

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 13th, 1868.

Concert. Or Review of the past three month's lessons.

Sunday, December 20th, 1868.

LUKE xii. 41-59: Jesus' discourses continued
Recite.—JOHN ix. 39-41.

For the year 1869.

We have in reserve for the Coming Year a large quantity of material for our youthful friends, comprising, besides a continued story by a popular writer, Scenes, Pictures, Anagrams, Enigmas, &c., &c., which will appear from week to week, and give a constant supply of subjects for thought and enquiry.

Good boy wanted.

As I was walking down Randolph street last week, I saw a large card hanging out at the door of a shop, on which was painted in great black letters, the words:

"GOOD BOY WANTED."

Most of the shopkeepers content themselves with saying, 'Boy Wanted,' in such cases, but this man was particular about the kind of boy he took into his store.

'Well,' said I to myself, 'I wonder if there are not a good many other people who might hang out the same sign!'

There is my friend Mr. Wholesale. He advertised for a boy, and had to turn him off in a week because he was so saucy. Then he tried another, and he was a regular loafer, and would stop and play marbles in the street when he was sent on errands. Besides, he took the silly notion that it would be a great thing for him to learn to smoke and chew tobacco, and he actually stole money to buy the filthy stuff. So off he went, and Mr. Wholesale is still in want of a boy—a good boy wanted.

There are some of my neighbors who live in beautiful marble houses, and, with all their wealth, they feel poor sometimes because they have no little children to make their beautiful homes bright and happy. Some of them are talking of adopting a child; and there are some more—good boys wanted.

There is a lady living down in—street, whose heart is made very sorry by the bad habits of her son. He is a bright little fellow, but he is wilful and disobedient, and sometimes cruel to the smaller boys. Once in a while he swears, and that almost breaks his mother's heart, and if you could hear her praying for her wayward son, you would see what God sees, that the meaning of that poor mother's prayer is—'good boy wanted.'

Some good boys are wanted in all the city schools to set an example to those rude little rascals who throw stones, and call names, and shout to people going along the street, and who never have their lessons well learned.

They want ever so many good boys in the Sunday schools, to train up to be Christian merchants and mechanics and teachers and ministers and missionaries—indeed, I do not know of any place where a good boy would not be very welcome. The Saviour wants good boys to work for Him, and what is more, if the bad boys will only give him their hearts he will help them to be good boys too.

And sometimes, away up in heaven there is a 'good boy wanted' for some of the pleasant things they have to do up in that happy land. And then the Lord looks down to find out one who is true and gentle, and who loves to do good for the sake of pleasing the Saviour, and he sends for him and puts him into a better place than ever was offered to a boy on earth. So everywhere, though you don't see the sign hanging out, there are good boys wanted; indeed, there is so great a demand for that kind of boys that it would take every lad in the world to supply it; and they are wanted immediately. Attention, my lad!—good boy wanted!—will you answer the call?—*Advance.*

Mistakes of Teachers.

It is a mistake to suppose that mere talk is teaching.

It is a mistake to think that hearing a Bible lesson recited, reading of questions from a book, or telling stories, is good Sabbath school teaching.

It is a mistake to think that one who in manner and temper is impatient, dogmatic, over-bearing, slow, heavy or dull, can be a good Sabbath school teacher.

It is a mistake to suppose that one who is not understood, or misunderstood, is a good teacher.

It is a mistake to suppose that he who gossips with his class is a good teacher.

It is a mistake to suppose, because we have a general idea beforehand, that we shall be able to supply the details and illustrations as we go along.

It is a great mistake to underrate oral teaching, and overrate mere reading and reciting from the Bible.

It is a great mistake to think our scholars too young to appreciate well-prepared lessons or a well-governed school.

Widow MacLean; or, lending to the Lord.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maclean entered her door she found that something more was wanted of her besides the ten pounds that she had so generously brought for the poor young sailor. The fire was out, the curtain was drawn as she had left it in the dawn of the morning, and he was lying on the bed she had prepared for him in her little inner room, with dry lips, glazed eyes, and a burning face.

