

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 10th, 1864.

Read—LUKE IV. 33-44: Jesus performs various miracles at Capernaum. 1 SAMUEL XVI. 1-13: Samuel is directed to anoint David to be king.

Recite—LUKE IV. 16-19.

Sunday, July 17th, 1864.

Read—LUKE V. 1-26: The miraculous draught of fishes. 1 SAMUEL XV. 16-31: Saul sends for David.

Recite—LUKE IV. 40-41.

Something good to sleep on.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Anna was but seven years old, and, like all children, I suppose, was sometimes naughty, so that her parents, wishing to train her up in the way she should go, were obliged to punish her, as God has commanded. Her eyes were black and sparkling, her cheeks like the sunny side of a peach, her lips like a rose bud, and her ways loving and winning. But her heart was deceitful, as are all of yours' dear children, and did not always keep its doors closed to the bad spirit that tempts us to do wrong. So, one afternoon, little Anna got angry, and told a lie. She knew it was wrong, and, as night came on, she could not feel happy. She suffered the punishment of her kind mother, but that could not wash the lie from her tongue. With tear-dimmed eyes, pale cheeks, and lips that would quiver, she said her evening prayer, and was laid in her warm bed. But she could not rest. She had learned at Sabbath-school many sweet hymns, which she always sang at night, until she fell asleep. Now she began one, and then another, low, and with a sob. But for a long time she could find nothing to suit her, saying to herself after each trial, 'That isn't it; that won't do to go to sleep on,' until she thought of,

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

Slowly and softly she sung on to the verge,

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live."

She stopped with a joyful cry, 'Oh, now I've found it! Something really good to go to sleep on. Jesus will forgive me.' Again she sung the verse, and again, many times, louder, and louder, only pausing to take breath, and say, 'Yes, that's good,' until weariness overcame her, the sweet voice failed, and little Anna slept.

Dear children, if you want something pleasant to think of, and make you happy when night comes, some verse of a hymn, or from the Bible, which you have learned at the Sabbath school, is the best thing.

A story for children, said I? Would that children of a larger growth, who have not this habit, might take a lesson from little Anna.

My little body's made by God,
Of soft warm flesh and crimson blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body's very weak;
A fall or blow my bones might break.
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by His care;
To Him I'll say this little prayer:
'O God! from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake and when I sleep.'

A DOG IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

A dog-fancier named Collings Young, was summoned to Bow-street Police-court to show cause why he detained a dog. Mr. E. Seaforth, of Seymour-place, Fulham, stated that he had purchased a Skye terrier (of which he gave a minute description) about ten months and a half ago, when three weeks old, and lost it on Easter Monday. It answered to the name of "Lizzie," and about a fortnight ago, when passing the defendant's shop, he saw "Lizzie" there, and claimed her, but the defendant refused to give her up, saying he had had her for twelve months. Mrs. Seaforth, several of her friends, and the person who sold the dog to Mr. Seaforth, gave confirming evidence. On the side of the defence, George Hastings swore that on last Good Friday twelvemonth he bought the Skye terrier in question, whose name both he and the defendant said was "Flo," and not "Lizzie," of the defendant for 17s., and kept it till within a month, when he exchanged her with 12s. for a black-and-tan terrier. Two other witnesses corroborated the latter statement, and in consequence of the conflicting evidence, the magistrate ordered that the dog should be brought in to court. She was placed in the defendant's arms, and he called her his "Flo" and patted and caressed her. No sooner, however, did "Flo" see Mrs. Seaforth in the witness box, than she struggled to get away from the defendant and succeeding in doing so, she sprang to the witness-box, and gaining the ledge, she appeared frantic with joy, jumping up to lick Mrs. Seaforth's face, and in doing so fell on the floor. The energetic attempt of the defendant to coax her back signally failed, amidst the derision of the spectators, for "Lizzie" again sprang to Mrs. Seaforth, and gave unmistakable evidence that she had found her mistress. It was decided that the dog belonged to Mrs. Seaforth.

