

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1871.

Revenge and Hatred.—Matt. v. 33-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be ye therefore perfect."—Vs. 48.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Isa. i. Luke vi. 20-38; 1 Cor. xiii.

What is revenge? Whose verses of our lesson refer to revenge? Which saying is referred to in v. 38? Ex. xxi. 24; Lev. xxiv. 20; Deut. xix. 21. What does Jesus direct in the first clause of v. 39? Does this contradict what God said? Why did Jesus give this direction? How many illustrations of the right spirit does he give in v. 39-42? Write down for your teacher some acts that this lesson of Jesus condemns, and some that it approves. Which list includes most of your acts?

Repeat the saying of v. 43. How much of this is from the Bible? Lev. xix. 18. Who added the other part? Why did they do so? What does God say of such additions? Rev. xxii. 18.

What four duties are commanded by Jesus in place of hatred? v. 44. What does each mean? Repeat what is said in v. 45 about our heavenly Father. How may we be the children of this Father? v. 44, 45. Are you one of his children?

Who were "the publicans"? v. 46, 47. Why should Christ's disciples act better than these? How would Jesus have them do better? v. 44, 45.

What great aim is set before us in v. 48? Can any man be so perfect? How perfect can one be? At what perfection should he aim? Do you?

SUMMARY.—Not retaliation and hatred, but long suffering and love should shine in the disciples of Jesus.—So shall they be like their Heavenly Father.

ANALYSIS.—I. Of Revenge.—1. The current teaching, V. 38. 2. The correct teaching, V. 39-42. (1) Stated, v. 39, first clause. (2) Illustrated in five particulars, v. 39, last clause, -42.

II. Of Hatred.—1. The current teaching, V. 43. 2. The correct teaching, V. 34-48. (1) Defined in four particulars, V. 44: (2) Commended by two considerations, V. 45, and 46, 47. (3) Commanded, V. 48.

EXPOSITION.—Revenge.—The infliction of retaliation, or exaction of penalty for a wrong done.

An Eye for an Eye.—See Ex. xx. 1; xxi. 24; Lev. xxiv. 13, 20.

The Saying of Jesus.—In vs. 39 does not mean that Satanic power and evil influence are not to be resisted, but to exact "an eye for an eye," etc., is not to be done by you. God gave this direction to judges. As his ministers, governing people, this was their duty for the safety of society. But men appropriated the civil law as personal, and became their own avengers; hence this countercharge of Jesus. A Christian may be avenged by the law of the land, and the common good demands that he in common with others should be, but he must not be pugnacious, revengeful, and exacting. See Prov. xx. 22, xxiv. 29; Rom. xii. 17, 19; 1 Thes. v. 15; 1 Pet. iii. 9.

When, and how, one must act in self-defence, or in defence of his family, or of his fellows, or of the state, must be decided by providential events, and the leading of the Spirit, Paul's course in his respect is seen. Acts xvi. 35-39; xxii. 23-29; xxiii. 2-4; xxv. 9-11.

Illustrations.—Five specific cases are named in v. 39-42.

1. The smiting. Vs. 39. Jesus did not obey this literally John xviii. 22, 23. Jesus presents this strong case to offset the teaching stated in vs. 38.

2. The dispossessing. Vs. 40. The coat or tunic was the ordinary body dress of a man. The cloak covered all, and served as his chief protection by night and by day. Ex. xxii. 26, 27.

3. The impressment. Vs. 41. "Compel" here means press into service.

4. The beggar. Vs. 42. Withholding from such in any spirit of retaliation for wrongs done by them is forbidden here.

5. The borrower. Vs. 42. Same principle as in the beggar's case.

Love thy Neighbor.—Was spoken by God. The Jewish teachers added, "hate thine enemy." Neighbor means a fellow man, Luke x. 29-37, Prov. xv. 21; Matt. xxii. 39; Rom. xiii. 9; etc.

Four duties.—1. Love your enemies. For such love we need God's nature in us.

2. Bless them that curse you. Utter only benedictions for such; 1 Peter iii. 9.

3. Do good to them that hate you. Rom. xii. 17, 20, 21.

4. Pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.

Salvation, or sonship to God is not bought by deeds of love, but being born of God we love, and loving, we have the lineaments of God's family, and prove our membership there.

The Publicans were tax gatherers under the Roman rulers. Many of them were Jews, and these were hated, not merely as tax gatherers, but as traitorously lending themselves to uphold the Romans, and oppress their own people.

The great aim.—God's perfection in love and beneficence is our model. To be perfect, denotes a moral completeness. Thus Paul uses the word to denote a full, complete spiritual growth, contrasted with infancy, and childhood; and thus it is properly translated men in 1 Cor. xiv. 20, and full age in Heb. v. 14. Compare Eph. iv. 13-15; 1 Cor. ii. 6. Clark.

All perfection which depends upon a man's own power, is at best very poor. The full grown, manly perfection of Christian character is dependent upon Christ's presence in the soul.

ILLUSTRATION.—A Cuban lad at school, full of Spanish temper and revenge, was very much enraged by a school-boy prank of a companion. Full of his rage, a Christian lady met him, and appearing to coincide with his purpose to be revenged, she proposed he allow her to suggest the way. He inquired about her way, and being told it was by burning the enemy, he ascended that she should plan it. She referred him to Rom. xii. 20.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 181, 182.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. XL.

Elah the son of Baasha being drunk in his steward's house, his captain Zimri killed him, and all his male relatives. He reigned but a week when he set the palace on fire, and was himself burned in the house. See 1 Kings xv. 8-19.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LXI.

Here six Bible names are described. Find them out and the texts to which they belong:

The grandson of a priest whose evil race brought, with their own, his death and his disgrace;

A land whose sovereign, hearing of the fame of Israel's king, to view his glory came; A mighty priest, the mouthpiece of his friend;

Jehovah's name when Israel's troubles end; A name of one whose conduct brought to nought

A traitor's wisdom, and his ruin wrought; A river that, in Eden's land begun, Flows to Assyria, towards the rising sun.

Take, of these names, the initials as they stand,

And then the finals, and two prophets see; The first the chief amid that glorious band, The other scarcely less renowned than he.

HOME PLEASURES.

The evening lamp is lighted. The heavier toils of the day are over, and the home circle gathers about the parlour-table for quiet pleasure. The aged grandmother is there. The mother and daughter and son sit down with work or book. A friend who increases their number draws up to the light with the others. Pleasant talk makes the moments fly speedily by. There is no sound of giddy mirth. There is no wild excitement. But in those quiet hours mind and body are refreshed. Calm sleep succeeds at length, and the morning sunlight finds the dwellers in the humble home all ready for duty or labour.

Far better are these simple pleasures than the miscalled enjoyments of the fashionable and the gay. Better than the late hours, the song of revelry, the card-table and the dance. There leave their votaries worn out in the vain pursuit of happiness. The haggard face, the aching brow, the spirit ill at ease,—these are the parting-gifts of giddy mirth.

Cherish home pleasures, you that are young. If you have a Christian home, where night and morning you hear the words of Bible truth, or the sound of prayer from parental lips, be thankful. Go not into the whirl of the gay. You will find no true happiness there. Let home be to you the dearest and best place in the world. Seek ever that its duties, its pleasures, its affections, be pervaded by Christian influence. Let it be to you a preparation-place for the better home above—a type of the home of heaven.

LILY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY EMILY CARTER.

Here I am, good folks! How do you all do this bright winter morning? I am pretty well, I thank you. My name is Lily; and I have a story to tell you about a sleigh-ride.

You must know that yesterday afternoon Uncle John came in his sleigh to give us all a ride. He put me into the sleigh, and turned to put in my mother and the baby.

But before he could do this, the old horse started and ran. Perhaps you think I cried; but I did not do any such thing. I took the reins, as I had seen Uncle John do; and I pulled them tight,—oh, so tight!—and said, "Whoa!"

The old horse did not mind me. On he went, faster and faster. There were big snow-drifts by the way; and I thought he would spill me out of the sleigh, it tipped so to one side.

I passed some folks on the road, who seemed to think it odd to see a little girl like me driving a gay horse in a sleigh.

Soon I heard another sleigh behind me, coming very fast. But my horse did not like to have another horse go faster than he; so he began to gallop, and he galloped so that the folks in the sleigh behind me could not catch up with me for a long way.

At last they came up by my side; and whom should I see but Uncle John? "Hold on, Lily! That's a brave little girl!" said Uncle John; but how to stop my horse he did not know.

At last we came to a big snow-drift on the right side of the road; and then Uncle John cried out to me, "Pull on the right rein, Lily,—on the right rein."

So I pulled on the right rein; and what do you suppose the old horse did? He turned and ran right into a snow-drift, and spilled me out into the snow.

Uncle John jumped out of his sleigh, and picked me up; and another man who was with him, stopped the horse.

Then we all went back; and mother and I, and the baby, and my brother Charles, all got into the sleigh, and had a good long ride. On our way home, we saw a great snow-man. He had a stick in his hand, and pipe in his mouth; and the boys were pelting him with snow-balls.—The Nursery.

GO BECAUSE IT RAINS.

"I suppose that you won't go to Sabbath school to-day, Lucy," said a mother one rainy Sabbath, setting herself to some agreeable reading after breakfast.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home! How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, although, as she lives so far away, she is often obliged to hire a carriage to bring her, and she told the class that one Sabbath when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she couldn't help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-schools when it stormed worse; and she said, while we must always do just as our parents thought best, perhaps if we asked them pleasantly to let us go, and were willing to wear our thick boots and water-proofs, they would be willing if we were well. Please let me go to-day, mamma; you know if it rains ever so much worse to-morrow, I shall go to school to keep my place in my class."

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit; go and get ready." But when the mother heard Lucy singing softly in the nursery as she dressed herself to go out,

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?"

she could no longer take interest in her book, and when her husband, who was a lawyer, came in soon after from his library, she said, smiling:

"Our Lucy is going to Sabbath school especially because it rains, that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. What say you to going to meeting ourselves for the same reason, if we do not for a better?"

"I'm agreed, my love; I was just thinking I never could plead a cause to a vacant court-room, and that our minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews.—Congregationalist.

Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose, lawyer's houses are built on fool's heads.—Spurgeon.

A Temperance Column.

"DON'T FATHER."

BY C. C. NORTHROP.

One evening in November we were awakened by a noise that proceeded from the street, near which was our sleeping-room window. A roflianly voice was pouring out on the night air an avalanche of curses. Going to the window, we looked out and saw on the opposite side of the street a man in a beastly state of intoxication, reeling from side to side of the walk, and a little girl of about six or seven years holding him by one hand, and endeavoring all in her power to guide his erratic steps. "Don't, father," she says, as the blasphemous wretch pours out the vileness inspired by the vile compounds he has drunk. Her remonstrance meets with a quick return; after an effort or two he succeeds in hitting her with his disengaged hand, and she falls prone upon the sidewalk. After a moment she gets up—meantime the father has embraced an awning-post, and is watching his child, while he seesaws back and forth in his maudlin efforts to maintain his equilibrium. The little girl immediately comes to his side; there is no fear in her approach, and the tone in which she said, "Do, father, come home," had power, it seemed to us, to melt a heart of stone. The agonizing cadence brought up from a bleeding heart had no effect on the miserable rum-soaked wreck, and as they moved in a zig-zag course down the street, he made ineffectual efforts to strike his child again, at the same time making night hideous with his clamorous profanity; he falls to the sidewalk to be assisted to his feet by the little one, and as he sends out a new volley of oaths, and slowly gets down the street out of hearing, the last words we hear are in that heart-breaking, pleading strain, "Don't, father."

What a future that little girl has before her; once her father was kind to her, else would she not have borne his brutality. But when the demon rum fastens its hold on a man all his better nature is gone; he not only has hell in him, but he tries to make hell upon earth to all about him. Even now we hear ringing in our ears that "Don't, father." Will it have the power of reforming that pitiable wreck of manhood? We fear not. Of the many that enlist under the banner of King Alcohol, few have the power to leave the ranks in the face of the army that urges them on to destruction. So-called friends, instead of raising a warning voice when they see the fatal disease is fastening its fangs deep, rather urge on the victim by words that take away the last remnant of self-respect—almost the only thing that can bring a drunkard back to decency. Or, when they see the poor diseased creature sober, they, in their large-hearted charity (?) ask him in to the first bar-room handy, and prime him for another debauch.

Rum is debauching our best men to day, and if the course of the monster, intemperance is not stayed, in a few years it will debauch the nation, and America will out-Sodom Sodom. Let every one who reads this article constitute himself a committee of one to work for legislation, and to use moral suasion to abate the evil. You are not doing your duty to your fellow man if you neglect to warn your neighbor when you see him going down to perdition, and all with whom you are brought in contact are your neighbors. Christ in men, when, in the final reckoning, you are called on to account for that man's soul, that a few words from you might have arrested when it was on the brink of an awful precipice, what will you say? How many little children plead in vain for their fathers to come home from the gates of hell—the grogery! It does seem to us that if drunkards could see themselves as others see them they would reform. Of all the disgusting, filthy pictures one sees in a lifetime, next to a drunken woman, a drunken man is the most disgusting.

The difference between reputation and character has been well expressed thus: reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.

Never do a good action from the expectation of gratitude. If gratitude follow, so much the better, you are so much into pocket; but gratitude or not, always do the good action when the opportunity presents itself.

Scientific, &c.,

NEW MAGIC-LANTERN PICTURES.

Here is a chance for boys and girls to make their own magic-lantern pictures! A sheet of gelatine, such as is used for tracing, is securely fixed over an engraving, and with a sharp steel point (made by grinding down the end of a small round file) the lifts of the original are traced pretty deeply on the transparent substance. Lead-pencil or crayon-dust is then lightly rubbed in with the finger, and the picture is at once ready for use. The effect of these drawings in the lantern is said to be excellent. No glass is needed. You have only to buy the gelatine at the stationer's or at any place where artists' materials are sold.

HEATING ROOMS.

Rooms heated by a stove—either coal or wood—should be provided with a water-vessel, and if this is not the case, a temporary reservoir must be furnished. Where water for evaporation is not provided the heated or dry air of the room, having great avidity for moisture, seizes it wherever it can be found—drying the skin, parching the mouth and throat, and shrinking the furniture and wood-work of our houses till they have great gaps at all the joints. To be agreeable and healthy, the air of our living-rooms in the winter, which are warmed by artificial means, should be charged with moisture nearly to the dew-point, or, in other words, to such a degree that if it should become a little cooler, moisture would be deposited, as the dew is on the cooling which generally follows the decline of the sun.

PRESERVING THE TEETH.

The best and safest tooth-wash in the world is tepid water. There is not a tooth-powder in existence, nor a tooth-wash, that does not inflict a physical injury to the teeth, and promote their decay. Each dentist has a powder of his own, which he sells at a thousand per cent. profit, which he may honestly imagine will do a positive good without any injury whatever; but he is mistaken. The teeth were never intended to be pearly white. Every intelligent dentist knows that the whiter the teeth are, the sooner and more certainly they will decay; he also knows that those teeth are the soundest, last the longest, and are the most useful which have a yellowish tint; then why provide powders to take off this yellowish surface?—Dr. Hall.

SMOKEY CHIMNEYS.

It is a well-known fact that the chimney flues of the upper floors of houses seldom have a good draft. Being one of those who, on account of the enormous rents in this city, are compelled to "live high," or, to use a Yorkism, "in the top of the house," I, or rather my better half, have been afflicted for the last two years with one of the above domestic pests. I remedied the evil as follows:

I went to a stove store and procured four lengths of five-inch pipe, with an elbow on one end, and a cap raised about three inches from, and attached to, the other, and had the several joints riveted together. Then I went to the top of the house and lowered it down the flue, until the end with the elbow came opposite to the hole in the flue where the stove-pipe from the kitchen entered it, then inserted said pipe in the elbow, making a continuous pipe from the stove, through the flue, and projecting two feet above the top, fastening a collar around it, resting on the top of the chimney to hold it in position.

The result was that a smouldering fire in the stove immediately sprang into intense life and heat, and in a very few minutes the stove was red hot. The whole expense of the job was two dollars.

The philosophy of the matter is this: In so short a flue the products of combustion do not remain in it sufficiently long to heat it to a degree sufficient to rarefy the air and give it an upward tendency. But the iron pipe, being thin, is quickly heated, and the air is thereby rarefied and ascends, causing a rapid current through the grate to supply its place.—Scientific American.

The following words actually formed the peroration to the counsel's plea for his client in an assault and battery case in Athens, Alabama: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the suspicious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gandle is not guilty."

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.