

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, December 19th, 1869.

LUKE xvii. 20-37: Christ's coming will be sudden.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 64, 65.

Sunday, December 26th, 1869.

LUKE xviii. 1-14: Parables. The Pharisee and Publican.

Recite.—S. C., 66, 67.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXV.

1. C-al-n-o . . . Isa. x. 8, 9, 16.
2. A-nania-s . . . Acts ix. 17.
3. L-e-a-A . . . Gen. xxix. 25; xxxi. 40, 41.
4. E-v-e . . . Gen. i. 28; iii. 19.
5. B-eth-sai-d-a . . . Matt. xi. 21.

"CALEB"—"OSHEA." Numb. xiii. 6, 8.

SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

The following questions are to be answered by the mention of words beginning with the letter P.

1. Name something metaphorical of great teachers in the church.
2. What is made metaphorical both of the temple of Jerusalem and the church of God?
3. Name a word which equally describes sin and the grave.
4. What word is used to express the royal dignity of Christ?
5. Give two words used metaphorically both of the Old and New Testament saints.
6. What word is used metaphorically in connection with founding a kingdom, evangelizing a people, and entering into covenant with God?
7. Name a word used metaphorically in connection with God's providences and precepts, and with the actions of good and wicked men.
8. What is made metaphorical of Christ's salvation, the truths of the gospel, and the glory of heaven?
9. What is put for a snare, sorrow, and the grave?
10. What is the conversation of the wicked compared to?
11. A word used metaphorically in connection with punishment, blessing, and sanctification.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. EMERSON ANDREWS.

"By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child."—Heb. 11: 23.

Moses was once a little babe, as you were, and his good mother loved him dearly. She did not want to lose him, or have the dear boy killed by the wicked king. So his faithful mother made a little basket, very light and nice, and then put some pitch on it, and made it tight and good, like a boat. When it was all done, she put little Moses into it and pushed the boat out a little way on the river Nile, near Cairo, in Egypt. His mother watched the helpless child so that nothing should hurt him. God saw Moses, and loved him, and saved him. So his mother was glad, and we are too.

About ten years ago I was there, on the very spot, they said, where all this was done. If you should go there, the Arab people, who live there, would show you not only the sacred spot where Moses was born and cradled, but also show you what they say is the very basket—made of rush—in which he floated on the water.

Now the boat was made fast, and little Moses was cared for and nursed, and afterward grew up and became a good and great man. He obeyed God, and was much blessed. He used to talk with God and worship God.

Then God told Moses to write his commandments on the stones so plain that the people might read them; and Moses did so. Now you see that he was a very good boy, and got to be a blessed, mighty man. See how he led the Hebrew people right through the Red Sea and over the mountains, and the looked over the river Jordan into the land of Canaan, Palestine.

My dear children, here is a sermon and a lesson for each of you. I hope you will mind and be Christians. You were once young, like little Moses, and so small and helpless that your parents took great care of you by night and by day. And God took care of them and you too. Now, as Moses grew up, he loved the Lord, and kept the commandments. I hope, dear boys and girls, that you will love God and His word, and mind all the commandments.

Moses became a great lawyer and general. God gave him the Law, and he gave it to the people. He had great power with God and with men. Now, if you will repent of every one of your sins, and trust in Jesus, God will forgive you and make you good and happy. Christ died on the Cross, to which he was nailed, for you—for your dear soul.

Now, dear children, you must read the Bible and hear good instruction, and let go of every sin or sinful pleasure and follow God's commandments, as he bids you, like Moses. Don't speak rashly, or get angry, as Moses once did, and act wrong. You see that God was then grieved with Moses, and stopped him, and would not let him go over Jordan into the Holy

Land, because Moses once spoke and acted wrong. How sorry Moses felt afterward! And then obeyed God faithfully, and was blessed.

So if you say or do any wrong thing—and you know you do many times—you must be sorry, and pray to Jesus for pardon. That is the way many hundreds and thousands of children have done where I have had revival meetings, all over the city and country.

I will tell you a true story: I remember when I was three years old. My dear father talked to me about God when I was only four years old. So I would pray at bedtime:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This I said, and made other little prayers, at other times.

