

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 31st, 1870.

MATT. xxvi. 31-35; MARK xiv. 27-31; LUKE xxi. 31-38; JOHN xiii. 36-38; Jesus foretells the fall of Peter and the dispersion of the twelve.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 121, 125, 126.

Sunday, August 7th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 26-29; MARK xiv. 22-25; LUKE xxi. 19, 20; JOHN xiv. 1-15; The Lord's Supper. Jesus comforts his disciples.

Recite, S. C., 127, 128.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLVI.

(1.) Seth, Gen. v. 3-6. (2.) Shem, Gen. v. 32; vi. 10. (3.) Ham, Gen. v. 32; x. 6-20; (4.) Salem, Gen. xiv. 18; Ps. lxxvi. 2; Heb. vii. 2. (5.) Leah, Gen. xxix. 16; xxx. 20. (6.) Samuel, Compare 1 Sam. xvi. with 1 Sam. viii. 1-9. (7.) Elah, 1 Sam. xvii. 2. (8.) Elam, Daniel viii. 2; Gen. xiv. 2. (9.) Elath, 2 Kings xiv. 21, 22, xvi. 6. (10.) Heth, Gen. x. 15; xxxiii. 3, 4. (11.) Tema, Gen. xxi. 15; Job vi. 19; Is. xxi. 14. (12.) Ulam, 1 Chron. vii. 16, 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLVII.

From whence came a people skilled with the pen?
Who wrote a book of visions?
From whence was taken as a present to a good man barley loaves and ears of corn?
A cruel queen who came to an untimely end.
The initials give the name of a deceitful servant, the initials of a woman who had four sisters and no brother.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

BY RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

When, 'mid the dying camp, uplifted high
The fiery serpent glittered on the pole,
The serpent-stricken people were made whole
By looking to that sign athwart the sky.
So, when in fatal folds of sin we lie,
The sight of Christ uplifted will control
The mortal poison; and the happy soul
That looks in simple faith shall never die.
Ready to perish, by the old serpent bitten,
I turn to thee, Lord, lifted on the tree:
What though my sins are legion, it is written
That thou, the Sinless, wast made sin for me,
And I, with mingled joy and sorrow smitten,
Stand looking with one lifelong look to thee.

EASTERN BEDS.

The bed of the poorer classes in India, and other Eastern lands, are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed-round him, whilst he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of the fine cane matting, stretched over a light framework of bamboo, hollow and open at the ends.

In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled, to form the pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again; and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel, and carried away by the owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."—Isaiah xxviii. 20. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."—John v. 8.

There were, however, "beds of ivory," Amos vi. 4; and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver."—Ester i. 6.

PERFECTED IN FIRE.

Glorify ye the Lord in the fire.—Isaiah xxiv. 15.

"When I was some years ago at Shields," says Whitcheld, "I went into a glass house, and there I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be rendered perfect?' Oh, my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as he is."

There is no more fatal error than that which the man commits, who thinks the constant use of alcohol is not injuring him because he never staggers under it.

Habits are to the soul what veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves.

ARE YOU READY?

We pass an ancient burying-ground every morning on our way to our work. Just inside the wall is a headstone of crumbling slate. It is so mossy and weatherworn that the hour-glass and cherubs which once adorned it are faint and obscure. Only an antiquary can make out the name upon it. The mound of the grave has subsided to the level of the surrounding sod. If one were to dig down and search for the body of the man who, with many tears, was buried there more than two hundred years ago, he would find no trace, either of coffin or skeleton. Time and decay have done their work, and

—lost each human trace, surrendering up
His individual being, he has gone
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.

Two hundred years hence, a thousand years hence, ten thousand years hence, it will be as it is now—only that all token that any mortality laid down there to its long sleep will be growing less and less, until it shall disappear altogether, and only Omniscience shall remember that dead! It will be so when the judgment trumpet blows!

"Seventy years"—you can spell that on the stone. Seventy years here; and two hundred, two thousand, ten thousand, forever, somewhere else! Where?

