 29. Meaning of the phrase "Moses and the Prophets"? Explain vs. 30, 31. To which place are you going?

SUMMARY.—The unbeliever has in this world his only heaven; through eternity hell. The believer has in this world his only hell, through eternity heaven.

ANALYSIS.—I. The two Conditions.—1. In this world. (a) The rich man's, vs. 19. (b) The beggar's, vs. 20, 21. 2. In the next world. (a) The beggar's, vs. 22. (b) The rich man's, vs. 22, 23.

II. The Two Requests.—1. For himself. (a) Made, vs. 24. (b) Denied, vs. 25, 26. 2. For his brethren. (a) Made, vs. 27, 28. (b) Denied, vs. 29. (c) Repeated, vs. 30. (d) Again denied, vs. 31.

EXPOSITION.—Parable or History?—Which? Certainly not history as intended merely to describe some particular rich man and beggar known to Christ and his hearers. Christ's general method is against it. 1. It states what is true of rich men and poor men who have respectively the characters here described. 2. It is a parable proper. The rich man represents the Jewish nation. The costly garments and sumptuous fare, the spiritual prerogatives and their abuse. The poor man, the Gentiles. Their respective deaths, the change consequent on the preaching of the gospel. Their conditions after death, the respective attitude of Jews and Gentiles to God's kingdom on earth. The five brethren, those nominally Christian communities which come to have the old Jewish spirit.

It naturally and generally makes on readers the impression that it applies primarily to individuals, not to nations. The principles of God's dealings with nations and with individuals are such that the description may apply equally to both. Our Lord's parables express principles of varied application, and are given chiefly for their principles. They were "covetous" yet religious, and to be told by Christ that they must loosen their hold on their purses, or be outcasts from God's kingdom and homeless forever, was too much.

The rich man—vs. 19. "A certain one," no name, general, often called Dives, the Latin for rich, "purple," the royal color, though not exclusively. "The purple dye, i. e., the true sea purple was extremely costly." Scarcely less costly and precious was the "fine linen," see East. viii. 15; Rev. xix. 8, 14. The latter is said to have been sometimes sold for its weight in gold. "Fared sumptuously." The word "fared" in the original is the same with that translated in the parable of the rich fool, "merry." "Eat, drink, and be merry." This is its literal meaning and thus here it shows the man. His heart was in his high life. "Every day"—not now and then on a great occasion,—but in a perpetual round. Such living does not befit one who sees and feels the solemn realities of the spirit world. It is a worlding's life, eminently respectable, not immoral, but unspiritual, godless.

Lazarus.—The name means either the helpless, or, by another derivation, "God his help." Some think it was suggested by the recent event at Bethany. John xi.

From this are derived our words Lazar, Lazaretto, Lazaroni, etc. "Was laid," or cast, at the gate, i. e., by others. "Desiring to be fed," continuously, expression of scanty supply and unsatisfied hunger. The rich man passed him without notice or care. The dogs licked his sores, showing man's neglect most touchingly.

The two deaths.—Both died. Prov. xxii. 2. Lazarus first, it seems, "the rich man also." Alike in this. The rich man "died and was buried." This is not said of Lazarus. No showy, splendid funeral for him.

By-nd.—"Carried by the angels." Not his body, see Heb. i. 14. Just what this carrying was no man knows, but it expresses God's loving care of each believer, and not a whit the less because of his poverty and wretchedness. "Into Abraham's bosom." To be with Abraham was to be in the kingdom of God, in bliss. To be in his bosom was to be either beside him at a feast, (see Lesson XXXIII) which would strikingly show the reversed condition of the hungry saint, or in closest fellowship with him. John i. 18. The expression implies blissful consciousness. "In hell," the rich man. The original has two words translated hell. Transferred they are Hades and Gehenna. The former is here used, and plainly means in this case the place of the wicked dead. Gehenna is the more specific term for the place of eternal punishment. Matt. x. 28; xviii. 9. "In torment." Abraham, his boasted father, for away. Lazarus, the despised beggar, in that coveted place. This parable makes very squarely against the fancy of a sleep of the soul between death and Christ's final coming.

Figurative language does not make the description false, nor the meaning less, nor the lesson essentially different. The torment is torment. The bliss, bliss, whether the form is this or that. So of the other terms. The thoughts and speech of this life must be used to describe the next, we have no other; but they have greatly more import in this secondary use.

The first request.—vs. 24. A cry for relief, new language for him; relief from extremest torture, burning flame; the least relief a drop of water; through Lazarus, the rich man now the beggar, and the beggar now the rich man; by command of "father Abraham."

The answer.—vs. 25, 26. A denial, and its reason. "Son remember." A "son" but not in faith. "Remember," against the warnings and appeals of God's word and Spirit and people, thou didst choose to make earth thy portion and to give God and his cause the slip. God gave thee thy wish. Lazarus chose God and his cause, and not the world, and God now gives him his wish. Between believers and unbelievers in this life there is a like chasm. But after death no bridge, no grace, no passage.

