

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, August 15th, 1869.

JOHN VIII. 42-59: Address of our Lord to the Jews.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 39, 40.

Sunday, August 22nd, 1869.

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

Recite.—S. C., 41, 42.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XVI.

- Fear Luke xxii. 54-62.
Anchors Acts xxvii. 29.
Inheritance 1 Peter i. 4.
Tears Isa. xxv. 8.
Hunger Isa. xlix. 10.

"FAITH."

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. xi. 1).

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter D.

- 6. Name three ways in which the word Door is used metaphorically, and justify them.
7. What word is used metaphorically in connection with musicians, nations, and the church of God?
8. Where are doves made emblematical of tenderness, purity, foolishness, timidity, and inoffensiveness?
9. What word is used metaphorically of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the Scriptures, and Satan—and all these in relation to one object?
10. What word is applied metaphorically to Jerusalem and its temple?

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

"To whit! to whit! to whee! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice warm nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow—" Moo-oo?" Such a thing I'd never do, I gave you a wisp of hay, But didn't take your nest away. Not I," said the cow—" moo-oo!" Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bobalink! bobalink! Now, what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-ow! I couldn't be so mean, I trow, I gave hairs, the nest to make, But the nest I didn't take. Not I," said the dog—" bow-ow; I couldn't be so mean, I trow."

"Bobalink! bobalink! Now, what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! Let me speak a word, too, Who stole that pretty nest From poor little yellow-breast?"

"Baa! baa!" said the sheep—" Oh no; I wouldn't treat a poor bird so, I gave wool, the nest to line, But the nest was none of mine. Baa! baa!" said the sheep—" oh, no! I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! to whit! to whee! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice warm nest I made?"

"Bobalink! bobalink! Now, what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! Let me speak a word, too, Who stole that pretty nest From poor little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" said the crow, "I should like to know What thief took away A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen—" Don't ask me again, Why, I haven't a chick That would do such a trick!"

"We all gave her a feather, And she wove them together, I'd scorn to intrude On her or her brood, Cluck! cluck!" said the hen—" Don't ask me again."

"Chira whirr! chira whirr! Let us make a great stir— Let us find out his name, And cry— for shame!"

"I would not rob a bird," Said little Mary Green—" I think I never heard Of anything so mean."

"It's very cruel, too!" Said little Alice Neal; "I wonder if the knew How had the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head, And went and hid behind the bed, For he stole that pretty nest, From poor little yellow-breast, And he felt so full of shame, He didn't like to tell his name.

THE STORY OF A BEE.

What a big chestnut-tree that was, down by the brook! In summer-time it was like a huge green umbrella, all full of glancing, bright-eyed squirrels, and birds that popped in and out of their nests, chatting away like so many Frenchmen. And in the autumn, when the leaves fluttered down, and the red apples began to glow in the orchards, what a bursting open of brown prickly burrs there was, and what a falling of shiny big chestnuts! I tell you, there was a running and scampering then among the little boys at the farm-house, and the squirrels, and the greedy field mice! Which got most, we don't pretend to say, but as the squirrels were the earliest risers, and moreover were always promptly on hand after the brisk autumn gusts sent the nuts rattling down through the boughs, long before Tommy and Jack could get their caps and boots on, we rather think the little bushy-tails came out first and foremost.

But that was not all the big chestnut-tree held. About half-way down the main trunk there was a great hollow place, where a colony of wild bees had built up their cells, and filled them with delicious gold-colored honey. Busy little people they were, always on the wing, and generally on the buzz, and great travellers besides.

"Don't you think those bees make an unnecessary noise in the world?" said Spot, the tom, as he sat in Silverwing's bower one day. Now Spot, being neither handsome nor good-tempered, had a habit of grumbling at everybody and everything, which made him rather disagreeable company.

"Here comes Mrs. Buzz, now, I should think her wings would be tired gadding here and there. I shan't stay to hear her gossip."

And Spot hopped briskly away, scolding as he went, greatly to Silverwing's relief.

"Won't you take a seat on my rose-buds, Mrs. Buzz?" said Silverwing, good-naturedly. "Well, perhaps I will," said the busy little bee. "The truth is, Silverwing, I'm in trouble."

"Dear me!" said good-natured little Silverwing, "what's the matter?"

"It's that boy of mine, Lazylegs," said Mrs. Buzz. "He sits all day on the comb, eating honey, and won't stir out to look for sweets among the flower-bells. Nothing that I can say to him makes the least impression, and only yesterday the queen-bee said she should turn him out of the hollow tree if he didn't alter his course of conduct. Just fancy the disgrace of having my boy, Lazylegs, turned out of the hollow tree!"

"It would be awful indeed," said little Silverwing.

"I think," said Mrs. Buzz, "that if you would step round and talk to him, Silverwing, it would do more good. Here it is bright noon-day, and every bee abroad except him, and there he sits, gorging himself with honey, and listening to the foolish stories of the chattering little yellow-bird that lives in the crook of the tree! I don't wonder the queen-bee gets out of patience!"

"Nor I either," said Silverwing. "However, I will go round and see what I can do, Mrs. Buzz."

The July sunshine was very hot, but under the big chestnut-tree it was cool and shady, where Silverwing floated in and out of the green boughs upon a glancing thread of sunlight.

There sat Mr. Lazylegs in the opening of the hollow tree, winking his sleepy eyes, while his little mouth was all smeared with fresh honey.

