

The Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, N.S., FEBRUARY 17, 1875.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1875.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES. Heroes and Judges.

SUNDAY, February 21st, 1875.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Joshua xiv. 6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." John xii. 26.

ANALYSIS.—I. Personal history. Vs. 6-8. II. Inheritance promised. Vs. 9-11. III. Inheritance specified. Vs. 12. IV. Inheritance obtained. Vs. 13-15.

HISTORICAL CONNECTION.—Seven years have been spent in the conquest of Canaan. The celebrated battle of Bethhoron has been fought, "one of the most important in the history of the world." Allied kings in the south and in the north have been destroyed. The time has come for the division of the conquered territory. By special honor, a first and a personal assignment was made to Caleb, one of the two true and faithful spies.

EXPOSITION.—Verse 6.—The children of Judah came to Joshua. Literally "Sons of Judah," or, for example, certain men of that tribe. It is not expressly stated, but the connection plainly implies, that they came in Caleb's interest, to add their influence to his in urging his request. It would be most natural to suppose them to have been family connections of Caleb, and hence having also a personal and family interest in the matter. In Gilgal. It is possible that this may not be the Gilgal of the first encampment. There was certainly one other Gilgal near Dor. (xii. 23.) Perhaps still a second mentioned in 2 Kings ii. 1, and Joshua may have been in the latter. And Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenazite said. The rest supported his request by their presence. Called the Kenazite probably because descended from Kenaz the head of the family division of the tribe to which Caleb belonged. See xv. 17. In Num. xiii. 1, 2, the spies sent by Moses are called "rulers" or princes, and heads of the people. Thou knowest. He would call the fact to the mind of Joshua as once known to him for an account of the matter. See Num. xiv. Concerning me and thee. See Num. xiv. 30. Kadesh barnea, as we last year learned, was at the northern border of the desert south of Palestine.

Verse 7.—Forty years old was I, etc. As he was sent as a spy at the end of the second year from the exodus, he was, of course, thirty-eight years old when he left Egypt, born, therefore, soon after Moses fled into the wilderness to escape death. He refers thus to his age because he was excepted from the doom of death in Num. xiv. 29, 30. I brought him word again. This "word" was the report concerning the land of Canaan as seen by him. As it was in mine heart. He was true to his knowledge and convictions. What he thought, he said, and stood to in spite of everything, at the risk of death. A worthy example.

Verse 8.—My brethren that went up with me. All save Joshua, whom he had just excepted in vs. 6. Made the heart of the people melt. By their false reports of the terrible dangers of the proposed invasion of Canaan frightened the people. But I wholly followed, etc. It was the simple truth which had need to be spoken here in order to explain and secure his request or claim.

Verse 9.—And Moses swore, etc. The Lord's oath to Moses as to Caleb is given in Num. xiv. 24, 30, 38, but not that of Moses. Surely the land which on thy feet have trodden, etc. The words of the oath as spoken by Moses, and so fondly remembered by Caleb. "Trodden" when a spy. This land was Hebron and its vicinity. Vs. 13. "It was situated among the mountains (xx. 7), twenty Roman miles south of Jerusalem, and the same distance north of Beersheba. It is one of the most ancient cities in the world still existing, and in this respect it is the rival of Damascus. Num. xiii. 22; Gen. xiii. 18. It now contains about five thousand families, of whom some fifty families are Jews. It is picturesquely situated in a narrow valley, surrounded by rocky hills. This in all probability is that 'valley of Eschol' where the Jewish spies got the great bunch of grapes. Num. xiii. 23. Its grapes are regarded the finest in southern Palestine." Thine inheritance and thy children's forever. Yet the city afterward fell to the Levites. xxi. 11, 12. This, however, was not against the promise, for the Levites

were incorporated into the nation as a part of its every part.

Verse 10.—And now behold. The long expected day has come—a cause of devout and grateful wonder. The Lord [Jehovah] hath kept me alive. True of every living man, yet more strikingly true of Caleb, because he, as we saw, was singled out from his contemporaries to be spared as a token of God's approval. These forty and five years. Of these, thirty-eight were spent in wandering before crossing Jordan. Hence it must have been seven years since the crossing. They had been for Israel years of labor and war, of conquest and glory. God had been with the nation. See chaps. ix-xiii. And now to I am this day four score and five years old. Mentioned, not in boastfulness, or garrulity, but to evidence God's faithfulness to his promise. Forty years before the visit to Canaan as spy, forty-five years since—eighty-five in all.

