

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 3rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 14-19: MARK xiv. 10-16: xxii. 3-13:—The treachery of Judas. Preparation for the Passover.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 116, 117.

Sunday, July 10th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 20: MARK xiv. 17: LUKE xxii. 14-18, 24-30: The Passover meal. Contention among the twelve.

Recite. S. C., 118, 119.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIII.

E-lis-h-a 2 Kings iii. 14-17.
 S-an-d Exod. ii. 12.
 A-ban-a 2 Kings v. 12.
 U-z-zia-h 2 Chron. xxvi. 9, 10.
 ESau. ADAM.—Gen. xxvi. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIII.

A first-born son, who died when the foundation of a once destroyed city was laid.
 A name given to a pious Jew when he was taken into captivity.
 One of three officers sent with a vast army against Jerusalem.
 A bird held in abomination by the Israelites.
 The name afterwards given to a class of servants, or bondmen to the priests.
 The initials and finals give the names of two brothers, prominent characters in Bible history.
 —Sunday at Home.

ANSWER TO A SORROWFUL PUZZLE.

TEAR.

A MILITARY PUZZLE.

My first is very often found
 The shepherd's pride and boast;
 My second was with Moses seen,
 Mid Israel's mighty host;
 My whole is useful, I declare,
 To soldiers when engaged in war.

HEAVENWARD.

There was once a little child who wanted to touch the sky. Day by day she looked with longing at its soft, blue depths, and watched the white clouds come forth and play and frolic there. Morning and evening she saw the glory of the sunrise and sunset painted there. Night by night the stars came out and danced and twinkled, and the moon rode in a car of silver and pearl up its blue arches. So the little child looked and longed, "O, that I might lay my hand on the sky, and wrap its soft folds around me as they floated by." And the child looked with longing at the far-off line where earth and sky kissed each other.

"If I were only standing on the tops of the trees in the pine forest over there," she said, "or if I were on the top of yonder hill, I could reach it."

So she set forth to go to the place. Little feet they were that pattered softly along the dusty road. A sweet, little, eager face, with eyes full of longing, that looked ever to the far-off line.

On and on she went, over the valley and up to the distant hill slope. The path was steep and rough; but she stood on the brow at last. Surely, this was the place she had been seeking; here was the old house, and the woods, and the broad green field where sky bent down to the earth.

But, alas! the sky was as far away as before. This could not be the place; on and on, a weary way further on, was the place. So the tired little feet pattered on again; ah! it was a great way off, and it came no nearer. Then the light of hope faded from the young face, and the steps of the little feet became weary and slow, and at last the child, tired and sad, lay down and sobbed herself to sleep.

The frightened parents missed the child from their home; they were filled with sorrow and fear; they looked long and anxiously for the little wanderer. They found her at last, as the twilight shades were closing in, asleep by the roadside, remote from home. Her clothes were soiled and torn, the tears were wet on her burning cheeks, and she sobbed and moaned in her sleep. Ah! but they took her up tenderly, and folded her close in their loving arms, and carried her back to her home.

O, poor child, dear child, how many of us like you, are looking toward God's distant heights, and longing for them. "Ah! if we were standing here, or there, in this place or that, then we could reach up our hands and touch the heavens; the breath of God's Spirit would be upon us, and we should be good and holy."

We forget that the Kingdom of Heaven, if it is ours, indeed, is round about us, near to us, in our own hearts, inspiring even the plainest, lowliest duties of our daily life.—*The Little Corporal*.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, and gives pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has something kind to say to every

one she meets in trouble, and a helping hand to every child she finds in difficulty. She never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, but always tries to make her happy. Would it not please you to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones as you pass along the street? But kind words are precious stones that can never be lost. Give a friendly hand to the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; speak kindly to those who are in trouble; try always to spread around you joy and sunshine; and you will scatter better things than pearls and precious stones wherever you go, and many will be glad in finding them.

CAN YOU COUNT A BILLION?

Said a father to his black-eyed son, one evening—

"Can you count a billion?"

"Certainly, papa, that's no great feat."

"Do you know how many make a billion?"

"Not exactly; but I will see what Webster says in his great dictionary. Here it is. A million of millions; as many millions as there are units in a million."

"Now, my son, this is a very large number, and do you think you can count it?"

"Certainly, I can."

"How long do you think it will take you if you do nothing else but count?"

"Perhaps all day, or easily in two days."

"Take your slate and pencil and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count two hundred in a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?"

"Why only 12,000."

"And how many in twenty-four hours?"

"Only 288,000."

