

Our Young Folks.

The "Hollenberry" Cup.

"Mother, what you think's brokened? Your 'hollenberry' cup! All to pieces! Susie said this all in one breath, holding up the handle of a small fragment of a clear, delicate china cup, with only one scarlet 'hollenberry' and part of a leaf left on it. "But don't scold Will, she added; "he didn't mean to, and he's awful sorry now."

"How did Willie break it?" asked Susie's mother, quietly, and not looking nearly as much like scolding Will as Susie had expected, though in truth she was more sorry than Susie knew. For the dainty French china cup and saucer—exquisite in shape, and bordered with holly leaves and clusters of scarlet holly berries—was dear to her in itself, and as the gift of an absent and cherished friend.

"O, he was arranging the ferns in the tall vase—he and Bertha jarred 'em over, whirling about, I s'pose; anyway, they were jarred down, and when he was putting them up straight the silver vase fell over against the cup."

"And I wish," said Bertha, who now stood just behind Susie, and was half a head taller, "I wish everything pretty we care for was made of silver or gold, or else ivory! Then they wouldn't be all spoiled to pieces the minute they were touched!"

Mrs. Gaylord smiled as she followed the children to the parlor. Will was on the sofa, and Bessie, a sweet girl of fourteen, stood by him, trying to fit together the fragments, and waiting for Susie's bit.

"I'm sorry," said Will, as he looked above the mantel, contemplating the vacancy he had made by upsetting the cup.

Mrs. Gaylord knew that before he spoke as well as after; so she said, cheerfully, "I learned when a little girl that it was of no use to cry over spilled milk, and I am sure it is too late to begin now." Four pairs of eyes were watching her, and she did not think how well she was teaching them the same lesson.

"You may put the pieces out of sight, Bessie, and we will forget it."

After leaving them, Bessie took the bits to her own room, followed by Bertha and Susie. She found that, although there were half a dozen pieces, they were all there, and she could fit them exactly.

"What a nice surprise it would be to mother and Will if this could be very neatly mended," she said, slowly; "and if two little people can keep a secret, I'll do my best to make it all right again."

"Oh, we can," said Bertha.

"We truly will," said Susie.

Bessie got a little vial of cement, and looked carefully at the directions on its side. If Bessie had one fault it was impatience. If there were any trait likely to enable her to overcome it, she had this also. It was the joy it gave her to give others pleasant surprises. Her drawing-teacher had told her that if anything would prevent her success as an artist it would be her impatience to finish a piece as soon as it was begun. The broken cup proved a test. She first brushed the cement on the edges of the larger piece, and fitted it to the half cup. Then she tried the next in size, but in pressing it gently in its place, out fell the other piece. This she tried again and again, while Bertha's "Oh!" and Susie's "You never can!" did not lessen her nervousness. At last she said "I see how it is; it is a long job. I shall have to put in one piece at a time, and wait for that to get dry and tight; and that'll take one day; and then put in another piece, and let that dry, and so on."

"O—dear—me!" said Susie. But it was the only way. The next day the children went up to their secret work. The large piece was in all right. Bessie fitted another to it beautifully. Then she tried one more. Out both fell.

"O dear! I've half a mind to throw it away. Mother thinks it's gone, anyway."

"Can't you make one piece stay? You know what you said," hinted Bertha; "and then we can go down and forget it till to-morrow."

This helped Bessie's patience, and the second piece was put in, and the cup set away. The next day all proved well thus far, as before, and again Bessie tried to "finish the job," but the old rule of "one at a time" persisted in being obeyed. "Three days more," sighed Susie. But, lo! on the third and last day the one little triangular piece that was left wouldn't fit in. Somehow it was just a little too large for its place. In trying very hard to press it in, out came the piece next it. This was put back easily, and Bessie said, "This little 'triangle hole' is so far under that it will never show," and she walked to the coal-scuttle in the closet and dropped the last tiny fragment of china down among the black coals, sure that no eye would ever see it again.

"There'll always be a hole in the 'hollenberry' cup!" sobbed Susie, as the bit of china disappeared.

"Wait till to-morrow and see," said Bessie; "we'll finish it yet."

So the little face brightened again. Next day the cup was all right except the one tiny hole. Bessie washed it carefully, and the china looked more nearly than ever, and the holly berries a brighter scarlet. What should be done with the hole. A happy thought struck her. She found some little snowy flakes of plaster of Paris, and out one with her penknife, putting it gently into the open place. Then she mixed up a little plaster and smoothed it nicely over, and let it harden. Sure enough, it was all right. Taking a brush from her paint-box, with white paint she delicately brushed over the cracked lines, and, lo! her patience was rewarded.

"No one could tell it was ever brokened!" said Susie, bending forward, and pressing her hands as tightly together as possible to enforce her delight.

"I wouldn't know it myself!" said Bertha.

Bessie carried the cup to its old place beside the silver vase, happy in two thoughts—that she had a surprise for her mother (and it proved quite as pleasant a one as she had anticipated), and that she had proved that she could conquer impatience and learn how good it is to "labor and to wait,"—St. Nicholas.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Sept. 23, 1877. PAUL AT MILETUS. Acts xx. 17-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 22-27. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Rev. ii. 2-7; Ezek. xxxiii. 1-9.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 17, read 2 Tim. iv. 20; with v. 18, compare Acts xix. 10; with v. 19, read Acts xix. 23, and v. 21; with v. 20, read 2 Tim. iv. 2; with v. 21, read Luke xxiv. 47; with v. 22, compare v. 16; with v. 23, read Acts ix. 16; with v. 24, read Phil. ii. 18; with vs. 25, 26, read 2 Cor. vii. 2; with v. 27, compare Ezek. iii. 17-21; with v. 28, read Isa. xl. 11; with v. 29, read John x. 20; with v. 30, read John iv. 1; with v. 31, compare Col. i. 23; with v. 32, read John xvii. 17.

THE FOLLOWING PLACES ARE TO BE IDENTIFIED: Ephesus, Miletus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.—2 Cor. iv. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The whole counsel of God is to be declared.

The aim of the apostle being to reach Jerusalem at Pentecost (v. 16), he decides not to delay at Ephesus, yet he desired to see the elders and representatives of the church there, and to give them needed parting counsel. He had, no doubt, to arrange according to the time of the ship in which he sailed, and he may have apprehended possible delay if he had entered Ephesus. Miletus was to the south, on the coast, and a day's journey from Ephesus. He sent for the elders, and urged upon them their responsibility. The main counsel is in v. 28, "Take heed unto yourselves and to all the flock," and all that precedes and follows, is intended to enforce that appeal. That is the central thought which the various considerations mentioned are meant to fix in their minds. The first of these is:

I. PAUL'S RIGHT TO EXHORT (vs. 18-21).

He recalls the form of his labor among them for their good. Imputations and charges no doubt had been brought against him; "enemies to the cross of Christ" would not fail to malign him. Hence the appeal he makes to the men who knew him ever since he entered (proconsular) "Asia." Ephesus had been the centre in which he had resided and laboured at all seasons, or all the time. His aim had been to serve the Lord (v. 19). His temper had been "with all humility of mind," willing to be nothing, that Christ might be all in all. His toil had been with tears for the sins and dangers of men (Phil. iii. 18), and in eager concern for their deliverance (2 Cor. ii. 4). And it had been in the midst of dangers from Jewish anger, and the attempt on his life (v. 8), a specimen of their plots. It was a faithful ministry. He did not seek to please but to profit them, and declared (v. 20) the whole counsel of God. Nor was this only in an official, formal, public way, but from house to house as he had opportunity. It is true the means of regular public teaching were not then as now, yet in this we may see how an earnest, faithful ministry will be a "house to house" no less than a public ministry.

The substance of his message to both Jews and Greeks was "repentance toward God" (v. 21), and faith in the Lord Jesus. He urged that men are sinners; that as such, they should be penitent; that sin offends and dishonors God; that Jesus is the Saviour; that men are to believe or have faith in Him in order to salvation. Of course this does not exclude other doctrines like that of the Holy Ghost. The minister has still to urge these central truths.

II. THE REASON FOR PRESENT URGENCY (vs. 22-25).

He was leaving for Jerusalem (v. 22), bound in the spirit, i. e., his heart set, as he hoped and believed, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, on being at Jerusalem, and this for no personal satisfaction, for he could not tell what new dangers might "befall him." He had no particular intimations on the point. He only knew generally by the Holy Ghost that he must suffer chains and prisons. Like the Master, he had the coming danger always before him. (See his words written about this time in Rom. xv. 80.)

In this connection he is led to speak of his own spirit. His life is not his own, it is a trust. It is of use for the ministry of Christ. He wishes to do all his work (v. 24), to run the whole prescribed course, as the runner in the games must needs do. (See Phil. ii. 16.) He has received a ministry, the place and duty of a servant, from Christ. His service is to bear witness to the "Gospel of the grace of God." He never forgets by whom he is sent (Rom. i. 5). He is only "ready to be offered" when his work has been done (2 Tim. iv. 6). It should be so with ministers and teachers still. In the circumstances in which he was placed, with a strong persuasion, "I know," that he would not have another opportunity of laboring among them, that they should "see his face no more," he must appeal to their memory, their affection, their conscience. So he takes them to record, solemnly and tenderly, that if any perish, the fault is not his. Their blood lies not on him. He has not withheld the whole counsel of God. It is a most solemn address, and should not be lightly imitated.

III. THE BURDEN OF HIS ADDRESS (v. 28).

These officers in the Church need: (1) to take heed to themselves. They are required to be holy men and faithful elders or bishops, for the two words, by common consent, and according to the plain meaning of this and other passages, stand for the same persons. So he exhorts Timothy (1 Tim. iv. 16) to take heed, first, "to thyself," then, secondly, to "the doctrine." The person is before the office, and if unfit, may mar the office. They need: (2) to take heed to "all the flock." (See Jer. xxxi. 10; Micah vii. 14.) None to be overlooked as feeble, or poor, or unhelpful, or even ungrateful.

"In the flock," not over it; they are "overscers" or bishops (the English word is formed from the Greek *episcopos* by cutting off the first and last syllables). In two senses the Holy Ghost makes men officers in the Church, by giving the gifts and disposition, and by directing the choice of their fellow-believers. Their duty is to "shepherd"—more than lead, guide, defend or feed the flock or "Church of God." It is to retain the common reading "God," as there seems reason to do, then the "parting" with His own blood "refers to the union of the divine and human natures in Christ. If we put, as some do, "Lord" here, it refers simply to Jesus as having redeemed the Church. (See Rev. v. 9, 10.) A shepherd's knowledge of the sheep, and theirs of him, is seen in John x. 3; John xxi. 16 shows the greatness of the charge, and 1 Pet. ii. 5, shows the dignity of the spiritual shepherd, for Christ is there called "shepherd and bishop" of souls.

IV. FURTHER REASONS FOR FIDELITY (v. 29).

The wolf is the natural enemy of the flock. So the natural figure for a false teacher or enemy of the Church. Paul expected such to assail the Ephesian Church "after his departure," either on general principles, or from special knowledge. Church officers, from greater knowledge and from official position, have responsibility in such cases. Men are sometimes counted troublers who only obey this injunction and try to keep out "wolves." "Not sparing," means wasting, destroying.

Danger was also to be dreaded from their own members taking up false views, making themselves leaders, forming parties and drawing followers after themselves. (See the "Nicolaicans," Rev. ii. 6.) This is a common form of sinful ambition. In view of these dangers, he renews the warning (v. 31), watch, and the appeal founded, as in vs. 18-21 on his faithfulness.

So he commends (v. 32) them to God, their guide, protector, Saviour (Pa. xvi. 1), encouraging them to trust Him, and to "the word of His grace," the truth of God, which would confirm their faith and knowledge, and in the hands of the Holy Ghost conduct them to children's places among the holy family of God in heaven.

The points to be dwelt upon are the great responsibilities of ministers and teachers, the example of Paul, the way to be free of men's blood, the substance of Gospel teaching, the dangers to the Church of Christ, and the way in which they are to be met.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

Miletus—where—elders—why "sent for"—their duties—the reasons for Paul's urgency—danger from two sources—grounds of his appeal—his own labor—the dangers he encountered—his views of his life-work—the burden of his teaching—his immediate intention—his expectation—his hope for the Church.

The Islands Waiting for His Law.

More than three hundred Islands in Polynesia are said to have been won from idolatry to Christianity within less than fifty years. Much of this work has been done by native teachers. Here is one of the cases. Rev. Dr. Turner writes respecting his recent visit to Nanumanga, as quoted in the *Illustrated Missionary News*: "It was only nine months since the teacher Ioane was landed here, and for the third time an effort was made to introduce the Gospel. We approached the island, therefore, with no small anxiety to know whether the young man and his wife were safe, and whether it had pleased God to crown his mission with success. The first canoe answered to his name. One native said, in broken English, 'He good man'; and by 11.30 the 'good man' stepped over the ship's side himself, shook hands, thanked God and proceeded to give us the cheering news that heathenism on the island had received its death-blow, that the altars in the temples were broken down, that the former ceremonies on the arrival of strangers were at an end, that a chapel seventy feet by thirty had been erected, and that one hundred and fifty, including the king and a number of the principal chiefs, had become Christians. This was all confirmed when we went on shore, and the results of this young man's humble, prudent, prayerful, and earnest work, by God's blessing, are truly wonderful. On his first Sabbath on shore, in September last, Ioane had twenty-four to hear him. On the second Sabbath he begged them to give up working on the Lord's day, and this they did. On the following Friday, at a conversational meeting with them about their gods, he said that their sacred pillar was merely a piece of wood made by God and perishable, but the true God never dies. The fish which they revered were made by God, and it was the same with their sacred birds, such as the areva or cuckoo. . . . The people were much impressed by what he said. At midnight he was waked up by two of the chiefs, who asked him to rise and go with them. They took him to the bush away from the hearing of everybody, and there they talked. They said they had made up their minds to turn over, but their great difficulty was how to get rid of the relics, or gods. He said he had no fear of them, and was ready to burn or bury, or remove in any way they liked. This was all they wanted, and they decided to let him be the executioner on the following day.

The day came; five of the chiefs took their seats, surrounded by all the people, and Ioane was sent for. The first thing to be done was to remove from the necks of these men the sacred necklaces which were supposed to link them on to the special protection of gods. It was considered death for any one to remove them, but Ioane stepped forward and broke the fragile network—the people staring in astonishment, and expecting every moment to see him fall down dead. The necklaces were removed, the spell was broken, the weakness of the gods manifest. 'And now,' said he 'let us pray,' and then and there he led their thoughts in prayer to the true God. He was then directed to go and break down the altars in the temples, remove the skulls and stone idols, and also the clubs and spears of the gods. Every eye followed him, many still looking upon him as a dead man. In went his axe to

the two pillars sacred to the 'shooting-star' god. He handled carefully the skulls as he took them from their places, and respectfully covered them with a piece of Samoan native cloth. . . . On the Monday they proceeded with the burial of the skulls and other sacred relics from the temples and family skull-houses. Some of the new converts helped Ioane, and in that grave of heathenism, dug in the village malee, or place of public meeting, they laid 134 skulls, one wooden idol, two stone idols, fourteen shield trumpets, used in calling assemblies, and a lot of clubs and spears used only by order of the gods."

The Power of Caste.

There is another element in the Hindoo religion which cannot be ignored, and which gives it a tremendous power for good or evil. It is Caste. Every Hindoo child is born in a certain caste, out of which he cannot escape. When I landed at Bombay I observed that every native had upon his forehead a mark freshly made, as if with a stroke of the finger, which indicated the god he worshipped or the caste to which he belonged. Of these there are four principal ones—the Priest, or Brahmin caste, which issued out of the mouth of Brahm; the Warrior caste, which sprung from his arms and breast; the Merchant caste, from his thighs; and the Shoedras, or servile caste, which crawled out from between his feet; beside the Pariahs, who are below all castes. These divisions are absolute and unchangeable. To say that they are maintained by the force of ancient custom is not enough; they are fixed as by a law of nature. The strata of society are as immovable as the strata of the rock-kribbed hills. No man can stir out of his place. If he is up, he stays up by no virtue of his own; and if he is down, he stays down, beyond any power of man to deliver him. Upon these strata this power of caste rests with crushing weight. It holds them down as with the force of gravitation, as if the Himalayas were rolled upon them to press them to the earth.

