

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1871.

Jesus blessing Children.—Mark x, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." vs. 14.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—John iii. 1-15; 1 Samuel iii.

Read Matt. xix. 13-15; Luke xviii. 15-17; Matt. xviii. 1-6; Mark ix. 25-37. Who brought these children? How old were they? Luke xviii. 15. Why were they brought? vs. 13. What was expected from Christ's "touch"? The act accords with what Jewish custom? Gen. xlviii. 8-22.

What did some of the disciples do to those bringing the children? vs. 13. Why? At what, and whom, was Christ displeased? vs. 14. Why? What did he command his disciples? What is here meant by coming to Christ? Has it the same meaning in John vii. 37? Can parents now take their infant children to Christ? How?

What reason did he give for the command? vs. 14. What is meant by the words "for of such is the kingdom of God"? What shows that the teaching of vs. 15 was to be specially noted? What is that teaching? see Matt. xviii. 1-6; 1 Cor. xiv. 20; 1 Pet. ii. 2. What difference between receiving God's kingdom and entering into it? Was vs. 15 a rebuke to the disciples?

What did Christ do to the little children? Did he baptize them? Did he take them into the church? Did the apostles baptize infants, or take them into the church? Why did Christ love these children? Why does he love all children? What is the second birth? John iii. 5, 6. How early can one experience this birth? Are you too young? Have you experienced it?

SUMMARY.—God's kingdom is divine love receiving the childlike and the childlike receiving the divine love, and herein is blessing.

ANALYSIS.—I. Believing love wrongly rebuked. vs. 13.

II. The Rebukers rebuked. vs. 14, 15.

(a) Command. (b) Reason.

III. The Blessing Bestowed. vs. 16.

Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 335, 336.

SEVEN-DOLLAR THIEF.

A traveler on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveler, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you. Farewell."

"Stop, stop!" cries the robber. "I see another dollar, and must have that."

"O sir," replies the traveler, "be contented. Of my all, seven dollars, you have six, and I only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me the seventh dollar!" cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? The meanest thief I ever could conceive of. What is his name?—Sabbath breaker!

JENNIE JONES was a very pretty little girl, and it was the first time she had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her school-mates, and when it came tea-time, Jennie was invited to stay to tea.

"No, I thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly, in answer to the request.

"I guess you'd better," said her little friend's mother—good, hospitable Mrs. Morse. "Sit right up to the table along with Sairy, won't you now?"

Jennie edged to, twisted her apron, put her fingers in her mouth, and finally electrified the company by remarking: "Well, I don't know. Ma said I was to say, 'No, thank you,' the first time I was asked, but—but—if you urged me, I could stay!" It is scarcely necessary to add that she stayed.

CURIOUS ANAGRAMS.—The Evangelist gives the following curious and ingenious anagrams:—

Astronomers,	No more stars.
Elegant,	Neat leg.
Impatient,	Time in a pet.
Marquise,	Queer as mad.
Matrimony,	Into my arm.
Melodrama,	Made moral.
Midshipman,	Mind his map.
Parishoners,	I hire persons.
Parliament,	Partial men.
Penitentiary,	Nay, I repent.
Presbyterian,	Rest in prayer.
Radical Reform,	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution,	To love ruin.
Sir Robert Peel,	Terrible power.
Sweetheart,	There we sat.
Telegraph,	Great help.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

Though designed especially for mothers, it is rich with suggestions for Sunday school teachers also. It is told by a Christian mother, in that excellent Congregational paper, the *Advance*, and is a simple narrative of facts illustrating the practical value of "the sincere milk of the Word."

