

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 15th, 1868.

MATTHEW xii. 38-45: LUKE xi. 16-36: The Scribes and Pharisees seek a sign. Our Lord's reflections.

Recite.—JAMES i. 22-25.

Sunday, November 22nd, 1868.

MATTHEW xii. 46-50: LUKE xiii. 31-35: MARK viii. 19-21: xi. 37-54: The true disciples of Christ's nearest relatives. At a Pharisee's table Jesus denounces woes against the Pharisees and others.

Recite.—MATTHEW xx. 25-28.

Reuben and "The silver Gull."

Little Reuben, with the help of his old friend Jasper, made a beautiful boat, and, after much discussion, they decided to name her "The Silver Gull." Reuben was allowed to go and put it to sea in the little brook after school was over; and a merry time he had for the first half hour.

At length foolish little Reuben thought "I will put my knife on board for freight—yes, and my silver pencil too, and my two 'alleys' in this corner, and four 'commons' in that. It'll be such fun to pretend that I have sent my ship across the sea, and that it is coming-home loaded with treasures."

So he did not stop to give a second thought, but at once loaded his vessel and set her afloat. She went along pretty smoothly at first; but it was rather an unsafe mode of transportation for very costly goods. All at once a sudden squall struck the little craft, and "The Silver Gull" capsized, and over went her precious cargo—away down, down to the bottom of the running brook!

Reuben was half disposed to follow the cargo, so eager was he to save it. But all in vain. The waters closed over it in a second, leaving no track or trace. Then Reuben cried and sobbed very loud indeed; but that could not bring back his lost pencil and knife and marbles. He had owned that knife for three whole months—the longest time he had ever been able to keep one; and now it was lost, and "he knew just where it was, and yet he could not get it."

So he fished out the dripping boat and emptied the water out of her, and then walked slowly home to tell the sad story to his mother. He felt angry with "The Silver Gull" for losing his things, and knocked her about, shaking her, and calling her "a hateful boat." Reuben was much like some older people, who, when they are at fault themselves, always try to cast the blame on somebody else.

The little boy soon grew ashamed of such a spirit; and then he cried again. He thought he would stop a minute at old Jasper's cottage, as he had to pass it, and tell him of his trouble.

"Where did the little boy lose them?" asked the old man, kindly. "Perhaps we can find them again. Here, Reuben, take my fine rake, and draw it through very carefully. The water is shallow all through the brook, though it is not very clear."

Reuben's heart bounded with delight at the prospect of getting back his lost treasures; and Uncle Jasper was willing he should try at once. The old man even laid aside the basket he was weaving, and set out with him. It was not a long walk, to be sure; and they quickly found the right spot. Again and again the old man drew his rake up from the bed of the stream; and at last, with a shout of joy, Reuben picked out his knife from among the mud and stones. But his precious pencil, the gift of his kind aunt, and the marbles were not caught, even by such a skillful old fisherman.

"Your vessel was unseaworthy," said the old man, smiling. "It has happened to you as to many another waterman who trusted his wares to an unsafe boat. We must look before we leap, always. Second thoughts are best thoughts, as a general thing."

"That was the trouble," said Reuben. "I didn't think, or I should never have loaded 'The Silver Gull' with such a cargo."

Reuben's mother felt sorry for his loss; and, as she thought it a fit time, she tried to impress on his mind a useful lesson.

"Learn from it never to run needless risks, Reuben. Many little children have lost their lives by it. They consider it very brave to do something which other boys shrink from with fear, because it is so dangerous. But it is not brave; it is only fool-hardy. No sensible person admires such a spirit."

"God can warn us by little things as well as by great. Perhaps he has suffered my little boy to meet with this small loss to-day, that he might learn a useful lesson by it, and perhaps in some future time be saved from a far greater loss."

"It does not seem as though God took any notice of my 'Silver Gull,' and my marbles and pencil," said Reuben.

"There is nothing so great or so small but that God cares for it. It does not seem more wonderful than that the very hairs of your head are numbered, or that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Nothing is a loss to us that leads us to think more of God's words and works."

"Would you not think a person very reckless who would sing and laugh and dance on the edge of a precipice, when the great, angry waves were dashing beneath it? But sinners who will not love the Saviour are in far greater danger every day. If they do not turn away from their sins and pray to God to forgive them

and cleanse them, they will sink into a far more dreadful lake.

"My little Reuben is not too young to love the Saviour," said his mother, passing an arm lovingly about him. I hope he never forgets to pray for forgiveness when he has done wrong, nor to ask Jesus for help that he may always do right. There is nothing I wish so much as that all my dear ones may be gathered together at last in the Good Shepherd's fold above. How dreadful if one should be left out!"

