

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 27th, 1868.

MATTHEW vii. 1-14: LUKE ix. 37-42: The sermon on the Mount continued.
Recite.—1 JOHN v. 13-15.

Sunday, October 4th, 1868.

MATTHEW vii. 15-29: LUKE ix. 43-49: The sermon on the Mount, continued.
Recite.—MATTHEW xii. 35-37.

The following from the *Young Reeper* is a "lecture" which we hope but few of our little readers would be likely to receive, except from a newspaper. It is well for them to know how thankful they ought to be for the blessing of a kind mother, by looking at such a sad picture:

The Temperance Lecture.

Uriah and Frank, my two little boys, went to a temperance lecture a few days since. They were rather young, to be sure; Uriah six and Frank four. But I can tell you they understood it all, and were terribly interested too.

They did not bear much; it was what they saw that made them feel so. I will tell the dear children of the "REAPER" all about it. They were playing out in the little front yard, and all at once there came staggering up the street, close by the fence, a woman, a mother, and her little son, about nine years old, was with her.

She was very dirty and very ragged, and she could not walk straight at all, for oh, she was drunk!

They went stumbling along till they reached the green at the head of the street, and there she sank down on the ground. She leaned her head upon her hands, and rocked her body to and fro, and her poor, faithful little son stood by her, holding her up, and weeping, oh, so bitterly! That was what my dear boys heard.

Then he laid hold of her shawl, and seemed to be coaxing her to get up and go home—home, indeed! My little boys still stood, with pale faces and straining eyes, watching them through the gate.

I let them stand and look, for I hoped they would always remember the horrid sight, the only one they had ever seen in their sheltered home.

After a while the woman got up and tried to walk—the little boy holding tightly to her hand; but oh dear! he was so small and weak, and she was so stupid, that he could not hold her up, and down she went again—fell down this time—and hit her head on the sharp stones, so that the blood ran down in streams. See, little boys, look, that miserable wretch in his mother! and how tenderly he tries to lift her head from the dirt into his poor little lap, gently smoothing back her tangled, bicolly hair, yet weeping, weeping all the time so bitterly, as if his heart would break.

Kind people stopped and helped the poor child. The miserable creature was attended to, and carried off, and my little boys came into the house with silent, frightened faces.

Frank laid his head in my lap and sobbed out, "Oh, I so glad you ain't drunken mother. Oh, I am going to try to be good always, and never be naughty any more; oh dear! oh dear!"

The sensitive nerves were so unstrung, that I almost regretted allowing him to witness the dreadful scene; but the impression is made, I doubt not. That drunken mother and that distressed, sobbing child, are daguerreotypes on his mind and heart forever, and time cannot erase from his memory that terrible "Temperance Lecture," and Uriah, more calm, but equally interested, said, "I guess I will run all your errands for you, mother, and not be cross when you want me to leave my play and mind little sister."

So may all my little readers learn from my lesson to be thankful for their happy Christian homes, and try with all their might to save others from the dreadful fate of the drunken mother and the forsaken child.

For the Boys.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked,—"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you." It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in the world, standing on the corners, sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost every thing worth having, like the ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Daisy's Obedience.

The lesson last Sunday was upon the character of Christ, and his love for us; and in connection with it, the rejection of him by the Jews, and Peter's cruel denial of him. My class of five attentive little girls expressed deep interest. Three of them were very certain they should not have turned their faces from him in cruel unbelief, or in any way have denied their love for him. One of them wavered; and thought perhaps she might have been influenced by the multitude; but still clung to the hope that she would have shown herself faithful unto the end. Meanwhile, "Dewey-eyed Daisy," the youngest and tenderest of the flock sat silent and tearful. Presently a little hand was laid in mine, and to my look of inquiry, she whispered—"Oh, I'm afraid I should, though it was so dreadful to crucify him!"

"But what makes you think so, Daisy?" "Because," replied out the little one, we know so much more now, and I'm real naughty sometimes. When we say we love him, and then do naughty things, isn't that denying him? Mustn't we be good every minute? Aunt Eliza says we must, and she looks so sober at me when I forget, (and I do very often, when mother calls me to do any thing for her, or play with baby.) I am not always willing that very minute. I tried last week to please Him,—oh, so hard!—and every night and morning I said over the verse you gave us—"Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord;" but I was fretful several times, and aunt Eliza looked at me and said I didn't love my mother, and didn't love Jesus. Sometimes I do think I love him; but then, when these naughty, cross times come, it spoils every thing, and seems as if I needn't try any more; and great tears filled the blue eyes of the child, and her whole frame trembled with tender emotion.

"But, Daisy, dear," I said, "you are quite sure you love your mother?"

A look of amazement followed this unexpected question.

"And yet, you disobey her, sometimes?"

The blue eyes were cast down in conscious sorrow, and sadly came the penitent answer—"When I forget, but that's it: I shouldn't forget, aunt Eliza says."

"And how does my little Daisy feel afterwards? Pretty much as it she did not care?"

And now the tears came thick and fast, and with them a look very much as if she had been struck. "Is there any sorrow afterwards?" I asked, "and does it really grieve you that you falter in obedience?"

