

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, December 11th, 1870.
CONCERT.

Sunday, December 18th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 51-56; MARK xv. 38-44; LUKE
xxiii. 45-49: The veil of the temple rent,
and graves opened. Judgment of the Cen-
turion. The women at the cross.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 160, 161.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LVI.

J-ehu	2 Kings ix. 29.
O-mega	Rev. i. 8.
S-a-u-l	1 Sam. x. 21-24.
H-aman	Esther vii. 10.
U-r-i-ah	Jer. xxvi. 23.
A-cha-n	Josh. vii. 1.

JOSHUA. Joshua i. 1, 2.

BIBLE SCENES.

No. x.

There are but few examples in the history of either ancient or modern warfare in which the victors have bestowed favors on their captives. But here is a picture of one, taken from the Old Testament. Find out where the narrative is given, read it, and see if the scene corresponds:—

See the large fertile valley encircled with hills, and sparkling with streams. Watch the host sweeping across its pastures to bring home their spoil and prisoners to that beautiful city built on the long flat top of the single hill which rises steeply from the centre of the valley. Suddenly their march is staid by a peer, whose message from the Lord so alarms the princes, that they enforce prompt obedience to its command. The astonished prisoners are tended carefully by their captors, who bind sandals on their weary feet, clothe those who are naked, give them meat and drink, and set the sick and wounded on asses. Thus refreshed, they are escorted many miles among the hills and down through a deep ravine, to a great walled city, where the restored captives are left in safety amidst their own people.

A HINDU STORY.

At tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a barking calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Bramin happened that way.

"Oh, Bramin," piteously cried the beast, "have mercy upon me, and let me out of this cage."

"Ah! but you will eat me."

"Eat you! Devour my benefactor! Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Bramin, being benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage.

The tiger walked up to him, waved his tail, and said: "Bramin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you."

"Oh, how ungrateful, how wicked! am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat men when we get the chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," replied the Bramin. "Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his judgment."

"Very well," agreed the tiger.

The fox, assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and, looking at the disputants, said: "Good friends, I am somewhat confused by the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render an equitable judgment; but if you will be good enough to act the whole transaction out before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered that cage; and then do you, Mr. Bramin, show me precisely how you liberated him, and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, the spring-door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner inside.

The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and, turning to the Bramin, he said: "Now you are all right, you silly Bramin. I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain in future from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Bramin; good morning, Tiger."—*Dr. Scudder.*

At a late Bible Society meeting at Manchester the Rev. Donald Fraser, deputation, said that the Emperor Napoleon, "While he sat on the throne of France, was certainly a most cordial friend to all the agents of the Society. In the most remarkable way, and for whatever reason, he facilitated their movements throughout France, protected them from a number of small persecutions, and never shut his ears against them."

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

The happiness of Mary's lot was peculiar to womanhood. It lay mostly in the sphere of family affection. Mary had in this respect a lot whose blessedness was above every other mother. She had the loveliest character that ever unfolded through childhood and youth to manhood, entirely her own. She had a security in possessing it, such as is not accorded to other mothers. She knew that the child she adored was not to die till he had reached manhood,—she had no fear that accident, or sickness, or any of those threatening causes which give sad hours to so many other mothers, would come between him and her.

Neither was she called to separate from him. The few words she addressed to the boy of twelve years, when she had lost him from her sight even for a day, show what this constant companionship was to her.

"Son why hast thou dealt with me thus; behold thy Father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

There was but a moment's flush from the boy, of consciousness of a higher parentage: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Yet immediately the narrative adds, "And he went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them." These words are all that cover eighteen years of the purest happiness ever given to mortal woman. To love, to adore, to possess the beloved object in perfect security, guarded by a divine promise—this blessedness was given to but one woman of all the human race. That peaceful home in Nazareth overlooked by all the great, gay world, how many happy hours it had. Day succeeded day, weeks went to months, and months into years, and this is all the record: "Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man!"