Reuben went out to his play again, with a brightened face, but with many serious thoughts in his busy little brain. He wrung the water out of the sails of "The Silver Gull," and set her upon the wood-pile to dry in the sun, and thought he would never again run such foolish risks. We must hope, too, that he thought of the greater risk of losing the soul, and that he did not rest until he was safe in the love and favor of Christ.—*Child's Companion.*

A baby Soliloquy.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig with my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say: "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillows is Emmeline.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I "was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganma." Emmeline told me, and then she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said: "It was Ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and may be I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip-tea. The idea of giving babies catnip-tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

"Not one Cent more."

A merchant in a thriving country village was one day asked to subscribe something for the support of the gospel. "Not one cent more," was the short and querulous reply.

"Shall I understand, then," said the solicitor, "that you are done paying money for ministers?"

"Exactly that, you are to understand. The money I have paid for what you call the gospel, is so much that I have thrown away; and I am now done!"

"Are you so determined in this matter?"

"Yes, so determined—that's the word."

"But you pay for insuring your goods."

"Certainly."

"What do you insure against?"

"Against fire—nothing else."

"Upon what do you depend to protect you against thieves and robbers?"

"Upon the laws."

"Do you think the laws would protect you unless they are enforced?"

"No fool would expect that."

"Suppose that all the people within six miles of your store were thieves and robbers, do you think in such case the laws would do you much good?"

"I know they would not. But then, what is the use of such talk? The people around here are not thieves and robbers; but a wholesome, law-abiding people. I know that if such a thing should happen as that a thief or a robber should meddle with my property, there is virtue enough in this community to enforce the laws and protect me?"

"I believe just as you do in that respect. But what produces the virtue amongst our people?"

"I don't concern myself about that."

"Can you deny that it is the Sabbath, the Bible, our Sabbath schools, preaching, our prayer-meetings, and whatever is done amongst us to expose sin, and inculcate holiness?"

"Well, what if all that is true?"

"If all that is true, then these moral appliances to the community are making the people a safe people for you to live amongst. And I ask you as an honest man, whether you would live here to-day, if all the churches, Bibles, ministers, etc., were taken out of the community, and you had nobody left but the vile elements of society?"

"Well—well—I don't think I should, if I must tell the truth."

"What, then, does it amount to but this, that the money, which other people pay for the support of religion, is really so much money paid to insure your property against thieves and robbers?"

"I never saw it so before."

"And now, I ask, are you the man to wish these people, who support religious meetings, to pay your tax for insurance?"

"Not I. Take this ten dollar bill; and let me know when any further sum is needed as my part of the insurance which the gospel brings to our village."

Can't afford it.

Can't afford the paper this year, Harry. There is no use to talk about it.

"But, Father, you never spoke a word about the expense when you were buying your seed wheat and oats."

"That's quite another thing. I expect them to yield me a heavy per cent., if things keep up another year as they have this."

"Well now father if I can prove that the money spent on the paper yields you 200 per cent., wouldn't you think that worth investing in?"

"Why yes, of course I should, let's see you prove it. I guess you study a new arithmetic at school now-a-days."

"I have just gone through 'profit and loss,'" said Harry, smiling. "Well, father, to begin with, what ever put it into your head to drain that big swamp in the south meadow? Wasn't it the paper that gave you all the directions, and that stirred you up to do it? Haven't you gained enough from it this year to pay for a copy of the paper twice over, and don't you expect it to yield enough in five years to pay for a dozen papers? Where did we learn how to resuscitate our old pear and apple trees, but in our weekly newspaper? and a pretty harvest we had this year, for ourselves and for market."

"Jenny, how many eggs have you sold this winter?"

"Thirteen dozen," said Jenny, rather exultingly, as she saw her brother was getting the better of the argument. (The daughters like the paper as well as the boys.) "Half a dozen more in the basket."

"Well done—twenty-five cents a dozen, makes \$3 25. Who ever heard of our hens laying in winter, I should like to know, before the paper told us how to take care of them? Didn't they regularly eat their heads off during the cold weather? Now, mother, what's your view of the paper from your department?"

"The receipts are worth fully five dollars a year to me," said mother decidedly. "You all fare better in food and clothes for the suggestions I get from it. It helps us save as well as make, and that is quite as important."

