

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, January 20th, 1860.

Read—MATT. iv. 1-15: The Temptation of Christ.
1 KINGS xx. 1-21: Samaria besieged.

Recite—MATTHEW iii. 1-3.

Sunday, January 27th, 1860.

Read—MATT. iv. 16-25: Christ's Preaching and Miracles.
1 KINGS xx. 20-43: The Syrians defeated.

Recite—MATTHEW iv. 1-4.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

5. What distinguished female lived in the College at Jerusalem, what honor was conferred on her, and what place at court did her husband hold?
6. The word "access" occurs but three times in the Bible, and always in one connection; can you state that connection, and refer to the passages?

Answers to questions given last week:—

3. Noah, Lot, David, Solomon and Hezekiah.
4. Eli manifested these graces, when he received the tremendous sentence from young Samuel, "Let him do what seemeth him good." Aaron, in a situation somewhat similar, discovered them; "he held his peace." And the pious King Hezekiah, when threatened with the heavy judgments of God, replied,—"Good is the word of the Lord."

Widow Simpson's Spoons.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert the Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those riviera queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Among its peaceful and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half-reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad—not on her own thrifty house-keeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle—but on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons. Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather, in return for entertaining that claimant to the British Crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and bestowed them on his grand-daughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way: About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of those uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half-scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hayfield, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window-seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mr. Simpson would return in a bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth-pot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with a pot-stick, and muttered, "very thin." His proceeding with the latter must remain unmentioned! but, half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in

a farmhouse a mile off, the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm; they found every thing as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whitening and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, but nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farmhouse was imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding, and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hayfield; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed, Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberty would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighbourhood were explored. The cries of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirkgate and market place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders, concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgement, she, one day, plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist, (box,) unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common to the county parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not? of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighbourhood would come over in the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after spoons. She put on her best *mutch*—that is to say, cap—prepare her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field-work was over—they were all assembled in the clear scoured kitchen, the minister, elders, and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came when the door, which had been left half-open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry, was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I couldna miss, bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearing; and, what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye," and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ane day, and seen' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed, but never opened Bible, interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when

the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kened Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice.—*Leisure Hour.*

Has the story no moral for you, dear reader?

Sabbath Physiology.

The Almighty rested one seventh time of creation, commending man to observe an equal repose. The neglect of this injunction will always, sooner or later, bring mental, moral, and physical death.

Rest is an invariable law of animal life. The busy heart beats, beats ever, from infancy to age, and yet for a large part of the time it is in a state of repose.

William Pitt died of apoplexy at the early age of forty-seven. When the destinies of nations hung in a large measure on his doings, he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to affairs of State. Sabbath brought no rest to him, and soon the unwilling brain gave signs of exhaustion. But his presence in Parliament was conceived to be indispensable for explanation and defence of the public policy. Under such circumstances, it was his custom to eat hearty, substantial food, most highly seasoned, just before going to his place, in order to afford the body that strength, and to excite the mind to that activity deemed necessary to the momentous occasion. But under the high tension, both brain and body perished prematurely.

Not long ago, one of the most active business men of England found his affairs so extended, that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbaths to his accounts. He had a mind of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive, so far-seeing that wealth came in upon him like a flood. He purchased a country seat at the cost of four hundred thousand dollars, determining that he would now have rest and quiet. But it was too late. As he stepped on his threshold after a survey of his late purchase, he became apoplectic. Although life was not destroyed, he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

It used to be said that a brick-kiln "must be kept burning over the Sabbath." It is now known to be a fallacy. There can be no "must" against divine command—Even now it is a received opinion that iron blast, furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago an Englishman determined to keep the Sabbath holy as to them, with the result, as his books testify, that he made more iron in six days than he did before in seven; that he made more iron in a given time, in proportion to the number and size of the furnaces, than any establishment in England which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.

In our own New York the mind of a man who made half a million a year, went out in the night of madness and an early grave in only two years, from the very strain put upon it by a variety of enterprises, every one of which succeeded.

"It will take about five years to clear them off," said an observant master of an Ohio Canal boat, alluding to the wearing out influences on the boatmen who worked on Sabbaths as well as other days. As to the boatmen and firemen of the steamers on the Western rivers, which never lay by on the Sabbath, seven years is the average of life. The observance, therefore, of the seventh portion of our time for the purpose of rest is demonstrably a physiological necessity—a law of our nature.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Father Gavazzi silenced in Italy.