I grew up to manhood, under conviction, and then gave my heart to the blessed Jesus.

I want you, dear children, to believe in Christ, and to be happy; and sing of Moses and the Lamb with me and the righteous in heaven, Amen.

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER X.

The debts of Mr. Singleton were, on a proper investigation, found to be very much less than he had imagined them to be. They had been magnified also by the public to increase the marvel, and no doubt the secret enemy of the world against the church had helped to swell the amount; for those who had wondered most that your religious people were ever trusted, always had the heaviest charge to make. It took much more trouble than the reader would like to share in to make matters straight. After such a lapse of time many of the creditors were not to be found. Some had died; some removed to other places; but where there was a possibility of tracing any heir or representative it was done, and ample restitution was made. Great was the joy among the poor of Clayton; many families who were struggling with difficulties found themselves suddenly delivered by the restoration of the small sum so long ago lost, now swelled by interest into a large one.

The most important creditor were the owner of the Farquhar bond, Mrs. Crisp, and Mrs. Williams of the mill. The history of the bond is worth relating, but before it is told the reader must betake himself to Clayton, and see the party there.

"An open heart keeps open house," Mr. Haffenden used to say; "that although bishops were enjoined to be hospitable, the duty was not confined to them." And Mrs. Haffenden always chimed in with, "You mean the privilege, George!"

So there were assembled Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, their son, and Walter and Dora Farquhar, and, in time, Mr. Dimond.

Mr. Farquhar had pleaded that he and his sister would feel painfully that they were intruders. Mr. Haffenden said he had most particular reasons for wishing him to stay; and Mrs. Haffenden declared she should find Dora the greatest possible help in the entertainment of their new guests.

The certainty of his owing no man anything save love braced Mr. Singleton's nerves and acted like an elixir on his spirits, and with a deep sense of the mercies he had received, he returned to his old dwelling place. His wife had been so taught of God, that true happiness lay in the experience of his love, and that the enjoyment of that love was independent of circumstances, that, although most grateful for the release of her husband from reproach, and through him for the restoration of the honour of the gospel, she was not elated at her own return to a condition of life from which she had so long departed; she had learned in whatsoever state she was therewith to be content. She had never lost her dignity in her life of humility, and she came back with humility into her life of dignity.

Mr. Singleton's restoration to his old place, and the happiness that his return diffused, went far to enable him to help efficiently in the arrangement of his affairs. Some things which could not have been cleared up without him, were thus ascertained and settled, among them was the Farquhar bond. At his first interview with Walter and Dora, he was evidently struck by some remembrance or association; he enquired of Mr. Haffenden who they were and whence they came; and their history, slightly as their kind friend knew it, when told, showed him that his conjecture was true.

"What will you say when I tell you that these young people are in truth wards of mine?" he exclaimed. "Yes, wards, whom I have defrauded of their property, and to whom I have never discharged a guardian's duty, though it was imposed under the most sacred circumstances."

Mr. Singleton then explained that their father, a young man of great promise as an architect, had been employed by him in various works, and, while he had the money, had been regularly paid. He had projected with a costly building of a charitable nature in a place destitute of help for the poor; but as the work progressed he found his funds diminishing, and communicated his fears to his friend (for he and Mr. Farquhar formed a most intimate friendship) that the building must cease. Enthusiastically fond of his art, and placing implicit confidence in Mr. Singleton, whose religious principles were to him a sufficient guarantee, the young architect not only worked on at his own cost of time and expense, but also advanced money to his friend till the debt came to three thousand pounds. Suddenly, in the flush of prosperity, and while rising to eminence in his profession, he was cut off, and died in rapid decline; it was only a few days before his death that he could be persuaded

that he must die. He had been recently widowed, and had two little children; he was not afraid to leave them, and, sudden as the summons was from a life in which his heart and intellect had given him great enjoyment, he was not unwilling to go; he expressed a grateful sense of being allowed a little interval that he might try to set his house in order. He first took the bond for three thousand pounds, which he had received from Mr. Singleton, who had hastened to see him, and returned it with the request that he would expend the money in the education of his children, whom he bequeathed to his care. "I return it," he said, "because those who will interfere with my affairs may trouble you with an immediate demand. I know I am safe in putting my children and their provision into your hands." Mr. Singleton had made an application for the children after the funeral, and fully intended to carry out his obligations, when the sudden ruin of his affairs prostrated his mind as it deprived him of the power and means. From that time, though the circumstance had occasionally come back to him, he had never heard of his neglected charge, for why should he enquire where he could not satisfy? No debt, however, weighed more heavily on him than this; and he was ready to kneel and ask forgiveness of those whom he had so wronged, when he found them providentially brought to meet him at his return.

