

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, December 1st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXIV. 15-31: Christ's predictions, continued. EXODUS II. 11-24: The flight of Moses to Midian.

Recite—MATTHEW XXIV. 1, 2.

Sunday, December 8th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXIV. 32-51: Christ's predictions, continued. EXODUS III. 1-6: Moses commissioned to deliver Israel.

Recite—MATTHEW XXIV. 29-31.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

95. What persons during the Mosaic Commonwealth acted in a double capacity, being at the same time civil magistrates and military officers?

96. Which is the earliest instance recorded of a military force, or standing army, being kept in time of peace?

Answers to questions given last week:—

93. Adam. Gen. v. 2.

94. A debt to the sanctuary; or when any person had not paid his tithes. Lev. v. 14, 16; see also, Lev. vi. 1-7.

Writing Compositions.

A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition.

"O, I can't, sir. I don't know how," said the boy, in the greatest trouble.

"But you can think, can't you?" said the master.

"O yes, sir."

"And you can write words, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and bring it to me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that will be a composition. Now I will excuse you for a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing you find that interests you, you think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, what will become of it, etc., and write it down and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and after looking about some time, he at last came across a large turnip, behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few moments, and though he never dreamed he was to become a distinguished poet, his thoughts began to come to him in a simple rhyme, and he wrote them down thus:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
And it grew behind the barn;  
And it grew, and it grew,  
But it ne'er did any harm  
And it grew, and it grew,  
Till it could grow no taller;  
Then Mr. Finney pulled it  
And put it in the cellar.  
And it lay, and it lay,  
Till it there began to rot,  
And his daughter Susy washed it,  
And she put it in the pot  
And it boiled, and it boiled,  
As long as it was able;  
Then his daughter Lizzie took it  
And put it on the table  
Mr. Finney and his wife,  
They both sat down to sup;  
And they eat, and they eat,  
Till they eat the turnip up.

The little boy brought in his composition, and when the master came to read it, and saw the evidence of talent in the boy, it is said he could not refrain from tears.

Now then, boys and girls, don't get frightened at the thought of a composition; but find something that interests you, and write down what you think about it, and that will be a composition. You need not try to write in rhyme, unless you have a talent for it; for poor verses are a great deal poorer than poor prose.—The Well Spring.

Try Christ.

In a ward of the hospital of Scutari, a conversation arose one day on the subject of religion. A convalescent had crawled with his crutch to the bedside of a comrade, anxious to know how it fared with one who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in more than one affray.

"Well, Barry, how are you to-day?" asked the visitor in a cheerful tone.

"I cannot say, 'All's well,' indeed Stanton, either outwardly; or inwardly; but you are the man I was so wishing to see."

"And what can I do for you, my good fellow?"

"Well, the Chaplain was here yesterday, and told him that I was miserable. I told him I had tried pleasure, drink, everything; and now my wretched mind was harder to bear than my wounds. What do you think he said? In the most solemn and earnest manner he said, 'Try Christ—try Christ!' All night long those two words have been in my ears—'Try Christ!' But what can they mean?"

"A glorious meaning they have, Barry; the Son of God is willing to save you, if you are willing to believe on him and be saved. But in earnest; he will save you from sin and he will

not let you perish. Ask him to forgive you sins. Come to him and you shall not be cast out."

"But, Stanton, are you certain all this is true? You know the life I led—too bad almost to be forgiven."

"As true as God himself," answered the pious soldier reverently; and taking a Bible he read the words, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This good news was eagerly listened to by Barry, and the words were as cold water to a thirsty soul. He was induced to seek with earnestness and perseverance an interest in that salvation which Christ purchased by the shedding of his own precious blood, and which he so freely bestows on all those who believe on him. And he did not seek in vain. By the teaching of the Holy Spirit he found, to the peace and joy of his soul, that Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him."

Will the reader follow the example of the poor wounded soldier? Will you "try Christ?" May the Holy Spirit help you to accept without delay this loving invitation, and induce you at once to make trial of him who has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

The living Spring.

In the town of S—, on the sands of Cape Cod, there is a spring of water, widely known to travellers in the region, on account of its purity and coolness which make the waters to man and beast remarkably refreshing. It was on land owned by a Quaker lady of benevolent spirit, who kept the fountain in attractive order for the public. When she died, her will contained a provision by which the spring would be a perpetual legacy to the traveller; furnished with a cup, and place to keep it, and all the conveniences for watering the weary and thirsty animal. And there that living water wells up from its pebbly bed, to cheer hundreds, who will never know the name of her who secured for them the blessing.