"I will not go on to specify all the advantages it has been to the orchard, the bee-hive, the garden, and the stock generally, but any body who cannot see that farming has picked up on our place this last year, must be a blind man. Now to sum it all up, what is the cause of all this improvement?—Isn't it our weekly newspaper? Besides, how stupid we shall seem when we find the Smith's and Thomson's know what's going on and we don't, except we go and borrow the paper from one of them; and I hate borrowing."

"Make a good lawyer, won't he mother?" said the old gentleman, laughing and nodding at his wife. "Here, Jenny, is the money, sit down and write your letter to the editor, and then go to the Post office for a money order for the two dollars and enclose it. Perhaps, however, if you and Harry were to step over to Mr. Brown's or George Jones's, who are so often wanting to borrow our paper, one or both of them would be glad to become subscribers too. You could then enclose the money from them in the same letter and save them five cents for the money-order and three for postage."

One or two new subscribers will, I dare say, be more pleasant to write about than to say we are too poor to continue the paper. We may all get rich in time if we take papers enough."

"Pray quick."

In the colored orphan asylum of a neighboring city there lives a little boy about ten years of age, whom we will call Jimmy A.

Now Jimmy was by far the most troublesome pupil in the institution. When in the school room his love of mischief prompted him continually to pull the hair of the other little boys, to tread on their toes, or to excite their laughter by making hideous faces at the teacher when that lady was looking in another direction.

Repeatedly had Jimmy been brought up before the Managers' Committee for these and other misdemeanors, but punishment, stern rebuke, and gentle reproof seemed alike useless in his case.

At length one of the teachers adopted the plan of talking to him gently each day about his faults, and praying with him that they might be forgiven. The poor little ignorant heart was touched at last. Jimmy sobbed in

penitence, and began earnestly to pray for himself.

Three or four weeks passed away, when one day a lady manager, who had been absent from the city, entered the school room to make her usual visit. Most of the boys were shouting in the play-ground, and the only occupants of the room were Jimmy and his teacher.

"Why, Jimmy!" said the visitor, "kept in again for being naughty?"

The little boy shook his head in the negative, and his teacher answered:

"Jimmy is not a bad boy now, Mrs. Langley. When the other boys went out to play he stayed behind of his own accord to talk with me about Jesus."

"Have you given your heart to Jesus, Jimmy?" asked the lady.

"Yes ma'am," answered the little boy, with a bright smile. "The Lord Jesus took me, and I've tried to be good ever since."

"But, Jimmy," said Mrs. Langley, "don't you ever feel the old bad thoughts coming up in your heart, prompting you to do naughty things again?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered sadly, "sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"Pray quick," said Jimmy very earnestly. "I say, 'Lord, help me,' and he does help me, sure."

"But how can you pray, Jimmy? You can't leave the school-room and go away by yourself to kneel-down and pray."

"No, ma'am; I only whisper in my heart to God but he hears me just the same."

Many an older and wiser Christian may learn from Jimmy's simple wisdom. Many a young beginner in the path of righteousness might be saved from sad falls if he would only remember this one lesson: "When tempted, pray quickly. Lift up your heart to God, and he will help you."—*National Baptist.*

Lost Time.

Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep, or gets up next morning, with its state some other day, when he has spent a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true, and he will find great difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement. He will feel in one case, listless and dissatisfied; in the other, comfortable and happy. In the one case, if he did not appear to himself humble, at least he will not have earned any claims to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having by his own exertions become a wiser, and, therefore, a more exalted nature.—*Brougham.*

Sowing wild Oats.

In all the wide range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again to your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold.*

BRIGANDS ENTRAPPED.—The *Giornale di Roma* says: "Beneath Verdi, a Pontifical town built like an eagle's nest on the summit of a sterile mountain, extends the estate, admirably cultivated, of a Roman noble. The proprietor having been summoned by the brigands to send 4,000 scudi (20,000fr.) to a certain spot, applied for the protection of the gendarmery. An arrangement was made that a vice-brigadier, dressed as a peasant, should proceed to the place indicated, provided with a revolver and 400 scudi, and followed at a distance by a patrol of his men. On his arrival he found the chief and lieutenant of the band. 'My master can only send you,' he said, 'this sum at present. Money is not easy to find. In a few days you shall have the rest. In the meantime, for my discharge, count what there is.' While the two robbers were stooping down to comply with the request the other drew out his pistol and shot them both dead. Their companions, who were posted in a neighbourhood thicket, seeing them fall, rushed out to take revenge, but the gendarmes also hastened up, and after a slight resistance put to flight the malefactors, who left three wounded and two dead on the ground. The non-commissioned officer was mentioned in the order of the day, made a brigadier, and decorated by the Pope with the Grand Medal."

To give brilliancy to the eyes—shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning.