

The Christian Messenger.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1876.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

SUNDAY, Aug. 6th, 1876.—Solomon's Prosperity.—1 Kings x. 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 4-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is here." Matthew xii. 42.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday, 1 Kings vii. 1-12. Tuesday, 1 Kings x. 1-29. Wednesday, 1 Kings iv. 29-34. Thursday, Matthew vi. 19-29. Friday, Rev. xxi. 10-27. Saturday, 1 Cor. ix. 7-11. Sunday, Matthew xii. 38-42.

ANALYSIS.—I. Visit of the queen of Sheba. Vs. 1, 2. II. Questions answered. Vs. 3. III. Astonishment expressed. Vs. 4-7. IV. Congratulations and gifts. Vs. 8-10.

SOLOMON'S PROSPERITY.—After completing the Temple of God (B. C. 1005), Solomon erected a magnificent residence for himself in Jerusalem, either on Acra or Zion, connected with Mount Moriah by a bridged causeway. Besides this house in Jerusalem, Solomon built summer-palaces in Lebanon, and gardens, or paradises, here and there, like those of Eastern kings. Nor is this all that is told of him. It is believed by some that he built, besides other cities nearer Jerusalem, the distant city Tadmor, or the far-famed Palmyra, the seat of Zenobia's empire, the ruins of which are the most striking of the world. He opened up lines of commerce with Phœnicia, inland and southern Asia, with Arabia and Africa. Nor was he more celebrated for the opulence and profusion of his wealth, than for his wisdom. He was the great poet, naturalist and moral philosopher of his time.

EXPOSITION.—See 2 Chron. ix. 1-9.—Verse 1.—The queen of Sheba. For other references to Sheba, or Saba, see Genesis x. 28; Isaiah lx. 6; Jeremiah vi. 20; Psalm lxxii. 10. "Sheba seems to have been the name of the great South Arabian kingdom, and the people which composed it." The lower extremity of this country was more than fifteen hundred miles to the south of Jerusalem. Nothing is known of this queen save what is given in this account. Heard of the fame of Solomon. This implies some remoteness from Palestine, as does our Saviour's reference to her in Matthew xii. 42. Solomon's fame came partly from the greatness of his kingdom, partly from the magnitude and splendor of his works, and largely from his wisdom. Concerning [to or for] the name of the Lord [Jehovah]. This clause is probably best understood as stating to whom the fame of Solomon was due. Came to prove him with hard questions. To test his wisdom. The literature of the Arabians bears witness to their fondness for such questions, for enigmas or riddles. See Judges xiv. 12-20. "Dark sayings." Proverbs i. 6.

Verse 2.—With a great train. Of servants (vs. 13), not a military escort. With camels that bear spices. Vs. 10, shows the greatness of the treasure brought, and indicates the exceeding wealth and importance of the kingdom. Whether she would have turned over to Solomon this vast amount if he had failed to sustain his reputation, is perhaps doubtful. Communed with him of all that was in her heart. He had nothing to fear from the trial.

Verse 3.—Told her all her questions. Answered them, solved her enigmas or riddles in fulfillment of the promise in iii. 12, and akin to his decision in the case of the two women and the child, iii. 16-28. There might be a special and sufficient reason for divine interposition in his behalf, since in testing the King of Israel this queen, and all heathen nations represented in her (1 Kings iv. 34), were testing also the God of Israel. Solomon was raised up to be specially the type of Jesus Christ as the King of the true Israel, ruling in wisdom and glory, and to be honored of all kings and peoples, there is a new meaning in the interview, and new cause for God's gracious aid to the king.

Verse 4, 5.—Seen all Solomon's wisdom. Not improbably he went far beyond the mere solution of her problems, and in voluntary conversation opened to her view his treasures of knowledge, in respect to natural science and his

tory, and ethical and political affairs. 1 Kings iv. 29-35. His proverbs, preserved in such large numbers in Scripture, show to us, as to her, how great was his practical wisdom. They are as fresh, pertinent, and living to-day as when uttered; and they will continue till time ends to guide men in safe ways in the conduct of life. The house, etc. His own palace, as described in vii. 1-12, not the Temple, for which David had made preparation, and of which he was not less the builder than Solomon. The meat of his table. Doubtless, everything pertaining to the supply and preparation of the food, as well as the food itself. Sitting of his servants. Servants here are the higher officers of the king's court, council, etc., and Keil understands the "sitting" or "dwelling" to be their apartments. The attendance [standing] of his ministers. The inferior servants. The standing, Keil also takes to be their rooms. Their apparel. That of his courtiers, and servants, in style and costliness determined by the king according to the place and rank of the wearer. His cupbearers. Margin reads "butlers." We may suppose, with Keil, that not merely the servants, but the entire arrangements and appointments with respect to drink are in mind. Ascent by which, etc. Supposed to be an elaborate passage-way or bridge over the ravine called the Tyropean, which separated the mount on which stood the Temple, from that on which his palace stood. No more spirit in her. Compare Joshua v. 1; ii. 11. Not improbably she had expected to be fully a match for him. If so, such hope was gone, and she was overwhelmed with astonishment at his wisdom, as also at his regal state and power.