Being dead, she speaks on, through the cup of cold water, of Him who said, that whosoever should give it to a disciple in His name, would not lose the reward. How easy a thing it is, to open and guard a fountain of comfort and joy by life's toilsome way; or plant a flower of hope on its borders! And a careless or unkind moment may strike out a stream of bitterness equally perennial, or blast for ever a blossom of fragrant beauty.—Tract Journal.

Period in which coal was formed.

Of the lapse of time in the formation of our coal fields we cannot have the faintest conception; it is only measured by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day. But the magnitude of the time is not surpassed by the boundlessness of the providential care which laid up these terrestrial treasures in store for His children, whom He was afterwards to call into being. Let me, therefore, dismiss this profitless subject with an illustration. Mr. Maclaren, by a happy train of reasoning, for which I refer the reader to his *Geology of Life*, arrives at the conclusion that it would require a thousand years to form a bed of coal a yard thick. Now, in the South Wales coal-field there is a thickness of coal more than thirty yards, which would have required a period of thirty thousand years in its formation. If we, now, assume that the fifteen thousand feet of sedimentary material was deposited at the average rate of two feet in a century, corresponding to the rate of subsidence, it would have required three million eight hundred and seven years to produce this coal-field.—Hall's *Coal Fields of Great Britain*.

Napoleon's Coat of Mail.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium, (before the battle of Waterloo,) he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs (seven hundred and twenty pounds sterling) as the price of it.—The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor.—"Now," said his Imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor; "and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."

Hatred stirred up strifes; but love covered all sins.—Prov. 10 12.

Dr. Guthrie and Baptist Noel.

The late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, afforded a good opportunity of hearing some of the celebrated preachers belonging to different bodies, in Britain and elsewhere.

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* gives the following graphic description of the above two distinguished men:

DR. GUTHRIE.—It has been a peculiar gratification to me, while attending the meetings of the Alliance, to see and hear Dr. Guthrie, and especially to hear him, both on the platform and in the pulpit. When I was four years ago at Edinburgh, to my great sorrow, he was absent. I hardly expected that the mountain would ever come to me. He is a tall, noble-looking man, I should think from fifty-five to sixty years of age, with a face full of benevolence and life, with no small tinge in it of humor. He is just the man, I should say, by simply looking at him, to take captive the popular heart. His speech is not so broad Scotch as I expected, though he himself seems to think it is very broad. In the opening of his speech he alluded very facetiously to his supposed brogue. He was happy, he said, after so much French, to have a meeting in English; if indeed, he added, it would be allowed by his friends from the South that he spoke English, of which he himself had much doubt; and then he told a story in point. He said a German lady who was staying in Edinburgh remarked to a friend of his that she liked to hear Dr. Guthrie preach better than any minister in Edinburgh; she could understand him better, for he spoke English like a German.

The Doctor has that power of the great orator which is universal, of making you laugh or cry at will, and both in the same moment. In the pulpit I was surprised to find in him tones decidedly, I think, theatrical. I was exceedingly reminded by his manner of Shakespearian readings which I have heard at home. Sometimes his voice goes down in deep dramatic undertone till the words are almost lost. He is far more polished and artistic than I expected to find him. But he is tremendously effective, nevertheless. So evidently in earnest, and so—as I heard him—eminently practical. I should say his great power lies in the fulness of his soul, combined with extraordinary strength of intellect and great suavity of manner. His wit he did not bring into the pulpit. His text was in James ii: 17 and 26, and very practical, as you would judge. He did not make much of orthodoxy alone, as we are apt to fancy the Scotch churches are accustomed to. Beecher himself could not have spoken more plainly; though he guards against the error which Beecher and his imitators in our country do not, that the doctrine, distinctly and even sternly held, and the life are not hostile. The truest life must spring forever out of the truest doctrine.

BAPTIST NOEL.—Baptist Noel is another of those men whose praise is in all the churches, whom I had delighted to look on and hear in this great ecumenical council of evangelical Christianity. Yet after hearing him both preach and talk, I am considerably at a loss to know why he has so much reputation. I fancy it is largely because of his social position and history. He is spoken of, you know, as the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Noel; i. e., he is of noble blood. The English people, you are aware, are exceedingly impressed by this fact, and we in America, I doubt not do not forget it. For a man from the highest social position, in an intensely aristocratic land; to come down to the position of a meek, unpretending minister of the Gospel, is something which we must notice. Baptist Noel is, to the most superficial observer, pre-eminently meek. Meekness is written in every line of his countenance. But besides this, he came out from the aristocratic State Church of England, and from its too often proud and exclusive priesthood, to be a common Baptist preacher, and all from conscience. Even if he was mistaken, is not this something, looked at in the Christian aspect, to admire the man for? It tells something about him which must be manifest, as I suspect, always. He wields the power over human minds which springs from a recognized, deep, thorough, unwavering sincerity. Men will mark that.

