

## Boys' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 20th, 1868.

MATTHEW vi. 19-34 The sermon on the Mount, continued.

Recite.—LUKE xii. 29-32.

Sunday, September 20th, 1868.

MATTHEW vii. 1-14: LUKE vi. 37-42: The sermon on the Mount continued.

Recite.—1 JOHN v. 13-15.

### The hard Way.

"The way of the transgressor is hard."—Proverbs xlii. 15.

Bob Winslow was the worst boy in the village. His father never checked him, but let him have his own way, till he had grown to be the terror of the neighborhood. He particularly loved to make sport of old, lame, crippled persons. There was one poor woman, bent down by age and infirmities, that Bob used especially to make game of. She came every day, leaning on her crutch, to draw water from the well near her house, and just within the play-ground of the school-house. Bob would sometimes follow close behind her, pretending to be lame, and hobbling along on his umbrella for a crutch, and mimicking her motions. "Only look at her," he would say, "isn't she like the letter S, with an extra crook in it?" One day, when he was doing this, the old woman turned around, and looking at him reproachfully, said, "Go home, child, and read the story of Elisha and the two bears out of the woods."

"Shame on you, Bob!" said Charles Mansfield, one of the best boys in the school; "shame, I say, to laugh at the poor woman's misfortunes! I've heard my grandmother say she became a cripple by lifting her poor, afflicted son and tending him night and day."

"I don't care what made her so," said Bob, "I wouldn't stay in the world if I was such an ugly-looking thing as that. Do look!"

"Shame! shame on you!" said Charles, and "Shame! shame!" echoed from each of the boys present.

Charles Mansfield sprang to the old woman, and said "Let me help you, grandmother." Then he kindly took her pail, filled it at the well, and carried it home for her; and the boys made arrangements for one of them to come every day and fetch her a pail of water. "God bless you! God bless you all, dear boys," said the old woman, as she wiped away her tears, and entered her poor lonely home.

Bob Winslow's conduct was reported to the master. He was very much grieved, and sentenced him to stay in school and study instead of going out to play at recess for a week. This was pretty hard punishment, for Bob had very little love for study, but was prodigiously fond of play. Yet this was a slight punishment compared with what he was soon to receive.

On the second day of his confinement, he sat near the open window, watching the boys at their sports in the play-ground. Suddenly, while the master was occupied in another part of the room, he rose and jumped from the window into the midst of the boys, with a shout at what he had done. "Now let him punish me again, if he can!" cried he. As he said this, he ran backwards, throwing up his arms in defiance, and shouting, when—suddenly his voice ceased; there was a heavy plunge, and a loud groan burst on the ears of his startled companions.

It so happened that the well was being repaired. The workmen were at a distance, collecting their materials, and had carelessly left the opening of the well uncovered. As Bob was going backwards, at the very moment of his triumph, he stepped into the mouth of the well, and down he went. There was a cry of horror from the boys. They all rushed to the spot. Charles Mansfield, the bravest of them all, was the first to seize the well-rope. He jumped into the bucket and got the boys to lower him down. The well was deep but fortunately there was not much water in it, and Bob lay motionless at the bottom. Charles lifted him carefully, and with one arm around his apparently lifeless body, the other on the rope, he gave the signal, and was slowly raised to the top. The pale face of the wicked boy filled his companions with horror. Without saying a word, they carried him to the house of the poor woman whom he had treated so cruelly. She had seen the accident from her window, and was hobbling along on her crutch to meet them. Bob was taken into her humble home, and laid upon the bed. The kind-hearted old woman, forgetful of his ill-treatment, got out her bandages, her camphor bottle and other things; and while one of the boys ran for the doctor, and another for their teacher, she sat down by his side, and bathed his hands and his forehead as tenderly as though he had been her own son. After the doctor had dressed his wounds, he was carried on a litter to his own home, surrounded by his sorrowing companions, but still insensible.

A few hours later in the day a group of boys met on the play-ground. They talked to one another in a low voice. They looked pale and sad. Presently Charles Mansfield came up.

"Well boys, how is poor Bob now? Have any of you heard?"

"O Charlie!" cried several at once, as they gathered around him. "Oh! don't you know? haven't you heard? Why he has opened his eyes, and is able to speak; but his back is broken, and he will be a cripple and hunchback for life!"

Charles clasped his hands, without uttering a word, and burst into tears. He couldn't speak for a while. At last, with tears still streaming down his pale cheeks, but with a manly voice, he said, "Boys, I hope we shall never forget the lesson we have learned to-day. The Bible says, 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' and poor Bob's experience proves how true that is!"