Verse 11.—I am as strong to day, etc. Probably added as a further witness of the faithfulness of God in not only keeping the promise to the letter, but as doing far better than the mere terms of the promise required. The old man had given good proof of his power, and had rendered good service to the cause. He was not the man to be idle when there was such business on hand.

Verse 12.—Give me this mountain. The mountainous region in which, as we see above, Hebron was situated. The word this does not necessarily imply that the mountain was in sight, but designates it as the one about which he had just been speaking. Anakims. Giants, so called, either from their stature (long necks), or their strength. They, more than any other of the Canaanites, struck terror into the hearts of the spies of Moses. Fenced. Literally, cut off, that is, from the surrounding country, not by a fence in our use of the word, but by a wall. It was a walled city, fortified. If so be the Lord will be with me. This shows his sense of God's sovereign control, and hence of his own dependence on God. This has the sentiment of the motto, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." Then I shall be able, etc.—He was ready to use the means, looking all the time to God for the result. This is man's highest wisdom. What though we know not how God works? We may yet know that he does.—Duty is ours, results his.

Verse 13.—Joshua blessed him. Mark well his readiness to carry out to the letter God's known purposes and requirements. He did this, we may say, on three grounds. 1. God's command. 2. Moses' oath. 3. The merits of the case. Neither ground excludes the others. So is our duty called for usually by many considerations; but the highest is God's holy, loving will.

Verse 15.—Hebron before was Kirjath-arba. This name it took from Arba, the father of Ansk; but in Abraham's time the Anakim were not there. (Gen. xiv. 13-24. And the land had rest from war. After the conquest of Hebron, and the distribution of the land to the tribe—long promised, long desired and expected period, type of heaven's rest.

QUESTIONS.—Vs. 6. What children of Judah are probably referred to? Where was Gilgal? Was Caleb of Jewish descent? In what action, years before this, had he served Israel nobly? Num. xiv. 6, 7. How many spies were then appointed? How many made an unfavorable report? How many a favorable? Who made the latter? Where is Kadesh-barnea?

Vs. 7. How old was Caleb at the Exodus? What trait of character shines out in the last clause of this verse?

Vs. 8. In what do we see Caleb's integrity? Is self-respect becoming in a Christian? Acts xvi. 36, 37.

Vs. 9. Where was the land promised to Caleb? Num. xiii. 22; xiv. 23, 24.

Vs. 10. How old was Caleb at the crossing of the Jordan? How many years is it since then?

Vs. 12. What trait of character does "if so be" illustrate? What trait does "I shall be able"?

Reviewing the lesson, where do we see Caleb's confidence in Moses? His sincerity of heart? His self-respect? His vigorous old age? His dependence upon God? His bravery of spirit?

Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

SUNDAY, February 28th, 1875.—The Land Divided.—Joshua xviii. 1-10.

Work, for your mission is grand and great; Work from the early dawn till late; Work till the world from sin is weaned, Work till the harvest field is gleaned. Work till the Master comes again; Work, nor think of the toil and pain. Rest will be sweet when day is done; Glory is sure when the battle is won.

Youths' Department.

WHAT A RABBIT DID.

While my friend Clyde and myself were out in the hills back of Golden Gate, last week, a jack rabbit came along and stopped to look at us.

"If I had thought to bring my revolver along we would have jack on toast for breakfast to-morrow," I remarked.

"Not with my consent," he replied.

"What reason can you give for not consenting?"

"A rabbit saved my life, and I have not killed one since, and never will kill one again."

"How did he manage to save your life?"

"Three years ago I was living in Montana. A smelter had been built, and it created a demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lead that had been sunk on thirty feet. Thinking the time had come to make it available, I concluded to go there and get some ore and have it tested. I did so; and reached the place just in time to take shelter in the mine from a terrible hail-storm. I lighted my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like a cannon. The rocks over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft behind me caved. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them, when I found myself buried alive. I tremble even at this distant day when I think of that moment. The roof of the shaft was rocks, and when they came down they did not pack so tight but what the air came through.