Verse 6.—She said, etc. Frankly confessed, with honest, open mind, and no envy or jealousy, thoroughly converted to faith in him.

Verse 7.—I believed not, etc. Knowing how prone men were to exaggerate, and how rumor grows as it travels. The half was not told me. This visit of the queen to Solomon is often taken as a type of a man's visit to Christ, and the Saviour himself gives it this application. The tidings of his glory reach her. She is unbelieving, yet honestly interested. She resolves not to rest with mere hearsay, but learn for herself experimentally. She goes, still not fully believing, and yet honestly inquiring. She finds him to be far more and better than she had believed. She frankly, fully confesses directly to him. She declares that in him she finds more than complete satisfaction. How many a man hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ, passes through an experience very like to this.

Verse 8.—Happy thy men, etc. She still proves herself, by these further words to be of a kindred spirit with Solomon, and far above the ordinary monarchs, for she finds the chief good of the servant, as she finds the chief glory of the monarch, in mental wealth and adornment rather than in material good. Happy the men who stand and serve the Lord, coming to him, living with him, and letting into willing and obedient hearts his divine wisdom.

Verse 9.—Blessed be the God [Jehovah], etc. It almost seems as though she recognized Jehovah, not merely as the God of Israel, but as the true God. We would fain believe her to have become a genuine convert, as tradition affirms.

Verse 10.—She gave the king, etc. Typical of the offerings to be given Christ. Matthew ii. 11-15.

QUESTIONS.—Besides the Temple what did Solomon build? Where was it built? How long time was it in building? Of what was Solomon's throne made? What far-famed city is it thought he built? For what was he celebrated besides his wealth? In what natural science was he versed? Ans. Botany. 1 Kings iv. 33.

Vs. 1. Where was Sheba? What "fame of Solomon" had the queen of Sheba heard? What was a favorite occupation with the kings of the East?

Vs. 3. Was Solomon baffled by the questions of his guest? What had God promised to give him? 1 Kings iii. 12; see 1 Kings iv. 29-34.

Vs. 5. Will you cite some of the things that astonished the queen? Have not Christians oftentimes had occasion to repeat her words?

Vs. 9. Does she bless the true and living God "besides whom there is none else"?

Vs. 10. In what respect does the generosity of the queen furnish the world an example? 1 Cor. ix. 7-11.

Sunday, Aug. 13th 1876.—The Call of Wisdom.—Prov. i. 20-23.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Playing Funeral; or, God knows best.

One dull day I was lying on my lounge trying to sleep, when I heard the patter of childish feet along the hall, followed by a scratchy tap at my door. I did not answer for I did not feel like entertaining two such frolicsome visitors as my little twin nephew and niece, Willie and Tillie Blackstone; but after a short silence, the door was pushed cautiously open, and two curly heads peeped in. "Oh, dear!" sighed one; auntie's asleep.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the other; "what shall we do?" "Let's go in." "Sh—sh—h—h—don't wake her." They tip-toed by over to the window and looked down into the muddy street and sighed, and up into the gloomy sky and sighed. I felt sorry for the forlorn little creatures, and was going to wake up and cry "boo," when Tillie said: "Willie, let's play something."

"What shall we play?" "Horse."

"I hate horse; let's play funeral, and bury auntie."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Tillie, clapping her hands.

"Hush," said Willie, sternly; "don't talk so loud, you will wake her up."

"You can't wake dead folks," laughed Tillie.

"Well; I'll be the undertaker."

"Bring the casket this way," said Tillie, giving orders.

"You mustn't say that—that's my business."

"What can I say?" "Be the visitors and talk."

Last summer, when they were in the country, the children went to a funeral, and it made a deep impression on them.

"What a beautiful corpse sighed Tillie. Then she hitched her voice on a high key and said: "Squish flowers;" then she dropped it away down in her boots and said mournfully: "She died young."

"But she was ready to go," said Willie, joining in as a visitor.

"What'll become of all her children?" she asked, dolefully.

"How many did she have?" "Seventeen—all twins," she answered so plaintive that I almost laughed.

"They'll grow up," he replied, logically.

"But who will care take of them?" "God. He takes care of the sparrows, and children are bigger. Play the mourners have come in," whispered Willie.

"All right," said Tillie, cheerily; then suddenly she sobbed:

"There's her begrieved mother."

"Which one?" "The one with a crape handkerchief."

Andy and the Worm.

Well, one day Andy was digging in his very own garden just after a shower, when he spied a big worm.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flower-pot and looked at the worm in silence for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little (worms can't raise their heads very high) and looked at him.

At last said Andy, "You're not pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You can't dance," said Andy.

"I can't," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.

"You don't know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I don't," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly."

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," repeated the worm.

"You can't do anything," said Andy.

"I can," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flower-pot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again and asked, "What?"