### Angel Lilly.

Although a wonderful child, Lilly was by no means a g.ave, unearthly, precocious little one. Her smile was as sunny as her hair, and her eyes were always laughing. She was indeed a beam of light wherever seen. At the sight of her lovely face the stern visages of worldly men relaxed, and the old always held open arms for her. She warmed their hearts with her happy, artless prattle. One day her mother took her on board a steamboat, on a pleasure excursion. At first Lilly looked grave, finding herself among so many strange people, but spying at the farther end of the saloon a venerable man, who held a little girl by the hand, she begged her mother to let her go and see the rosy-cheeked child. Mrs. — was not afraid to trust Lilly. If she said, "Lilly, remember and do not go out of the door or by the window," she knew that she might rely upon the sweet child's implicit obedience. So away went Lilly, her beautiful great eyes shining, her step rather slow, but when she got near the child she looked for a moment in her little chubby face, and smile answered smile; the two quickly understood each other, and were busily playing together. The old gentleman regarded them with a look of interest that was not lost upon Lilly, so by-and-by sliding up to his knees, she asked:

"Is that your little girl?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply; "at least she is my little grand-daughter."

"Are you her grandpa?"

"Yes, dear."

"I got a grandpa," said Lilly, with that sweet, coaxing way that is in some children so irresistible, "and he's a good man and loves Jesus. Do you love Jesus?"

The old man looked at her with a strange expression, but did not speak.

"Say! you love Jesus, don't you? Don't you love Him because he died to save you? Say, don't you love Jesus?"

"My little child," murmured the old white-headed man, and his lips began to quiver.

She looked at him earnestly, thoughtfully—then a grieved expression crossed her sweet face, and she said softly, "You do love Jesus, don't you?"

"My little one—ah! I wish I did—I wish I did!" and he shook his head mournfully.

For one full moment she stood gazing on the floor, then flying from the knee where she had been resting, she sought her mother, caught hold of her hand, and saying, "Oh! mamma, that little girl's grandpa over there don't love Jesus; won't you come and tell him he must."

The child would take no denial, but besought with such earnestness, that her mother was fain to go and seat herself by the old man's side, after which Lilly, feeling perfectly assured that the old man would soon love Jesus whether he had before or not, resumed her merry play with her little new-found companion.

Mrs. — sat for some time silent and embarrassed where her daughter had escorted her.

"That's a wonderful little one," said the old gentleman, after he had mastered his emotion.

"Oh, no, sir! a very pleasant, good child, but there is nothing wonderful about her," replied the mother.

"Madam, pardon me—but no one ever took that much interest in me before, to ask me the simple question that the child put to me, and I am now in my eighty-third year."

"The Bible, sir, you know, says, that 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.'"

"Ah! yes, I remember—I read my Bible a good deal, madam," and he sighed heavily.

"And you find comfort in its truths, I hope, sir?"

"No, madam. I have for many years been shaping the Scriptures to suit some peculiar views of mine, and busy and zealous have I been, that I have given no attention to it as a saving medium. When your child put that question to me, madam, I seemed suddenly to awake, as it were, out of a slumber of ages; and again he sighed heavily.

"I think, sir," said Mrs. —, "if you would not disdain so humble an instrument, my little daughter, as she has perhaps begun the good work, might lead you to the truth."

"The boat is stopping, madam," said the old gentleman, then he added eagerly, "will you accompany me to my home? It will be pleasanter than the hot grove, at this hour of day, and I would talk more with that angel child."

His new-found friend consented, and they walked together, for some moments, the little children hand in hand, until they came in sight of a splendid mansion. A park, dotted with beautiful timber, lay in front, and the sun brightened its open paths, and threw threads of light in among the shadowed foliage broadly over the green. This led into a garden well laid out, blooming with various flowers. The glass roof of a large conservatory glittered in the red light of that hour, and through its transparent windows the lemon and the orange could be seen.

They entered the house. It wore an air of grandeur, and every room was adorned with rich and costly furniture.

"Oh, what a happy house!" cried angel Lilly.

"She means," said her mother, smiling, "that everything is so beautiful, one ought to be happy here."

Again came that sigh swelling up from the heart of the aged man, and he shook his head sadly, holding out his arms to the child.

"Come to me and tell me how I may love Jesus," he said.

"Why, don't you love him yet?" she cried, looking from him to her mother.

"Is it so easy, then, my sweet child?"

"Why, it's so easy you can't help it," said the little one, simply. "Mother says she loves me dearly when I'm good, and how can you help loving Jesus, who is good all the time?"

"Do you think He loves me?"

"Oh, I /now He does!" replied the child, earnestly.

The eyes of the aged unbeliever filled with tears, as he said, "Then surely, if He loves me, who have always been so ungrateful towards him, I ought to love Him. Thank God, I see it in a new light!" he murmured to himself.

"Oh, madam! how can I ever be thankful enough that I met this angel? Surely, if I seek Him, He, will be found."

In her own sweet way the mother of little Lilly unfolded the plan of salvation to this hoary-headed skeptic—removing his impressions where they conflicted with the truth; and when she left him, he had humbled himself in prayer, and promised not to give up the search till he had found the Saviour precious to his soul.

It was, perhaps, a week after this conversation that the mother of Lilly received a letter from the old gentleman, in which he wrote the glad tidings of great joy: now he loved the Saviour.