Smiling through her tears, she answered—"Yes, I do feel real sorry; sorry for mother, and sorry because Jesus wants us children to be good and obedient, and has been so kind to us, we ought to try, and I mean to, and ask him to help me forget myself more, so I can obey him and please my mother."

Here Edith, the eldest of the group, pressed forward to ask if the difference between the sinning of Christians, and of those who do not love Christ, is not that while Christians are always sorry when they have done wrong, others do not care? "Father told me," she added, "that we must grow in grace, and if, when we do wrong, we feel sorry and grieved because we have not obeyed the Saviour, and ask God to forgive us for Christ's sake, and give us more grace to remember better, he will surely help us; and that's the difference between them and people who don't care when they have grieved the Saviour."

"Yes, indeed, dear children, he lends a pitying ear to all who ask him in sincerity and truth to help them, so that they can really 'grow in grace.' He carries the lambs in his loving arms, to shield them from wrong, and whispers words of love, that they may try to do what he wishes: he says—"Come unto me."

He knows we all need daily help, and he is very patient with us. When he sees we feel grieved if we do wrong, you may be sure he will never forget to answer any prayer for help, and will lovingly stretch out his strong arms to enfold all who trust in him.

Then I desired the class to repeat after me—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "Return unto me, and will return unto you." "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find;" and I added, "when we say 'Give us this day our daily bread,' we should mean also 'bread for our souls,'—'manna from heaven,'—which will make us strong in patience, in gentleness, in obedience, in every loving way; and we must ask, believing that our Heavenly Father can, and will give us every needed blessing."

"Now let us all try," I said, "to do just as Jesus wishes us; to ask every day that he will help us; and never forget, dear children, that he expects us to ask him, and then to try to do what we know he expects of us. You can honor him in many ways at home, and among your mates at school, by being gentle, and kind, and patient."

Here Daisy's small hand nestled again in mine, and a low voice said—"That's something like what mother told me last week; every night she goes with me to our praying closet, and talks with me, and asks that our sins may be forgiven for Jesus' sake; and then it seems to me I shall never be naughty any more, and I feel as if I loved Jesus more than I did last summer. Some days I think I can't wait;—I want to see him so."

Edith, loving, earnest Edith, whispered in my ear—"Perhaps Daisy is really 'growing in grace,' and don't know it;" and I could not help feeling and praying it might be so.

Keep your temper. The cold hammer moulds and masters red-hot iron.

Dr. Guthrie on Temperance.

The cause is one in which I feel not only a deep but a deepening interest,—and I am astonished that so many ministers of the gospel, and good Christian people, can turn aside from the fight as they do. When, as one of the parochial ministers of this city, I labored among the lower, and indeed lowest classes of society, I was met at every corner by the demon of drink. I found it utterly useless to attempt to evangelize the heathen and raise the lapsed masses without the aid of Total Abstinence. With all my trust in the promises of God, and blessings of the Holy Spirit, I felt that I must be able, as a worthy leader, to say to the people, not Forward, but Follow! This first induced me to become a total abstainer, and I am convinced that it is the duty of every man who would do his utmost for the glory of God, and the good of his fellow-creatures, to discountenance by his example the use of intoxicating stimulants. They are the cause of almost all our poverty and crime,—they are the great fountain of domestic discord and misery,—and the lives they destroy, and the souls they ruin year by year, in our country, are to be numbered, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands.—*Letter to Newman Hall.*

John Allen.

In our last we gave our readers a brief sketch of this notorious New York man. We find in the N. Y. Correspondence of the *Watchman and Reflector*, another picture of him which is probably a pretty correct portrait, without the nauseous flattery concerning him, which has been spread over many of the sensational papers of the United States:

PRAYER MEETING IN JOHN ALLEN'S DEN.

The sensation of the week has been a prayer meeting at the hour of noon in one of the most notorious dancing dens of Water Street. The proprietor is known as John Allen, though that is not his name. He has obtained considerable notoriety lately by the publication of some articles in the papers. On Saturday night at midnight he closed his rooms as a dance house. The place was crowded, the bar in full blast, the company as dissolute and dissipated as can be found in this low region of our city. Precisely at the hour named Allen ordered the music to stop; gave notice to the inmates that as a dance house that building was closed, that the bar would be shut up, and that the girls who did not choose to remain as Magdalenes might go. About a dozen remained. A prayer meeting was immediately organized and carried on by some religious people who knew of Allen's intention and were present when the dance ceased. On Monday, at Mr. Allen's own request, a noon-day prayer meeting was opened, which, being announced through the press, drew an immense crowd to his establishment. The street was in a state of thorough excitement. Dancing women, gamblers, ruffians of the lowest degree, keepers of the Water Street dens, proprietors of the dog-fighting establishments and other low sports filled the pavement, and discussed the new state of things, and did not disguise their excitement. During the whole week the meetings have been kept up. Such a motley crowd probably never before assembled in any place in New York. Vile occupants of the neighborhood joined with leading Christians. Some over zealous professors shouted and screamed with excitement and were very certain that the millennium had come.