"Something that bees, birds and even boys can't do," answered the worm, wriggling a little, as naughty girls do when they say, "So there now, you think yourself something great."

"Let's see," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm, "then it's all right. Now I'm ready, go a head."

"Are you sure you're in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And won't it hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Don't ask so many questions; do as I tell you," replied the worm.

"And why?" said Andy; but seeing that the worm was turning away from him he seized his little spade and chopped it in two, and lo! and behold! one-half crept off one way and one-half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I don't believe I could do that. Good-by Mr. Worm—I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-by," said the head, and "Good-by," said the tail; and they both crept under the ground and left Andy to ask: "And why?" until this very day.—Mrs. Margaret Eyttinge, in St. Nicholas.

Balaklava.

Thin, glancing threads of English horse, Why do your hangry trumpets wake? Through you grey myriads, massed in force, None but the mad could hope to break!

Men may be mad or men be wise, But not with us the question lies; For though we guess not their intent, This one thing well we know That where the Light Brigade is sent, The Light Brigade will go!

A Little Mother.

There's a funny little creature in a buff satin dress, who likes to live in our house, though I must say she isn't very welcome, and we try our best to drive her off.

Not but what she's pretty enough, but she has a most unlucky fancy for making her nursery in our furs and woollens. When we find bare places in our muffins, and tiny holes in our flannels and broadcloths, we have good reason to be very much vexed with Madam Tinea Pellionella (I wonder how she'd like that awful name, if she knew it).

You see this little mother is a bit of a fly not more than a quarter of an inch long. We call her a Moth, and she glues her minute eggs to the hairs of furs or woollens that she finds hanging up in a closet, or packed in trunks, unless the trunk is perfumed with camphor or tobacco—which she hates. After the eggs have been there two or three weeks, they burst open, and out comes the baby. It isn't a buff fly like its mamma but a tiny white worm, and it proceeds at once to build a house for itself.

These little fellows know everything as soon as they're born, which is very convenient, as they have to build houses for themselves before they're two days old.

This is the way they go to work: The little builder reaches around till he finds a long hair—long to him, I mean—which he cuts off close to the cloth. This he lays lengthwise of his body, then gets another and lays by its side, fastening them together by silk threads, which he spins as he works. Thus he goes on, cutting, spinning, and weaving, till he has a house large enough to cover his body and turn around in.

All this time he has not eaten a mouthful and he never does till his house is done. When he does eat, he cuts those tiny pin-holes you've seen in cloth, for he eats the solid cloth, and not the loose hairs he builds with.

He's a wise little fellow, too. If you have a costly broadcloth by the side of a cheap woolen, the cunning little mother will settle her babies in the broadcloth, and leave the coarse woolen for less dainty babies than hers. That isn't because she is malicious, but merely because there's less oily matter in the best cloth. And the baby himself, though he wanders around to other goods, won't touch anything common while he can get fine clothes to eat.

When he begins to eat he eats so much that he soon finds—as you children do—that he's too big for his clothes. Now, when that happens to you, your mama just buys you a new suit, but the poor baby-moth has to make his own suit. What do you suppose he does? I will tell you. He just cuts a slit in his coat—or his house—and proceeds to put in a new piece, patch it in fast. It's no small job for him either, it takes him a week; but when it's done, he has no more trouble about it, he just goes to eating again.

When he has eaten enough, he shuts up the end of his house, and hangs it to shelf or wall, where he thinks it will be safe. Shut up in that snug dark nursery, a very mysterious thing happens. Wings develop, legs grow and after awhile the house bursts open, and out comes a tiny buff satin fly, just like mama who first glued the eggs to the broadcloth.

Poor Little Toad.

Who would hurt a little toad Hopping on the sandy road? If I knew what he could eat I would drop it at his feet.

He's a harmless little thing, Does not bite, and does not sting; Though a cruel thing you do, He will never turn on you.

He can neither bark nor sing Has no feathers, has no wing; Dull his coat, his eye is dim; But I will be kin to him;

For the One who made us all, Watching lest a sparrow fall, Gave him life, and I'll not dare Wrong a creature of His care.

MOTHER.—"Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?" "Charlotte.—"Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not."

What's in a name? D. Seaver drives a St. Louis milk wagon.

AUGUST 2, 1876. CO The Bap On Wed oil met, Meeting the prop Church previous had been Bedeque, M. P. F. expedient This was date. E elected Simpson bled two bered Tw entered structure Master's in its su had alrea upwars pastorat 1870. M by bapti tember, recently to this fi on Feb. years at it was hi sons in t parts of pastorat of whic rememb to this there ur He was Church by the l The C a pasto resignat 1869. J. B. M call ext comm May 7, then th word p believe ners. have be have un a Chu courage at Bede for the Tryon t toral w until J D. W. plied t and b verts. Chipm field. spiritu numbe having ranks; Bro. F work tent, an int the Tr After Archil that C more Bro. V muniti peopl in th the pr was c been and a fested carryi In th remov ceede labori We conse Kids Uigg This In M for graci whic adde