

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, September 4th, 1870.

JOHN XVII. 1-26: Christ's last prayer with his disciples.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 135, 136, 137.

Sunday, September 11th, 1870.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIX.

The palm waved over Elim's wells;
Its groves fringed Jericho;
Its branches decked the Hebrew's feast,
In days of joy and woe.

The palm was carved on Zion's walls;
It strewed the Saviour's way;
And rapt St. John beheld it borne
In realms of fadeless day.

THE PALM.

BIBLE SCENES.

NO. III.

See this region of wooded mountains, mingled with wide and fertile plains, and bright with many streams. Two kings have gathered here their armies to battle. One stands upon a hill and makes an impressive speech to persuade his rival to peace. For reply that monarch sends an ambush round to fall upon the rear of his foe, while he attacks the van. Thus assailed on both sides by an army of twice their numbers, the imperilled soldiers pray earnestly to God: the trumpets sound, and while their shouts rise to heaven the Divine arm bared for their defence; their foes are smitten by the Lord, and more than half of them are slain.

THE MIDDLE LIFE OF MOSES.

A SONNET BY RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

Ere Moses could the prison doors unlock
Where Israel long in iron bondage lay,
On the green slopes beneath old Horeb grey
A lonely shepherd he must feed his flock;
There sitting in the shade of some great rock
Mark the swift eagle darting on its prey,
Or watch the forked lightnings fiercely play,
And listen to the awful thunder-shock.
Thus 'mid the peaceful scenes of pastoral life,
Or sterner sights of mountain solitude,
He spent long years in holy contemplation;
To brace his spirit for that arduous strife
With Israel's foes and provocations rude,
Of God's own ransomed but rebellious nation.

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

Johnny, come here, and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely she washes her face!
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that,
Carefully putting each hair in its place.
Johnny, you dear, little, dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now Johnny, look there!
Carefully—daintily—scrub her scrub!
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub.
She owns neither looking glass, towel nor comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?

With that smile on your bright, little smutty face;
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place.
No wonder your hands in your pockets go!
You're ashamed of them, Johnny! you are you know.

Playing with marbles down on your knees,
Grubbing for angle worms under the ground,
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round.
You know you are, Johnny; you need not look hurt!
You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O Johnny! O Johnny! what shall I do,
Is a question that puzzles me evening and morn,
With a dear, loving, little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn!
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.

—Congregationalist.

A SINGULAR SUICIDE: CAUTION TO NOVEL READERS.

J. B. Wilbite a young man about twenty-two years of age, committed suicide at the Bates House, Indianapolis, on Sunday, by taking morphine. He was from Owensboro, Ky., and left a letter to a brother residing in Indianapolis, in which, after giving some messages to his friends, together with directions for his funeral, he said:—

I believe, with due respect for the memory of our mother, that I have inherited this desire for death from her, for you know that she attempted suicide on one occasion at least. I believe in the old maxim, that the sins of the parents are visited on the children. I would give a great deal to see you, Carrie and Maudie; but I know you would want to know why I was here,

and I don't know what I could tell you that you would believe. I believe, brother, that if I had never read a novel I should now be on the high road to fame and fortune; but, alas! I was allowed to read the vilest kind of novels when I was eight or nine years old. I always loved to read, and before ever I saw a novel, I had read what few books there was at home. If good books had been furnished me, and no bad ones, I should have read the good books with as great a zest as I did the bad ones. Brother, persuade all persons over whom you have any influence not to read novels.

FINGER-MARKS.

A short time since a gentleman employed a mason to do some work for him, and, among other things, to "thin-whiten" the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the door of his bureau, standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The "thin-whitening" which happened to be on his hands did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness.

As the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger-marks which will one day be revealed. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad stains on your character. And so it is with all sin. It defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it, by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost, if not quite, invisible at first. But, even if they should not be seen during any of our days on earth (which is not at all likely,) yet there is a day coming in which every sin will be made manifest.

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a blot made on your soul. It is impossible. If you injure another, you by that very deed, hurt your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the damage is your own. Think—ever bear it in mind—dear children, that every sin you commit leaves a blemish upon yourselves. Even should it not be seen by those around you on earth, it will be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.—*Home Journal*.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The war has once more brought to the minds of men a name which, though by no means forgotten, had passed temporarily away from the thoughts of men. A late telegram from England tells us that FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE takes the greatest interest in the present war, and from the sick bed, to which she is now confined, gives directions and dictates rules for the government of army nurses. Let her sex, even the strongest-minded of them all, not forget that the loveliest memory of the Crimean war was created by a woman—and that afterwards her intelligence, experience, good sense, and active charity, led to the revolutionizing of the hospital service in all the armies of the earth, and that in our own war we might, without exaggeration, say that Florence Nightingale was at work among our hospitals in camp and field.

"O, never be her name, in love,
By wise or good forsaken!"

Nor is it well, even in so brief an item as this, to omit the point in the great lesson of her career—that it was not by mere charitable feeling and overflowing benevolence that Miss Nightingale accomplished so much. She first made herself thoroughly competent for the discharge of the duties to which she had set herself. Zeal without wisdom is of no account, and this is a lesson which it is very hard for some to learn.

