

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 11TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN iv. 27-54: The Nobleman's son healed. DEUT. iii. 1-17: Og, king of Bashan, conquered. Recite—JOHN iv. 20-27.

SUNDAY, MAY 18TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN v. 1-6: The cripple at the Pool of Bethesda. DEUT. iii. 18-29: Moses' prayer. Recite—JOHN iv. 43-45.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

141. Give the names of two men whose lives measured the whole time between the creation and the flood.

142. Which book of Scripture contains two promises of blessedness to them that read it?

Answers to questions given last week:—

139. At even-tide. Gen. 1. 5. "The evening and the morning were the first day," not the morning and the evening. Darkness preceded light.

140. Rahab: she believed the spies, and was received as the first-fruits of the heathen. Josh. vi.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

As before we have received several answers to "An Original Puzzle," some of them more perfect than others. Our readers will be pleased to see the two following:

ANSWERS TO "AN ORIGINAL SCRIPTURE PUZZLE."

IN C. MESSENGER, APRIL 23RD.

A fleece of wool my name you'll find; A sheep, my mother, also mind. The shearer's hand tore me away. And dress'd me in the light of day. I—hosen was by Gideon's hand, To see if God would bless the land. In vi. of Judges look and see, Verse 37 read of me. You surely can make out the rest, In various manners wool is dressed. I'll say no more, but now give o'er, My efforts to enlighten you.

HENRIETTA.

You "lived, moved about, was nourished and fed; Supported by feet, lungs, stomach and head"? Yes, much as fur on the mink or the fox, Lives, moves, and so forth, or hair on the ox; And in like mode you your parentage spied, Clinging, attending, and warming the hide; And, like the former, you're oft torn away, "To encounter new scenes, and new glories display." But here the analogy totally fails, For, for them no "rival" ever avails. You were "chosen a sign"? Here we may view What God's condescending goodness will do. Jehovah to prove, Gideon did try; Twice was it done, with a wet fleece and dry. No wonder that "fire divine filled his soul," As he wrung out the battle-dew into the "bowl." For here was the pledge of victory nigh: "The sword of the Lord" for their battle-cry. What more shall I say,—'tis clear as light, That THE FLEECE OF WOOL brings the answer out right. Wool grows in the field, and forest, and court, And oft o'er the seas "south downs" we transport. It's sought by men, women,—is tortured and torn, Feeds clothes, adorns, and is everywhere worn. 'Tis "the emblem of purity," even as snow, Isaiah declares it, § and graciously too,— And so of the rest.—Now say am I right? If not, be so good as to give me

SOME LIGHT.

* Judges vi. 36-40. † Proverbs xxxi. 13. § Isaiah i. 18.

The person who favoured us with the above, has not affixed to it any other signature than that given; but he informs us it is from the pen of his "particular friend."

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle. No. 3.

Our union was our only strength, No other power had we: Unarmed, defenceless, there we stood, But never once did flee.

We knew no zeal, but yet we fought, A battle for the Lord; Although we never worshipped Him, Or feared his holy word.

But when for safety and defence, His enemies to us fled, A thousand, an' seven score we soon Did number with the dead.

ANNIE.

Middle Musquodoboit. [As before, we shall give two weeks searching to find the answer to the above.]

Rev. Dr. Barnes being inclined to sleep during a dull sermon, a friend who was with him joked him on having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about an hour too long."

Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

Father Haydn the Great Musician.

(From the German.)

It was on an autumn day in the year 1738, that a company of lively boys strolled out together into the forest. They each had a little bag; and all my little readers will now say: "Those boys went a nutting."

You are right. The youngest in the company was very small and only seven years old. Who ever heard of so little a fellow going in the forest to climb trees and walk about and gather nuts? He soon grew very tired, and said to his companions:—"I will sit down under this beautiful fir-tree and rest myself. When you want to go home you will know where to find me."

