

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 22nd, 1868.

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

Recite.—MATTHEW xx. 25-28.

Sunday, November 29th, 1868.

LUKE xii. 1-21: Jesus discourses to his disciples and the multitudes.

Recite.—JAMES iv. 13-15.

"Only one brick on another."

Edwin was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling, "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so is it in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be but putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

Learn from this not to be discouraged by great labors. The greatest labor becomes easy, it divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another."

A womanly deed.

A gentleman who styles himself "The Wanderer," recently furnished the following to the *Saratogian*.

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man; his clothes were poor; he looked poor. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn rags. It was evident all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child was dead. This man was rough in his exterior, yet his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child; for they had come from the Far West; and as he placed his hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings had been crowded back into the inner cells of his heart that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery.

The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired, it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick, and it cried. The tears roll down its cheeks; the father wiped away the dew drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship, and he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who in his life of labor and privation had been his solace and comfort! An unbidden tear started to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman, richly apparelled, with an infant resting on the lap of its nurse beside her—she had been watching the man,—said in a gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child, and when on her gentle bosom the little one lay in calm and untroubled sleep she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear swelled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion, "Thank you; I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet; you will wake him," and for mile after mile that noble hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, that she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with his father.

If that man never prayed before, if no aspiration from him went upward before this, one honest, truthful supplication rose from his soul; angels bore it through the upper air, and if ever truth found its way to Heaven, the Almighty heard the poor man's prayer, that He

would bless that woman. And if the spirit of the dead can look back; if they can pierce the dark cloud which hides their world from our world; if from eternity they still gaze on time, how must the mother of that child have rejoiced at the stranger's kindness to her poor orphan; and if she could speak, her words would have been "God bless you, sister."

May the child, with the nourishment it drew from that noble breast, grow up with the kindly nature which prompted the generous offering; and may the woman be long spared to adorn a world which has but few such ornaments; and the world, cold as it is, will not refuse the tribute which is justly hers, and many will yet pray, "May God bless her."

Thirty Centuries old.

One of the oldest relics of humanity extant is the skeleton of a Pharaoh, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! The monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of old Father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the ride-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the popper-wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved, and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the Crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.—*Household*.

It is my business!

My fellow-Christian absents himself from the prayer circle and sanctuary. Is it my business to learn the cause?

A child is born into the kingdom of God; he needs to be fed with the milk of the word now, and the meat hereafter? Is it my business to attend to it?

My brother does wrong and should be reformed. Is it my business to do it?

A stranger comes into the sanctuary where I worship; he should be made welcome, treated kindly, and be inquired of as to his spiritual condition, and labor expended to make him a living member of Christ. Is it my business?

So of all the things pertaining to the building up of God's kingdom. Is it my business to attend to them?

As one of those to whom the question is addressed, I answer, No! But they are our Father's business, and wist ye not, my brother or sister, that you must be about your Father's business?

Christian Work in London.

The following letter to the *Christian World* presents a good specimen of the work that is being done by Baptist churches in the great Metropolis of the world:

Sir.—Will you kindly allow me to contribute a few remarks to your "Lay Ministry" correspondence, as I think we have actually in Regent's Park Chapel (Rev. W. Landeis) been quietly creating a lay agency, at once connected with the church and carrying on evangelistic work in the neighbourhood.

About two years and a half ago, Colonel Griffin (an elder of the church) and a few young men began what is called the young men's afternoon meeting, in the lower part of the chapel, and have gone on uninterruptedly holding a free service that not only young men but old and well-trying Christian men have both shared in and been profited by.

At first our meetings were small, and only young men, but finding, in giving away our tracts and invitations at the entrances to the park, that we could not avoid inviting females, we decided on and have for nearly two years held a meeting open to all passers by.

Our mode of conducting the meeting is to have a subject for each Lord's-day, except the first of the month, and that we call our devotional meeting. As we generally require and have from eight to twelve tract distributors, we have no lack of students of the subject we have to remark upon for the day, and as we always strive to preach the Gospel from our subjects, the simple, fervid lover of the Lord finds an easy opportunity to appeal to the unsaved to "come to Jesus."

The president (generally an elder of the church), after prayer and praise, opens the subject, and from four to six short, pointed, and pertinent addresses are given; after which the leader for the day, gathering up the principal thought before the meeting, closes with an appeal to the unconverted.