"This tells you that two days are not enough, even if you count without eating or sleeping; for it would only give you 576,000, which is far short of a billion."

"Give me a whole year and I will count it."

"If you do," said the good-natured father, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a thousand dollars, and take you to Niagara, and the White Mountains the next summer. Come, use your pencil again, and see how far a year will carry you toward the billion, allowing that you work three hundred and sixty-five days, and twenty-four hours each day. Multiply 288,000 counted in a day by 365, and what result have you?"

"Why, papa, only 105,120,000. I give it up, for I do not believe that I could count it in all my lifetime."

"That is very probable, my son; but now you are at it, keep up the calculations, and find how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications and additions, for a small mistake where the figures are so many will make a great difference in the result. I will look over with you. You have made a calculation, and what is the result?"

"Perfectly amazing. To count a million times a million would most certainly take 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, at the rate of 200 for every minute. This no man could possibly do."

A THIEF IN HIS HEART.

I want to tell you about John Lovell, who was taken into a merchant's office, when in his sixteenth year. He was a genteel-looking boy, well-skilled in arithmetic, and otherwise well adapted to succeed in a mercantile life.

After a few years, he was advanced to a very responsible desk. Large sums of money and other property were entrusted to his care. None doubted his fidelity.

One day he saw an opportunity to defraud his employer. He could do the deed so cunningly that no one could detect him. He was strongly tempted to do the accursed act. Finally he said, half aloud: "I can do this thing easily, and make enough by it to give me a long start on the road to fortune. I do not fear discovery. But the act may be found out. Then my reputation will be blasted and my prospects ruined. I will not run so much hazard."

"Noble fellow!" I hear you exclaim, as if you thought such conduct honest. On my part, I am led to say: "That young man has a thief in his heart."

Yes, a THIEF IN HIS HEART. Just read his talk to himself over again. Does he refuse to steal because *thieving is wicked*? He declines to be a thief solely because *he is afraid of being found out*. This is his motive for not stealing. He would steal but for his cowardice. Do you call such a lad honest?

No, no. A truly honest lad would have said to the temptation: "I can't do this deed. It is wrong. God frowns on thieves. I should offend him and despise myself if I did this wicked thing. I won't do it. I could starve, if need be, but I can't steal."

This is the talk of an honest heart. Don't you like it better than the sneaky, contemptible talk of the lad who thought honest just now? I know you do. Go, then, my child, into the work of life, and when you are tempted to sin, as you will be, say with noble young Joseph, of the olden time, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"—*S. S. Advocate*.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A young girl was sweeping my room one day, when she went to the window-shade, and hastily drew it down.

"It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. So the untaught girl imagined that it was the sunshine which made the dust.

Now many persons imagine themselves very good people. I have often heard them say they had never done anything very wrong in their lives. One poor old man, who had lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was all ready to die. "He didn't owe any man a cent in the world."

Now if the Spirit of God should shine down brightly into such a heart, how do you suppose it would look? Oh! it would show them such a sight of dark sins that it would almost crush them. Even the very best heart would quake, to see itself as God does. It is heart-sins that are the terrible ones; they lead to all the rest.

This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in a dusty room. It reveals what before was hidden. When we begin to feel ourselves very naughty, and are unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feelings. Don't let us put down the curtain and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and, better still, he will show us the true way of happiness. It is only found in repentance at the foot of the cross.—You know it was only there that Christian's burden was loosed from his shoulders and rolled down into the sepulchre.—*Presbyterian*.

"NOTHING BUT A TESTAMENT."

Not long since, a certain student in a Western College was led to give his heart to Christ, but was in doubt as to the proper mode in which baptism should be administered. So he went to a fellow-student—a Baptist, and now one of the most faithful preachers in Minnesota—and asked for a work on baptism. A book in marbled paper binding was placed in his hand, and he left the room without opening it.

Ere long the enquirer returned in great haste, and holding the volume open at the title-page, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"You made a mistake in giving me this book?"

"I think not. I gave you the volume I intended to," the Baptist replied, deliberately.

"But I asked you for a work upon baptism."

"And I gave you one."

"Why it's nothing but a Testament!" continued the inquirer, with unforgotten surprise.

"Nothing but a Testament!" repeated the Bible Christian, in a tone of the keenest rebuke, "why, that is the only authentic work on baptism to be found."

"But haven't you any other work, any modern treatise on the subject?" persisted the student.

"Yes, a dozen; but you don't know enough about the Bible to read them yet. Now I want you to read this book—I don't care how long it takes you—and answer me four questions in it. Then if you are not satisfied on the subject of baptism, I will let you have some other book.—The questions are these:

1. Who are to be baptized?
2. When are they to be baptized?
3. Who is to administer the ordinance?
4. How is it to be administered?

