

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, August 22nd, 1869.

LUKE x. 25-42: A Lawyer instructed. Love to our neighbour defined. Parable of the good Samaritan.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 41, 42.

Sunday, August 29th, 1869.

LUKE xi. 1-24: The disciples taught how to pray. The seventy return.

Recite.—S. C., 43, 44.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter D.

6. The word Door is used (1st) of Christ, in John x. 9, because he is the only way into heaven for sinners; (2nd) of faith, in Acts xiv. 27, because faith opened salvation to the Gentiles; (3rd) of opportunity for preaching, in 1 Cor. xvi. 9, Col. iv. 3, because, by the utterance of the mouth, preaching enters into the heart; (4th) of the heart, in Rev. iii. 20, as giving entrance to truth; (5th) of the lips, as sending forth the voice. Ps. cxli. 3. (6th) of heaven, Matt. xxv. 10; (7th) of sloth, Prov. xxvi. 14.

7. DAUGHTER. Used in connection with musicians in Eccl. xii. 4; with nations in Ps. cxxxvii. 8; with the church of God in Ps. xlv. 9, 10, 13.

8. Doves are made emblematical of tenderness in Is. xxxviii. 14; of purity in Ps. lxxviii. 13; of foolishness in Hos. vii. 11; of amity in Hos. xi. 11; and of inoffensiveness in Matt. x. 16.

9. DWELL. Used of the Father in 2 Cor. vi. 16; of the Son in Eph. iiii. 17; of the Holy Ghost in Rom. viii. 9; of the Scripture in Col. iii. 16; of Satan in Luke xi. 26. And all these references are to one subject, viz., the heart of man.

10. DES. Applied to Jerusalem in Jer. ix. 11; and to the Temple in Matt. xxi. 13.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XVII.

Whose wife led Israel's valiant hosts to fight? What king a city built on Shemer's height? What hid the holy ark from public gaze? Who trained her son in wisdom's pleasant ways? Who in his house was treacherously slain? Who was the first over Israel's land to reign? What powerful king on Israel's tribes made war? Who in the temple found God's holy law? Who was the first from virtue's path to stray? What judgment swept a guilty world away? Whose reign was witness to a sore event? Who with St. Paul on many journeys went? A form in which the Lord appeared of old? And one in David's time a warrior bold? What spotless beauty shadowed forth the Lord? Which of the tribes did teach God's holy word? Who in sweet strains of gospel days did sing? And who was murdered by a cruel king? Who once was sent to Babylon's court? What king against the tribes of Israel fought? Who to St. Paul did needful aid afford? Two faithful saints who laboured in the Lord? A persecutor of God's chosen race? The oldest scar that in God's word we trace? In ancient times what shadowed forth the Lord? Who in his tent did stolen treasures hoard? A mighty power, unseen by human sight, Which typifies the source of heavenly light?

In the initials of these names we trace All that is needful for the Christian race; Which heavenly rule, if you by grace obey, Your peace shall deepen till the perfect day.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Children, who read my lay, This much I have to say? Each day and every day Do what is right! Right things in great and small; Then, though the sky should fall Sun, moon, and stars, and all, You shall have light!

This further would I say: Be you tempted as you may, Each and every day, Speak what is true! True things in great and small Then, though the sky should fall Sun, moon, and stars, and all, Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know, Do not out of thistles grow; And though the blossoms blow While on the tree, Grapes never, never yet On the limbs of thorns were set; So, if you a good would get, Good you must be!

Life's journey through and through, Speaking what is just and true; Doing what is right to do Unto one and all. When you work, and when you play, Each day and every day; Then peace shall gild your way, Though the sky should fall.

THE PRODIGAL SON IN CHINESE.

A young Chinaman, Choy Awah, a scholar at the Five Points House of Industry, reads the Testament in English, and then gives the sense in a dialect of his own; and this is what he makes of the parable of the Prodigal Son:

A man, he two sons. Son speak he to father; father, got no money; give some he; father he take it, all right. I just now give you half. He give me half; he go long way—like me come China New York. No be careful of money, use too much; money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say, all right; he tell him to feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he eat with pigs himself. He just now talk: "My father he rich man—too much money. What for me stay hungry? I want go back and see my father. I say to him I very bad. He knows I bad. Emperor [God] see I bad. No be son, me be coolie." He go back, long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say, "I very bad. I just now no be your son; I coolie." His father talkey to boy, and say: "Get handsome coat; give he ring; give he shoes; bring fat cow—kill him; give him to eat." They very glad. He all same dead; just now come back alive; he lost; he got back. Number one son come. He hear music; he tell servant, "What for they make music?" He say, "Your brother come back; your father very glad he no sick; he kill fat cow." Number one son very angry. Father he come out; he no go inside; very angry. Number one son say, "I stay all time by father; never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother be very bad; he use money too much; he have fat cow and music." Father say, "You no understand; he just dead; he now come to life; he lost, he now come back."—Harper's Magazine.

SAVED AS BY FIRE; OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favourably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up; "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticized. O! how often have I thought since then—had my Bible but been my text-book! I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of Him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Athorp—a fine fellow in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larrys—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L—, a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favourite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal beauty, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L—, I began to notice sitting in the pit a fair haired-boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft and delicate as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten me. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this

fair woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life! I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure, sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and His cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in—street wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken, light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awestruck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the gospel now! Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement.—He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thrilled by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Gone"—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, my destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"Oh! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Surely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long, low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so impressively solemn—his deep-drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest;—and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honoured—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that,

vile as you are in your sight and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length— "Do this—give me hope—hope, a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he would and did, give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early the next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half blinded by tears, to the bed. Scarcely, beautiful, gleamed the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, heavenly message that my soul had longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.

Scientific.

PAPER FROM STONE.

The New-York Times recently had a stone epistle from its Florence correspondent, the letter being written on paper made from the fibre of asbestos. Signor Del Corona has a plentiful mine of this substance, from which a pulp is made, and then paper. He offers it to the world as a good thing—for it makes towels and textiles as well as paper, and these resist fire. A lady's asbestos dress would be no bad invention for these kerosene times. But then an old newspaper would refuse to kindle your fire.

VELOCITY OF THE WIND.

It is stated that, at Philadelphia, the mean velocity of the wind during the entire year is found to be about eleven miles an hour; at Toronto its annual average velocity is nine miles; and at sea it is estimated at eighteen miles.

Rub some bichromate of potassa fine, pour over it about twice the bulk of sulphuric acid, and mix this with an equal quantity of water. The dirtiest brass is cleaned in a trice. Wash immediately in plenty of water, wipe it, rub perfectly dry, and polish with powdered rottenstone.

Eight young women are studying at the University of Zurich. One of them gives her chief attention to philosophy, the others to medicine. The University of Leipzig refuses to admit women to their medical lectures.

An echo in Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire, England, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night, but the most remarkable echo known is one on the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, which distinctly repeats twenty-one syllables.

The new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Rochester, is to have the largest chime of bells in the country. The tenor bell will weigh three tons, and the aggregate weight will be twelve tons.

A new kind of sponge has been invented, made from India-rubber. The imitation is said to be perfect in appearance, but softer than real sponge, and its power of absorption greater.

A bar of iron, placed exactly north and south upon the roof of a house, will, after the exposure of a year, become magnetized to such an extent that it will, when suspended by a string, always point north.

It is stated that in none of the European languages can so much meaning be crowded into a few words as in the English,—that for the telegraphic purposes this language is superior to the others, and that in lands where other languages are spoken, the English is coming to be used, more or less, in telegraphy, because of its sententious brevity.