The reader, we trust, will find encouragement to follow the example here given:

One morning while seated in my own room reading a portion of the blessed Word, the door softly opened and my little one, then just passed her fourth year, quietly entered. I was reading the seventh chapter of Luke, audibly, and I continued without speaking to Maude, indeed scarcely thinking of her. As I finished the touching story of the woman "who did wash His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head," a dimpled arm stole round my neck, a curly head rested on my shoulder, and a baby voice whispered, "Mamma, that is such a sweet story; please read it again." Equally surprised and pleased, I said, "There are two other pretty stories in this chapter; shall I read it all, pet?" An eager "Oh! yes, mamma," and a spring to my lap was the answer, and I slowly began the story of the centurion's servant. Interrupted by questions and explanations, we finished this, and read of the widow of Nain. Here the quick sympathy of childhood found vent in tears and smiles for the stricken mother's woe and rejoicing, and then we came again to the story of the woman who "loved much." This was the child's favorite, and her comment was, "Mamma, don't you wish the dear Saviour was here now, so that we could do something for him when he was so tired?" What mother would lose such an opportunity to tell how we may every day do something for the Master? And then we knelt for help to serve him aright.

At night, when I went to the crib for the good night kiss, she said, "Please, mamma, read me once more 'bout the good woman who washed Jesus' feet'" and the little one entered dream-land before it was finished.

After that I was never alone in my morning hour. When I took the Book from its place her toy or doll was instantly laid aside, her tiny chair drawn up close and large, listening eyes were fixed in expectancy. We continued regularly through the record of the beloved physician "and the disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast." Through the crystal clearness of her child's faith, unclouded and perfect, she beheld, as we read, Jesus sleeping in the storm at sea; the ruler pleading for his only daughter who lay dying; the good Samaritan; the little household of Bethany whom Jesus loved; the repentant son and his welcome home; the rich man and Lazarus; the widow's mite; and the good shepherd who "giveth his life for the sheep," and all these became *real people* and places to the little one, almost as much so as her home and the dear ones in it.

When we came to the scene of that saddest and yet most glorious tragedy of earth, she listened with great tears dropping on her folded hands. The desertion of Christ by his disciples, and his betrayal and denial, roused all her childish sense of shame and indignation. When he had made himself known to Mary and the others after the resurrection, the joy of the child was the same in kind if not in degree with those who had lost and found their living Lord. No reward of her little efforts to "help mamma" was half so dear as the promise to read about poor Peter, was said he "did not know the dear Saviour, and then was so sorry, and the Saviour forgave him, and told him, 'Feed my lambs;'" the very sin and wickedness of Peter having apparently inclined her tender heart to him.

When Bertie returned he joined our readings, but at first with a listless and fitful interest. The Old Testament stories were familiar to him from the nursery, but I had never tried to feed my children with the sincere milk of the word undiluted. I had never thought that the teachings and parables of our Lord could be understood by such little ones, until taught by my "girlie" that "he is his own interpreter and he does make it plain."

Humble and self-condemned for my neglect, I eagerly watched the effect upon my boy. Gradually but steadily his interest increased, as we read of the healing of the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple; the boldness of Peter and John before the council; the noble dignity and simplicity of their answer when commanded to speak to no man henceforward in the

name of Jesus—their light heed of the cruel scourings, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for that name. The story touched the heroic element in the boy. His eye kindled with a wonderful light, and his cheek flushed in sympathy with the steadfast, holy courage of the persecuted disciples. The sublime narrative of the death of Stephen thrilled the hearts of the children with awe of his face, shining like the face of an angel, his vision of the inner heaven, and with tender pity as they realized the crashing of the murderous stones. The eyes of both overflowed as we read the sweet closing words "he fell asleep," and the comment was "Mamma, he died just like the dear Saviour, forgiving those who put him to death." The little girl eagerly followed the history of Peter, his miracles, his imprisonment, and release by the angel, the child sharing the joy of Rhoda; and in like manner the story of Paul held the boy. His fiery zeal first, in persecuting Christians and afterwards preaching Christ; the mystery and wonder of his instant conversion; his voyages and miracles; the prayers and praises at midnight in the Philippian jail, after their many stripes, when the earthquake flung wide open its gates, and the brave disciples quietly remained prisoners of honor; the terror of the jailor, and Paul's cheerful outcry, "Do thyself no harm—we are all here;" then his grand refusal to "depart secretly," having been openly beaten and imprisoned. All this had to my boy the charm of romance and the force of truth.