We then, if possible, make the acquaintance of as many of the strangers present as we can, and in doing so we have, in a great number of cases, found they were just the very class that do not come to any place of worship, or those who were just sinking down amongst the "lapsed classes." They were on their way to

hear the band perform in the park, but have stayed with us until they have realised that they could join the heavenly band, and sing the song of the redeemed.

We have likewise during the last two years conducted open-air services in Dianah-place, Eustonroad, and occasionally in Cumberland Market, Lord's day evenings, with the men who have been actively engaged in the afternoon meeting, or those who have been converted there, and great blessing has resulted from those open-air services both to speakers and hearers. Speakers have been perfected in the proper modes of addressing either those who are in the open air, or those who, collected in chapel, require a greater variety and freshness in the presentation of spiritual truths, while hearers who have come utterly careless have become efficient workers for Christ, and stable members of the church. Now, sir, it strikes me that just such a meeting as ours, and such open-air effort as we are engaged in, joined together, is the true "missing link" to gather in the careless, and join in one the work of pastor and people, and produce not only efficient laymen, but give actual work to a great and growing number of church members, who want work that will bring them directly into contact with the unevangelized masses, and who want to see God directly renewing men and women in the spirit of their mind.

I may just say in conclusion that our only expense is about 3s. a week for tracts, and for this we can publish at least one-third of those we give away, so that we always have fresh tracts, written by our workers, which we can vouch for and recommend. Our series of tracts we have named "Light from Heaven."

Very well told.

The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

ESCAPE OF A LION.—A few weeks ago at Nottingham, a lion escaped from a menagerie, exhibiting in the town. Metani, the "African lion-hunter," was parading a full-grown Puma lion (which is considered harmless) on a stage outside the establishment, when the animal caught sight of a dog in the crowd, and springing off the stage on to the dog killed it almost instantly. The people fled in all directions, and the lion, seeing another dog a short distance off, rushed at it, and dispatched it as quickly as it had done the first. Metani then succeeded in securing the animal, which was led back to the menagerie with the dead dog in its mouth.—*English paper*.

Have you a severe wrench or sprain? Have you rheumatism in any form? Have you stiff neck, or bunions caused by rheumatic pains? If so, "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" is a specific remedy, and is also the best pain killer in the world.

We often see large stocks of cattle which do not thrive, and come out "spring poor," all for want of something to start them in the right direction. One dollar's worth of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders," given to such a stock occasionally during the winter, would be worth more than an extra half ton of hay.

Widow MacLean; or, lending to the Lord.

CHAPTER I.

In a little two-roomed cottage, which stood in a dingle apart from other habitations, an old woman lay fast asleep one Sunday morning.

There was a brook a little below the cottage; a wooden bridge crossed it, and a great many elm and ash trees grew near, giving shelter to a colony of rooks; but their cheerful clamor, and the beams of the sun, which shot athwart the dingle and came in between the openings of her window-curtain, did not rouse her, for she was daily accustomed to waken when her cuckoo clock struck six (and even in sleep we wait for a sound habitually heard); but that morning the old woman slept out her sleep till she was satisfied, and woke of her own accord, for her clock had run down. When she had risen and had made her fire, she said, "How bright the sun is this morning! It seems almost as if it hung higher than usual!" And when, after leisurely preparation, she had eaten her breakfast, washed her cup and put it by, and shaken out her best Sunday shawl from its folds, she opened her door and said, "Lucky is it that the walk to church is such a shady one, for I never knew a hotter day at nine o'clock in the morning."

So she put on her usual black bonnet and her other Sunday apparel, and set forth to church across the wooden bridge over the brook.

The dingle was a long one, and when she emerged from it she came out on a common; but she did not hear the distant church bells. So the walk being long, she took it leisurely, for she thought herself early. What then was her surprise when she at last entered the open church door, to find the sermon just over, and the clergyman about to give the blessing.

She went to her seat notwithstanding, for she was tired and bewildered; she hardly knew indeed at first whether she had overslept herself, or the rest of the world had risen at cock-crow. As the people rose from their knees, however, she observed the clean white cloth on the communion-table, and thought to herself that she had not come for nothing, for she could stay for the sacrament, though she had not been in time for the service.