"Nothing is wonderful that God does, Selina," said Mr. Haffenden, "or rather all is so wonderful that nothing need surprise us." Mrs. Haffenden assented, but she admired the whole network of circumstances; as she called it; for she saw more in prospect than the timely provision for the two young people, neither of them strong enough to contend much longer with the daily bread cares of life—yes, she saw an arrangement which would give Mr. Singleton an opportunity of discharging his obligation at last—but of this presently.

The second debt to be discharged was Mrs. Crisp's, and her affairs were placed in a most prosperous condition; and her son, who, unknown at first to William Singleton, had been brought forward materially by him in his sea life, was able to invest money so profitably in his business, that there was no imprudence in his marrying, and leaving his wife, during his voyages, to comfort and care for his good mother. Little Miss Dodd was just the person for him, and quite to the mind of Mrs. Crisp, who, as Mr. Haffenden told her, was like Job, and had got all her good things at the last.

The third debt was the one of which Mrs. Williams of the mill made such a grievance, which she threw in the face of all who professed religion, and with which she tried to blot the escutcheon of every believer. She was almost as great a loser by the expected payment of her debt, as she was to be a gainer by the money, in being robbed of her complaint. She was quite tired of hearing of the hostility of Mr. Singleton in coming back to pay debts that were beyond the Statute of Limitation, and she hoped, to Betsy Pillings, that it was all true. She had carefully counted up her's, and every penny of interest she'd have!

Betsy highly commended her; but she felt bound to add that if the man did pay, she thought there must be something in him; what she hated was your hypocrisy, now, that charge she and her father had settled must be given up, if he made good all he had engaged for; they began, in fact, to think he had been, as Mrs. Crisp had said, more foolish than wrong.

Indeed, it was surprising how much Mr. Crisp had advanced in the opinion of her neighbours since her altered circumstances. Mrs. Jenkins had no trouble now in inducing Miss Pillings to meet her to tea without Mrs. Williams, and Miss Betsy would listen with the greatest urbanity to her remarks, and even wonder sometimes how people could be so uncharitable.

But one evening when Becky was untying her cloak, she said in the fulness of her heart, "Please, miss, you knowed as missis had given me warnin' for my for'ardness."

"Yes, Becky, and I'm sorry for you," said Miss Betsy, who was in a very benevolent humour, "and if I hear of anything that will suit you—"

"Please, miss, I got a place," said Becky.

"Oh—where?" said Miss Betsy.

"At Mrs. Crisp's. She's never had no regular girl, only a woman, of days, now and then; but now, as there'll be a family like—"

"Oh, but I thought young Mrs. Crisp would go out again," said Miss Betsy, who had looked with favour on the open-hearted young sailor.

"Yes, miss, he will; but he'll leave his missis, young Mrs. Crisp, behind—Miss Dodd as is," said Becky.

"Miss Dodd!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, in high disgust.

"Yes, miss; it's quite pretty to see 'em—a walkin' up and down the little garden at the back. I can see 'em, that was how I found it out, and they sings together; it's ever so nice to listen to 'em of evenin's under the winder."

"How you chatter!" said Miss Betsy, sharply. "No wonder Mrs. Jenkins wants to get rid of you!"

Becky was amazed, and couldn't make out how it was that she had so suddenly arrived at freezing point in Miss Betsy's good graces. And if the said Miss Betsy had not said something about headache, the company, consisting of Mrs. Crisp, her son and future daughter, together with her hostess, would have considered her in that very unhappy state of mind which goes by the name of a bad humour. From this evening Miss Pillings inclined to Mrs. Williams' cynical remarks on religious people, and no more defended Mr. Singleton.