She tried to rouse him to attention by talking of what a long walk she had had, and then she hinted at disquietment, and want of success; but he took scarcely any notice of her, and as soon as she had eaten a little food, she was obliged to step out again to her nearest neighbor for help. 'He is a poor, destitute young man, it ever there was one, and friendless, excepting that I am willing to stand by him. So, I shall not tell my neighbor whose son he is. It would make a great deal of talk, and might get me into trouble.' Such thoughts as these passed through her mind as she walked; and when the neighbor had undertaken to let her lad apply to the parish doctor on behalf of the poor way-larner, and also to sit up with him that night for the sake of a good supper, the widow came home again, with no thought of doing otherwise than nursing him through the illness that was coming on, however severe it might be.

It was not very long nor very severe; yet, by the time he was able to sit up again, and had sufficiently recovered his strength to talk over his affairs with her, she had drawn out all that had remained to her in the savings' bank, for the ten pounds reserved for his outfit and expenses she was determined not to touch.

When a man who is utterly destitute meets with a friend, it is hard for him to reject the help that stands between him and ruin. This young sailor, with all his faults, was not ungrateful; and he sorely felt, also, that the poor widow, in taking him, and nursing him, and proposing to him that he should take her earnings, was laying him under an obligation such as he never might be able to repay. She was old; and, even if he lived to reach his destination, could he hope that she would live till he had scraped together ten pounds?

The affair, however, ended as might have been expected. The money was accepted; and, one dark, rainy morning, the young man, decently clad, and fed, and recovered from his illness, took leave of his benefactress, with deep gratitude and many promises that he would try to do well.

After he was gone the widow cleaned her little house, gathered her apples and sold them, and took her knitted stockings home to the farmer's wife who had bespoken them. She had a sort of fear in her mind, which she did not wish to turn into a certainty; and as she did the work of her house and garden, she kept saying to herself, 'There, I can see well enough to do this thing and that, and the other; what ails me, that I should fancy I can't see to work?' At last, when all was done, she dressed hastily, one sunny afternoon, and took up her little red work-box, intending to darn her stockings.

'Somehow, I can't help thinking that there's a mistiness,' she thought, while looking for her needles—'a sort of fog before my eyes; but if I can thread my needle, I shall know that it's all right.'

She had put on her spectacles. They did not seem to make matters much better.

'Why, there are no needles in the box!' she exclaimed aloud. 'I could have declared that I had plenty. No needles! But I know I had some; for Mr. Roger asked me for a few, and I got out my old 'housewife' for him, and he took four.'

As she spoke she moved her hand over the flannel in the needle-book, and the points of needles pricked her. There were several needles there, but she could not see them.

'It's rather sudden,' she said gravely, to herself. 'A fortnight ago, when Mr. Roger first came, I'd only just begun to remark that my eyesight was bad; and she began slowly to roll up her needle-case and put her little matters away in the box.'

A few days after this, while Mrs. Anderson was waiting at table, she said to Mr. Dixon, 'Did you know, sir, that Mrs. Maclean was in trouble about her eyes? She got a list last market-day into the town, and spoke to Dr. W., and he says she is likely to be dark altogether, and he can do nothing for her at present.'

'That looks as if she was threatened with cataract,' observed the young clergyman.

'I don't know, sir; but, though it's a misfortune, she is not like many,—she has saved money; and the young man who lodged with her lately, and was ill, paid her well, no doubt, for her trouble. He must be well off, for several people met him as he was going away, and they said he was in excellent good clothes, and looked almost like a gentleman.'

'She spoke to me of him, when he was ill, as if he were a poor, destitute young fellow,' observed Mr. Dixon. 'I fancied that she had taken him in for charity.'

'Charity!' exclaimed the housekeeper; 'a lone widow, and a poor woman,—one that works for her bread in great measure,—how could she afford such a thing, sir?'

'She did not say that she got nothing for her trouble,' answered the clergyman; 'but I certainly acquired the notion somehow.'

'I assure you, sir, that Mrs. Maclean is a very prudent, saving woman,' observed the housekeeper, warmly.