So terrible is this power of caste, that if any one violates it in any way, he is put under the ban of a social ostracism, which is almost worse than death. He becomes literally an outcast. His nearest kindred disown him, and drive him from their door. If one becomes a Christian his family regard him as dead, and perform funeral rights for him, as if they were committing his body to the tomb. These facts should be remembered when wonder is expressed that more Hindoos are not converted. They have to go through the fires of martyrdom, and it is not strange if few should be found whose courage is equal to such a sacrifice.

Against this oppression there is no power of resistance, no lifting up from beneath to throw it off. One would suppose that the people themselves would revolt at this servitude, that every manly instinct would rise up in rebellion against such a degradation. But so ingrained is it in the very life of the people, that they cannot cast it out any more than they can cast out a poison in their blood. Indeed, they seem to glory in it. The lower castes crouch and bow down that others may pass over them. A Brahmin in Calcutta, who had become a Christian, told me that the people had often asked him to wash his feet in the water of the street that they might drink it!

Caste is a cold and cruel thing which hardens the heart against natural compassion. I know it is said that high caste is only an aristocracy of birth, and that, as such, it fosters a certain nobility of feeling, and also a mutual friendliness between those who belong to the same order. A caste is only a larger family, and in it there is the same feeling—a mixture of pride and of affection, which binds the family together. Perhaps it may nurture to some extent a kind of cleanliness, but it does this at the sacrifice of the broader and nobler sentiment of humanity. It hardens the heart into coldness and cruelty against all without one sacred pale. The Brahmin feels nothing for the sufferings of the Pariah, who is of another order of being as truly as if he were one of the lower animals. Thus the feeling of caste extinguishes the sentiment of human brotherhood.—Evangelist.

The Struggling Slave.

Twenty-five years ago a young man came to this country to be cured of a habit which proved incurable. He was an intelligent and agreeable young man, not yet twenty-five, of good family connections, and in comfortable circumstances. At his father's table he had acquired a taste for wine, which soon led to the desire for strong drink, and then for drink at frequent intervals. Before he was aware of it, the habit of intemperance had become so strong that it was difficult to resist the cravings of appetite; and in a country where wine was on every table, and strong drink on every sideboard; where hospitality was incomplete without the social glass, and the most religious evening assembly did not break up without hot punch after prayers, there seemed little chance that the victim of intemperance could be rescued.

But this young man was sincerely desirous of being delivered from the chains which bound him, and was ready to make any sacrifices needful to effect his deliverance.

He had heard of the "Maine liquor law" in America, and thought that if he could come and live for a time in a country where it was impossible to obtain intoxicating drink, he might be weaned from his appetite. So he came to America, and found a home here with friends of his family. He was a fine-looking intelligent man of modest demeanor and cultivated manner. There was no occupation open to him in Maine, where he proposed to go, except in the lumberman's business. But he was strong and athletic, and not ashamed to work. So packing up a few rough clothes, he started for the woods of Maine, to work there through the winter. This effort seemed to promise success. Letters came from him now and then to his New England friends which were full of hope and encouragement. The appetite

seemed to be passing away. Not a drop of any kind of wine or spirits had passed his lips since he left home.

Then came a period of silence, and then a sad revelation. Having occasion to go to Portland for some clothes, this young man had seen upon a vessel in the harbor the British flag flying. The sight aroused his youthful patriotism, and love of country kindled in his breast a desire to speak with his countrymen. He went aboard the vessel. The captain treated him with British hospitality, and awakened anew the clamorous demon of appetite within him. Fired with brandy, he hurried out of the State where liquor-selling was prohibited by law, and was found by his friends, after weeks of search, in one of the lowest dens of debauchery in Boston, robbed, bruised, and degraded in mind and body.