The central figure of the meeting was Allen, a man about fifty, with as hard a looking face as one would find in a thousand. He is a native of this State. He is uneducated, coarse, brutal, profane and drunken. His father and mother are pious, and he has three brothers, two of whom are in the ministry. I have talked with Allen. He expresses no regret for his past life or employment. On Tuesday, indeed, in one of the public meetings in his place, he undertook to vindicate his career. He said that he had been very quiet, minded his own business had done a great deal of good, and got no credit for it. So far from professing to be a religious man or seeking religion, he does not profess to have reformed in any respect. He says if he could not be moved by the tears of his old father and the prayers and councils of his brothers, he would not be by strangers. Instead of allowing himself to be the wickedest man in New York, he plumes himself on having been very charitable, and as having made his \$100,000 as reputably as any other man in the city. He stood in the midst of the crowd marshalling people to the seats, ordering the doorway to be cleared, shaking hands with the comers, and in a very patronizing way inviting persons in. Having got money enough, as he says, and finding his business disreputable, he is disposed to get out of it. He really has an idea, though he can't speak three words decently, of going round the country lecturing, and dividing the profits with some charitable institution. But some earnest, zealous people think he will be converted yet. He is the live sensation of New York to-day; that's certain.

And yet notwithstanding the shameless course of this man he is to be put forward as a representative of the people and a candidate for legislative honors! The *New York Sun* brings him out in the following fashion:

JOHN ALLEN FOR CONGRESS.—John Allen who has just left off being the wickedest man in New York, is now talked of as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Third District, at present represented by John Fox. The only dissatisfaction expressed with Mr. Fox arises

from his not being a speaker. He is wanting in oratorical power. John Allen is represented to be a natural orator. He is a very ardent Democrat—an enthusiastic supporter of Seymour and Blair, and knows how to make speeches for them.

It is contended in favor of the nomination of Allen that the wickedest element, with which he was long identified, will support him for the sake of auld lang syne, while the religious element, to which he is the newest convert, will be very friendly to him.

We shall be glad to see Mr. Allen brought forward. We desire to see one member of Congress of whom it may be said, "His wickedness belongs to the past."

Mr. Allen was a Union man during the war and did good service at the time of the riots. His accession to the House of Representatives might result in a moral reform among the members.

The Christian men of the Republic will surely blush to see his name put forth in such a position.

Scientific.

EARTHQUAKE WAVES.—An earthquake which followed the recent eruption in the Sandwich Islands was transmitted to the Pacific coast and recorded on the government self-registering tide gauges at San Francisco and Astoria, in about five hours. On the 23d of December, 1854, a similar wave was transmitted from Japan to the Golden Gate in twelve hours and thirty eight minutes. It will be recollected that the earthquake waves caused the wreck of the Russian frigate *Diana* in the port of Simoda, and great loss of life.

These facts which are derived from the best authority, convey a very impressive idea of the tremendous power required to disturb the whole body of an ocean, for a distance of from three to five thousand miles, by a movement distinct from its ordinary tidal swing. It will be seen that the revulsion of the great tidal wave at Hawaii reached this coast, distant over two thousand miles, in five hours, and was observed along a stretch of shore over thirteen geographical degrees in length.

These earthquake waves appear to have moved with a velocity of about 400 miles an hour; a speed which suggests the possibility of a more rapid means of transit over the waves than mankind possesses. Here is an opportunity for the inventor. On land we move along almost equal with the bird; but the fishes sport under the prows of the fleetest vessels and laugh at our efforts to overtake them.—*Scientific American.*

Dr. Arnold once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak so ungraciously, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his children and say: "I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

God will accept your first attempts to serve him not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The first little blades of wheat are as pleasant to the farmer's eyes as the whole field waving with grain.

Theology is a science; religion a spirit. The mere theologian may prosecute his task in a logical and exact manner, but the system he erects may be as dry and lifeless as a statue or a skeleton.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF GROWING OLD.—In an obituary notice of an old citizen, an Ohio paper says: "He was honest and industrious until enfeebled by disease and age."

A little boy, giving an account to his brother of the garden of Eden said: "The Lord made a gardener, and put him in the garden to take care of it, and see that nobody hurt anything, or stuck bills on the trees."

Sidney Smith said to a loquacious ex-Member of Parliament for Edinburg that all he wanted to make him perfect was a few brilliant flashes of silence.

Josh Billings defines a "thurrer bread business man" as "wun that knows enuff about stealin' so't there kant ennybody steel from him, and enuff about law so that he kin do his stealin' legally."

HUMBLE PERSONS.—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

A BORE.—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

Ants constantly set examples of industry, but uncles don't.

QUERY.—Is a man who has made a fool of himself to be considered a self-made man?

A vein hope—prospecting for gold.

Why should a printer go hungry, when he can always convert his work into pi?

Missionaries and to others sojourning in foreign lands should not fail to take with them a good supply of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." It is the most reliable medicine for all purposes there is in the world.

Contagious diseases, such as horse ail, glander, &c., may be prevented by the use of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders." Persons travelling with Horses should take note of this.