In three weeks the inquirer again presented himself before his fellow-student, declaring that he was satisfied on the subject of baptism. The above questions were repeated, and he answered them as follows:

1. Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.
2. As soon as they believe.
3. The ordained ministers of God.

"4. I find two passages to answer this question. In Romans 6: 4; and Colossians 2: 12, I read they are buried with Christ in baptism."

"And you think that means immersion?"

"Yes; and now I am going to ask Dr. C. to baptize me next Sunday."—*Young Reaper*.

MADAKKUK.

Although the fig-tree blossom not, O Lord, And henceforth fruit be found not on the vine, The labor of the olive fail, the gourd

Be dried and lend no shelter, and the kine, Be taken from the stalls; though at thy word The fleeced flock be cut off from the fold,

And all our enemies when waxen bold Should decimate our cities with the sword;

Though the fair fields of happy Israel Be withered in thy glance and yield no meat;

Though in thy temples rude, unholy feet Tread down the altars we have loved so well;

Though powers and kingdoms fall beneath thy rod, Yet shall I safely dwell with thee, my God!

The *Presbyterian*, in urging the importance of a natural and yet expressive manner of reading the Bible and hymns in the pulpit, mentions the case of a minister who read the lines

"The lambs He carries in His arms, And in His bosom bears."

thus:

"The lambs He carries in His arms And in His bosom—bears!"

A person who had long practised many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining of his state to a certain bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere.—Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the bishop, "that the place where you lose self will be that where you find your Saviour."

The humble soul is like the violet, which grows low, hangs the head downwards, and hides itself with its own leaves; and were it not that the fragrance of his many virtues discovered him to the world, he would choose to live and die in secrecy.

Scientific. &c.

CRYSTALLINE ANALOGIES.

Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp overgrown path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. . . . That slime we shall find, in most cases, composed of clay (or brick dust, which is burnt clay), mixed with soot, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and destroy, reciprocally, each other's nature and power—competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot—and squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole.—Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is kept in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible. Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substances, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with the help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and to be kept in king's palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity; it becomes not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; but so set that it can deal on the light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, repressing the rest. We call it then a *sapphire*. Such being the consummation of the clay, we then give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes first a white earth; then it grows clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious and infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatever. We call it then *opal*. In next order, the soot set to work. It cannot make itself white at first—but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and at last comes out clear, the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the most vivid blaze that any solid thing can emit. We then call it a *diamond*. Last of all, the water purifies or wastes itself, contented enough if it only reaches the form of a dewdrop. But if we persist in its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star. So, for the ounce of slime we had at first, we have a sapphire, an opal, a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow. We see, then, the seeming trouble—the degradations of the elements of earth must passively wait the appointed time of their restoration. But if there be in us a nobler life than in those strangely moving atoms—if, indeed there is an eternal difference between the *fire* which inhabits them and that which animates us, it must be shown by each of us in his appointed place—not merely in the presence, but in the activity of our hope; not merely by our desire, but by our labor for the time when the dust of the generations of men shall be conformed for foundations of the gates of the city of God.—*Ruskin on Crystals*.

TO GET RID OF RATS.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says: Remove, as much as possible, all eatables for two or three days, and then daub the rat holes thoroughly with soft tar. Rats do not like to have their coats tarred, and they will run no risk of it, unless there is strong temptation. When they have ceased coming, nail tin over the holes, and you will probably be safe from their visits for a while. If they gnaw a new hole, treat it promptly in the same way.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Wring a coarse crash towel out of clear water, spread it smoothly on the carpet, iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all parts of the carpet suspected of being infested with moths. No need to press hard, and neither the pile nor color of the carpet will be injured, and the moths will be destroyed by the heat and steam.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CARPETS.—Cover the grease spot with whiting, and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease; then scrape it off, and cover the spot with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the spot, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush.

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes,—*stuffing and fretting*.

Some one says: "Four boxes govern the world: the cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box."

"What is whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer. "Bringing women and children to want," was the appropriate answer.

An Indian near Fort Scott recently traded two mules for a set of false teeth, and proudly wore them necklace fashion, around his neck.

A fine marble statue of Hercules has just been found in the Roman cisterns discovered at Constantina, Algeria. It has been deposited in the museum of that town.

A good way to find a woman out,—call when she isn't at home.

AN IRISH VERDICT.—"My Lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

As it sometimes rains when the sun shines, so there may be joy in a saint's heart when there are tears in his eyes.