

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1871.

The Discourse at Nazareth.—Luke iv. 16-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"This day is this Scripture fulfilled."—Vs. 21.

SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS.—Isaiah lxi; Matt. xi; 2 Cor. v.

Where was Nazareth? Give some account of it. What may we learn from this?

Vss. 16-11 tell of seven things done by Jesus after he went to the synagogue: what are they? Explain each of them. How did they affect the people. Vs. 20.

In the text of Jesus, who is meant by "me"? Vss. 18, 19; Isaiah lxi. 1, 2. What by "the Spirit of the Lord" being upon him? What six works of his are named in vss. 18, 19? What do these mean? How was "this Scripture fulfilled"? Vs. 21. What does its fulfillment teach us?

What effect had his "gracious words" upon the people? Vs. 22. Why did he make the remark in vs. 23? What had he done at Capernaum? John iv. 46-54. Why would they wish this to be done at Nazareth? Why does he allude in vss. 25-27, to Elias, and Eliseus? Vs. 24. Why did they act as is told in vss. 28, 29? What does this conduct teach us? What became of Jesus? Vss. 30, 31. Shall he depart from us?

SUMMARY.—Jesus having proclaimed himself the long predicted Saviour, is first admired, then wondered at, then discussed, then disparaged and then rejected.

ANALYSIS.—I. The Sermon Introduced.—1. Place and time. Vs. 16. 2. Occasion. Vs. 16-20.

II. The Theme Stated. Vs. 21.

III. The Truth Rejected. See notes on vss. 22-30.

EXPOSITION.—Nazareth is seventeen miles west of the southern end of the sea of Galilee. It is situated most elegantly among the hills of the south ridges of Lebanon, just before they sink into the plain of Esdraelon. Modern Nazareth has about 4,000 inhabitants, and doubtless occupies the site of the city of Christ's day.

Synagogue.—A place appropriated to religious worship among the Jews.

From vs. 16, it might be supposed the custom of Jesus was not merely to go to the synagogue on the Sabbath, but also to stand up there and read. The Greek phrase, however, makes it best to confine the reference to his habitual attendance. Hence the Bible Union Version reads, "As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day; and he stood up to read."—Lesson: Attending regularly at God's house is eminently Christ-like.

His seven acts.

1. He stood up to read. Persons desirous to speak expressed it by rising. So Jesus did. See Acts xiii. 14, 15; xvii. 2.

2. He opened the book. Unrolled it; for the form of books in that day was like our roller maps. To each end of which a roller was fixed, and in reading, the sheet was rolled from one of these to the other. Esaias, the Greek form of Isaiah.

3. He found the place. Isa. lxi. 1, 2. Not a random hit, but a deliberate and most appropriate choice. He doubtless read this text aloud, though this is not stated.

4. He closed the book. Rolled it up. He knew the Scripture so well that he could discourse upon it without reference.

5. He gave it to the minister from whom he had received it.

6. He sat down. Such was the custom of the time. Matt. v. 1. He stood to read, perhaps to honor the Scriptures.

7. He began to say. How long he spoke, we know not, but "the gracious words" of vs. 23, were in elucidation of this theme, with which "he began to say," i. e., to preach.

The effect.—Vs. 20 shows that a profound impression was made. His deliberate, his dignity, his fame, his purity, all arrest attention, and "the eyes of all were fastened on him." The presence of a great orator subdues an audience; how much more the presence of Jesus.

Me.—The Messiah. Other messengers of God fulfilled this prophecy in small degrees, but Jesus only fulfilled it completely.

The Spirit of the Lord.—The Holy Spirit whom Jesus received as no other ever did. Luke iii. 22; John i. 32; iii. 35.

Deliverance to the Captives. Jesus did this when he so readily set free the captives of disease, of Satan, and of death. Heb. ii. 14, 15.

Set at liberty the bruised. That is, not prisoners merely, but those bruised by wearing chains, those whose own natures suffered by captivity.

To preach the acceptable year of the Lord. An expression based on the year of Jubilee, so famous in that day. Lev. xxv. 9, 10.

Their anger.—When he, their former companion, the son of Joseph, put himself beside Elijah and Elisha, and put them beside the neglectful and unblest of Israel, then they could contain themselves no longer. Vss. 28, 29.—Lesson: Evil persons hate the truth.

Brow of the Hill.—Near the Maronite church, in the present Nazareth, is a rocky wall some fifty feet high, which entirely meets the demands of this narrative.

The escape.—With his look of majesty, he passed unhindered through the crowd, no man daring to harm him. "He went his way" from them.

Despised, if cited, at length he may leave thee; What anguish and horror thy bosom will read. Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee. "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

—Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 174, 175.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. XIII.