The second request.—vs. 27, 28. For his brethren on earth. It seems benevolent. It is not uncommon for ungodly men before death to wish their friends to escape God's wrath; but the wish is after all not holy in character. Here it implies that God had not done enough for his brethren. They must have "signs and wonders," "That he may testify," from his own experience and observation. So Christ has come out from heaven, has come up from the dead, has borne and does bear witness.

The answer.—"Moses and the prophets," i. e. the Jewish Scriptures, our Old Testament. "Let them hear, them." They pride themselves on the Scriptures; let them obey them.

The expostulation.—The Scriptures are not enough. It cannot be. "Nay, father Abraham," you mistake. "They will repent."

The end.—vs. 31. Still a denial. If they will not use the light they have, they would not use a greater light. "They will not be persuaded," a word which intimates their obstinate adherence to error and sin. "Though one rose from the dead," as did Christ. These words were proved true by that resurrection.

Application.—Principles do not change. We have God's word, the full revelation. Do we hear it? Do we live by it? Is Christ our Lord and Master? Or are we driving for wealth, for pleasure, for a good time here? Oh, teachers, put these questions to yourselves first, and go with clean hearts to your classes. May God help you.

ILLUSTRATION.—"Amasis of Egypt had kings to draw his chariot, but no honor like that of Lazarus, borne of angels to parables.

"There is no gulf between earth and hell, only a thin veil," yet no one returns thence to earth.

A poor man told Rowland Hill that the way to heaven was short, easy, simple, only three steps, "out of self, unto Christ, into glory."

Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 329, 330.

HOW THE MINISTER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming about from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father. 'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too,' says he. 'Oh, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. Well, just to put an end to the talk, father says, 'I'll give you \$75 for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shaving under him. I might have beat him to death, and roasted him alive, before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him George,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, so we fixed a place for him in the barn, and carried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got in the wagon to go. But George wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up, George,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By-and-by he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, George, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—" "Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly. "Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking, or riding, or hoeing in the garden. Well, father sat full two hours, before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only George gave in a little sooner. "All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed, and curried, and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, George put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to George that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly 'edacious' for him to act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on his nose." "And what did George do?" "Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him, as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up to father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take \$200 for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Six very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's a folks."

THE CAVE OF ADELSBURG.

Some curious looking spars had attracted the attention of Robert and James, as they were helping Uncle Frank re-arrange the books in his library; and, in answer to their inquiries, he replied.

"Those are from the Cave of Adelsburg, a celebrated grotto near Trieste; the most extensive and magnificent of any in Europe, perhaps I might say, more splendid than any in the world. I spent several hours there, and was amply rapid for the time and trouble."

"Tell us about it, won't you, uncle?" said the boys; a request which was readily granted: a d Uncle Frank, seating himself in his easy chair, continued:

"One peculiarity of this grotto is an impetuous river, which rushes rapidly through a part of the cavern and then suddenly disappears, plunging into the depth of the earth, and is seen again several miles distant, where it is called the Unz. This is supposed to be the same as the torrent which flows through the cave, from the fact that pieces of wood, thrown into the stream in the grotto, appear again upon the River Unz, several hours after."

"Having reached the cavern, we soon found ourselves in a very magnificent apartment, about one hundred feet in height. The crystal columns supporting the lofty roof glistened like diamonds, as did also the stalactites which hung downward in every direction; and, as our torches flashed upon them, they appeared beautifully tinged with every color of the rainbow. This sight, alone, was extremely grand; but you must add to this the brilliant lights of our guides and companions, nearly seventy in number, flashing along the vast length of this subterranean palace; and the roaring river tumbling in foamy sheets beneath; as we stood upon a natural bridge which spanned it; while far before us, in the dim distance, appeared a seemingly endless succession of these sparkling pillars and spars."

"It must be splendid!" exclaimed the boys.

"Having crossed the bridge," continued Uncle Frank, "we soon entered another apartment, equally beautiful, though different. Here were petrifications resembling flowers and shrubbery; so much so, that names have been given accordingly, as, the banyan tree, the fir tree, etc.; while clusters of glistening flowers, from their rosy or golden hues, have acquired the names of rose, tulip, yellow lilies, etc. In some places these petrifications resemble folds of sculptured drapery, most exquisitely finished. Others are semi-transparent; and, when a light is placed behind them, appear beautifully tinged with various colors, or the edges glisten as with gold."

"Are there a great many apartments, as in the Mammoth Cave?" asked Robert. "Yes; and in some, instead of the vast stalactites suspended from the roof, you would see great pillars of glistening spar some pure as alabaster, others of various colors supporting lofty arches, and reminding you of some grand cathedral."