But if, aside from this, I should attempt to describe what there is about him which is remarkable, I would say a wonderful sweetness and simplicity of spirit; seen in his face, heard in his tones, breathing through all his words. In this he is remarkable, and I do not doubt it is the chief element of his personal power. He is not particularly intellectual. The sermon which I heard from him (on 2 Cor. 3: 18) was one of the commonest of homilies on the inspired words. I have certainly heard in many of our week-day evening talks at home, by pastors at our prayer meetings, expositions and enforcements far deeper and more striking than this. He was lengthy too, and had been lengthy before, in remarking as he read the Scripture. But there was a sweetness, and gentleness, and sincerity, and fervor which threw a charm over all which he uttered. Exactly unlike Dr. Guthrie, he had in his preaching no trace of art. He was simple and gentle as a child.

In saying this I think I have said all that can be said of him, viewed as a mere casual hearer would regard him. But I suspect that he is wielding in London a vast power of love, which expresses itself by preaching the Gospel to the poor, and making the Gospel practical to their bodies as well as their souls. This I judge mainly from what he said on the platform, of the Christian work among the degraded of London. His heart was evidently in it, and his whole heart. I know little about it, but I shall marvel if at the judgment it shall not be seen that Baptist Noel followed very closely in the foot-steps

of Jesus in ministering to the poor. In his remarks on the platform, where, by the way, he was much more forcible and more of an orator than in the pulpit, he too, had a "hobby," as Dr. Guthrie said he had. Noel's is preaching to the masses in the street, or wherever you can find them; and not by ministers alone, but by laymen—all who love souls and Christ. He was, on this latter point especially, striking and forcible. Before closing, I ought perhaps to say in justice, that when I heard him he was preaching to a congregation in a somewhat small—as we would say at home—lecture-room; but the room was full.

One hour nearer to Eternity.

A clergyman travelling in one of the public coaches, now some years ago, had for his companion a young undergraduate of Oxford, and occasionally addressed him on some of the weighty truths of "the glorious gospel of Christ." The young man listened with attention, and with a certain degree of interest, though he too clearly manifested the want of spiritual knowledge and appeared to class religion with things decent rather than with things essential. When thus engaged in conversation, the cathedral clock of the town through which they were passing, loudly and solemnly struck four in the afternoon. Upon this the clergyman remarked to the young Oxonian.

"That clock tells us that we are one hour nearer to eternity."

He immediately replied.

"Ah, sir, that thought would make me very melancholy."

The clergyman rejoiced.

"Suppose, my young friend, I say we are now one hour nearer to Heaven?"

The youth exclaimed,

"That were a delightful thought."

Upon which the clergyman remarked,

"Well, if it be not our own fault, you and I must be nearer Heaven than we were one hour ago."

Here the conversation almost necessarily ended, but not till after the clergyman had endeavored plainly to point out to the young man the only way to salvation to every lost child of Adam—even that living dependence on the crucified, but now exalted Jesus, which, if wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, is the spring of genuine repentance, and the security for a life of holiness.

Water, water.

Remember the poor dumb animals, especially in our cities and towns, and see that they are not suffering for water. A little girl once seeing a poor sheep drop down through fatigue, ran for a basin of water. The drover was beating the poor sheep, and vainly trying to make it go. The little girl soon approached, kindly saying, "Poor thing! it wants a drink." She stooped down and gave the sheep the refreshing water. In a few minutes the poor creature's strength revived, and after patting its head, it got up and went on its way quite briskly. It wanted water.

A noble working horse was nearly fainting one sultry day from thirst. A boy in his shirt-sleeves came out of a neighboring factory, and as his eye caught sight of the outstretched tongue of the panting animal, he quickly turned round, saying, "Poor fellow! I'll fetch him some water, and soon come back with a bucketful, giving the horse a good drink. God bless the boy."

A drink of cold water! Oh, what a blessing it is to the thirsty! It is a little thing to give, but a great comfort to have.

The end of work is to enjoy leisure, but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and flow bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness around to make its presence felt.

Just as the bleak weather sends us into our homes, and makes us thankful for the warmth and shelter we lately slighted, so separations, sorrows, felt infirmity, will send us back into these faithful sayings, and will make us gladly retreat into the truths of the Gospel—a Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light, and which over against nature's death and desolation reveals an endless life, a deathless Saviour, an eternal God.

The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—that it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonishes us. Strength of character seldom, if ever astonishes us; goodness lovingkindness and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

GIVE AS YOU GO ALONG.—Suggestive paragraph. The wisely generous rich man is he who gives as he goes along. He understands that work done by deputy after the death of the principal is likely enough to be done in a slovenly way, and therefore distributes his surplus wealth among those he designs to benefit with his own hands, instead of leaving the task to his executors and trustees.