

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 3rd, 1869.

JOHN xi. 1-29: Sickness and death of Lazarus at Bethany.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, Questions 49, 50.

Sunday, October 10th, 1869.

JOHN xi. 30-46: The raising of Lazarus.

Recite.—S. C., 51, 52.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter G.

1. GREY HAIRS. Hosea vii. 9. GOLD TARNISH. ED. LAID. iv. 1. GRASS WITHERED. 2 Kings xix. 26.
2. GOLD. Ps. cxix. 127.
3. GRASSHOPPERS. Judges vi. 5.
4. GRAPES. Ezek. xviii. 2.
5. GARDEN. Cant. iv. 16.
6. GOATS. Matt. xxv. 32. GRASS. Ps. xcii. 7; xxxvii. 2.
7. GIRDLE. Eph. vi. 14. It is meant to shew that we are held up when weak by the power of truth. (Isa. xxii. 21.)
8. GRINDING. Connected with injustice. Is. iii. 15; with captivity, in Isa. xlvii. 2; with destruction, in Matt. xxi. 44.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XX.

A PRECEPT.

1. One of the seven deacons appointed for the distribution of alms.
2. One of David's thirty-seven mighty men, who also was murdered by him.
3. The king of Judah, in whose reign the golden shields were taken from the temple, and who replaced them with brazen shields.
4. The prophet with whom David consulted about the building of the temple.
5. The river by which Daniel appeared to be, when he saw the second vision.
6. The prophet who foretold the destruction of Nineveh, by water, sword, and famine.
7. Another name for the valley of Hinnom, where the Jews sacrificed their sons and daughters to Molech.
8. One of the Midianite princes slain by Ephraim in the time of Gideon.
9. That which Simon offered the apostles, that he might receive the power of imparting the Holy Spirit.
10. The country of which Candace was queen.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

A little lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed:
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it, broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And, when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it:
Then safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him;
Bless while they live; and when they die,
When flesh and spirit sever,
Conduct them to his throne on high,
To dwell with him forever.

SAYING "NO" EASY.

"How is it you never go with any bad boy, or get into bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"O," said the other, "that's 'cause I don't say 'no' easy."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "no" easy has ruined many a child and man, and woman too—saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do doubtful things, say "no" as if you meant "no," and nothing but "no."

When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "no," and no mistake. When Satan asks you to serve him, and makes as great promises as he did to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness, do not say "no" easy, but answer him as Jesus did: "Get thee behind me, Satan." That is a "no" he can understand.

OMENS--SIGNS--WONDERS.

A lady sends the following to Haney's Journal, as among the popular superstitions and whims of the day:

Yes, sir, you will find very few people who do not entertain some superstition or other, though perhaps very few will admit it. I hope no one will adopt any new ones from reading these re-

marks, and I would like to impress upon parents the importance of hiding their superstitious beliefs (if they can't overcome them) from the children, for superstitions are certainly useless, and often inconvenient, if they are no worse.

I was maintaining that nine persons out of ten held some superstition, when a gentleman insisted that he had not a single one. I laid in wait for him. He did not like to count the carriages at a funeral! "Why?" "Oh, I don't know." A superstition, Mr. Blank. Many wait until a whole funeral procession has gone by, rather than go between the carriages to cross the road.

A lady assured me she hadn't a single superstition. One day her little girl took up her mother's hat, which was black crape, and was going to put it on her head. "Minnie," exclaimed her mother, "don't put that on." "Why?" said the child. "Because I'd rather you would not." Then turning to me she said, *sotto voce*, "Somehow or other I never do like to have the children put on any of my black crape things." Superstition, Mrs. Blank. Then if a dog howls at night, how many turn pale! "Some one in the neighborhood is going to die, sure." I must say I was astonished one evening, when a dog howled outside our windows, to see a really good, pious old Methodist lady deliberately take off her slipper and turn it wrong side up upon the rug. "Why, Mrs. Meek-and-mild, what is that for?" "Oh, they say if you hear a dog howl you must take off your slipper and turn it up." "Well, will your slipper be enough to save the lives of all in this house, or must each one of us follow suit?" "Isn't it ridiculous?" she said; but I noticed that she allowed the slipper to remain there until she was quite sure that the dog had taken himself off out of hearing. Even the old Dutchman believed in that superstition, for he told a friend, "De dog howl treddel last night, and ven I takes up mine paper this morning, vat you tinks? somepody die in Philadelphia!"