The attempted worship of Paul and Barnabas by the Lycaonians, as Jupiter and Mercury, with pomp of sacred oxen and garlands; the preaching on Mar's Hill; the mob at Ephesus, jealous for their goddess Diana; the strange story of the viper clinging to Paul's hand, until the superstitious barbarians denounced him as a murderer escaped from justice, then falling harmlessly off, its venom destroyed, while the same ignorant people, "changing their minds," proclaimed him as God, all these connected Paul with Grecian mythology, which had already fascinated him in the stories of Hawthorne and Kingsley. His tender heart melted at the touching farewell to the church at Ephesus, "when all wept sore, kissing Paul and sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." These words of lofty purpose stirred the boy's soul: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of Jesus."

His enthusiasm was kindled to a white heat by the magnificent defenses of Paul at the castle, before the councils, before Felix, Festus and Agrippa. With the few needed explanations, he quickly comprehended the splendid oratory, the masterly eloquence, of St. Paul; his keen, subtle skill in seizing every available point for defense; his bold claiming of his birthright as a Roman citizen; his quick appeal to the Pharisees, thus dividing the raging multitude in his favor; his proud appeal to Cæsar, and the exquisite courtesy of his inimitable defense before King Agrippa. I mention in detail, because each point told on my boy. It was like witnessing a drama to the clearness of his childish perceptions—it was more—it was *reality* to him, and as we finished the closing words he cried out triumphantly, "Except these bonds, mamma! I believe that was the *poorest thing* anybody ever said! to remember 'his chains just when he was wishing the king to be a Christian,' and I agreed with him."

Is not the eloquence of Paul a safe standard for a boy's taste? For days we were reading in Acts. The boy's mind seemed pervaded by its lofty, heroic atmosphere, even in his play. Said he, rushing in from the common one day, in answer to my sudden summons, "Mamma, I did not want to come—the boys said I must stop until the game was done; but I said to them, 'Whether it be right to hearken unto ye more than to my mamma, judge ye,' and then they all laughed, and I ran in." Soon after, a dispute occurring between himself and his sister, he threw himself into a most imposing attitude, and pointing to me (!) cried out, "I appeal Cæsar!" These are but trifles, I know, but they are the straws that indicate the current.

If I have doubted the Spirit's power to interpret God's word, in its deepest and truest meanings, to the heart of a child, these readings have convinced me. My first counsel to young mothers would be, if you wish at once to cultivate the moral and mental faculties of your child, read daily in God's word. Read till Christ and

the twelve become *real, living* people to them, and the story of the cross becomes simple, plain and precious. Constant familiarity with the noble simplicity and beauty of its style will be the best and surest foundation for a true taste in all literature.

SINGULAR NAMES.

The naming of children affords little scope for ingenious novelty, as a rule. Ordinarily a parental couple will select the old names that designated their ancestors, and from John to Joshua duplicate a dead generation, as though to order. We know of one marked exceptional instance, however.

There lived a man named *Ann*,—which name, you will observe, reads forward and backwards the same. By an odd coincidence, he married a woman whose name also spelled either way the same, for she was called *Hannah*. Now here were two good old nominatives, relics of forefathers and foremothers (why isn't "foremothers" an accredited word?) without number, and they seemed likely to be perpetuated, with possibly some others equally good and old, through generations *ad infinitum*. For when the first child came, it was a boy, and they proclaimed him *Ann* at once, and when the next appeared, it was a girl, and it was another *Hannah*, as a matter of course.

Then, noting this backward reading of names alluded to, a determination seized them to continue it, and the next boy was dubbed *Aziza*, and the next girl they called *Aza*. Another boy they spelled *Ira*,—the difference between him and any *Ira* of your acquaintance being "all in the i," you know; and to a third girl they gave the pleasant name of *Anna*. When a fourth boy came, it was harder picking for such names, but they gave the old Bible *Zerah* a new rendering, and it became *Zereh*; and the other two boys were christened *Numun* and *Harrah*,—the latter being *Harry* revamped. The rest of the girls they called *Emme*, *Atta* and *Alila*, and the family was complete.

