

Youths' Department.
Lessons for 1871.
THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, JULY 30TH, 1871.

The Fruitless Fig Tree.—Luko xiii. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Genesis vii. 11-24; Psalm xc.

Who were Galileans? What had befallen a company of them? vs. 1. What made this massacre unusually shocking to a pious Jew? Were those who told of it Christ's disciples? See ch. xii. 54. The last lesson was specially for Christians. How is it with this? vs. 3, 5, 9.

What mistake of the people does Christ correct? vs. 2. What other calamity does he notice? vs. 4. Did this seem to be more directly from God's hand than the other? Was not his providence in both alike? Does Christ correct the same mistake respecting this event? vs. 4. Does Christ deny that men sometimes suffer special judgments in this world for special sins? Num. xvi. 1-35; Acts v. 1-11. Do not God's children also often suffer extremely? Job i; ii; Heb. vi. 35-38; xii. 1-6. What does Christ tell the people? vs. 3, 5. For what were they condemned; and for what had they to repent? John iii. 18. Is not our unbelief at least as bad as theirs? Must we not suffer the same doom if we do not repent? How shall all unbelievers perish "likewise"?

Whom does Christ represent by the fruitless fig-tree? vs. 6, 7. Will he bear with such forever? vs. 9. When ought one to repent? Does any sinner know that he is not now on his last year of trial? Consider, and be wise.

SUMMARY.—Unbelief brings ruin; repentance averts it; but time is short.

ANALYSIS.—Without Repentance Destruction.—I. *Inevitable*.—1. A symbol. vs. 1. 2. Its explanation. (a) The massacre. vs. 2, 3. (b) The accident. vs. 4, 5. II. *Impending*.—1. Justice commanding. vs. 6, 7. 2. Mercy interceding. vs. 8, 9.

EXPOSITION.—*The Galileans*.—Inhabitants of Galilee were looked upon by the inhabitants of Judea as their inferiors, as being less pure in Hebrew faith, blood, and language. Acts vii. 52; Matt. xxvii. 73. This exposed Christ and his apostles to additional contempt from them. Acts i. 11. Still the Galileans were Jews, came to Jerusalem to the national feasts, and joined in the temple worship.

The massacre was recent. The cause of it is not mentioned. Pilate had no right in law to deal thus with men from another than his own province. He was procurator of Judea only, not of Galilee.

The shock.—The Jews saw and suffered many a gross injury inflicted by their Roman rulers; but the circumstances made this one unusually shocking. Mark the vivid language: "Whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices." The dead bodies of human and brute victims in a common heap, and their blood flowing in a common stream.

Those who told.—Evidently not disciples. Christ's answer seems to regard them as among the unbelieving. Our lesson to-day is specially for the impenitent, though not for them only.

The mistake.—Many then, like some now, believed that an extraordinary sufferer must be an extraordinary sinner. Acts xxviii. 3; John xi. 2; Job iv. 7, 8.

The tower's fall.—There was both a pool, and near it a village of the name Siloam. Neh. iii. 15; John ix. 7. They were just without the wall of Jerusalem, in the valley Kedron. The hand of man was not seen in this calamity, as in the other; yet was the other no less of God's providence.

The correction.—Christ does not deny (1) that all suffering results from sin, (2) that all sinners are not equally guilty, (3) that special sins have in this life been visited with special judgments, (4) that many sins tend naturally and directly to earthly calamity, e. g., drunkenness, etc., (5) that virtue also often brings with it earthly prosperity. He corrects the mistake of the people. The most wicked often prosper. God's people have suffered terribly. The persecutions in the first centuries. The Waldenses. The Huguenots, etc. Psalm lxxiii.

"Ye all."—The error is swept away. Now the truth. Those horrible calamities, you think, tell of sin. Even so; they do. You see in them judgment, God's wrath at sinners. So you ought. Earthly calamities are in your view the real punishment. Here you err. They are not this, but its shadow, its prophecy. In these horrible events, the solemn and mighty voice of the King and Judge sounds down into the ears of a stupid world. These calamities make

you think of the sins of the sufferers. Were they sinners? Perhaps so; but "What is that to thee?" Were they sinners? So are you; you all. Must sin meet judgment? Then on you, you all, it must fall. Therefore beware. "Repent."

The sin.—Christ does not charge his hearers with being profligate men or guilty of our-breaking sin. That which he condemns is unbelief, not believing, not trusting, not hearing, "neglecting" Christ. This is what was in those Jews, the great mass of them. There was no ear to hear, no heart to obey, no hand to do; hence the words, "ye all likewise."