Then, how many believe that if the scissors, or any sharp thing falls to the floor and stands up straight, some visitor is coming! "Why, I've seen young ladies in the early morning put down their sewing and take the crimps out of their hair an hour or two earlier than usual, just because the scissors fell off the lap and stuck up straight." If a blue-bottle comes suddenly into the room and whizzes around pretty industriously, they say, "A stranger is coming." (I should say a stranger had come.) One lady told me she was not superstitious at all. "But," she added, "there is one thing that I do not like to do, and that is to break a looking-glass." I said, "Well, I don't suppose any of us would occupy ourselves with that little performance just for amusement." "Oh, but," she went on to say, "I never yet broke a looking-glass, or knew of any one else breaking one, that the person breaking it, or some relative, didn't die."

Some won't sing before breakfast for fear they should cry before night. Others won't give a knife or scissors to a friend without making him give a penny or some amount of money for it, lest it should "cut love." A gentleman once asked me if I had three cents about me. I said, "Yes, and I mean to keep them."

"No you won't—you'll give them to me for this knife" (a silver mounted beauty, and very cheap for the money) so I purchased the knife from him, and we remained very good friends. "I was walking with a lady the other day, and 'stumbled' my toe against a stone. She turned and asked me with which foot I had stumbled. Wonderingly, I asked her what possible difference it made. She smiled, but insisted upon knowing; so I told her it was the right foot. "Then you'll be welcome where you are going."

I once handed "a gentleman and a scholar" a cup of tea. He seized the tea-spoon, skimmed off the bubbles on the surface of the tea, and saying, exultantly, "Oh! look!" hastily popped them into his mouth. "Well," said I, "What of it?" "Money!" said he. Now do you suppose that that man thought that swallowing those bubbles would bring him any good luck in the money line? Of course he didn't; and if he should see this in print, he would be shocked to think I could imagine him serious in the matter; but take my word for it, he would never allow his tea-bubbles to escape him for lack of diligence on his part to gather them.

I have been on the look-out lately for the superstitions of those about me, and could give you hundreds of others, but these are enough for samples of those remnants.

SHARP PRACTICE.

Once on a time, an English Jew threatened to disinherit his son for seeking marriage with a Christian damsel. The love-struck son took into his counsels a lawyer, who apprised him, to his great satisfaction, that by becoming baptized he might take advantage of a law of the realm, which accorded to an apostate Jew the half his father's fortune. The young man did not hesitate a moment, and quickly gave his father to understand that unless he gave his consent to the marriage, he would enter into the bosom of the Christian Church. The Jew was confounded, and made all haste to Henry Fielding, to ask if such a monstrous law was really in existence. Fielding answered in the affirmative, and then added:

"I could perhaps indicate to you a way of frustrating the designs of your son."
"Speak! speak!" cried the Jew.
"I must have a retainer of twenty guineas."
"And you assure me that I can disinherit my son, so that he will not have right to a penny."
"I promise you."
"All right, take the guineas!"

Fielding carefully laid away the gold, and then said to the Jew: "The only thing you need to do is to become a Christian yourself!"

THE LITTLE BOY'S REBUKE.

There was once a very old man who lived in the house of his son. The old man was deaf, his eyes were dim, and his legs weak and thin. When he was at the table, he could hardly hold his spoon, so much did his hand shake, and at times he would spill his soup on the table-cloth.

All this vexed his son and his son's wife; and they made the old man sit in a corner behind the stove. There he ate his food from an earthenware dish; and he had not always too much to eat, as you may imagine.

Well, one day, his trembling hands could not hold the dish; it fell on the floor and broke. At this, his son and his son's wife were so vexed that they spoke harshly to the poor old man. His only answer was a deep, sad sigh. They then brought him a bowl made of wood, out of which he had to eat his food.

Not long after this, his little grandson, a boy about four years of age, was seen at work with a chisel and hammer, hollowing out a log of wood.

His parents could not fancy what he was trying to do. The little boy said nothing to anyone, but kept at his work on the log, and looking very grave, as if he had a great work in hand.

"What are you doing there?" asked the father. The little boy did not want to tell. Then his mother asked, "What are you doing there, my son?"

"Oh!" said he, "I am only making a little trough, such as our pigs eat out of."

"But what are you making it for, my son?"

"I am making it," said he, "for you and father to eat out of when I am a man."

The parents looked at each other, and burst into tears.

From that time forth, they treated the old man well. He had the best place at the table, a nice dish, and plenty of food.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at his throne!
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man."

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN?

Not costly dress nor queenly air;
Not jewelled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form nor lofty tread,
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;
Not pearls, teeth, nor sparkling eyes,
Not voice that nightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as eglantine,
Not gaudy gems, or fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,
Nor yet the blandishments of art;
Not one nor all of these combined,
Can make one woman true, refined.

'Tis not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies!
These outward charms that please the sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.

ECHO-MEN.