"There was nothing that I could do to release myself. I knew that if relief did not come from the outside I must perish. No one knew I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft; but it was not likely to attract attention by calling; nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day. The following morning I commenced calling again; and all day, whenever I thought I heard a sound, I shouted.

"When night came again all hopes of being released had abandoned me. One thing added great bitterness to my sufferings. I owed quite a large amount of money, and should my fate remain unknown, my creditors would think I had tried to defraud them, and my name would be stigmatized.

"I will not dwell on the agonies I endured; I am sorry I cannot forget them.

"The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment I heard something crawl into my grave. I lighted my candle and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in him food to appease my hunger; and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending. I had two fish lines; their united length would reach to the road. I took off my shirt, tore it into strings, tied them together, and on them the fish-line. I wore a long gold watch-chain; I tied it on the part of the line that would cross the road. I then cut several leaves from my diary, wrote on them my condition, and tied them on that part of the line that would be outside. I then tied the end made of my shirt around Jack's neck, and let him out. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling he was making desperate attempts to escape. Soon the toging stopped, and knowing gnawing to be Jack's chief accomplishment, I thought he had cut himself loose. About three hours afterward I felt the line pulled; then some one called. I tried to answer, but the hoarse noise I made died in the cavern. I then pulled the line to show I was not dead.

"All grew still again, and I knew the man had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices; I pulled in the line, and it brought me food. It took all the men who could work in the shaft nine hours to reach me.

"A very large pine-tree that stood near the shaft had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the cave.

"Jack had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys believing that he 'pined in thought,' voted

to set him free. He was then taken back to his old girdling-grounds and liberated.

"He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits in the neighborhood—the miners refraining from shooting any, fearing it might be him."—San Francisco Golden Era.

ABOUT NURSING THE SICK.

The following taken from an excellent article on Nursing in the Saturday Review is recommended by a lady as worthy the attention of all who are desirous of alleviating the sufferings of invalids:

There is an opening for what may be called medical assistants, to take a place between lady doctors and ordinary sick-nurses. They might be taken from the class which now supplies the suffering fellowship of governesses, already too numerous; and from which companions who are no company are now drawn. They would require to have the keen perceptions and nice ways of ladies, yet they must not be above supplying all the patient's needs. Their training ought not to be made expensive, for women are apt in learning these things; hands which could never play a sonata of Beethoven, might adjust a bandage, and voices whose singing would be painful to hear, might soothe the sick one's ear with kindly words. Where the lady of the house is laid up, such a nurse could answer her letters, see a visitor who called to inquire, read the newspaper intelligently, talk of something besides the dying agonies of her last case, and, perhaps, judge wisely when the patient must be kept quiet and when she may see a friend. Such a person could without offence dismiss a visitor who stayed too long, and assume the responsibility of allowing the children to see mamma, while she ordered their goings to prevent a racket or a cry.

But it is painful to see a patient nursed in the common manner. The tact required for a sick-room differs from all other kinds of experience. Amateur nurses seldom possess it. Now and then a lady is to the manner born, and without instruction or previous experience blossoms into a full-grown nurse at a moment's notice. The doctor who finds one ready in a house rejoices heartily. His own credit as well as the recovery of his patient is probably assured. Seldom, however, has he this good fortune. His ordinary experience is very different. If he wishes the sick-room kept at a certain temperature, he cannot have it managed. The fire is alternately half-extinct and blazing up the chimney. There is no care to have it warm at sunrise and sunset, and moderate when the sun is shining and the air warm. The invalid is awakened from a priceless sleep by hearing the cinders fall on the unprotected fender, or by the noise of a clumsy hand putting on coals, which might easily have been wrapped in pieces of damp paper and left ready for noiseless use. The morning meal is perhaps delayed until the patient has passed from appetite to faintness. Perhaps, when it comes, the tea is smoked. Household troubles are freely discussed in the room. Mary has given warning because there is so much more going up and down stairs since Missus was ill; the cook is so extravagant, and yesterday's dinner was spoilt; Johnny has cut his finger, and Lucy has tumbled down stairs; such things are told as if they would amuse the invalid. But worse than this is the mysterious whispering at the door, and the secrets obviously kept to excite the nervous patient's suspicions. The irritating creak of a dry boot, the shuffling of a loose slipper, try a sick person's patience unreasonably; and the amateur nurse argues against such silly fancies, and thinks they are matters in which reasoning can be of any avail. The untrained nurse never commences her arrangements for the night until the patient is just beginning to grow a little sleepy. She then arranges the pillows, moves the chairs, stirs the fire, and perhaps makes up her own bed. Such fusses at sleeping time produce fever in a most unaccountable way, and the amateur is amazed and bewildered because the patient lies awake all night. Besides all this, and no matter how noisy and elaborate the preparations for the night's campaign, several things are forgotten down stairs; no beef-tea is to be had in the middle of the night, no spoon for the medicine, no boiling water. Amateurs do not know that sick people should not be asked what they will have, but should be saved even the mental exertion of making a choice. However desirable it may be that they should arrange their affairs, business matters should not be discussed before them. Sometimes a man who has not made his will before his ill-