'Very,' he replied; 'I am sure of it. I

sometimes think, from what I have noticed, that she is one of those who are prudent enough to lay up treasure in heaven.'

'But, sir, you would not commend a person, surely, for spending money in charity, and then coming upon charity herself.'

'I don't see that it is such a very dreadful thing to come upon charity,' said the young clergyman carelessly. 'People risk it for all sorts of things; why not, then, in order that they may be charitable themselves? Many people seem rather to like it. No, I do not see that it is to be so much dreaded.'

'Not when a woman has kept herself so respectable, sir, as Mrs. Maclean has done, and her husband, a gentleman's butler, left her thirteen pounds a year?'

'Not even then.'

'Well, sir, you would if you were she, and you would if you were me.'

Mr. Dixon perhaps found this reply unanswerable, for he said nothing.

'People that take charity, sir, can never get it by itself. They always have to take something else with it. They are like the young man that borrowed a hundred pounds of a Jew, and the Jew made him take thirty of it out in a four post bed, and a second-hand light-cart, and a mangle. Sometimes, what they have with the charity is scolding, and sometimes good advice; but they never get it neat. I've known a woman have to take such a quantity of good advice with sixpence, that she said, 'Oh, it were but greens and potatoes, I could open shop again with it.' I've seen advice given to that extent, with twopenny worth of oatmeal, that the water cooled in the wash-tub before the women had done listening to it; but she was a religious woman, and she used no bad language, even when the visitor was gone.'

Mr. Dixon, on hearing this speech, laughed, and replied pointedly, that he had never met with anything yet that, being worth the having, could be had for nothing; and Mrs. Anderson was so keen and quick of apprehension, that she instantly perceived some reference to herself.

'Ay, indeed he is right,' she thought afterwards, when she had time to reflect on the matter. 'Look at myself, now. I give him all my time, I scheme for his housekeeping, and look after his interest, but I give him a world of clack besides, and I make him put up with an amount of cleaning that is anything but pleasant to him. No! he doesn't get me for nothing; let alone my wages.'

Sometimes a long period passes over us and we can scarcely recall it afterwards; no events have marked it, and no changes have divided it off into portions.

But no such period was in store for Mrs. Maclean. On the contrary, she passed (during the ten months following the departure of young Hillary), through several changes, both of mind and estate; yet there were times when she felt both peaceful and happy, though, at the end of those months, she could not distinguish night from day, and was the inmate of an hospital.

There may have been moments during those dark months when she half regretted having 'lent' that money, which would have made her comfortable, and enabled her to have a doctor at home to perform the operation on her eyes, instead of taking a long journey, that she might get aid at this hospital; but if there were, they must have been few. Charity is truly its own reward, and Faith is quite as much a joy us a duty. She felt as if the constant hope that she had saved her young sailor from ruin was in itself a precious return for what she had done. The last action which she had done, and the last face she had seen clearly had been his, and she said afterwards that her thoughts dwelt on those days continually. 'Daylight and candle-light had become remote and exquisite things; she remembered them best as she last saw them. She thought how the candles burnt on that eventful night; how she drew back her thin curtain and saw the new day; how she used to sit by young Roger, knitting when he was ill; and how he used to watch the falling of her ripe apples when he got better, and persuade her to go out and pick them up for him from among the yellow leaves.'

To those who looked on she seemed much to be pitied, for, as she could do very little for herself, she was obliged to have a girl to come in and cook her simple meals, and clean her cottage. In order to meet this expense, she parted, first with all her furniture excepting her bed and two chairs, and then with nearly all her clothing. She could not see the change this produced in her once well-plinished house, that was one comfort; and she found a true friend in Mr. Dixon, that was another; for he came regularly to see her three times a week, and many a pleasant discourse she had with him. But Widow Maclean was now not so much respected as she had been. It was discovered that she had no money. This was all drawn out, and it did not appear how she had spent it. She was silent on that point, which looked bad. Her best things were all either sold or in the pawn-shop. Mrs. Anderson herself, who had been one of her most constant friends and champions, did not now know what to think of her. She bought the widow's Sunday shawl of her, and made a better bargain for herself on the occasion than she would have thought of doing if she had not felt that she must have been deceived, somehow, as to the former circumstances of her friend. She also administered charity to her from Mr. Dixon, and likewise from herself. It is noticeable that she bestowed largely with it the advice and the insinuations which she had spoken of as being so unpleasant. She even exceeded her own description, for she bestowed much with Mr. Dixon's charity also. This she could hardly have regarded as her duty. We must, there-

fore, consider that she looked on it as a pleasure.