Father Gavazzi, who created such a sensation by his Lectures in Britain and America a few years ago, is exciting considerable attention in Italy. A letter from Naples, of Nov. 5, says:—

Padre Gavazzi is now silent, and no longer appears in his red dress. I have already spoken of the prohibition which had been sent to him to preach in the Church of the Jesuits; but as follows:—Garibaldi having placed at his disposal for educational purposes the churches of St. Sebastiano and Gesu Nuovo, once belonging to the Jesuits, Gavazzi had decided on using the former for his private lectures, and the latter was to be placed in the hands of enlightened priests already chosen by him. During the whole of the week preceding the 28th the padre had been busily occupied in the church, simplifying the decorations, and no disturbance took place. On returning to his house at half-past eleven on Saturday night a letter was waiting for him from the Marchese Tappeti, commander of the National Guard, prohibiting him from opening the church of Gesu next morning. He went on the instant to the principal station of the Guard, and saw the secretary of the commander, who told him that the order must be respected, and that if not, he (the padre) would be imprisoned. On getting back to his house at half an hour after midnight a letter was waiting for him from the Pro Dictator, asking him in courteous terms not to persist. As the hour was late he did not reply that night, but at eight o'clock on Sunday morning he went to the Marchese Pallavicini, whom he did not see, but from whom he received a letter—signed by him at last—couched in harsh terms, ordering him not to open the church or preach anywhere in

Naples. The padre then went back, made a protest to the effect that he would be no longer responsible for the buildings of the Jesuits, or the effects, which he consigned to the National Guard, and the judge of the district was sent for by them to seal up the doors, for the satisfaction of the padre—but the protest was still maintained. On the following Wednesday he went to Caserta, and stated the case to Garibaldi who ordered him to return and tell General Turr to open the church; but the General, in much embarrassment, said, "What am I to do? The last words of Garibaldi to the Pro-Dictator before leaving were that the church should be opened under the direction of another clergyman, not those of Gavazzi." During the day some of the National Guard tried to get up a feeling against the father, and the mob of course rallied to them. The commander of the guard came to his rescue, for 'Abasso Gavazzi' was not a pleasant menace to begin with. On Saturday last a long memorial was sent to the Pro-Dictator; but Dictator, and all the other provisional authorities were dying, and the decision will remain probably with Cavour. How will it be?

Words are Things.

Yes, and sometimes very dangerous things too. They are like firearms, and should be handled very carefully; Have a care of your words, or you may hurt somebody, when you do not mean to. A man's "grub" may depend upon his neighbor's grammar, and accusations of horrible sins may grow out of nothing but syntax. A worthy clergyman once came near losing his "living" in this way—and a man's living is the next thing to his life. It happened thus:

The minister's name was mentioned in terms of eulogy one evening, at a social gathering in his parish, when a person present, a solemn-faced, waggish fellow, of convivial habits, observed that he quite agreed with the rest in their praise of Mr. A.

"We have often drunk brandy and water together," said the *bon vivant*, "and I consider him one of the pleasantest fellows I ever knew."

A pretty compliment to a minister and a totaler! The story got to the deacons, and the deacons brought him up in church. The parson was arraigned, and confronted his accuser, who declared that what he said was strictly true, but was obviously misunderstood.

"It is a solemn fact," said the witness, "that your excellent minister and myself have drunk brandy and water together—but then I drank the brandy and he drank the water."

And that was the whole story that made so much disturbance in the parish, and well-nigh ruined the parson.—*Boston Post.*

"Isn't it worse for a Man?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I chewed only occasionally, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left off the use of the weed is this; I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The city has in it many dirty, un-cared for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up discarded cigar stumps and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets pull away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as an awful warning of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the City authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words—"Isn't it worse for a man, father?"—came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted his cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys wouldn't want to smoke and chew tobacco if men didn't do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since.

The mystery of Music.

What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as an offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but His praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!—*Arthur's Italy in transition.*

It is a common saying that when the devil can't overturn a coach, he mounts the box and becomes driver. Over-driving is sure to capsize the vehicle in the long run, so intemperate advocacy of any cause is to damage, and if persisted in, to defeat it.