Kind friends took him to their home, nursed and cared for him, stimulated his moral sense, and encouraged him to try again. The trial was made in Boston, surrounded by the influences of a Christian home, and with every social and moral inducement to struggle against and conquer the foe. For a time success seemed certain, but temptation came in the guise of a friendly invitation to supper after an evening lecture, and again the flood-gates of appetite were opened and the unhappy victim was swept away. A new friend appeared who offered to take the unfortunate, but still struggling, young man into his family and business in a quiet and beautiful country town. For sixteen months there was total abstinence from everything which could intoxicate. The man became interested in cultivated society, in music, in religious interests which were free from temptation, and thought himself, as others believed, that he was a new man. So great and sure seemed the change that he became engaged to be married to a lovely woman, and went to the city to purchase articles needful for the wedding outfit. It was a fatal journey. The fiend met him upon the road, and instead of returning to the arms of his bride and the congratulations of his friends, he was picked up a week after in the gutter, a bloated and miserable wretch.

But hope and kindness were not yet exhausted, and a home was found for him in Minnesota, on a farm, far from temptation and with pleasant associates. His courage revived and he went West and labored for months in this new country. Health again renewed his frame, and, filled with joy at having reached a refuge from his destroyer, he determined to buy a farm near to his kind employer and settle permanently in Minnesota. He sent to the East for several thousand dollars deposited to his credit, and went to St. Paul to complete the transaction, and there again he fell into temptation and was ruined. Heart-broken and despairing, he returned to his native land, yielding to the love of drink, and sunk so low that his friends and relatives could not openly acknowledge or aid him. Yet God, who had never utterly forsaken the poor wretch, followed him with the monitions of a conscience not wholly seared, and in one of his repentant seasons he vanished from his native land, and was not heard of for years. There came one morning to his relatives, who had long thought him dead, a letter written on board a ship returning from South America.

In the last hope of breaking the chains of evil habit, this man had fled from civilized life, and for two years had found a refuge from his self-destroying vice, far from men and their temptations. But the strong frame which had been so sadly abused began to break, and a helpless invalid, he made his way to the coast and embarked for the home which he was never to reach.

The letter was written a few days before he died, and was full of penitence for a wasted life, and of humble hopes that his sins might be forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake. He had gained the victory over appetite, but alas! it was when appetite had destroyed the body, enfeebled the mind, and left him nothing save that hope of mercy and forgiveness which is the dying sinner's only light.

The story carries its own impressive lesson: a protest to those who have the care and training of the young against permitting or encouraging them to form habits of self-indulgence which may lead them to ruin; and a solemn warning to young men to control their appetites before these become their master.—Rev. C. A. Stoddard, D.D., in N. Y. Observer.

The Way They Do It.

A moribund landed proprietor in the north of Spain, notwithstanding the entreaties of his family and friends, refused to receive the consolations of religion. His family, thinking they had overcome his scruples, sent for the parish priest; but upon his arrival the sick man declined to receive him, and the priest withdrew, declaring that the devil would come in person to carry off so hardened a sinner as soon as he was dead. A few hours afterwards the sick man died, and while the family were watching over the body the door of the room was opened with a great noise, and there appeared upon the scene a personage arrayed in red, brandishing a pitch-fork, dragging a long tail after him, and smelling very strongly of sulphur. His appearance created so much terror that the women present fainted and the men rushed out of the room by another door. A man-servant, hearing the screams, and thinking that thieves had broken into the house, armed himself with a revolver, and made his way to the room from whence they proceeded. For a moment he, too, was terrified by the appearance of "the devil," who by this time had got the body in his arms; but, mastering his fears, he fired three barrels of his revolver at him, and the supposed devil, who fell to the ground, proved to be the parish sexton, who, by orders of the priest, had disguised himself, as he conceived, as Satan. He was quite dead when picked up, and four priests, who are suspected of complicity in this attempt to work upon the superstitious feelings of the family of the deceased, have been taken into custody.—Pall Mall Gazette.