ness, will be anxious and uneasy till he has made it, and will get better when the matter is off his mind. But to arrange such things requires nicety and tact such as the amateur, who perhaps shares the sick man's anxiety, cannot show.

LICENSED—TO DO WHAT!

BY JOHN PIERPOINT.

Licensed—to make the strong man weak; Licensed—to lay the wise man low; Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break. And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm; Licensed to kindle hate and strife; Licensed to nerve the robber's arm; Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain, And rob him of his very last; Licensed—to heat his feverish brain, Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed—like spider for a fly, To spread thy nets for man, thy prey; To mock his struggles, suck him dry, Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell To bring disease, and want, and woe; Licensed—to make this world a hell, And fit man for a hell below.

MISAPPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE!

Now, I calculate that's one of the biggest sins a man can be guilty of, if he knows it. It's like a know-nothing captain reading the chart wrong, and then telling the crew to steer by his ignorance. The other day a shipmate spun a curious yarn about misapplying Scripture. Says he, "Our craft was a sort of Noah's Ark; all aboard was religious. The skipper was a good sort, and often read the Bible to us. After a bit the question was started among us whether it was wrong for us to smoke chew and smoke. So we asked the captain about it. 'My lads,' say he, 'we all chew and smoke; but we'll all read our Bibles, and the first one of us as finds out 'bacca's wrong, let him tell the rest, show us the text, and then we'll pitch all the shag and cavendish overboard!' 'Agreed,' says all and then fell to reading their Bibles to find out what is said about 'bacca.' Well, next day one o' the hands jumps up all at once, and pointing with his finger to a certain text, says he to the skipper, 'I've found it, and no mistake.' 'Read it,' says we. Then he read, 'I will take away the abomination from between their teeth.' 'There,' says he, 'if that don't mean the dirty pipes and the beastly old quids, may I lose my sea legs and be a land-lubber!' In course, nothing was left for us now but to throw all our 'bacca overboard. But just as we was going to do it—'Hold hard, lads!' roars the skipper, here's a mistake; this text don't mean 'bacca at all.' 'What does it mean, then?' says our mate. 'Why, pork!' says the skipper. 'The Jews hadn't been chewing 'bacca, but eating pork, as Leah says in the 66th chapter!' So after all we didn't send our weeds to the bottom of Davey Jones's locker; and the whole bother ended in smoke!"

VERITY AND VARIETY.

The Congregationalist tells this: "Camp Meeting" John Allen was recently called upon quite unexpectedly to preach, with no time for special preparation. He took the text: "Be ye also ready," and used his readiness to preach as an illustration. He is also ready to laugh over his own blunders. He says that one Sunday, in Phillips, as he opened the Bible, his eyes fell on the text: "The works of his hands are variety." "Yes, brethren, our God is a God of variety," and he went on and preached a sermon on the variety of God's works. When he reached home, he looked at the text once more, and exclaimed: "Wife, what have I done? Our God is a God of verity, 'the works of his hands are verity,' and I called it variety."

Love is a key; the heart is the lock: love can unlock any heart; that is, any human love. But we often lock up our heart against God's love, as shown forth in His blessed Son. Yes: the lock is allowed to get rusty, and God's key of love, His Holy Spirit, ever bright, never rust-worn, silver and golden, cannot stir the main-spring, cannot fly back the bolt. Ours is the fault; God is ever ready with His silver key of truth, in love.

An inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.