"Ask my little angel," he added, "what she would most like to have me buy for her. It must be something very beautiful and very costly. I am curious to know what she will say."

"What shall the old man buy for you, Lilly?" asked her mother as she read the latter part of his letter.

"For me, mother?"

"He says he will get you whatever you wish, no matter what it costs."

"Oh, mother! will he?" and Lilly clasped her hands. "Will he buy a whole new library for our Sabbath school? Oh! that would be so nice!"

"Always another—never self!" thought the gratified parent, as the tears came into her eyes. Then she added aloud, "Well, daughter, I will tell him what you want."

Before the next Sabbath a new and beautiful library graced the Sabbath school room of L—, and Lilly's eyes sparkled like diamonds as she heard the Superintendent tell that it was a gift through one of the Sabbath school scholars. Was it not strange that every eye turned toward the beaming face of angel Lilly? No; for they knew that she delighted in such deeds. And when the questions came pouring in upon her, "Was it you? was it you?" her childish answer was—

"Yes; arn't you glad we've got such a beautiful library?"

That old man lived to build a house unto the Lord, and when it was completed, and they told him that angel Lilly lay in her white robes, pale and motionless, his only reply was, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheek, and pointed to the new and elegant edifice—

"There is her monument!"

### "I'll take what Father takes."

"What will you take to drink?" asked the waiter of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Un certain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said "I'll take ale," as he had said before, his son would take it also, and then? And the father shuddered, as the history of several young men, once as promising as his own bright lad, had been ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him—Should his hopes also be blasted, and that open-faced, noble lad become a burden and a curse, as they had become? But for strong drink they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and it if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls, he shall not have me to blame;" and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water;" and from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home.

The young lad, in that brief utterance, was really the representative of the generation to which he belongs. God has so directed it, that a father is the highest authority in the world to his child. Who does not know that "My father says so," is the end of all controversy with the little ones around us? Who does not see the parent's tones and gait and manners reproduced continually in the children, whose nature is now "soft as wax to receive an impression, and rigid as marble to retain it;" and who watch with a quick and imitating eye those who, to them are God's vice-regents?

Would that we could impress upon the fathers and mothers of this country the solemn fact, that the future character of the children is formed by them. That if they are trained up in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it. But if they become vain, sensual and degraded, the seeds will have been

deposited and the bias given in the early morning of their lives. If we teach them that strong drink is a good creature of God, they will believe us; and when depending upon our judgment, and truth, they shall have taken it, and it shall have shown itself to be the devil's master-piece, and have bitten and crushed and dragged them down to ruin, we may weep and pray as we please—the blame will be our own, and we must not accuse God, or cast reflections upon the gospel. We shall have sown to the flesh, and of the flesh we have reaped corruption. God will have visited the sins of the fathers upon the children. They "took what their father took." If, on the other hand, we banish the fiend when their young and trusting hearts are most open to our teachings, we tell them that wine is a mocker, that strong drink is raging, and warn them that no serpent is so dangerous, no adder so much to be dreaded, we shall be co-workers with the all-merciful and wise God who, to preserve them from taking it, has sent them into the world with a loathing of its very taste. Our children will believe us. They will grow up with their natural instinct fortified by our instruction and example. They will be preserved from the poisonous influence of the destroyer. There will be a bridgeless gulf between them and the companions who are most likely to lead them into the ways of sin. They will be preserved from habits of extravagance and waste.

They will have no companions but those who walk in the ways of God; no employment for their spare time but that which is elevating and purifying, and when we pass to our reward, they will rise up and call us blessed, for they "took what their fathers took"

### Hospitality.

One day Tommy rushed into the kitchen, crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old woman down in the road, sitting on a log; shall I set Pompey on her?"

"Set Pompey on her!" said his sister; "what for?"

"Oh, because," answered Tommy, looking ashamed, "because—perhaps she is a thief."

"Go out, Esther, and see if the poor woman wants any thing. Perhaps she's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains," said the mother.

Esther ran down the green, and, peeping through the gate, saw the woman resting under the old oak tree.

"Should you like any thing?" asked Esther.

"Thank you," said the old woman; "I should be very thankful for a drink of water."

Esther scampered back to the house, and soon procured some cool water from the well, and hastened with it to the poor traveller.

"I thank you," she said, after drinking. "It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus once said about a cup of cool water?"

Esther was silent.

"I will tell you. He said, 'Whoever shall give to one of his people a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' May the Lord himself bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do."

And a happy feeling stole into the young child's bosom at the old woman's words, for the blessing of the poor tell upon her.—*Children's Friend.*

**A HAPPY HOME.**—Six things are requisite to create "a happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of God.

**THE LOGIC OF A DEACON'S WIFE.**—A certain church had been for a long time without a pastor. The wife of one of the deacons, lamenting the fact, said very wisely, "Perhaps if we had given more money to fit young men for the ministry, we should now have one for ourselves." Let destitute churches elsewhere inquire whether this remark may not apply to them.

**TRUTH.**—Some one has beautifully said:—"Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it."

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