Likewise.—Were they to die a violent death, as did these? Jesus surely had in mind the destruction of Jerusalem. And yet that judgment of the Jews was, as already said, but symbol, shadow, prophecy of the great reality beyond, the outflashing for a moment of the quenchless fire.

We and they.—Great sinners those Jews were. How had they been marked off for favor. A *chosen* people, they had had such a history, so much done for them. They had the Scriptures. Jesus was among them. Everything to waken trust and love. But they turned away. How is it with us?

The parable.—Our Lord still had in view the destruction of Jerusalem, and the judgment so soon to come on the nation. Yet he has also still in mind each unbeliever before him.

Queries.—What is intent was the vineyard, the world or the Jewish nation? What the fig-tree, the Jewish nation or the individual Jew? Who the owner of the vineyard, God the Father or Jesus Christ? Who the "dresser," Christ, the Holy Spirit, or religious teachers? What the three years, merely sufficient time of waiting, or years of Christ's ministry, or administration of the Hebrew government?

The lesson.—Men, whether individuals or nations, belong to God and his Christ. When he gives to them his law, his gospel, his ministers, his thousand appliances of persuasion, warning, instruction, he wishes to find in heart and life the fruits of love, obedience, holiness. When he finds not these fruits, but instead only a godly form and show of morality, mere leaves, a selfish taking up the richness of soil, and the casting of a shadow to kill useful plants that else would grow, justice demands that he bear with such men no longer. Yet God is merciful. He is long-suffering. He has no pleasure in the death of the ungodly. Our lesson shows God gracious while grace itself can hope.

ILLUSTRATION.—A man who would enjoy the pleasures of this world said it was too soon for him to think of another world. On a journey, while stopping at an inn, he was suddenly taken ill. A clergyman was called. The dying man looked him in the face, and at once said to him, "Sir, it is too late." The minister said, to him, "Christ is able to save to the uttermost," and explained to him the gospel. His only reply was, "Sir, it is too late"; and with these words on his lips he died.

Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.
Recite.—Scripture Catchism, 317, 318.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.
Mo. LIX.
Here the names in order stand.
Whose initials give the brief command—
CEASE TO DO EVIL. Isaiah i. 16.

C-rispus . . .	1 Cor. i. 14; Acts xviii. 8.
E-lisba . . .	2 Kings ii. 11, 12.
A-bimelech . .	Judges ix. 49.
S-solomon . . .	1 Kings iv. 33.
E-hud . . .	Judges iii. 15.
T-tarsish . . .	1 Kings x. 22.
O-rnan's . . .	1 Chron. xiii. 11.
D-avid's . . .	2 Sam. xxi. 17.
O-thniel . . .	Judges iii. 9-11.
E-glon . . .	Judges iii. 14.
V-ashti . . .	Esth. i. 9.
I-shbosheth . .	2 Sam. iii 15, 16.
L-ot . . .	Gen. xiii. 10, 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.
17. In what city was Christ's name first given to his followers?
18. To whom did Jesus make known the manner of his death?
19. What is the great cause of men turning away from Christ? Give an example.
20. What is the greatest mystery in the christian faith?
Choose a good superintendent for the Sabbath School, the best one in your church, no matter how long he may have held the place, or how much somebody else wants it.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy,
He's making his wax:
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine-blossoms,
He levies a tax!

Buzz-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy—
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

of a negress, and approaching a masculine tenor.

It may not have been generally observed that in proportion as any race of mankind is cultivated and civilized, the difference in the physical power of the two sexes is widened. The male and female of the African race are more equal in corporeal strength than the white man and woman. I have heard a negro man and woman singing together; and, as I did not see them, I could not determine whether the duet was performed by two of the same sex or otherwise. The voice of a negro of either sex, however, has, in all cases, a twang peculiar to that race. It might be imitated by singing through a widely flaring tin funnel.

The length and size of the neck produce important modifications of the voice. Soprano singers, for the most part, have short necks and high shoulders. Women with very long necks and sloping shoulders have contralto voices, almost without exception. Hence, we may explain a fact which often excites surprise—that many small and slender women have a low and deep toned voice, which should be distinguished, however, from one of a masculine character.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

GOING HOME.

They are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All down the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serene clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim
To the brightness of His presence
Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them—
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless,
Little hands as pure as they,
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They are going, ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer and forbid them not.

