

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 24th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 21-25: MARK xiv. 18-21: LUKE xxii. 21-23: JOHN xiii. 21-36: Jesus points out the traitor. Judas withdraws.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 122, 123.

Sunday, July 31st, 1870.

MATT. xxvi. 31-35: MARK xiv. 27-31: LUKE xxii. 31-33: JOHN xiii. 30-33: Jesus foretells the fall of Peter and the dispersion of the twelve.

Recite, S. C., 124, 125, 126.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLV.

Jehud-i Jer. xxxvi. 14-21
 O-neir horu-s 2 Tim. i. 16, 17
 S-hamgn-r Judges iii. 31
 E-lis-ham-a Jer. xli. 1-15
 P-ilat-e John xix. 19-22
 H-ie-l 1 Kings xvi. 34

JOSEPH. ISRAEL.—Gen. xlviii. 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLVI.

From letters in the name Methuselah, twelve Scripture names can be made. Find out these and give a reference for each relating to something concerning them.

1. One through whom the worship of the true God was preserved.
2. One from whom Abraham, and therefore our Lord, descended.
3. One from whom descended the Assyrians and Canaanites.
4. The kingdom of Melchisedec, signifying King of Peace.
5. The mother of six of Jacob's sons, and through Judah, an ancestress of Christ.
6. The last of the Judges.
7. The scene of the combat between David and Goliath.
8. A name of the country where Daniel was when he saw the vision of the ram and he-goat.
9. A city built by Azariah and restored to Judah, but afterwards taken by the Syrians.
10. A grandson of Ham, from whose descendants Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah.
11. A son of Ishmael, whose descendants are mentioned as the Ishmael of Tema.
12. A grandson of Manassah, the son of Joseph.

EVENING WORDS.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
 Too weary for laughter or song,
 The sports of the day are all over,
 And evening is creeping along.
 The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
 The winds of the winter are chill,
 But under the sheltering roof-tree
 The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
 Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
 But out in the cold of the winter
 Is many a shivering form.
 There are mothers that wander for shelter,
 And babes that are pining for bread;
 Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,
 From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
 And tell me through all the long day,
 Have you thought of the Father above us,
 Who guarded from evil your way?
 He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
 And careth for great and for small;
 In life and in death, little children,
 His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,
 And over your innocent sleep,
 Unseen by your vision, the angels
 Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
 Then pray that the Shepherd, who guideth
 The lambs that he loveth so well,
 May lead you in life's rosy morning,
 Beside the still waters to dwell.

PLAY AS A CHRISTIAN.

"Eddy Gray and I have been skating down on Cranberry Pond," said James to his mother, one afternoon, "and I don't see but that he loves to skate as well as any boy in school."

"Indeed, my son, and why should he not love to skate?"

"Oh! he has become a Christian, you know, and joined the church. I thought they who profess religion didn't do such things. And besides he loves skating too, and all the boys say he is one of the best ball players among us. Is it right, mother, for Christians to engage in such plays as these?"

"I know of nothing to forbid it, my child, provided they play as Christians."

"Play as Christians! Why mother, how is that? I never heard of such a thing before."

"Perhaps not, and yet true religion will manifest itself as well in play as in anything else. The Christian child will take care to play at proper times and in proper places. He will not neglect for it his studies or his work. He will

be kind and obliging to his playmates, will not deceive or wrong them in any manner. He will show that he acts from principle here, as in everything else, obeying the Saviour's golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Does not Eddy Gray play in this manner?"

"Why yes, mother, I think he does. He is always one of the best boys I know, and we all like him first rate. But I didn't know that it was because he is religious. Do you think he can pray about skating and ball-playing, and such things?"

"I should be very sorry to have him or you engage in any play upon which you could not ask God's blessing. The Bible says, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Innocent recreation thus engaged in, is not unbecoming a child of God. We read of a day when 'Holiness to the Lord' shall be written even upon the bells of the horses, that is, upon all the occupations and possessions of men. Why should it not be written on the sleds and skates of boys as well as anything else? It ought rather to heighten our enjoyment of it, because it leads us to recognize and be grateful to the Giver of all."

"Well, mother, I shall respect Eddy more than ever, now I know he acts from principle."

"I trust you will, and I hope that you too as well as he will learn, not only to work and to study, but to play as a Christian."—Child at Home.

