

## Youth's Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 31st, 1865.

JOHN VI. 43-71: Christ continues his address. 1 KINGS IV.: Solomon's glory and wisdom.

Recite—EXODUS XX. 3-17.: The ten commandments.

Sunday, January 7th, 1866.

JOHN VII. 1-13: Jesus conversing with his brethren. 1 KINGS V.: Preparations for building the Temple.

Recite—JOHN VI. 45-47.

John Vine Hall.

AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

Having given in two or three previous numbers the early life of this remarkably useful man, our young readers will be pleased to have another brief sketch or two of him. We therefore select three—the first shews him as the drunkard

#### RESCUED AND SAVED.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1818. Ah, my poor dear children, your happy father scarcely knows how to begin his record of another year. The mercies of the year that is past are so great, that your poor father hardly knows where to begin the praises of that God who has saved his life from destruction, and who has crowned him with loving-kindness and tender mercies. But, my dear sons, as I have already brought down my narrative to the 29th of November last, I will shortly state to you the simple occurrence of Christmas day. In the morning of that blessed anniversary, you, my dear children, together with your mother and your father, were all assembled round the fire before breakfast, wishing each other a happy Christmas, and being full of joy, we all joined in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Your mother and myself, looking at each other and then on you our dear children, and feeling in our hearts the love of that beneficent Being who has been so merciful towards us, were constrained to lift up our hearts with gratitude, while our eyes did indeed overflow with joy. Even you, my dear children, young as you were, appeared to enter into these feelings, for you united in singing, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," and you sung it with all your might; after which we had family prayer, and at the proper time we attended the morning service at chapel. We spent the happiest Christmas day that we had ever known in our whole life before; yet neither your mother nor your father tasted even a drop of any kind of wine or liquor. As not even the cheerfulness of Christmas could move your father from his purpose, so your kind mother also was determined that she would not take any wine on this day. She was not boundless cause to rely with implicit confidence on that benevolent Being who has already done such great things for us, and who has brought your poor father out of a horrible pit and placed his feet on a rock, and put a new song into his mouth, even the praise of God. Now, my dear children, this is the entire work of that gracious God, who has brought your father through fire and through water to feel unfeigned delight in studying his holy word every day for the last fifteen months; and the Bible has indeed been "a lamp to his feet and a light to his path," to guard him from evil and to guide him, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, into the way of life everlasting. Oh then listen to the admonition of your anxious parent, who is himself a striking monument of the mercy of that God, who will surely answer your prayers if you call upon him in sincerity and truth, through the medium of his beloved Son, who not only made atonement for your sins, but shed his precious blood for the sins of the whole world. Therefore I beseech you, by the mercies of God, never to listen to the insinuations of Satan, that your sins are too great to be pardoned, for that can never be the case while Jesus Christ continues to be our Advocate and Intercessor at the throne of mercy.

Next we give a picture of him, drawn by his son Rev. Newman Hall, surrounded by his family, spending

#### SUNDAY EVENING AT HOME.

The family scene on a Sunday evening, when parents and children sat round the fire repeating hymns, will ever be fresh in the memory of us all. He always commenced, the child on his left hand following, and so on, round and round the circle, till it was time to break up for evening service. With what pathos would he repeat his special favorites, such as, "Oh for a heart to praise my God." "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," etc. And sometimes, with peculiar solemnity, he would interrupt the repetition by urging on us to give our hearts entirely to God, so that we might all meet, a redeemed family in heaven. This hallowed exercise of speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs would then close by all uniting in singing,

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above;

May we thus abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion  
Joys which earth cannot afford."

This "hymn-repeating" is continued by his children to the third generation—a valuable in-

centive to personal piety by those at home, and a precious bond of sympathy with those afar off. My brother Arthur, referring to these family gatherings, writes, "Hallowed seasons these. Often, when tossed upon the billows of the deep, or upon the still more dangerous depths of sin, has the returning Sabbath evening hour of hymns and psalms been to my soul like the sheet-anchor to a storm-tossed mariner."

And the last is

#### HIS DEATH BED.

For upwards of fifty years his heart had been linked with that of his wife by ties never surpassed in strength and tenderness. For upwards of forty years the name of Jesus had been music to his soul. These two passions absorbed his whole being. He enjoyed all pleasures, performed all duties, loved all relations and friends, in connection with them. He had no aim, no affection apart.

On Thursday morning he endeavored in vain to speak to us that we could understand him. These words alone were distinguished: "Passing away, passing away." Then, "Jesus! Jesus!" Then, "He is! he is!" I suggested, "He is here, he is precious." He nodded assent, and we caught the word "Pray." We knelt round his bed in supplication that Jesus would speedily release his dear servant, and take him to join the great congregation of the saints made perfect. He earnestly responded, "Amen!" lifting up his hands as if eager to be gone. Then after putting his arm once more round my mother's neck, he gradually sank into a state of stupor, out of which, on Saturday morning, September 22d, at twenty minutes past five, he awoke in the immediate presence of "The Sinner's Friend."

#### The Close of the Year.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

"Remember all the way the Lord hath led thee" during the past year.

Remember His Mercies—Calmly review, as far as you can, what God has given you these bygone months.

Have you been blessed with *bodily* health? If so, consider what a gift it is to be spared the torture that some endure: the restless, feverish nights; the long weary days; the unceasing pain; the no-hope of relief in this world.

Have you been blessed with *mental* health? If so, think of the mercy of not having been visited with insanity, or of having been freed from the suffering of even mental depression, so touchingly described by the poet as

"A grief without a sigh, void, dark and drear,  
A stifled drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,  
That finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear!"

Think of the mercy of having been able to enjoy God's beautiful world, and to feel the life in its scenery, its music, and its blue sky, during the summer that has passed, as you walked along the sea-shore, among the woods, across the green fields, up the glen, over the moorlands, or gazed on the glorious landscape from the windy summits of the old hills. Health of body and of mind!—Oh, common, most blessed, yet, alas! how often unnoticed, gifts of God!

Have you received other mercies connected with your *temporal* well-being? Perhaps at the beginning of the year (as at the beginning, maybe, of many year before) things looked very dark for you and yours. Yet "hitherto" God has helped you. You may never have had more light on your path than what enabled you to take the next step with safety, but that light has never failed you. God has been pleased thus to discipline many of his people. You may, possibly, remember also peculiar deliverances:—from sickness; from money difficulties; from bodily dangers; with unexpected additions to your means of comfort and of usefulness.

Again, call to remembrance your *social* mercies, which have come more indirectly through others. Think of the relations and friends who have been spared to you! Begin with your dearest, and pass on from those to others less closely allied, but still most valued, and number them all, if you can. Do any remain whom death threatened to remove during the past year? Have any, have many, been a comfort to you? Have your anxieties regarding the well-being of others been lessened? Have beloved ones been given to you during the year—such as a wife, a husband, or a child? If God hath led you in this way during the past year, it ought indeed to be remembered!

And if those Christian friends have fallen asleep in Jesus, then it is a great mercy to know most certainly that they are your friends still, and your best friends too; and you shall thank God for the happiness which they shall now enjoy, and which you hope to share with them.

But you have other mercies to remember besides these. Surely much has been done for your spiritual good by your Father in Heaven. He has shown patience, forbearance, and long-suffering toward you; and has been teaching you during these past months by faithful ministers or faithful friends; and been striving with you to bring you to Himself, and keep you there. Have you enjoyed no peace in believing, nor gained any victories over self and sin? Have you possessed no more calm and habitual fellowship with God? Have you done so good? Has prayer neither been offered in truth, nor answered in love? Has all been fruitless and dead? Oh, let us beware of the falsehood of denying spiritual mercies bestowed on us by God! "If I should say I know Him not, I should be a liar like unto you," said our Lord. The graces of the Spirit, the least of them, are the earnest of eternal good, the assurance of enjoying the whole fullness of God.

#### BUT YOU HAVE SORROWS TO REMEMBER.

—Alas! we are in little danger of forgetting these. The sunny days may come and go unneeded, but the dark ones are all registered. We cannot forget that "the Lord taketh away;" but why do we not as vividly remember that the same Lord "giveth," and that in both cases we have equal cause, did we only see it, to exclaim, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" I ask not what these sorrows have been. Enough that they are very real to you, or to those who are bound up with you in the bundle of life. It was a weary time to you in the wilderness, and it is well to remember that portion of the way in which you have been led, which was as a dark valley and shadow of death.

AND WHAT OF SIN? That is what makes it so hard for us to remember the past journey. The backslidings and falls in the way; the careless straggling behind; the lazy resting places; the slow progress; the careless devotions; the misspent days of the Lord; the opportunities lost of doing good to others, or of receiving good ourselves, through procrastination, sloth, and indifference; the manifestation of our unloving and selfish spirit toward our brother, in envy, bad temper, backbiting, jealousy, or unguarded speech; the little done or given for God's work on earth, in charity to the poor, or to "our own flesh" who required assistance;—the everything, in short, which deters memory from looking steadily at what it could blot out for ever from its record! Yet it is of great importance that this portion of the journey should be remembered; although it is not for the way in which God led us, but which we choose for ourselves in our ignorance and self-will. Ponder it well! Recall what your conduct has been in avoiding temptation; how you have made use of the means of grace; the days in which you may have lived without God or if you prayed to Him, when you did so as a form, without any real faith or love; the days in which you have been so presumptuous as to live without faith in the Son of God, and to meet trials, temptations, and duties, without seeking strength from the Holy Spirit; the Sundays that have come and gone without having been improved, worship joined in outwardly only; the little help, or possibly great discouragement given to Christian ministers and members by your very coldness; the time lost never to be recalled, and of all that could have been done for the ignorant, the afflicted, the wicked, the sick and dying, for friends and relations, which has been left undone, and never can be done in the other world. Think of what your Master has said, who is to judge you—that "herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit"—that "if any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily, and follow me"—that "many will say in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence? hast thou not taught in our streets? have we not done many wonderful works in thy name? and I will say unto them, I know you not; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;"—think of this now, for think of it one day you must; and if you do so with any degree of truthfulness, I am sure you cannot enter another year without pouring out your heart in humble confession, and laying down your burthen at the foot of the cross, crying out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, and according to thy tender mercies blot out all my transgressions!"