As for Mrs. Maclean, she took all meekly; and strange to say, however worn and pinched her poor face looked, the easiest way to call a look of contentment and peace into it was to make some allusion to her savings.

So from comfort she came down to poverty, and then to charity, and then she came down to the asking for it, and finally a subscription had to be made to pay for her journey to the hospital.

At first, when she reached this dreaded place, having had to part with Mr. Dixon, who had encouraged her, read with her, and prayed with her, she was very low and apprehensive; but as the day approached which was to decide whether she would ever see daylight again, she became calm, and was able to put her trust in God.

To be continued.

Scientific.

Heat in Mines.

Every one who has anything to do with mining knows that water is one of the most formidable enemies the miner has to contend with. It begins to flow in as soon as the depth of an ordinary well is reached, and must be pumped out, at great expense, to enable the work to proceed. The steam engine was first devised for the sake of providing power to do this pumping, and it was for a Cornish mine that WATT invented his great improvement on the original machine. Without this help, many of the mines in England would be worthless; and as it is, some of them are limited in their depth by the difficulty and expense of getting rid of the water.

A curious fact has, however, been lately brought to notice in regard to the Nevada silver mines. Heat, not water, is the chief enemy encountered after reaching a great depth, and instead of pumping out water, the companies have to pump in air. A Nevada paper says:

'The increase in the heat of our mines is now beginning to give many of our mining companies more trouble, and is proving a greater obstacle to mining operations in those levels lying below a depth of one thousand feet, than any veins or "pocket" deposits of water yet encountered. A number of the leading companies on the Comstock are now engaged in putting in engines to be used expressly for driving fans furnishing air to the lower levels, forcing it through large tubes of galvanized iron. With this great increase of heat in our mines comes a great decrease of water; in fact, in our deepest mine—the Bullion, which has attained the depth of twelve hundred feet—not a drop of water is to be seen; it is as dry as a limekiln, and as hot as an oven. In the lower workings of the Chollar-Potosi mine, which are a perpendicular depth of eleven hundred feet below the surface, the thermometer now stands at one hundred degrees—a frightful heat to be endured by a human being engaged in a kind of labor calling for severe muscular exertion. Here, also, we find the water to have decreased till there is at the present time a very insignificant amount, it being necessary to run the pump but four hours out of the twenty-four.'

This corroborates the theory of some geologists, that the interior of the earth is a mass of melted rock. Suppose one of these Nevada miners should accidentally make a hole in the solid crust, what would become of him?—*Sun.*

MAKING GLASS EYES.—It is said that there are in New York at least seven thousand persons wearing false eyes. The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand, and is thus described by the *American Artisan*:

A man sits down behind a jet of gas flame, which is pointed and directed as he wishes by a blow-pipe. The pupil of the eye is made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood vessels seen in the white of the eyes are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and it is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in the water, this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids.

The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass so that it shall fit the stump. If it is too large, it will not move; if it fits nicely, it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite impossible in many cases to tell one from the other. The operation is not id the least painful, and those who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than when they are out. A glass eye should be taken out every night, and put in in the morning. In three or four years the false eye becomes so worn that a new one has to be obtained.

THE ART OF QUESTIONING.—There is a real art, in knowing where, when, and how to put a good question, that shall quicken the memory, set the mind to thinking, and call back the reflective faculties. Such are the possibilities of questioning. A large proportion of all the good teaching in our Sabbath-schools is brought about by the simple process of questions and answers. Mr. J. G. Fitch says: 'The success and efficiency of our teaching depend more on the skill and judgment with which we put questions than on any other single circumstance.'