A CONVENIENT LOSS OF MEMORY.—A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction and rode her home. "Well, Caesar," said he to his sable coachman, "what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars." "Dunno, master." "Yes, but what do you think?" "Well, massa, it makes me tink of what the preacher said yesterday—something about his money is soon parted. I disremember de fust part!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.—The ability of nearly every man to pay his debts depends upon his ability to collect debts due to him. The individuals of a community are linked together by a chain of debt and credit, and in times of depression the refusal of one person to discharge a single liability often embarrasses a line of a dozen debtors and creditors. Hence the prompt payment of small debts becomes, in times like these, a public as well as a personal duty. The same money which pays one debt in the morning may pay a dozen before night, and twelve men are thus relieved from anxiety and pressure by the action of one.—Advance.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.—Do not scold. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting rainy days, because others are too lazy to attend. Preach the very best you can to your smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria to come out to hear him. . . . Take long breaths. Fill your lungs and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish every sentence—ah, with a terrible gasp—ah, as if you were dying for want of air—ah, as some people do—ah, and so strain their lungs ah, as to make sport for the Philistines—ah.—H. L. H. in the Christian.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—H. More.

Praying and provender hinder no man's journey.

Religion is the best armor that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—Lunyan.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.—Dr. Thomas Fuller.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

A slanderer is like a hornet; if you kill it dead the first blow you better not strike at it.—Bilings.

Wicked men ply their prayers, as the sailors their pumps,—only in a tempest and for fear of sinking.

Speak always according to your conscience; but let it be done in terms of good nature, civility, and good manners.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.—Lavater.

Shun delays they breed remorse;
 Take thy time while time is lent thee;
 Creeping snails have weakest force,
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
 Good is best, when soonest wrought,
 Lingering labors come to naught.

Of all God's gifts, there is none of such value as the moral sense, and there is none that we are so little likely to take care of and to keep clear, and sensitive, and divinely bright.

Memory presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty and walks the earth like a spirit.

Scientific. &c.

THE CREED OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

This is the creed, let no man chuckle,
 Of the great thinker—Henry Buckle:—
 I believe in fire and water,
 And in Fate, Dame Nature's daughter,
 Consciousness I set aside,—
 The dissecting knife my guide;—
 I believe in steam and rice,
 Not in virtue or in vice;
 In what strikes the outward sense,
 Not in mind, nor Providence,
 In a stated course of crimes,
 In Macaulay and the Times.
 As for "Truth," the ancients lost her,
 Plato was a great impostor,
 Morals are a vain illusion,
 Leading only to confusion.
 Not in Latin or in Greek
 Let us our instruction seek!
 Fools like Bossuet that might suit,
 Who had better have been mute:
 Let us study snakes and flies,
 And on fossils fix our eyes!
 Would we know what men should do,
 Let us watch the kangaroo!
 Would we know the mental march,
 It depends on dates and starch!
 I believe in all the gases
 As a means to raise the masses—
 Carbon animates ambition,
 Oxygen controls volition,
 Whatever's good or great in men
 May be traced to nitrogen;
 And the body, not the soul,
 Governs the unfathomed whole.

By the late J. G. Phillimore, Q. C., in *Notes and Queries*.

STORMS IN THE SUN.

Professor J. D. Steele has communicated the following to the *Almira Advertiser*:

There appeared in the *Advertiser* some weeks since a paragraph, copied, I believe, from a Michigan paper, declaring that a column of magnetic light is shooting out from the sun at prodigious speed—that it already reaches halfway to the earth, and that, in all probability, by another summer, we shall have celestial and atmospheric phenomena beside which "our rudest winter winds will seem like a June day in Paradise." In fine, that when this big tongue of fire touches the earth it will be likely to lap up our globe at one mouthful. Very many have made inquiries of me concerning this prodigy, and with your leave, I will try to satisfy the curiosity, and perhaps allay their fears.

It has been known for some time that during a total eclipse red flames were seen to play about the edge of the moon. During the eclipses of 1868 and 1869, it was definitely settled that they were entirely disconnected from the moon, and were vast tongues of fire darting out from the sun's disc. By observations with the spectroscope, and also by means of the wonderful photographs of the sun taken by De La Rue during the eclipse of 1869, it was discovered that these fire-mountains consisted mainly of burning hydrogen gas. This was precious information to secure in the midst of the excitement and novelty, and in the brief duration of a total eclipse. It did not, however, satisfy scientific men. For two years, Mr. Lockyer, aided by a grant from Parliament to construct a superior instrument, had been experimenting and searching in order to detect these flames at other times than at the rare occurrence of a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1868, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterward traced entirely around the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time.