Just as she had quite decided this point, and the children and all those persons who did not intend to receive the sacrament had withdrawn from the church, it suddenly flashed into her mind that she had but one piece of money in her pocket, and that was a two-shilling piece.

"And two shillings is a vast deal of money for such as I am to lay in the plate for charity to the poor," she thought; "I am but a poor woman myself, though, to be sure, I have no one to save for since I lost my Pamela."

She felt uncomfortable about this money. There were several improvident, dirty, and idle families in the parish, and Mr. Dixon, the clergyman, sometimes let the sacrament money go their way, because they were so importunate in begging, and yet the sickness and want that they complained of were often the result of their own faults, and when that was not the case, thought the widow, "their sickness and want are no worse to bear than what is borne silently by honest and more decent folk."

The widow on this looked round to see if there was any neighbor close at hand who would change her two-shilling piece into lesser coins; but, before she could make up her mind to ask this favor, the clergyman had begun to read, and shortly her wandering attention was arrested by the beautiful words:

"He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The widow put her hand into her pocket. "The Lord is welcome to it," she thought. "I am willing to give it to Him," let alone lending."

"And look," proceeded the reader, "What he layeth out it shall be paid him again."

"In heaven," thought the old woman, and put it in the plate. "I ought to have been ashamed to grudge it,—I, that have money in the savings bank, and that have nobody to save for, now my poor Pamela's gone. Ah, dear child! the Lord forgive her, and bless her, if she's living yet; for I shall never see her more!"

The widow had lived nearly twelve years in the little cottage in the dingle, and when first she had come to it she was bowed down with sickness and sorrow.

None of the farmers' wives knew much of her, and the laborers' wives did not presume to be familiar, for Widow Maclean held herself rather high,—that is, she hated dirt, disorder, and all manner of improvidence; she always kept herself neat and her cottage tidy. Moreover, she could live without going out to work; and, though she added to her small means by knitting stockings for sale, she had an annuity which her husband had left her, and which was more than half enough to support her. Out of this and her earnings (being of a saving turn, and anxious to make things go as far as possible) she had laid up no less a sum than eleven pounds in a neighboring savings bank. This was well known in the neighborhood, for Mr. Dixon's housekeeper was often entrusted by the widow to convey her a book and a few extra shillings to be added to her credit, when she went shopping for her master to the market town; and she, being pleased with the commission, took care that her friends should know of it, boasted of the widow's money with almost as much complaisance as if it had been her own.

Now it chanced that, the day following this long morning slumber, Mrs. Anderson, the housekeeper stepped in about tea-time to say that she was going to the town the next morning. "And if I can do anything for you, ma'am," she proceeded, it will be with the greatest pleasure; for Mr. Dixon is gone out, and has left orders that the lad shall drive me over in the gig. I am going to see about a new druggist that is wanted for his study, so I shall have plenty of time on my hands, if I suit myself at Higgin's; and I suppose it's no use going elsewhere, for he always has the best patterns."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said Mrs. Maclean; "but I never like to trouble the gentleman at the savings bank with less than five shillings at a time; and so Mr. Dixon wants a new druggist? Dear, dear," she continued; "it seems but a few days since I went over the house with you, when he came to us, and everything was fresh and new."

"True enough, ma'am," replied the housekeeper; but druggets are awful wear. It's the cheap things that empties one's pockets in the end. Then, I think that gentlemen wear thicker boots than they used to do. In my young days, Mr. Dixon's father never wore nails in his shoes—never thought of such a thing, unless he was going out shooting; and then he knew what was expected of him, and kept out of the drawing-room till he had changed them. Carpets were thicker then, and boots were thinner. Put these two things together, and you'll not be surprised at the bad wearing of our study druggist. In short, the hob nails that are marched about over all the carpets are enough to beat them down into felt, though the pile might have been an inch thick."

Mrs. Anderson appeared hurt, as if it had been hinted that the wearing out of Mr. Dixon's carpets lay at her door. The widow, therefore, observed that it was lucky he had somebody to look after his furniture, and that, being a rich man's son he could afford whatever he wanted. She also pressed her visitor to take tea, and proceeded to make it.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the housekeeper; "a rich man, 'tis true; but, Mrs. Maclean, I may say, a saving, careful gentleman, with a wife who never let so much as a candle-end be wasted in the house, if she knew it."