"One apartment is called the ballroom, from the fact that the peasants of the neighborhood assemble here for a gay festival of music, dancing and feasting, once every year."

"One grand hall is called the music room; so many of the petrifications here being of such peculiar forms, either hollow or bell shaped, that when struck they sent forth sounds, as of silver bells, or organ pipes, reverberating through the winding passages of these extensive caverns or echoing from the arching roofs. In fact, while exploring these spacious recesses there is a continual succession of new beauties and wonders, and the mind is kept constantly filled with admiration and delight, and not unfrequently with awe."

—Little Corporal.

LAWS RELATING TO NEWS-PAPERS.

We have been asked to give the law, as it stands, relating to newspapers and subscribers:

- 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the

papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The tide comes up and the tide goes down, Over the rocks so rugged and brown, And the cruel sea, with a hungry roar, Dashes its breakers along the shore; But steady and clear, with a constant ray, The star of the lighthouse shines away.

The ships come sailing across the main, But the harbor mouth is hard to gain, For the treacherous reef lies close beside, And the rocks are bare at the ebbing tide, And the blinding fog comes down at night, Shrouding and hiding the harbor light.

The sailors, sailing their ships along, Will tell you a tale of the lighthouse strong; How once, when the keeper was far away, A terrible storm swept down the bay, And two little children were left to keep Their awesome watch with the angry deep.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed, But the brother said, "I am not afraid; There's One who ruleth on sea and land, And holds the waves in His mighty hand; For Christ's dear sake I will watch to-night, And feed, for the sailors, the beacon light."

So the sailors heard through the murky shroud, The fog bell sounding its warning loud; While the children up in the lonely tower, Tended the lamp in the midnight hour, And prayed for any whose souls might be In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghostly and dim, when the storm was o'er, The ships rode safely, far off the shore, And a boat shot out from the town that lay, Dusk and purple, across the bay. She touched her keel to the lighthouse strand, And the eager keeper leaped to land.

And swiftly climbing the lighthouse stair, He called to his children, young and fair; But, worn with their toilsome watch, they slept, While slowly over their foreheads crept The golden light of the morning sun, Like a victor's crown, when his palm is won.

"God bless ye, children," the keeper cried. "God bless thee, father," the boy replied. "I dreamed that there stood beside my bed, A beautiful angel who smiled and said, 'Blessed are they whose love can make Joy of labor, for Christ's dear sake.'"

Little Corporal.

THE FATHERS AND CHIGNONS.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Who could have supposed, however, that it would be our privilege, in this Nineteenth Century, to give a veritable extract from one of the Ante Nicene Fathers in condemnation of one of the monstrous fashions of our own day, aptly entitling it, "Tertullian on the Chignon?" Yet these are the very words of the great Apologist, after taking the women of his time to task for the blonde dye with which they dressed their hair: "Why is no rest allowed to your hair, which must be now bound, now loosed, now cultivated, now thinned out? Some are anxious to force their hair into curls, some to let it hang loose and flying, not with good simplicity; besides which you affix I know not what enormities of subtle and textile perukes; now, after the manner of a helmet of undressed hide, as it were a sheath for the crown; now, a mass drawn backward toward the neck. The wonder is, that there is no open contending against the Lord's precepts! It has been pronounced that no one can add to his own stature. You, however, do add to your weight some kind of rolls, or shield-bosses, to be piled upon your necks! If you feel no shame at the enormity of the gear, I feel some at the pollution, for fear you are sitting on a holy and Christian head the slough of some one else's head, unclean perchance, guilty perchance, and destined to hell—may, rather banish quite away from your 'free' head this slavery of ornamentation."

Talking, exhorting, preaching even, is not always teaching.

ADDRESS BAPTIST REV. F.

Dear Brother

On the eve we embrace to you the es us, and of ou as a gospel m We deeply present you have seen I but we must that He who servants, has to guide you about to take change may most holy m

We feel, o have been al time to this benefit from enjoyed the ual welfare. ben made to instramental manifest, and have been q little branch The past t period of a glory of you of His cause had much to do this has call and perseve times, have much judgm their suppr through all, the teaching, lieve the res His cause.

Since you our number, life and fu "health," us in the ca away from e their reward manifested to have awak of gratitude

Though w with us, rea have been c taken from thanks to G the church membership to rejoice th all abounding to see the have aught We truly h "The Lord whereof we And now upon to pa carry with brotherly l long remen that when y logical Stud we shall ag labour as of God's m to labor, we Lord and Should tria you, remen grace is suf leave thee, faithful unt crown of li In conclu remember u and may th truth conti end.

Signed CHARLES L. G. N. JOSEPH Mira, C

Dear Breth Language, emotions, t and unmet my soul. Ever sinc shown me labors amo your coura encourag Lord, and You have n scriptions t quently rel my heart v