Was it a good bargain if he gained the whole world for these few years, and lost his soul forever? Was it a good bargain if he lost his soul for the very little—the pitifully little—of the world that he did get? If his lips could wake from their sleep, and speak again, what would they say?

Reader! how little time must pass before people are reading your name upon some stone as they pass by to their work, and their pleasure! Dead, and lapsing toward forgetfulness! Dead, and the world moving, the sun shining by day and the moon by night, the streets thronged with the old multitudes—all the goings on of life the same as before you were withdrawn from it all, and your account sealed up for the last day!

Where will you be then?

Are you ready for that time?—Congregation-

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

The characteristics of the "Great City, the holy Jerusalem," the blessed and eternal home of all who love Jesus, are thus set forth by Rev. Horatio Bonar:—

1. It is a *great* city. "That great city," said John, gazing on it. Its circuit is vast—beyond Babylon or Nineveh, or Paris or London. That "mighty city," says John, speaking of Babylon the Great (Rev. 13: 10); but this is mightier far. There has been no city like it. It is the city, the one city, the great metropolis of the mighty universe, the mighty city of the mighty God.

2. It is a *well-built* city. Its builder and maker is God. Its foundations are eternal. Its walls are jasper, its gates pearls, its streets paved with gold. It is "compactly built together," lying four-square, and perfect in all its parts; without a break or flaw, or weakness or deformity.

3. It is a *well-lighted* city. Something brighter than sun or moon is given to fill its heaven. The glory of God lightens it. The Lamb is its "light" or "lamp;" so that it needs no candle, no sunlight. There is no night there.

4. It is a *well-watered* city. A pure river of water of life flows through its streets, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb. What must its waters be! What must be the rivers of pleasure there! Who in it can ever thirst? Its inhabitants shall thirst no more.

5. It is a *well-provisioned* city. The tree of life is there, with its twelve variety of fruits, and its health-giving leaves. It has more than Eden had. It is Paradise restored. Paradise and Jerusalem in one; Jerusalem in Paradise, and Paradise in Jerusalem.

6. It is a *well-guarded* city. Not only has it gates, and walls, and towers, which no enemy could scale or force; but at the gates are twelve angels, keeping perpetual watch.

7. It is a *well-governed* city. Its King is the son of God; the King of kings, Immanuel; the King-eternal, whose scepter is righteousness; who loveth righteousness, and hateth iniquity.—No mis-rule is there, no disorder, no lawlessness.

8. It is a *well-peopled* city. It has gathered within its walls all generations of the redeemed. Its population is as the sands of the stars; the multitude that no man can number; the millions of the risen and glorified.

9. It is a *holy* city. Its origin is heavenly, and it is as perfect as its Builder. Nothing that defileth shall enter—no spot, or speck, or shadow of evil. All is perfection there—divine perfection.

10. It is a *glorious* city. The glory that fills it and encircles it is the glory of God. All precious stones are there; no marble nor granite such as we boast of now; all about it is gold, and pearls, and gems. Everything resplendent is there.

11. It is a *blessed* city. It is truly the joyous city. It is the throne and seat of the Blessed One, and all in it is like him. Its name is Jerusalem, the city of peace. Its King's name is Solomon, the Prince of Peace. There is no enemy there, no danger, no darkness, no sickness, no curse, no death, no weeping, no pain, no sorrow, no change forever. They that dwell in it "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more" (Rev. 7: 16, 17); for "the ransom of the Lord shall return, and come to it with songs; sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. 35: 10). Blessed city! City of peace, and

love, and song!—Fit accompaniment of the new heavens; fit metropolis of the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness! How eagerly should we look for it! How worthy of it should we live!

THE WEDDING DAY IN INDIA.

The better educated among Hindoos and Mohammedans in India begin to see the evils of baby marriages. The custom did not formerly prevail among either class, nor does it at present among the Mohammedans of Arabia, Persia, or Turkey.