LIFE IN MARS.

Now, in the case of the planet Mars, and in the case of the planet Mars alone, our astronomers have really established the existence of a similarity of physical condition, which gives us the strongest positive grounds for inferring that even such creatures as we now are could somehow make shift to live there, though of course, not without a certain amount of preliminary discomfort while we were trying to acclimatize ourselves. Mr. Proctor's graphic account of these similarities, and his delightful chart of the planet's continents and waters, suggest to us to discuss one or two of the known differences of condition, in their relation to the probable results upon the history and civilization of the Martians. First, let us briefly say that the Martians have a world less in area than one of our hemispheres to explore; that in spite of this, it has not very much less land than the earth, a much less proportion of its surface being occupied with water than on our globe; that its seas are of the general type of the Baltic and Mediterranean, being for the most part narrow, straggling inland seas; that the greatest seas are in the neighborhood of the cold South pole of Mars, which has a climate far severer than the North Pole; that there is a world of perpetual snow at each Martial Pole, which can be seen to diminish as the summer returns to each hemisphere, and to increase as winter comes back

that in spite of the preponderance of land, a vast deal of rain falls on Mars, especially in winter, clouds often hiding the transfiguration of the continents from our astronomers, and then suddenly disappearing and leaving the continent clear again, a clearing-up which usually happens about the hour of noon in Mars, just as our weather so often changes as the sun passes the meridian; that the length of the Martial year is nearly twice as long as ours; and that the force of gravity on Mars is much less than half what it is with us, so that, as Mr. Proctor expresses it, "a Daniel Lambert on Mars would be able to leap easily to a height of five or six feet, and he could run faster there than the best of our terrestrial athletes."—*The Spectator* on Proctor's "Mars the Miniature of our Earth."

Missionary Intelligence.

(From the Missionary Magazine, August.)

MISSION TO ASSAM.

LETTER FROM MR. STODDARD.

Visit to Garos. Balijana, Feb. 28, 1870.—We have been travelling west to this place, which is about ten miles southwest of Gawalpara. My first visit here was two years ago with Mr. Bronson. Soon after, a school was opened, taught by a Garo Christian, and at my next visit, a year ago, nine were baptized.

I have now been here twelve or fifteen days, daily visiting, with Ramkhe and Kungku, some of the surrounding villages. These are small, but numerous, and easily approached at this dry season. As the harvest has been gathered, the rice threshed and stored away, we found the people mostly at home.

Garos Ornaments.—Many of the men were busy at their little anvils, under the shadow of large trees, making very rude brass ear-rings. These are sold in large quantities at the weekly markets, to the hill men and women. The men wear from ten to twenty in each ear, about two inches in diameter; the women, from twenty-five to thirty-five in each ear, of a large size, say four inches in diameter. And this is not all in the ornamental line. Many of the women have one solid mail of ornaments, from low down on the shoulders up to the very chin, as long as one string of lead, stone and glass beads can be tied above the other.

Interesting Cases.—A few of the many who have heard the great "truth as it is in Jesus," the past two weeks, seemed to give good heed to the things spoken. One married man came day after day from one of the more distant villages, to listen to the "glad sound." He had heard of Christ before, and was wont to visit the Christians on Lord's day, attend worship, and make inquiries on this subject. He was baptized yesterday with others.

At one of the largest villages, a man of probably fifty years, in very feeble health, listened as for his life. It is seldom we meet with a poor dark heathen or any other sinner more eager to drink in every word of Christ, salvation, and the resurrection. I learned he had spent several months the past year in the teacher's house, inquiring about Christ, that he had forsaken every heathen rite, would not allow his friends to sacrifice for his health, that he worshipped God to the best of his knowledge.

A meeting was called there under the shadow of the trees, of such Christians as were with me. We listened to his experience, to his desires, asked him questions, and, being convinced that he was a child of grace, received him into the church.

Then there arose a difficulty. He was too feeble to join our worship, two miles away on Sabbath, and there was no stream nearer; the springs at the base of the hills run off in little brooks. So with words of encouragement and hope, and with an assurance of our prayers and sympathies, we left our new brother not expecting to see him again in this life, as he seemed very feeble.

In passing out of the village on the opposite side, I came across a pool, ten by four feet, filled with three feet of pure spring water from the hill side. Upon inquiry I found there would be no objection to using it as a baptistery, as the people brought their water from the spring above.

Bachelors' Hall.—It is secured the "Bachelors' House" for meetings, and gave notice that on Lord's day I would meet there with the Balijana Christians to worship God.

Near the centre of every Garo village, there is a house for the bachelors, that is every unmarried man, young and old. This is their lodging house, while each boards and works in his own family. Hence, yesterday, we all, about fifteen Christians, went to the heathen village of Rangadam to worship Christ and administer His ordinance. It was a good and precious day to some souls at least.

The "Bachelor's Hall" held but few of the multitude assembled. But it was more pleasant under the trees than in the house. The weather is most serene and charming till about the first of March.