In 2 Kings ix. 14-37, will be found all the sad details of the scene of treachery and blood described last week. Two kings Jehoram and Abaziah are slain, and the haughty and wicked Jezebel is thrown from a window and trod to death by horses' hoofs, and eaten by dogs.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LIX.

Here are five names, to be found in the Bible, which form a curious combination:—

- 1. A hill where two great captains were at sunset after a battle.
2. A tax-gatherer who was killed while doing his duty.
3. One of the stations of the Israelites in the wilderness.
4. A person whose debts St. Paul promised to pay, if required.
5. One of the idols of the Assyrians.

Find them; and you will perceive that the first and the third letters form the names of two brothers, also prominent scripture characters, who worked together in the service of God for many years.

WISE RULES.—Simon, the distinguished evangelical preacher of the English Church, once said that the longer he tried, the more he felt the importance of adhering to the following rules:—

- 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others,
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is unkindness towards others.
5. Always to believe, that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

THE MEANING.

What did the Master mean when he saw the tax-gatherer and said, "Come, follow me;" and when the other said, "Let me go and bury my father." "Come, follow me." It didn't matter, the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was "Come, follow me." Running through the studio and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come, follow me." I want not your "Amen." I want not your substitute. I don't want your ten per cent., I want you.

Pride is the ape of charity. Charity feeds the poor; so does Pride. Charity builds a hospital; so does Pride;—only in this they differ: Charity gives to the glory to God; Pride takes her glory from man.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SAU QUALA.

By the kindness of Rev. Dr. Murdock we are enabled to give the youthful portion of our readers, from the Missionary Magazine, a beautiful sketch of Burman scenery, the birth place of one of the most devoted and successful Native Preachers in that country. The marvellous work among the Karens was largely the result of his labors amongst his own countrymen. Like the labors of some of the Nova Scotia Fathers, they were attended by a most remarkable blessing. In the course of eighteen months he baptized 1860 converts and organized eighteen Churches. The following incident in his life will be read with deep interest:

SAU QUALA AS A PEACEMAKER.

By Rev. A. T. Ross, Returned Missionary. While attending a Baptist Association in Burmah, years ago, I heard Quala speak of a peace which he succeeded in bringing about between two mountain chiefs, which resulted in the building of a large number of school-houses and chapels, and the conversion of great multitudes of heathen Karens to the religion of Jesus Christ.

He spoke in the Burman language, in substance nearly as I can remember, as follows. He said: "Soon after Teacher and Mama Mason left for America (in 1854), I went over the mountains to declare the gospel to those who had never heard even a little of the good news, and whose darkness had not been broken by even a little of the heavenly lights. But the people were shy and timid, not disposed to talk or listen. The land was full of fear, and their hearts were full of war. Said they, 'You must go and talk to our Chief.' I went to the Chief. He listened a while, as I told him who I was, where I had lived, and spoke of the foreign teachers and the 'White Book,' the Book of God, now in our own language;—of its wondrous contents and sweet power of love, and how our people below had listened, believed, and been charmed into life and hope. I showed him how the 'traditions of the Elders' had now been fulfilled, and that the 'time of hope' had dawned upon us; and said now let the children listen, for the great and good Father speaks. But when I told him I had come to make known the book of God to him and to his people, that they might be saved from sin and wrath, he said, 'That will do, I don't care to hear more; my hands are full of work; my thoughts are full of war.' I then reconstituted with him against war, pointed out its folly and wickedness, and the suffering and cruelties it would cause. He said, 'What you say is all very true; but you had better go over the mountains and preach to the old Chief—my uncle; 'tis he that is making war on me. I don't want war, I act in self-defence only. If he will be at peace, I will.' So I went three days' journey to see the old Chief who was making war on the one I had just left. He was quite an old man—too old to plot death and ruin to his people. Yet he was going into it, as he thought, impelled by honor, to wipe out an old grudge, without doing which, he fancied he could not die in peace. I pleaded with the old Chief long and earnestly against his spirit and purpose of revenge, showed him its crime, its cruelty, its evil. I pointed out the better way. I emptied out my whole heart upon him. The result was that the old Chief promised (not without some manifest reluctance) that he would abandon war and make peace, if the other Chief would agree to do the same. So back I went to the younger Chief, and then back again to the old Chief, till at length it was arranged for a formal meeting. The time and place were agreed upon, and I was to be present to

aid and witness the happy consummation. My heart was light, but not free from anxiety. The place appointed for the meeting was near the dividing line of the two hostile territories on a range of mountains. I supposed that each Chief would come, attended by twenty or thirty of his followers; not more. My surprise was great on learning the night before the appointed meeting that each Chief was marching a force of several hundreds.