So they left the little boy there to sleep or do whatever he pleased. His attention was directed to a bird that was singing near by. You never saw a boy's eyes sparkle as his did when he listened to it. The notes of the bird seemed to wake up his soul. He became so delighted that he forgot where he was. It seemed to him as if he were in some beautiful country, he could not tell where. When it stopped singing, he commenced. Then the bird answered him, and he answered it. They kept up the strange concert a good while. By and by the little songster flew off, and the boy lay down on the ground and went to dreaming. It was a pleasant dream and afterward it came to pass.

That was little Joseph Haydn. His father was a poor man and worked hard at his business, which was wagon-making, from early in the morning until late in the evening. When he finished his work, and the family ended their supper, the old man would take down his harp and tell all the children to sit beside one another on the long bench. After the first few notes he would commence to sing, then the mother, and then all the children. But little Joseph had the sweetest voice of all.

It seemed to him a hard task, however, to sit there all the while and hear and see his father playing. "Why can't I play too?" said he to himself. And many a time did he steal away from the old wooden bench and go out of doors. Then the question would be asked, "What has become of Joseph?" The answer always was, "He is out of doors playing on his violin. He has two sticks of wood which he draws across one another, and calls them his instrument." The old father and mother laughed heartily, and they never punished their boy. He was always obedient, except when he wanted to play his violin. But his parents did not seem to think that he was going to do anything when he grew older. "He thinks of nothing but music," they said many a time, "all our children will come to something except poor little Joseph."

The time came for the boy to go to the high school. The old man led him up to the principal teacher, and told him that he had brought his boy to be instructed so as to become a useful man.

"What do you want him to learn?" asked the superintendent. "Whatever you think is best," replied the old man.

"That is not my way of teaching. I want to find out first what my scholars would like to be, and then I can tell better what to teach them. What does your little Joseph want to become? He certainly has a preference." "He seems to like music. I have often heard him say he would like to be a great musician.—But he is only a boy, and does not know what is to his best interest."

"You can leave him with me; and come again this time next week."

The superintendent took him to a musical school near by, and related to the teacher the conversation he had just had with his father.—Then little Joseph was left there to be examined and to be tried so as to find out whether he would ever make a musician.

That night, when everybody happened to be out of the room he saw in the corner a basket of flour. Immediately he put it up on two pieces of wood which he lifted out of the wood-box, and with a beautiful cane which he took down from a hook he commenced to draw it across the basket-handle as if he were playing a violin. And so he continued for at least twenty minutes when the teacher came into the room. What was his surprise to find about half the flour had fallen through the basket on the floor!

But the music-teacher did not get offended.—Next day he gave him a fair trial, and said: "Joseph, if you will only persevere, I will make you a great musician."

Joseph stayed at the music-school two years, and improved all the time. He became the best scholar there. One day the chorister of the church in a certain town not far from the great city of Vienna came to visit the school. He informed the teacher that he would like to have one of his scholars for his choir. They sang in the Grand Duke's church and he must by all means have an excellent musician to take the vacant place.

Immediately Joseph Haydn was mentioned. Then the chorister examined him and was fully satisfied of his ability. Arrangements were made with his father, and it was determined he should join the Grand Duke's choir.

There he excelled the whole choir, and soon his name became so well known that he was invited to sing in the great St. Stephen's Church in Vienna. He then took instructions every day of the greatest professor in the city. He was two hours with his teacher and every other part of the day he filled up with hard labor. He was studying all the time.

For some reason or other he was discharged from the choir of St. Stephen's Church. Soon his money was exhausted; but he kept up his spirits and hoped for better times. He never believed for a moment that God would forsake

him. He lived alone in a little garret-room.—In the summer-time the rain would stream down through the holes in the roof, and in the winter the cold snow would fall down on his hard straw bed. Many a time he smiled as he woke up in the morning and brushed the snow and ice from his hair and his scanty bed-clothes. He lived on crackers and water. He washed his own clothes and mended them whenever they got ragged. At his morning and evening prayers he played on his instrument, and thanked God from his very soul that he had something to eat and somewhere to sleep. He called that little room his Olympus.