There is no greater bore than an echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if he meets with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumb-founded. On the contrary, a sententious "Not, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph.

To be in company with one who has no opinion but your own opinion is as bad as being caged with a jackdaw. If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of compliance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies. The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detect the snivelling that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

If we fail on suitable occasions to declare what God has done for our souls, we shall be likely to offend our heavenly Father. But on the other hand, if we make such declarations, Satan will be likely to be present, and tempt us to spiritual pride. Happy is the man who can relate and extol God's gracious dealings with him, with such meekness and humility as to furnish no entrance to evil.

Scientific.

STEAM IN HARNESS.—The Scotsman a week or two since gave an account of a road steamer which drew an omnibus about Edinburgh, performing all kinds of difficult feats in moving about between carriages in crowded streets; obeying its guide with more than the docility of a horse; ascending and descending hills and stopping immediately on the steepest declivity, when required, without any kind of break; and going up hill seven miles and coming down at nine miles an hour. It finally trotted off rapidly to Leith, where it had been built for an "enterprising omnibus proprietor in one of the largest towns of England." The same week they make mention of Mr. Howard, the great implement maker at Bedford, drawing waggon trains of corn in his fields by a steam ploughing engine used also for traction purposes, and proposing so to use the steam-power employed in tilling the land for harvest purposes as to render unnecessary the keeping of sufficient horses for harvest work, when fewer, by the aid of the steam plough, will suffice for tillage and drilling the corn. So many attempts at fast-road traffic by steam have failed, that probably nothing will now enable us to believe in its accomplishment but seeing it.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a portable fresh-butter churn, to be used at the table. It is made of cut crystal and mounted on silver feet. A silver rod revolves quickly in the cream, and presents a pat of butter every three minutes.

A floating chair manufactory has reached Muscatine. It is a good sized furniture shop, which floats down the Mississippi River, gathering willows from the banks, making cheap chairs for the million.

Camphor is a most powerful agent in driving away mosquitoes. A camphor-bag hung up in an open casement will prove a barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits applied as a perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

During a period of seventy-five years the temperature of the vaults of the Paris observatory has varied less than half a degree. The vaults are ninety-one feet below the surface.

The Engineer gives the following interesting particulars:—A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons; a bar of steel fifty tons, and according to computation based upon the fact that a fibre only one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains, a bar of spider's silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of seventy-four tons.

ASTRAY.—We clip the following from the New York Examiner. "Bathurst, Nova Scotia, has a salmon-freezing establishment in which 12,000 fish can be kept in a perfect condition from now till mid-winter. As these fish average a weight of fifteen pounds, and sell in the winter for fifty cents a pound, the business must be successful." We may inform our contemporary that in the first place Bathurst is in New Brunswick, and secondly if such an establishment exists, we have not heard of it.

DOES THE SPIDER EAT ITS WEB?

Fired with emulation, I carefully watched a common garden spider *Epeira diadema*, which I found as entertaining as wonderful. I commenced by destroying the web of a fine fat spider, and the owner appeared excessively astonished as her web collapsed around her. At length she took refuge in an inverted flower-pot, where I found her two hours after. I am inclined to think that during this period she was preparing materials for a new web. I found in every case where a web is destroyed that the spider goes away to some quiet spot, and drawing his legs close around him, remains quiet for two or three hours. During this period of repose the spider is stupid and dull—just gives an impatient shuffle when touched, but does not run off, as spiders generally do when disturbed. I watched again, then left, and when I returned in half an hour I found the spider as active as a spider could be in building a new web; the old one, which at my last visit was still hanging, had now vanished. Had the spider eaten it? "That's the rub." By a lucky chance another spider came along the piece of wood to which my spider had fastened one of her foundation lines.

"They met," and in instant the claws of each were shot out with a dexterity that a pugilist might envy. The blows were given in exactly the same manner that a cat strikes her antagonist. The trespassing spider was soon convinced that it would be the height of folly to stop where he was, so, fastening a line where he stood, he let himself down into a convoluted leaf. My friend rushed to the spot where spider No. 2 had fastened his line, and seizing on it, the other end of which, he remembered, was in communication with spider No. 2's body, began to wind him off, that is to say she drew the line in to wards herself, in the same manner that a sailor hauls in a rope, but with a rapidity that was truly wonderful, the front legs were moved so quickly that my eyes could scarcely follow them. Spider No. 2 having a decided objection to his vitals being wound away in this sort of manner, put an end to my friend's little pastime by cutting the line. Spider No. 1 had now collected web that amounted to the size of a large pea; when she found the supply cut off she began stowing it away in her own body, forcing it in with her two front claws, and in a few moments not a vestige was left.—H. Vokes, in Science Gossip.