The Hindoos, however, claim that infant marriages were first introduced by Mohammedans; while they claim that they have adopted the custom in imitation of the Hindoos. It is thought by some that Hindoos first began to marry their children at an early age, to protect their daughters from the lawless desires of their Mohammedan conquerors, as they would be more likely to transfer a beautiful maiden to their Zenanas than to carry off a wife. Some of the ancient and leading Mohammedan law books allow parents to contract marriages for their children during their minority, but also provide, that when so married, they may, upon attaining majority, revoke the marriage. Custom has since made the early marriage of their children obligatory upon Mohammedans as well as upon Hindoos. They are not now, however, as formerly to annul the marriage upon becoming of age.

Mohammedan weddings are much simpler in form, and attended with much less unnecessary expense than the Hindoo marriages. Before marriage the father or any friend, male or female, of the bridegroom, is never allowed to see the bride. The father, accompanied by his male friends, go, as they express it, "To see the house and bride." He does not, however, see the bride; nor does he enter the house farther than to go into the apartment. He takes with him a quantity of presents for the female members of the household he is to visit, as he cannot see or consult with them, and it is necessary that he should in some way favorably impress them. After proposals have been made, and the dower arranged, the first chapter of the Koran, called the *Fatceah*, is read. This may be done by a judge, teacher, priest, or any other peaceable person. They then drink sherbet, and chew betel nuts, and go home to tell the family what they think of the bride's father and friends. The marriage is performed at the bride's house. A grand feast is prepared and the friends assemble, the men in the main part of the house, and all the women in their own inner apartments. All are dressed in their best. Red is the favorite color for trimming clothing worn at a wedding. The bridegroom, if poor, is dressed in a simple white cotton coat, and very wide cotton trousers, which make him look as though he had on a skirt. On his head he wears a Turkey-red turban. If he be rich, his clothing is finer, and trimmed with embroidery in gold and silver thread, more or less elaborate according to his wealth. He seldom wears any jewelry, unless it be silver rings on his big toes.

The bride, if poor, is dressed in dark blue trousers, made very wide at the top, and so narrow at the bottom she can scarcely put her foot through. She has on some kind of gay jacket, and a veil thrown about her head and shoulders. The veil is sometimes of a dark blue cloth, ornamented with tiny looking-glasses, and sometimes of thin, bright-colored muslin. Her hair is all combed up to the top of her head, and from thence braided with strips of red and yellow cotton. Her numerous ornaments for neck, ears, arms, fingers, thumbs, ankles, and toes, which make a tinkling as she walks along, are made of brass, pewter, and shellac. If the bride be wealthy, her clothing is of silk, richly trimmed with gold and silver ribbon. Her trousers are made comparatively narrow at the top, and are two or three yards wide at the bottom. Her ornaments, made in the same fashion as the poorer bride's, are of gold and silver, and real jewels.

At the marriage the bridegroom repeats after the priest or teacher certain chapters of the Koran, with the five creeds, the articles of belief, and the prayer of praise, after which he joins hands with the proxy for the bride, and their mutual faith is pledged in a prescribed formula. The bridegroom, probably, has not understood a half a dozen sentences of all he has said. Prayers are then offered by the priest, who concludes the ceremony by sending some sugar candy to the bride, with a message that she is married to such a person. Her presence at the ceremony would be contrary to Mohammedan ideas of delicacy. The bride is conducted to her husband's house in a closely covered palanquin, the bridegroom usually riding on horseback. Their friends accompany them in carriages or on foot, and at the bridegroom's house have another feast. On arriving at his door, the bridegroom carries his bride into the house in his arms. What must be their feelings as for the first time they behold each others faces? Whether beauty or deformity, amiability or ill-temper, be stamped upon the face of either, for better or worse, their fate is sealed. Though divorce is possible, it is hedged about with great difficulties, and they have no Indiana to which to flee.—*The Index*.

SPONGING PREACHING.