There is a second generation since this singular naming, but the set of names has not been repeated, though there is an *Ann* and a *Harrah* in this generation, and the *Harrah* of it sat by our desk not many days ago, and told us what we have now told you.—*Rural Home*.

NIGHT IN A JAPANESE HOTEL.

As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough: a mattress, in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long by four wide, was spread on the floor, and over it was laid an ample robe, very long, heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night-dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps—that is, "if he has had some years' practice" in the use of this bed.

But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on a pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface without the expense of washing a pillow-case.

I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner; and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being slowly beheaded, and to awake at the crisis, to find the pillow bottom-side up and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box. During my stay in the country, I learned many of its customs, mastering the use of the chop-sticks, and accustoming my palate to raw fresh fish; but the attempt to balance my head on a two-inch pillow I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box and trying it to my neck and head.—*Pumpelly's Travels*.

LABOR IS PRAYER.

BY MISS MULOCH.

Laborare est orare;
Hear it, ye of spirit poor,
Who sit crouching at the threshold,
While your brethren force the door;
Ye whose ignorance stands wringing
Rough hands, seamed with toil, nor dares
Lift so much as eyes to heaven,—
Lo! All life this truth declares:
Laborare est orare
And the whole earth rings with prayers.

WAYS OF MAKING TEA.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion of the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar in a teapot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhriot finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is *Schitichaj*, that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton-fat, in which bread is soaked. During the day time, sugarless green tea is drunk, with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw, is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied, it is passed around among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was travelling in Asiatic Russia he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquid became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half pint wooden mugs were handed around, and the tea ladled into them; a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveller.

THE BIBLE ON TEMPERANCE.

The following questions and texts in reply to them show the teachings of Scripture on Temperance. They were prepared for a Sabbath School Concert. The children who learn the text indicated as replies, accurately and thoroughly, will be well armed against the insidious temptations of strong drink:

1. What does the Bible say of strong drink? *Answer* Proverbs xx: 1.
2. Has God pronounced any one upon the drunkard? *Ans.* Isaiah v: 11-12.
3. What is said of the drunkards of Ephraim? *Ans.* Isaiah xxviii: 1-3.
4. Why did God pronounce this woe? *Ans.* Isaiah xxviii: 7.
5. What is said about rulers using strong drink? *Ans.* Proverbs xxxi: 4, 5.
6. What was the fearful warning against an intemperate king? *Ans.* Daniel v: 4, 5, 25-28.
7. What is said about priests drinking wine? *Ans.* Leviticus x: 8, 9.
8. What was the ancient law of the Nazirite? *Ans.* Numbers vi: 3, 4.
9. How was wine used in the ancient sacrifices? *Ans.* Numbers xviii: 7.
10. What was commanded to be done with intemperate children? *Ans.* Deuteronomy xxi: 20, 21.
11. Does strong drink lead to worldly prosperity? *Ans.* Proverbs xxi: 17.
12. What is the New Testament warning? *Ans.* Luke xxi: 34.
13. What are the consequences of using strong drink? *Ans.* Proverbs xxiii: 29, 30.
14. How may we avoid these consequences? *Ans.* Proverbs xxii: 31, 32.
15. What is said about keeping company with drunkards? *Ans.* 1st Corinthians v: 11.
16. What is said about the salvation of drunkards? *Ans.* 1st Corinthians vi: 10.
17. What is said of those who tempt others to drink? *Ans.* Habakkuk ii: 15.
18. Who is the first person mentioned in Scripture as overcome by strong drink? *Ans.* Genesis ix: 20, 21.
19. Who is mentioned in the Bible as taking the pledge of his own accord? *Ans.* Daniel i: 8.
20. What was the result of this temperance? *Ans.* Daniel i: 15-20.
21. When was the first temperance society formed of which the Bible speaks? *Ans.* Jeremiah xxv: 6, 7, 8.