The two armies encamped for the night on the slopes of the mountain, one on the East, the other to the West of the brow. There their watch-fires could be seen all night. What could it mean? Was it for war and not for peace, for blood and carnage, and not for love and goodwill they were coming together? Hope and fear chased each other all night; but still my heart went up to God. By nine or ten o'clock next day, the two Chiefs and their armies were in sight of the appointed spot. It was marked by a tall bamboo, from which were suspended long white streamers. There the Chiefs took their stand, where also stood I as peace-man and mediator between them. But look! both armies form in line along the brow of the mountain, facing each other. They approach nearer and nearer. Every right hand clenches the deadly spear; from every left shoulder is suspended a bow and a bundle of arrows; in every girdle is the long, heavy knife, while fierce eyes, like balls of fire, flash and burn from every head. War was in their hearts. It was an awful moment. Vast and precious were the interests tremblingly suspended upon the issue. I waved my hand for the people to recline. I said you are brethren of the same common ancestry. You speak the same language. Your customs and manners are the same. You live in the same beautiful country. You are heirs to the same glorious traditions, reminding us of the happy ages of the past, and pointing to brighter ages to come. You ought to be friends, and love one another. War is madness and folly, cruel and wicked. Why are your towns and villages and goods laid in ashes? Why are your strong men, husbands and fathers, pierced with spears and poisoned arrows, or cut and mangled in the fields? Why the suffering widows and orphans that weep for the absent? Why are your children kidnaped and sold into slavery? Why are your fields wasted and cattle destroyed? Why weeping, and mourning, and poverty, and famine, and pestilence? Because of your wars and hate. Love would cure all these evils. Brethren, you have done well that you have stopped to consider. The time has come when war and hatred should cease; when you should strive not to burn but to build up; not to desolate but to protect and make happy. As you are of one race and one tongue, so should you be of one heart. Songs of friendship, and love, and mutual trust should sound among your mountains and valleys. Then, brethren, you would be happy, and the peace and blessing of your fathers' God would come upon you.

"While I was speaking," said Quala, "I marked a change going on. Stern and rigid features had grown soft;—from eyes fierce and fiery, now tears were falling; hands that grasped firmly the spears were unclenched, and the weapons reposed on the ground. The iron was hot, and the time to strike had arrived. I said, brethren, will you be at peace? Will you put away your strife, and be friends forever, and live together in love? If so, come forward take each other by the hand and mutually give the solemn pledge. It was done, and the remainder of the day they

mingled together as friends, and sat together as one family, and listened to the glad tidings of the gospel. Before they parted they resolved to go home and go to building school-houses and chapels."

I am conscious that what I have written but faintly resembles the very impressive speech made by Quala on that interesting occasion. It would be impossible to reproduce that address. To get an idea of its power you must know the man who uttered it, and picture to yourself the occasion that called it forth. There he stood, simple, earnest, direct, tender, eloquent. The occasion imparted to him a kind of inspiration. The gospel, his knowledge of God, and love of Christ, and anxiety for his people set his whole soul on fire. It was this that gave him power over those savage chiefs. The materials out of which he twisted a cord with which to curb and bind the fiery steeds of war were the facts and experiences known by all. His eyes beamed with love to those whom he addressed, and his face was radiant with a benignity that awakened responses in their hearts, and they yielded to his entreaty for peace, and at once laid aside their carnal weapons, and great multitudes of them became active workers for Christ, so that by the end of three years about one hundred schools had been established among them, and as many Christian churches organized.

WHAT A WOMAN SAYS ABOUT WOMAN'S LOVE.

Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, and loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simple because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love: it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving, and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting-paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an outspringing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price by the loveliest, the fairest, the purest, the strongest, of Lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said, "It is far more blessed to give than to receive." Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved and love where there is one who knows how to love. That O my dear ladies, is a nobler attainment than all your French and music and dancing. You may lose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of early self-indulgence: By living just as you are all wanting to live—living to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only that which is easy and agreeable—you may lose the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting-paper all your life.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

THE BILLINGS "ALLMINAX."—From this interesting source we derive the following gems:

Just about az ceremonies creep into one end of a church, piety backs out at the other.

Curiosity often gets a mouse into a trap,—just so it dux other folks.

Gravity iz no more possitiff evidence ov wisdom, than a paper collar iz ov a shirt.

"This insurance policy is a queer thing," said Dobba, reflectively. "If I can't sell it I can't eat it, and if I can't eat it I can't sell it."

The girl who marries a fashionable tippler must be prepared to suffer the fate of a common drunkard's wife.

We were pleased to see, not long since, in one of our exchanges, some pretty severe remarks addressed to several persons who, during an interesting lecture by Rev. John S. C. Abbott, kept a continuous coughing, which prevented many from hearing. People who cannot refrain from coughing, had better stay away from such places, or else take a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Linctament with them.

The importance of giving Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders to horses that have been out in a cold rain, stood in a cold wind, or drank too much cold water, cannot be over estimated; no man should be without them who owns a good horse.