A GREAT MAN.

Years passed by and Haydn suffered bitterly. He composed pieces of music, and many critics made light of them. He could get but little money, and no more than was actually necessary to keep body and soul together. He was very delicate, and had no more strength than a child. But nothing discouraged him. Whatever difficulty stood in his way did not destroy his hope.

By and by fortune and honor came in upon him; and as old age dawned upon him he found himself the greatest musician in Europe. He wrote a great many remarkable pieces of music. They flowed from his pen as easily as a running brook glides over the pebbles. Night and day new melodies were sounding in his ears. They came faster than he could write them down.

But when little Joseph Haydn became the great musician whom kings and emperors spoke about with pleasure, did he forget the good Providence that had led him through his trials to great success and honor?

Not for a single day did he forget his Heavenly Father. Every one of his pieces of music he commenced with these remarkable words: "IN THE NAME OF GOD!"

When he had eaten his breakfast he never went to his writing-desk before asking God to help him in his arduous labors. Sometimes the thoughts came slow, as was the case occasionally when he was composing his "Creation," and "Seasons," but then he would kneel down and implore the Lord to give him good thoughts. No wonder that little Joseph became a great musician; for the Lord had said many years before his day: "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

His name was spoken by almost every tongue. The great kings of Europe often invited him to come and visit them. Even the children of the streets talked about Father Haydn; for by this time he had grown to be an old man. The great musicians now confessed that he was the greatest one in Europe. The people of England invited him twice to visit their country. He accepted their hospitality, and the richest people in the country opened their doors for his entrance. One of the English Universities conferred the Doctor's degree upon him. But I am afraid you don't know what the Doctor's degree is; well, ask your father or mother, and don't be satisfied until you understand the subject thoroughly.

In 1806 and 1807, Father Haydn grew weaker all the time. It refreshed him very much to play a few minutes on the piano; but this excited him frequently and his physician would let him play only occasionally.

"I feel very feeble," said he on the 3rd September, 1807; "it is very strange how helpless one can get. My memory has left me altogether. Sometimes I have very good ideas while I am playing, but then I forget every thing before I can get my pen in my hand."

Alas! Father Haydn's sickness was his old age. Every one in Vienna seemed to be anxious about him. It took one servant all she could do to answer the inquirers who stood at the street-door and asked about his health.

The whole of Germany looked with great sympathy and love on the failing old man. Thousands of poor people had been blessed by his kind hand, and they too came to his door to inquire about their loved benefactor. The great musicians of the country seemed anxious to give him some honor by way of showing their respect for his genius and great merit. His day of activity had passed, and they wished to show that they appreciated his past labors.

Now, I must tell you how they honored him. A renowned society of musicians fixed upon the 27th March, 1808, as the day when they would give a great concert, and concluded the exercises with Father Haydn's Creation. The spacious hall was splendidly decorated and hung with evergreens and flowers, and banners. Every seat was filled. On the wide stage were the best musicians in the world. They were going to unite their efforts to do honor to the old man. There was Anton Salieri, the emperor's chorister; and yonder was the great Beethoven; in another place Clementi, and Radich, and Mozart. The clock struck the hour to commence the performances. Fifteen hundred people were closely packed in the hall, but every thing was as still as midnight.

But all at once a feeble old man approached the door and entered leaning on his cane. There was a fluttering and buzzing.

It was Father Haydn! It had been many weeks since he had been from his house, he was so feeble. And none of the musicians expected to see him. But he had heard of what was to be done. He was told that the concert was given by these great musicians in his honor, and he determined to be present.

When the musicians saw the beloved old man entering the great hall, they rose and bowed to him and gave him a cordial welcome. He took a seat in the audience which a princess arose and gave him.