Looking at Jesus as a mere human being, a historical character, as some do, the one great peculiarity of him is the intensity of the personal affection he has been able to inspire. He has been the one man of whom it has been possible to say to the people of all nations, ages and languages, "Whom having not seen ye love, and in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." If we should embody our idea of the Son with whom Mary lived in secure intimacy for thirty years we should call him *Love* itself. He was not merely lovely, but he was *love*. He had a warning, a creative power as to love. He gave birth to new conceptions of love, to a fervor, a devotion, a tenderness, of which before the human soul scarcely knew its own capacity.

We may imagine the peace, the serenity, the joy of that household of which Jesus was the center. He read and explained the Scriptures, and he prayed with them, in such blessed words as those we have recorded in St. John. In this life of simplicity and poverty he taught them that sweet and sacred secret of a peaceful daily looking to God for food and raiment, that can be learned only by the poor and dependent. He made daily labor holy by choosing it as his own lot. Many little incidents in Christ's life show the man of careful domestic habit. He was in all things methodical and frugal. The miraculous power he possessed never was used to surround him with any profusion. He would have the fragments of the feast picked up and stored in baskets, that nothing should be lost. His illustrations show the habits of a simple home. The kingdom of heaven is as the leaven hidden in three measures of meal—doubtless he had often watched his mother in this process. The woman, who, losing one piece of money from her little store, lights a candle and searches diligently, brings to our mind the dwelling of the poor where every penny has its value.

Many little touches show the personal refinement and delicacy of his habits, the order and purity that extended to all his ways. While he repressed self-indulgence and profusion, he felt keenly and justified bravely that profusion of the heart that delights in costliness as a sign of love. Even in the moment of his highest triumph—that moment of tumultuous joy and triumph, when he awoke from the dead and arose to immortal life—we find the same calm simplicity and purity of habit. It was not without design that the evangelist describes the sacred order in which they found the sepulcher: "He seeth the linen cloths lie, and the napkin that was about his head not lying with the linen cloths, but wrapped together in a place by itself." In that calmness, order, and just attention to the merest trifle, the disciples felt that their Master was the same as ever, though he had passed through so wonderful an experience.

There seems to be reason to think that the retirement and stillness of the peasant life in Nazareth, its deeply hidden character, was peculiarly suited to the constitutional taste both of Jesus and his mother. Mary was, from the little we see of her, one of those silent brooding women, who seek solitude and meditation, whose thoughts are only expressed confidentially to congenial natures. There is every evidence that our Lord's individual and human nature was in this respect peculiarly sympathetic with that of his mother. The prophecy of Isaiah predicts this trait of his character. "He shall not strive, nor cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets." In the commencement of his ministry we find the same avoidance of, and distaste for publicity. He hushed the zeal of his disciples—he wrought miracles with injunctions of secrecy. "See thou tell no man." The rush of sensational popularity seemed especially distasteful to him, and we find him often retiring from it. "Come ye with me into a desert place and rest awhile," he says to his disciples, "for there were so many coming and going that they found no leisure so much as to eat."

So the retirement of the garden of Gethse-

mane where it is said Jesus oft times resorted with his disciples—the retirement of the family of Mary, Martha and Lazarus at Bethany, seemed to be specially attractive to him. Indeed so great a desire had he for quiet and peace, and for the calm of that congenial thought and communion that can be held only with a few, that his public life must be regarded as a constant act of self-abnegation. It was as foreign to him to be out in the hot glare and dust of publicity and to battle in the crowded ways of life as to the most gentle woman. Divine Love was ever in this bustling, noisy, vulgar, outward life, lonely, and a stranger. He was in the world, says St. John, and the world was made by him, but the world knew him not.

There was one woman of all women, to whom it was given to know him perfectly, entirely, intimately—to whom his nature was knit in the closest possible union and identity. He was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh—his divine life grew out of her mortal nature.