When Mr. Singleton, however, awoke still more to the truth of his affairs, he expressed a firm belief in the fact that there was no debt owing to Hercules Williams, his heirs and

assigns. He was sure that to enable him to pay that debt, which was incurred in the providing meal and flour in the scanty season for the poor in various districts, he had incurred other liabilities, knowing that Williams was not a man to bear the loss without exorbitant interest. The accounts were searched, but in vain; no trace was found of receipt, and Mr. Dimond, who had come down to wind up matters, shook his head, and said there seemed no remedy. At length, in an old pocket-book was found an entry. "This day, paid Hercules Williams the bill for flour and meal that I owed him." "I know I was right," said Mr. Singleton, "Yes, this is enough for you, but it won't satisfy them; your writing is nothing; there is no receipt."

"Never mind—leave it to me, I will do the best I can."

Mr. Singleton would have met the full demand at once, but that Mr. Dimond wouldn't hear of. "We will have justice if we can get it," he said.

REMEMBERED ONES.

Not they who've trod the martial field,
And led to arms a battling host,
And at whose name "the world grew pale,"
Will be in time remembered most;

But those who walked the "paths of peace,"
And gave their strength to aid the just,
Shall live for aye on men's memory's page,
When heroes sleep in unknown dust.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S CREED.

The following extract from a discourse delivered by the eloquent French priest, may indicate why he finds it impossible to remain in the Church of Rome.

Salvation in Jesus, by grace alone, through faith—salvation in him, known and realized in blessed peace and power, lifts its possessor clean out of the world of superstition and delusion. It raises him above the reign of priestly mediocrity. The One High Priest above, does all the proper priestly work for such a one. A thousand bonds are snapped asunder in a moment when the soul of a poor sinner finds its full rest in Christ. You need not prove to him, that pains and penances, purgatorial fires and priestly indulgences and absolutions, pilgrimages, high masses, and beads and censer, are all empty, needless, and vain. No! the vital principle of all these has been nailed already to the true cross. The principle of them no longer triumphs in his heart. Grace reigns there now. He stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free, and he rejects every priestly interference that would bring him into bondage. The true Priest—the Great High Priest—has emancipated him from the thralldom of every usurper. The snare is broken and the captive has escaped.

"When I was a boy," said Deacon Soudder, "I was apprenticed to a business house in Boston. As I was about to leave home for the great city, I went over to bid my aged grandmother good-by. She called me to her bedside, and said among other good things: 'Charles, if you should see a pin on the carpet of your mistress, to whom would that pin belong?' 'To her, I suppose, grandmather.' 'Then pick it up and give it to her, and do not keep it yourself. Never, my child, take so much as a pin that does not belong to you.'"

"This," said the deacon, "I never forgot. Whenever I was tempted to take any little trifle that was not my own, I could hear my old grandmother saying, 'Charles, never take so much as a pin which does not belong to you.'"

TYPGRAPHICAL.—The following typographical error shews the vast importance of a comma: At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute." It should have been "Woman—without her, man is a brute."

A paper recently made the surprising statement that "two thousand cart loads of cats had come East over the Western railroads." The editor designed to say "cats."

A printer setting up the sentence, "we are but parts of a stupendous whole," by mistake of a letter, made it read, "we are but parts of a stupendous whale."

A paper publishes the following errata:—"The words printed pigs and cows in Mr. Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have been pros and cons."

PRINTING PHOTOGRAPHS.—Photograph portraits are likely to become as cheap as pippins—two or three a penny. We have seen "mechanical photographs" printed with printer's ink. They are necessarily as permanent as a printed text, and so easy of production that twelve thousand may be produced from a single plate in one day! They may be printed on any sort of paper, and with any width of margin. It is a complete revolution.—Athenaeum.

MENTAL LABOR.—It has been calculated that, in actual waste of tissue, one hour of mental labor is equivalent to four hours of physical exertion. If this is correct, and taking the eight hour scale—a day's labour for a journalist should only be two hours.

An Iowa cucumber weighs seventeen and a half pounds and measures in extreme length five feet four inches.

The Lord has many fine farms from which he receives but little rent.