THE POWER OF A BURNT BIBLE.

"I am going the round of my district," said Miss Lawton, "to look after the wants of my people, and particularly to inquire whether they are well supplied with Bibles."

At the mention of Bibles Tom scowled, and Jane turned pale, for she knew how her husband disliked them, and, indeed, he would not allow one to be in the house.

No one spoke, so Miss Lawton said again, "How are you supplied with Bibles in your house, Mrs. Evans?"

Jane was just faltering out an answer, when her husband relieved her by saying gruffly at once, "We haven't no Bible in our house; and I don't mean to have one, either."

"No Bible at all?" answered Miss Lawton. "Well, I am sorry to hear this; because I think no house can be really happy without the reading of God's Book. But why is it that you have an objection to the Bible, Mr. Evans? I never heard of its doing any one harm, and I am sure it has done a great many people much good."

"I say what I say," answered Tom. "I haven't a Bible in my house, and don't mean to have one."

"Perhaps," said Miss Lawton, "you don't like to spend money upon one. Now I will tell you what, Mr. Evans, I don't want you to spend a penny upon what you don't like, but I will make you a present of one. There," said she, putting upon the table a nice little roan Bible, "I will leave this with you; you will take it as a present from me, will you not?"

"Leave it or not, as you please, ma'am," answered Tom; "I have said there shall not be a Bible in my house, and there shan't, either."

"Well, but surely you'll let me leave it?"

"Oh yes, leave it if you choose; but mark you, you set that fire. Assure as you cross the threshold of my door, that book goes into the fire. I'm a man of my word, and I'll do it."

"Mr. Evans," said Miss Lawton, looking calmly at him, while his wife trembled with emotion, "I will leave the book; and you may do with it what you like; but may God yet see that despised book for the salvation of your soul!" And she offered up a silent prayer that He, in whose hand is all power, might have mercy upon the poor infidel, and use his own Word as his instrument.

Miss Lawton rose up and took her leave. She crossed the threshold, and closed the door. Tom Evans immediately moved to the table and seized the Bible. "There," said he, holding it out at arm's-length, "I'm a man of my word; this book shall not stay in my house to trouble me," and he flung it on the top of the fire.

A column of smoke then rose from the volume; then the flames caught it, and it blazed with a bright glare up the chimney. Jane went out of the room, silently weeping, to a neighbour's cottage. As she opened the door, a gust of wind rushed in, and fanned about the burning leaves. The infidel stood over the fire till all appeared to be consumed, and then sat down to his work.

The short day was soon over, and evening stole on. Tom left his work, and desired his wife to light the candle; then they sat over the fire together.

"I fancy," he said to his wife, "that ere district lady, as she calls herself, didn't expect I would keep my word about that book. But I'm a man of any word, and I hate the book, and that's the fittest place for it," pointing to the blackened leaves underneath the grate.

"The fire has done its work well; but there's a bit here which hasn't been touched," and he took up a small piece which had been blown to one side, and so had escaped entire destruction. It was brown, and scarcely told what it had been, but the print seemed to have been burnt out into bolder relief by the action of the fire.

"I did say that I would not read the book, but I will just see what the fire has left." He took it in his hand, and, holding it up to the candle, read these words: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away."

These words were not read by Tom Evans without effect. The Spirit of God worked by them. He could not lose remembrance of them. He rested not till he found the Saviour and peace to his soul. The lady's prayer was answered. God was true to his promise, "My Word shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Nineteen years ago, in one of the principal streets of lower New York, where at present scarce anything else is heard but the din and bustle of commerce, stood a little church. Connected with it was a flourishing Sunday school; and Sabbath after Sabbath might be seen the little children, neatly attired, and with their Bibles in their hands, pursuing their way to this place of divine instruction.