We are led to see in our Lord a peculiarity as to the manner of his birth which made him more purely sympathetic with his mother than any other son of woman. He had no mortal father. All that was human in him was her nature—it was the union of the Divine nature with the nature of a pure woman. Hence there is in Jesus more of the pure feminine element than in any other man. It was feminine element exalted and taken into union with divinity. Robertson has a very interesting sermon on this point, showing how the existence of this feminine element in the character of Jesus supplies all that want in the human heart to which it has been said the worship of the Virgin mother was adapted. Christ through his intimate relationship with this one highly favored among women had the knowledge of all that the heart of man or woman can seek for its needs.

There is in the sacred narrative a reticence in regard to the mother of Jesus, which would seem very significantly to bear upon the errors of modern Mariolatry. It is remarkable that Mary was never in any one instance associated in his public work with Jesus. She was not among the women who are mentioned as following and ministering to him. She was, it seems, in Jerusalem at the last passover of our Lord, but it was not with her, or at her table, that he prepared to eat the passover. He did that as master in his own house, with a family of little children of his own choosing. Mary was not at the first eucharistic feast. Undoubtedly there was foreknowledge and Divine design in all this, and doubtless Jesus and Mary were so completely one in will and purpose, that she of perfect accord with him in all these arrangements. There are souls so perfectly attuned to each other, with such an exact understanding and sympathy, that personal presence no longer becomes a necessity. They are always with each other in spirit however outwardly separated.

But we find him with her once more, openly and visibly, in the hour when all others forsook him. The delicacy of woman may cause her to shrink from the bustle of public triumph, but when truth and holiness are brought to public scorn she is there to defend, to suffer, to die. Can we conceive what that mob was that led Jesus forth to death? Mobs in our days are brutal, but what were they then? Consider what the times must have been when scourging was an ordinary punishment for a criminal, and crucifixion an ordinary mode of execution. What were the sights, the sounds, the exhibitions of brutality among which Mary and the women friends of Jesus followed him steadily? And Mary did not faint—did not sink. She did not fall to the earth when an angel predicted her glory—she did not fall now when the sword had gone through her heart. It is all told in one word, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother." The last word that Jesus spoke to any mortal ear was to commend her to his dearest friend. After the resurrection, Mary appears once more among the disciples, waiting and praying for the descent of the Holy Ghost—and then in the sacred record we hear of her no more.

But enough has been told of her to make her forever dear to all Christian hearts. That Mary is now with Jesus, that there is an intimacy and sympathy between her soul and his, such as can belong to no other created being, seems certain.

Nor should we suffer the false and idolatrous views that have been held of her, to prevent that just love and veneration which will enable us to call her blessed, and to look forward to meeting her in heaven, as one of the brightest joys of that glorious world.—*Mrs. Stowe in the Christian Union.*

There is considerable movement in regard to the elections for the London School Board, no one could more appropriately represent Baptist views than Dr. Angus. In his address he says:—"The encouragement of the intelligent and reverent reading of the Bible, fairness in the treatment of existing schools, equal educational advantages for all classes and both sexes, no compromise of conscience, compulsory attendance if absolutely necessary—these are the principles of the Act, and they have my hearty support."

Winter is now fairly upon us, and the teams are hastening to the lumber woods in various parts of the country. Our advice to every man who goes to the woods, be he captain, cook, of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" and "Parsons' Purgative Pills." Many months of labor (in the aggregate) may be saved by this precaution.

Bad enough to look and feel bad yourself; but no excuse for having your horse look and feel badly, when for a small sum you can buy "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders," which given in grain two or three times a week, will make him look and feel well.

CONSECRATED ABILITY.

"What is the greatest lack of our Sunday schools?"

How often in Institute meetings and Sunday school conventions do we hear the question asked. And this other one, which is but another form of the same question:

"What do we most need to make our Sunday schools more effective?"