Worship and Baptism.—The people listened with attention and good order to the preaching, and the exhortations. But when we bowed in prayer, they fled noiselessly away, as though some impending danger was near. At the close of the prayer, which was short, not one in ten was to be seen.

We soon reassembled at our new and beautiful baptistery, which was only a few rods from the house of worship. The green grass was growing to the edge of the pool; the sun shone brightly between the hills, and from two villages the people were looking down upon the scene in great amazement. Four men were baptized; from as many different places, including our feeble brother of Rangadam. Thus we may hope that the truth is spreading.

Opening Fields.—The head man of this large village, old, gray, and patriarchal in appearance, offers me the use of the "Bachelors' Hall" days, for schools and preaching. He has an interesting son attending our school, who is on the point of becoming a follower of Jesus.

On our way hither from Damra, we spent several days at Jira, sixteen miles south of Gawalpara. A weekly market is held there. I have had a school there three months; the people have just built a school house. Some asked for baptism, and others are inquiring.

Still west, at Nibari, I have another school of recent date. The people are now putting up a house. Here also is a weekly market, visited by thousands of Garos. In both of these schools I have Christian teachers, and a catechist who goes from place to place. With the blessing of the Lord we may expect conversions, and a church ere long at each of these points.

While I have been working west from Damra, with two or three of the native preachers, others have been working into the hills a short distance. They report several large villages, where the people listened gladly. In only one were they treated rudely. From this they were ordered to depart immediately, as soon as it was known who they were. "Why?" they asked. "It is just night, and we have hardly time to reach the next town." But they were told they must at once go, because recently two Garo Christians had spent the night there. Soon after they left, the head man was taken very ill, for many days. Hence the edict, "no Christian shall ever enter our village again."

The Sick healed and the Result.—Did I speak in my last, of a sick girl whom Mr. Comfort and I found in the house of a man who had recently become a Christian (the first in his village), brought here by the parents for a cure by the advice of a Garo priest, who had been sacrificing for her to no good? This poor girl recovered in the Christian's house. Nothing strange, though she seemed very low when we saw her. What of it? The whole village is now on the Lord's side, and come four miles to worship with the Christians at Damra.

Superstition drove the preachers from the village; superstition brought the sick child to the house of the Christian. How much of the same element will lead many to ask for membership in the Christian Church! But this is no new element; the people of Lystra and Derbe manifested the same. We meet superstition everywhere. The Gospel of Christ alone can make us free. As His ministering servants we pray to be "endued with power from above." For unless "the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build."

Dr. Bronson welcomed.—Gawalpara, March 7.—Came in on the first. March winds have set in, and the sun is very hot part of the day.—Several Garo Christians have come in to see Mr. Bronson, as he passes up to Nowgong. I had hoped to go out again, but until we have a little rain to cool the air, it hardly seems safe. The entire cold season has been unusually dry and warm.

I am making preparations to accommodate the Normal school and a class of our preachers during the height of the rains, when it is impossible for the missionary to leave the bungalow.—Little can be done by the native preachers during these months. They all need much Bible instruction, which cannot be given during the five months of itinerant labor.

24.—I have just spent a very pleasant day on board the steamer with Mr. Bronson and his daughter. They seem quite well cheerful and happy. May their days be prolonged for the glory of Christ in Assam.

O the pleasure of working for Christ and poor lost souls! Why is it that the laborers are so few, and so reluctant to enter the glorious harvest field?

BURMAH.

MISSION TO KARENS.—LETTER FROM MR. D. A. W. SMITH.—Return to Henthada.—The Association.—Henthada, April 8, 1870.—I have not ceased to thank the gracious Providence, which guided me, at one time, hesitating steps to this place.

We left Rangoon Saturday morning, Jan. 29, just two weeks lacking a day from the reception of the laconic telegram directing me to "Go." On the following Monday evening we reached our destination and received a cordial welcome from both Karen and Burman disciples.

On Feb. 10, the Burmese Association met in this town. We had thus the pleasure of having nearly all the Burmese missionaries on this side of Maulmain to assist in our "house warming." From the time of our arrival until March 14, was occupied in short Sunday trips to adjoining villages, receiving of visitors, and getting the place and buildings ready by suitable repairs for the coming monsoon.

The Karens their own Almoners.—I think I wrote last year of the plan of making the Henthada Karens the almoners of their own contributions. I tried it last year with most gratifying success. Hitherto the annual contributions have been committed to the missionary, to be expended in accordance with his judgment, for the interest of the cause in the Henthada District. With this arrangement the Karens have felt the most entire satisfaction, and have never requested an account even of expenditures, from the missionary. Indeed, they made several objections to taking the charge of their own funds. But it seemed to me that the time had arrived when the Karens would receive very material benefit from feeling the care of disbursing their own bursing their own contributions as might seem to them best. They would thus feel a more personal interest in the condition of the field as a whole. They would feel that the field, with all its resources, its causes for joy, and its occasions for grief, was their own, and not the missionaries.