Once, in the course of my ministry in Northern Pennsylvania, I was told that a man who was a shoemaker wished me to call at his house. At the first favorable opportunity I did so, and told him that I understood he desired me to call to see him. He said, "Yes, I wish to measure you for a pair of fine boots. I do not attend meeting much myself, but my wife and daughters do, and I do not want them to sponge their preaching." I had not heard the word sponge used in that connection before; and it sounded rather amusing; but as he applied it, it describes in a homely manner the conduct of a

large class of persons, among whom are professing Christians—persons who enjoy the services of ministers, with their attendant advantages, which must cost somebody something, without themselves paying, if they can help it, the least part of the expense. In the world *sponging*, that is, using the things which others have provided without our help as if they were our own, and making no return for them, is considered mean and contemptible; and yet there are many who are doing so in regard to Church and Sabbath school privileges, who do not seem at all conscious of acting dishonorably. They like to hear a talented preacher and enjoy what they may consider a good sermon, but they do not seem to remember that *talent* is a valuable commodity in the world, and that *really* good sermons do not grow spontaneously. They do not seem to consider, that ministers are men of like passions and appetites and necessities with themselves, and if they give themselves to a calling which requires not only time, but all the mental power possible to accomplish the most desirable results, their physical wants must be supplied chiefly by those who are enjoying their labors. All should bear their fair proportion of the burden according to their ability, and not leave their part for others to bear. So in the building of houses of worship in making those houses comfortable and attractive, and providing for the necessary current expenses, including the Sabbath school. Let each one do what he can and do it cheerfully. Let there be no *sponging*.—*Es*.

STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BOSTON."

BY WILL CARLTON.

Waves of the ocean that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?
Tell, as ye dash on the shivering strand,
Where is the crew that comes never to land?
Where are the hearts that unfearing and gay,
Broke from the clasp of affection away?
Where are the faces that smiling and bright,
Sailed for the regions of death-darkened night?
Waves of the ocean that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

Storms of the ocean that bellow and sweep,
Where are our friends that went forth on the deep?
Where are the cheeks that paled at your sneer?
Where are the hearts ye have frozen with fear?
Where is the maiden, so tender and fair?
Where is the father, of silvery hair?
Where the rich beauty of womanhood's time?
Where the warm blood of man's vigor and prime?
Storms of the ocean that bellow and pour,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

Birds of the ocean that scream through the gale,
What have ye seen of a wind-shaken sail?
What have ye heard, in your revels of glee?
Birds of the bitter and treacherous sea?
What of the heart-broken accents of prayer?
What of the ravings of grief and despair?
Perched ye for rest on the threatening mast,
Beaten and shattered and bent by the blast,
Heard ye no message to carry away
Home to the friends that are yearning to-day?
Birds of the ocean that hover and soar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

Depths of the ocean, that fathomless lie,
What of the barque that no more cometh nigh?
What of the guests that so silently sleep
Low in the chambers relentlessly deep?
Cold is the couch they have haplessly won;
Long is the night they have entered upon;
Still must they sleep, till the trumpet o'erhead
Summons the sea to uncover its dead.
Depths of the ocean with treasure in store,
Where is the ship we sent from our shore?

God of the ocean, of mercy and power,
Look we to Thee in this heart-crushing hour,
Cold was the greedy and merciless wave;
Warm was thy love and thy goodness, to save!
Dark was the tempest that thundered and flew,
Bright was thy smile, bursting happily through;
Take thou the souls that have followed thine eye
Home to the shores of the beautiful sky!
Safe in thy mercy and love evermore
Leave we the ship that we sent from our shore!

—*Detroit Tribune*.

THE MISSING STEAMER.

Days were in dread suspense:
No tidings from the sea!
No white-winged messenger from thence,
To bid our sad forebodings hence,
Or solve the mystery:

Whether 'neath sunny skies
The stately ship went down,
Or in some wild and fearful gale
She sank, with sounds of human wail—
Her fate is all unknown.

But He who formed the world,
Who guides each distant star,
With kind and merciful intent,
Doth wisely order each event,
His goodness shines afar.

Still to His listening ear
We lift our conscious prayer:
O send to breaking hearts that wait
Some tidings of the vessel's fate,
And hope, for dark despair!

E. V. S.

We prove friends before we trust them; but we must first trust Providence, and then we shall prove its blessing.

Irritability urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.