The result of observations now being taken show that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes sweep over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out 80,000 miles, and then died away all in ten minutes time. Beside such awful convulsions the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance.

There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have, in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their nature and measuring their height and velocity, furnishes no cause of anxiety. Rumours of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions, have given rise to those serious and uncalled for predictions.

BEES.—England uses 2,000 tons of beeswax per annum, valued at \$2,000,000.

If wet weather occurs to prevent your bees from flying out while blossoms abound feed them moderately every day, to keep them in heart and stimulate breeding.

Nearly all the bees which return from the field while a swarm is being forced out from the parent hive, will enter the hive, if it is put upon its old stand, and adhere to it afterwards, wherever it may be placed.

WARTS AND CORNS.—To remove warts and corns, take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, tie it on, or if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In two weeks the wart will die and peel off, and no scar left.

The Teacher's Column.

THE INFANT-CLASS TEACHER'S NEED.

We often hear the question, "How can one successfully teach an infant class?" To my mind it is perfectly clear, 1. That to be a successful infant-class teacher, one must love children, not the soul alone, but the body also, the casket which contains the priceless jewels: one must love to look into each little bright face, must be ready to hear every sorrow or question, and comfort or instruct as the case may require. Then one must love the Saviour of these little ones. O, how he loved childhood! He called the infants of Palestine to him, when they were removed for fear of troubling the Master, and left loving words for their encouragement and comfort to the end of time.

2. Then one must believe and feel every word taught to a class of children. These little people are close observers, and will detect quickly a lack of earnestness on the part of a teacher.

3. A careful preparation of the lesson is as essential here as for older scholars. It is even more essential.

When the truth—God's truth—dwells in one's own heart, it must be easy to reveal it to his little ones; then do it, simply, feelingly, and fearlessly. We are told to feed Christ's lambs, and the garner above is richly stored, and the great Shepherd is always ready to furnish supplies. I say "fearlessly" because sometimes these "little sermons" go further than at first intended, and a reproach is administered at home—on the authority of "my Sunday-school teacher." This cannot, ought not to be guarded against. If the bow drawn by us "at a venture," guided by an unerring hand, sends the arrow to some weak part of any one's "harbress," then let us thank God and take courage. Let us not fear the blame or censure of the world, only guard against the last terrible curse that may fall with crushing weight upon us, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."

4. The infant-class teacher should not be easily discouraged. In this corner of God's vineyard faith is particularly needed; is often sorely tried. I well remember to have known, years ago, in a mission school, a little, cross-eyed, sour-faced, German child. I pitied her much, and frequently smiled upon her and addressed myself to her, hoping thus to win her confidence and love. But all seemed of no avail, she only looked more cross-eyed if possible, more sour and uninteresting. She, however, came regularly to school. At last I visited her home—if such a cheerless, dirty place could bear that name. The little creature ran from me and hid herself in her mother's dress, only peeping out to grant me what I had long desired from her—a smile. Then her mother, in broken language, told me of the child's love for her teacher, how she remembered her words, was learning, etc. I was greatly surprised and unexpectedly rewarded.

I have one more little one on my heart and mind, from whom I have heard nothing for eight years. She was one of three sisters, a pretty, restless child. I vainly tried to teach her the Catechism. All that seemed to cling to her memory were the words, "God is love." This she generally gave as an answer to nearly every question put to her, and with a merry twinkle of the eye when she knew it was out of place, or not in keeping with the question. It worried me sometimes then, but now I am glad she did so, as those three little words, remembered, understood, and believed, are enough to save her soul, even though she be surrounded by circumstances adverse to piety, as I fear she is. Yes, little one, "God is love;" he loves you, and I believe will save you in his kingdom. Let us then strive to "add to" our faith, without which it is impossible to please God or do any work well.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
 Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild—
 Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush;
 Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush,
 Floating off on the breeze like the tones of a bell;
 Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,
 Oh! the laugh of a child so wild and so free,
 Is the merriest sound in the world for me.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The following sensible remarks on this subject are from the *Nation*:—

"Any system of education for women which seems likely to render them less fit to practise what we may call the social arts—that is, to cultivate the gifts and graces, the ways of thinking, speaking, dressing, eating, walking, which distinguish civilized from barbarous life, and which make a drawing-room, with its owner, a refined woman, sitting in it, one of the fairest scenes, the holiest, happiest, and purest, that human progress has produced—no matter what else it may do for her, is a failure and an offence. Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting are done, first of all, to secure each family in the quiet possession of its own hearth; and, secondly, to surround as many hearts as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show."

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.