#### Wanted—An honest, industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients will want him for a physician; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsfolk will want him for a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance, nay, girls will want him for a beau, and finally for a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may be well-dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a good "situation"—are you sure that your friends, teachers, and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? Oh how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words, "I can't employ you!" Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor! then will your calling and election for places of profit and trust be made sure.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when the chords are swept by kindness.

#### A Column of Varieties.

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.—A clergyman at Saratoga Springs, a few Sabbaths since, was preaching a sermon upon death, in the course of which he asked the question, "Is it not a solemn thought?" His little four-year old boy, who had listening with rapt attention to his father, immediately answered in a shrill piping voice, so as to be heard throughout the house, "Yes, sir, it is,"—greatly to the amusement of the congregation.

THE MATRIMONIAL TREASURY.—A society has been established at Wisbaden, under the name of the "Matrimonial Treasury." The founder is Herr Christian Kramer, and its object is stated to be to enable married people to acquire a competency by the exercise of intelligence and industry. Each member is entitled on his marriage to a certain share of the capital of the society, one-half of which, together with the amount of his own subscriptions, is paid down, and the other half remains to his credit in the books of the society. There are several honorary members, who subscribe to the funds of the society only with the object of increasing its means.

RATHER PERSONAL.—An amusing debate took place between Mr. W., a skeptic on religious matters, and a German Lutheran. The skeptic ridiculing the truth of certain passages in the Bible, and supposing his antagonist about cornered in argument, asked him if Balaam's ass ever spoke like a man. The Lutheran was silent for a moment, and then said: "Me read mit the Bible dat von Balaam beat his schackass, and she speke chust like a man. Me believes dat. Me never hear a schackass speke like a man myself, but me hear a good many men speke chust like a schackass."

CHAIRS OF CHERS.—One Sunday lately, in the middle of Ireland, while service was going on in the Catholic church, three ladies entered the building to take refuge from a sudden storm. The priest, knowing the ladies personally, whispered to the sacristan, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The sacristan immediately stepped up to the congregation bade them give three chers for the Protestant ladies, which they did in good style. The confusion and vexation of the poor priest may be imagined, not described.

AN EQUIVOCAL MARRIAGE.—The Preston parish church was the scene of a rather unusual occurrence on Monday morning. Whilst a "happy couple" were going through the matrimonial service a female in hot haste made her way into the church, and, rushing towards the communion rails, where the pair were standing, exclaimed, "I stop that wedding." The officiating minister was somewhat taken aback by this startling expression; but, finding that the woman was the mother of the expectant bride, and that the latter had not attained the full age of maturity, he did not proceed further with the service. At the time the woman entered the church the bridegroom had just uttered the words, "With this ring I thee wed;" but after a hasty consideration the minister informed the disappointed couple that they were not yet legally married. Since then, however, the matter has been discussed at a meeting of the clergy, and the unanimous decision they arrived at was that the couple had been properly and lawfully married according to the rites of the Church. The parties, however, had not left their place of residence with the clerk, and up to our latest information they had not received the gratifying intelligence that they are now, to all intents and purposes, man and wife.—*Preston Herald.*

SINGULAR CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—A story is published in Paris confirming the fact of the immense influence of the nerves in cholera, as illustrated in the year 1832 by Professor Becamier. He was summoned to a bedside, where he found a dying man, the features cyanosed, cramps all over the body, the voice changed,—in fact, all the most fatal symptoms strongly characterized. After an attentive diagnosis, the sagacious doctor suddenly snatched off the bed-clothes, and commenced flogging the patient with all the strength he possessed. The spectators, for an instant electrified, were naturally enraged. The dying man, by one expiring effort, started from his bed, threw himself on the doctor, who ran off hotly pursued along passages and corridors by the cholera patient, till both reached the top of the hospital stairs, when the breathless professor stopped, and, looking at the ghastly pursuer, coolly asked: "And how do you feel?" "Feel!" said the astonished patient—"feel, indeed! why"—(after a pause)—"I have no more cramps!" "I believe you; but after this fine race you require rest. Some cups of *tiams* and *vogue la gaitre*!" The pseudo moribund was saved.

TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S *Soothing Syrup* for children, is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child and comfort to the mother.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy; they have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. For Military Officers, and those who often over-tax the voice, they are useful in relieving an Irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. To the soldier exposed to sudden changes in the weather they will give prompt relief in Coughs and Colds, and can be carried in the pocket to be taken as occasion requires.