BIRTHDAY RESOLUTIONS.

About eleven o'clock one bright day in June, Mrs. Cary was very much astonished upon glancing into her little boy's room to find Albert sitting by the window pensively gazing up at the beautiful blue sky. During the summer mornings he had worked with his tools up in the old, cool garret, so that his mother scarcely knew what to think of finding him unoccupied.

"What makes my son so thoughtful on this lovely day, and his birthday too?" Allie started as his mother spoke, and she noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. This was something unusual, for Albert, even in great pain, rarely ever cried, but clenched his hands and ground his teeth, as if he would be brave in spite of everything.

"Why, my darling, what is the matter?" his mother asked.

"O mamma, I am so very, very wicked!" sobbed the child hiding his head in his mother's dress.

With one of her loving, gentle smiles as she patted his head she answered, "Has my boy forgotten his Saviour?"

"No, mamma, but that's the trouble, I'm ashamed to come to him."

Mrs. Cary looked thoughtful, but in a moment replied: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. Have you come to him, my dear? If so, you are safe."

Albert Cary had been trained from his infancy in the "nurture and admonition

of the Lord." One of the earliest lessons his mother taught him was to trust God just as he did his father, never doubting any of his promises any more than it would be possible to disbelieve his parents. But now he seemed to forget that God could hear him when he cried to him.

The only answer to his mother's soothing words was, "God does not want me to come, he is tired of me;" and Albert sobbed as if his heart would break.

Mrs. Cary raised her thoughts to the Lord with the earnest petition that she might comfort her precious boy. Just then she spied a paper closely covered with his hand-writing. "What is this, Allie dear?" she said, taking the sheet from off his lap.

"O mamma, those are RESOLUTIONS I made on my last birthday, and I have been reading them over, and that is what made me so unhappy."

"And why, Albert?"

"Why? Because I have not kept them," Mrs. Cary glanced over the list and said, "Mother never makes any such resolutions," "Why, mamma, and you always do just right?"

"Well, when I awake in the morning I ask God to show me what I shall do that day, and then with my eyes wide open, and with ready hands I enter upon my day's duties. Suppose I started with your first resolution, to pray for one hour every morning and evening, I might by keeping this displease my heavenly Father very much. He would desire me perhaps to be occupied in some other way just at that time. And so with the rest of your list, I could show you how, in nearly every case, Resolutions have only served to discourage without making us better. One can live nearer to God by asking him daily for wisdom to step rightly than he can by years of resolutions made on birthdays. I do approve of our writing down our faults and our spiritual desires. For when we read anything it makes more of an impression than when we think it."

Allie looked up quite satisfied. "Then to be a Christian it is not necessary always to tell myself what I must do, only to do what comes each minute?"

"Yes, my boy, that is it, to be a Christian needs only faith in Jesus, and the love which keeps his commandments. No matter how great our sins, Christ's blood is alone sufficient to wash them away."

Albert went to his play with a light heart that morning as he felt that he would love and serve his Saviour this year better without than with a list of heavy, irksome resolutions.—*Christian Weekly.*

SECRET OF KEEPING COOL.

"Grandma, how can you look so cool this hot weather?" I asked, as I marked the dear old lady's placid, comfortable appearance, so in contrast with my own fevered restlessness.

"I don't know," she replied: "I just keep as still as I can."

Ah! that was it. Quiet in movement, gentle in manner, unruffled in spirit. No uneasy tossing from side to side at night; no wandering from room to room, to seek a cool place, by day; no impatient exclamations over the heat. Grandma had the true secret, well worth knowing and practising at this season. Try it.—*Id.*

"LET GO THE ANCHOR."

A poor old seaman in the west of England became a true penitent, and was soon after called to die. During his illness he was visited by two Christian friends, who had previously known him, and had marked with pleasure the evidences of his change.

"Well, brother," said they, "how is it with you? Have you a good hope?"

"Land ahead!" exclaimed the good old man.

They came a second time. "How are you now, dear brother. Are your prospects bright and cheering?"

"I'm rounding the point," he answered. Once more they stood at his bedside. "Brother," said they, "can you tell us now where your hope is fixed? Is Christ still precious? Is heaven in view?"

He gathered up his remaining strength, sat up in his bed, and with the last effort of expiring nature, exclaimed, "Let go the anchor!" fell back upon his pillow, and immediately expired.—*Selected.*

A druggist in New Hampshire threatens the local paper with a suit for putting an "i" in the place of an "a" in his advertisement of Grapo Pills.