The concert commenced. Louder and fuller grew the melody, and the multitude seemed lost

in wonder. The old man began to weep and tremble. All at once he raised his hands toward heaven, and with a happy face he cried out: "Every thing comes from there!" The whole audience wept too.

It was more than he could bear. He began to grow very faint, and had to be taken home and be put to bed. It was his last concert; and on the last day of May, 1809, Father Haydn was sleeping in death. He was a good man and his death was happy.

Now, I suppose a great many little friends will ask how it was that poor little Joseph with his scanty purse and frail body became the greatest musician of his time. I will tell you in a few words:

He was industrious, and would not be discouraged at any obstacle.

He was very patient; and if he did not succeed as soon as he expected he would labor and wait until he did.

He was very willing to receive instruction. If a friend or enemy corrected him, he was always thankful for it.

But above all, little Joseph Haydn prayed to God to make him successful. Like Solomon, he was not ashamed to ask God for wisdom. And when he came to die, he was a witness of that great truth in the Bible: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."—Methodist.

How to believe.

A gentleman lately said in the Fulton-street Prayer Meeting that some time ago, he called upon a man in great distress of body, but in still greater distress of mind. Said the speaker: "So great was that man's agony in view of his condition, that I soon became almost as much distressed as he was. The poor man said to me, with an imploring look and voice, 'You see how I am. What can I do? What shall I do?'"

"I replied, 'You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Oh!" said he, "that is what they all tell me. But I cannot believe. I know not how to believe. I cannot do it. I cannot believe. What, oh! what am I to do?"

"I thought how I could illustrate the nature of simple faith. I took out of my pocket a bank note. It was a two-dollar bank bill of the Atlantic Bank of the city of New York. I read it all over to him. The Atlantic Bank promise to pay—, or bearer, two dollars on demand. And then I read the names of the President and Cashier. I then held up the bill before him, and inquired:

"How much is that worth?"

"He answered, 'Why, it is worth two dollars.'"

"Well, but this paper itself is worth nothing. What makes this bill worth two dollars?"

"It is the promise to pay, on the part of the bank, that makes it worth two dollars."

"Very well; all that gives this little rag of paper any value is this promise to pay, and not merely the promise, but your confidence that the promise will be kept?"

"Precisely so," said he.

"You have not a doubt about it, have you, that the bank would keep their promise, and pay you two dollars, at their counter, on presenting this demand?"

"Not a shadow of doubt about it," he replied, with promptness and decision; "of course, they would pay it."

"And confidence that on demand this promise would be kept, makes this little piece of paper worth two dollars?"

"Exactly so," he readily replied.

"Very well, you have faith, I see, that the Atlantic Bank, of the city of New York, will keep its promise to pay. You have faith in the bank?"

"Yes."

"Now, let us open at the third chapter of the Gospel according to John, and at the sixteenth verse we read this declaration and promise: '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.' If you can have faith in the Atlantic Bank, can you not have faith in God?"

"I do not know about that," he replied.

"I said: 'God is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should repent. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? Have faith in God.' And then I repeated again the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to John, and left him to his own thoughts.

"The next morning I called upon him, and as soon as he saw me, he said: 'I have been thinking over this matter of trusting in the promises of God, and I think I can and do trust Him.'"

"For four weeks I visited him nearly every day, and I found him rejoicing more and more in the faith of Jesus Christ. And the man died rejoicing in Jesus as a Saviour, and by grace he was saved through faith."

SPURGEONISM, it appears, is being sown broadcast among the members of the English Universities. It is stated that there have been more than two thousand copies of Spurgeon's Sermons distributed to undergraduates in the streets, and a copy has been sent to every resident M. A., both at Oxford and Cambridge.

HEAVEN is heaven rather as a state of exemption from sin than suffering. We must die for perfect conformity to the will of God; and it is worth dying for.