And I have observed that in every case there is always, among other responses, this one:

"Good Teachers."

Whether there are in the Sunday school work more good teachers than poor ones, I have no means of knowing. But I suppose it is quite true that a need of better teachers does exist.

Not long ago a lady was called upon by the superintendent of a Sunday school to supply the places of three absent teachers. The three classes were formed into one, and given into her charge.

Sixteen or seventeen misses, from twelve to eighteen years of age, were arranged before her, awaiting the opening questions. The first question brought the astonishing revelation that not one of them had studied, nay, or even read over the fourteen verses of the gospel comprising the lesson of the day; they confessing that they never prepared the lesson.

Of course the new teacher saw at once that instead of the intelligent recitation, and a pleasant half hour of research into references and parallel passages, with helpful exchange of thoughts and opinions which she had anticipated, she must set herself to the work of instilling into the minds of these careless young persons the text and teachings of the lesson. She was equal to the work, and she did it.

Twice the superintendent came around to her chair, and twice seeing the intense interest with which every scholar was listening to the choice speech of the teacher, said only, "Are you nearly through? I'll wait a little longer for you."

He was only too glad to wait, for he was used to seeing these classes, now so absorbed in the lesson, in far different mood, with lips and cheeks dimpling with laughter and light converse for a full half hour before time for the closing exercises.

In what consisted this teacher's power or method to win them to a more excellent way?

In what did she differ from the others?

If it were left me to answer, I should say, in the nearer completeness of consecrated ability. Consecration alone will not make a good teacher, any more than it will make a good preacher or workman or artist.

Ability alone will not make any of these at their best estate.

Fair abilities, with entire consecration to the Master's service, are requisite to good teaching.

Teacher, would you be a truly good one?

Then determine on your work, and resolve steadfastly to do it. If not just in this way, or in that way, or some other way, or in many others; only be sure that you mean to do it.

Study your lesson exhaustively. Pray often and earnestly. Go joyfully and hopefully to your class, or, if need be, go

"With a heart for any fate."

but go, saying in your heart, "Here am I, Lord. Strength, talent, knowledge, culture, will, power, energy, mental force, missionary spirit, zeal, love, whatever I have of these, not much at best, I know, yet such as I have, it is all for Thee." And in this spirit go to work, and do your honest best.

At the end of two hours in class you will, doubtless, be dreadfully tired, and, perhaps, somewhat discouraged.

Never mind.

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers."

You will, doubtless, also have sown some good seed. And remember, you can only sow—and water—with tears mayhap.

That is your work.

To give the increase belongs to God only.

Trust Him for it.—*S. S. Teacher.*

Certain it is, that whatever new views may now be taken of the origin and authorship of the first chapter of Genesis, it stands alone among the traditions of mankind in the wonderful simplicity and grandeur of its words. Specially remarkable—marvellous it really seems to be,—is that character of reserve which leaves open to reason all that reason may be able to attain. The meaning of those words seems always to be a meaning ahead of science, not because it anticipates the results of science, but because it is independent of them, and runs, as it were, round the outer margin of all possible discovery.—*Duke of Argyll.*

Recently in New York, the Internal Revenue officers aided by a military force, destroyed over twenty illicit whiskey distilleries. They pumped out the contents of stills by means of fire-engines and demolished the apparatus. Some violence was committed by a mob which took whiskey's part against the officers of the law.

A boy about fifteen years of age, son of a man named McDermott, at Auburn, Mass., was recently attacked by a grey eagle, measuring eight feet from tip to tip, and would have been killed but for the timely aid of an uncle, who was obliged to beat the fierce creature to death in self-defence.

They who doubt the truth of religion because they can find no Christian who is perfect, might as well deny the existence of the sun because it is not always noonday.

He who has struck his colors to the power of an evil habit, has surrendered himself to the power of an enemy, bound by no articles of faith, and from whom he can expect only the vilest treatment.