In one corner of the school-room sat a faithful teacher. Sabbath after Sabbath, through rain and sunshine, punctual and regular, he might be seen at his post, surrounded by his little flock. But though so faithful in attendance and instruction, he perceived no fruit of his labours, and began to feel sad and discouraged. "Why would not the Lord bless him? He had been faithful. Why could he not have one of those infant souls so eagerly sought for the Saviour? Was God untrue to his promise? Had Jesus Christ ceased to love the little child?"

It was thus the teacher reasoned with himself, as one day he slowly paced his way homeward from that Sabbath school. He retired to his room, and sitting down alone, again thought

of his infant souls, and how he might awaken them to a sense of their peril and a Saviour's love. His instruction, he thought, had perhaps been too general; he had not pressed the Gospel truth individually enough upon the minds of his dear children. True, he had spoken to them of their souls' salvation and the love of Christ, but it had been only in a general way; and being taken in a general way, it seemed to produce little or no effect. "I have not," said he, "perhaps been sufficiently pointed in my remonstrances and entreaties with them to come to Christ."

Thinking thus within himself, he determined henceforth to make his instructions more direct and personal to the minds of his little flock. In that teacher's class was a little boy, whose attendance was almost as regular as that of his instructor. He loved his teacher, and his teacher loved him, and he never met him but the face of little Theodore became radiant with delight.

Now, in this determination to individualize his instruction, the teacher had selected that little boy as the one with whom he should first commence his new method. He thought within himself, "How can I best accomplish it? It would hardly do to make him the principal subject and point of instruction and remark before the whole class, and yet the time would hardly allow for such instruction to every other member. If he could see little Theodore alone, during the week, he might perhaps more effectually succeed in impressing his youthful mind, and so, in turn, the minds of the other children."

On the following Sabbath, therefore, after the completion of the lesson, he turned to the little boy, who always sat at his right, and told him to call at his room, on such an afternoon of the week. Theodore retired to his home, thinking all the way what it could be the teacher wanted of him. "Perhaps he has some little present to give me—some little memorial of his friendship and love."

Wednesday afternoon came round, and at the appointed hour was heard the rap at the door. He entered, and found his teacher sitting all alone in one corner of the room, serious and thoughtful. The little boy laid down his hat, and seated himself by his side.

"Theodore," said the teacher, "do you know why I have asked you here this afternoon? I want to speak to you on a very solemn and important subject and that subject is your soul's salvation."

The little boy's heart was moved, as his teacher proceeded to tell him of a Saviour's love (and yet it was nothing more or less than had been reiterated to him Sabbath after Sabbath); and still more moved and melted to tears, as side by side he knelt with that teacher before the throne of grace. Oh, with what earnestness did he there plead for the soul of his little scholar! It pierced the boy's heart. It fell like seed imperishable into broken soil.

Years passed on. That teacher and scholar had been separated, perhaps for ever. That little boy had grown up to manhood. He was still unregenerate and worldly. Oh, where was that teacher's prayer? Had it been poured out for naught? Had that private remonstrance been of no avail? Ah, no! It had sent a thrill through that little child's heart which was enduring. It had touched a chord which continued to vibrate long after all other of that teacher's remarks and instructions had been forgotten. It had penetrated deep into his soul, and there it lay imperishable—engraved as with a pen of iron. That earnest, supplicating voice still resounded in the dark chambers of his heart. The earnest, agonizing look of that praying teacher's countenance seemed interwoven in the very texture of his soul.

There as a sentinel it stood, amid the encroachments of temptation, and amid the follies and delinquencies of youth, gently remonstrating and chiding by its presence. How often, when about to yield to sin, had the thought of that prayer suddenly risen up, as a spirit of the past, to restrain him from the intended evil!

But that was not all. That prayer produced its impression not only on earth—it had impressed the throne of God. From the lone corner of that Sabbath school teacher's chamber, it had penetrated heaven, and before God's mercy-seat it lay, as yet unanswered, but not forgotten, by the God of grace. In time he sent his Spirit to work upon that young man's heart. Heavy and dark were the struggles in that soul, as grace fought for the mastery there. But successful it could not but be, and successful it was; for the prayer of faith had been offered for that soul, and we know that "the prayer of faith availeth much."

Nineteen long years have sped away since scholar and teacher bent together before the mercy-seat. The teacher's name has long since been forgotten. The countenances of those classmates, of the superintendent, and minister, of that Sunday school and church, have long since faded from the memory of the past, and sunk into deep oblivion. But that last prayer will never—can never be forgotten. Like an oasis, it stands forth amid the desert of youthful folly and sin, a beacon light on the dark shore of the past—a monument upon which is inscribed, *A Sabbath School Teacher's faithfulness and love.*

Sabbath school instructor! Do you wish for success in your labours? Do you seek to sow imperishable seeds of truth, and create enduring impressions upon the youthful minds of your little flock? Let your instructions, and warnings, and entreaties, to the members of your little class, be more personal and direct. The common method of instruction is not enough. It is too general. Each one applies it to the other—no one to himself. Endeavour to individualize your instructions and remarks. Heat and light, concentrated, are tenfold more powerful than diffused. And if God sees not fit immediately to reward your efforts, be not dis-

couraged. You may be sowing seed which, after you are dead and gone—after your name and countenance have long since been forgotten upon earth—may spring up a glorious harvest to your Redeemer's praise.

The Sweep and the Clergyman.

"Passing along the street one day," says a clergyman, "a sooty, noisy chimney sweep crossed my path. I had often noticed this class of persons before, and as I heard their cries, and marked their filthy dress and the sooty implements of their calling, I had thought their lot among the most miserable of our race. Pity and curiosity prompted me as this chimney sweep was now passing, to address a few kind words. After a salutation, I said, 'My friend, this must be a hard life that you live?' 'O, no,' said he, and his eye kindled as he spoke, 'it's not a hard life; it will soon be over, and then we shall have rest.' I was silent for a moment; but, recovering from my surprise, I replied, 'Yes, indeed, we shall have rest in heaven if we love and serve the Saviour on earth. Do you love him?' 'I do not wish to presume,' said he, 'but I trust I do love the Saviour!' What was my gratification to learn that he was a professor of religion, and had been for years a member of a church of the same denomination as myself. And when I told him who I was—a minister of Christ, and one of his own brethren—he was full of joy. With a few words of advice and congratulation, I passed on. 'Oh happy man,' thought I, 'happier in hope of heaven than the kings of the earth without it. Is not such a hope like an anchor to the soul?'"

City Sinfulness.

You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, Who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gayly-decked prostitute, or the idle, wasteful, aimless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance the gaze of the profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealments and fraud? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain. An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper and enjoy? In the neighborhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings are there abodes of squalid misery or reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, or half famished children, of profaneness, or temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying for your prosperity and outstripping and neutralizing the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true type is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufacturers are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle that a man is worth more than wealth or show, would place itself at the head of the cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name would become the metropolis of the earth.—Dr. Channing.

How to hear the Gospel.

Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" This was excellent advice, and well worth remembering sixty-five years.

The Leeds Mercury says that a remarkable circumstance in connection with the late flood at Sheffield has come to its knowledge. At the time the late inundation took place a living infant in a cradle floated from Sheffield to Marlborough, which is about four miles distant from Doncaster. The little thing fell into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who treated it kindly, and has since then brought it up, no one having owned it, its parents having probably been drowned.

AN IMPERIAL CANDIDATE.—The Emperor Napoleon is understood to have offered himself as a candidate for the vacant chair of Mechanics, in the Academy of Sciences. Some opposition is made to his Majesty's claim, but his election may be considered as quite safe.—Athenaeum.

Sickness should teach us what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

There is no note on the harp of an angel more welcome to Jehovah than the cry of a penitent thief for mercy, or the supplication of a child for grace.