"Lazylegs," said the Fairy, balancing herself on her sunbeam, "why don't you go to work?"

"Work?" echoed the little drone. "Don't you see how hot it is? Work never did agree with me, Fairy Silverwing."

"But all the rest of the family are working!"

"Because they are fools it's no reason I should be one."

"But, Lazylegs, you ought to earn your living."

"I went out last week, Silverwing, and you can't imagine what a pain I had under my yellow belt. Besides I'm a poet, and poets never work."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Silverwing, in great scorn.

"Yes, but I am, indeed. Shall I read you the poem I wrote this morning on the wrong side of a chestnut-leaf?"

"I won't trouble you to read it, Lazylegs; you had a great deal better go out and try to get a little honey against winter weather."

"Oh, I assure you that's entirely against my principles," said Lazylegs. "I may go up to the farm-house towards evening. I always try to get out of the way when the old folks come grumbling home, with their everlasting clack about 'shiftlessness,' and 'indolence,' and 'coming to poverty.' Then I come quietly home, when they are all fast asleep and snoring. There's a fine family of hornets among the blackberry bushes, and we have fine times stinging the cherries by moonlight."

"Lazylegs, I'm afraid you are a miserable vagabond," said Silverwing.

"Oh, no! you're mistaken. I'm only a gentleman of leisure," answered Lazylegs, pertly.

So Silverwing skimmed away on her sunbeam, feeling very sorry for hard-working, industrious Mrs. Buzz.

But the queen-bee had overheard this conversation from her nook in the crystal cells, and no sooner was Silverwing gone, than she sent her maid of honor to summon Lazylegs to her presence.

"Well, your majesty, what's wanting?" said the drone, flippantly.

"I want you to get out of my sight and hearing," said the queen-bee, indignantly. "I won't have such a ne'er-do-well in my swarm. Now go, and never come back."

"Just as your majesty says," said pert Lazylegs, drawing out his gauzy wings to make a low bow. And off he went, humming a tune he had learned from the little boys who came to play under the chestnut-tree.

"The hornets will take me in," said Lazylegs. "They're jolly, hospitable fellows."

But Lazylegs found himself entirely mistaken. The hornets liked an occasional frolic with Lazylegs very well, but they had no idea of being burdened with him all the time.

"No you don't," said Striped-jacket, the chief hornet. "Go about your business, and don't hinder my boys and girls from working."

Lazylegs whimpered a little, but nobody paid any attention, as he wiped his eyes with his wing, and went on up to the farm-house, to see what the big grass-hoppers under the currant bushes would say to him.

"I'm really afraid, at this rate, I have to work for a living like the commonest bee in the swarm," thought he. "Hallo! here's something quite extraordinary!"

It was a gilded cage, hanging out on the parlor window, with cups of seeds, and cups of water, and oh delight! a great lump of sparkling white sugar pushed in between the wires; while on a wooden perch in the centre of the cage a fat brown mocking-bird sat with his head under his wing, fast asleep.

"This is famous," chuckled Lazylegs. "Who wants to go sticking their noses into honeysuckle bells and hollyhocks, when there's such fat living as this to be had for no trouble at all? Here goes for a fine supper of white sugar, such as all the bees in the swarm never tasted before."

But Lazylegs in his incautious haste buzzed so loudly, and attacked the crystalline lump so greedily, that the brown mocking-bird waked up from his afternoon nap.

"Hallo!" thought the mocking-bird, "here is uninvited company, but I'll soon settle his business."

And before Lazylegs knew what he was about the mocking-bird had darted from the perch, and swallowed him, wings, legs, yellow belt and all.

That was the end of Lazylegs, and poor little Mrs. Buzz never knew what had become of her graceless son.

"I'm afraid he's gone to Australia," said the little mother.

"Just as well," said the queen-bee. "He never would have come to any good here."

The mocking-bird knew all about it, of course—but he kept his own counsel.

"If any of the rest come to inquire after him, I'll serve them just the same!" said the warlike bird.

But no one came for Lazylegs. Like all indolent people he had very few friends, and so the mocking-bird had no more bee suppers.

"STRIKE FOR THE ROCK."

Billy and Tom lived by the seaside, and were perfect little water-dogs of boys. Their father was an old fisherman, so he had fitted up a little skiff for them, and they could ship their own mast, and trim their sail equal to any boys along shore.

"Them boys o' mine 'll sail nigh on to as close to the wind as any on us," the old man would say, while a gleam of pride would come into his eyes, and sometimes a little moisture that was as real as the salt spray itself.

So nobody was surprised when one day the boys trimmed their little sail, and began to skim over the water, down the bay, only one old tar, who leaned on the fluke of a bower, cocked his eye at the sky, and said:

"Them mackerels up aloft 'll fetch a stiff breeze afore night, but old Cowies's boys might be as up to 't as me."

"Let's make Misery, Tom," said Billy, "and see if there's a chowder party there."

"Haul in on that sheet, Tom, and fetch her a pint 't starb'd," said Billy, who stood in the bows, while Tom held the tiller.

"Misery" was a rocky island down the bay, where very often chowder parties went ashore and had a good dinner. Sometimes the boys could turn an honest penny by lending them a hand about getting float-wood for the fire, and one thing and another.

That day there were no chowder parties, and they kept on beyond Misery, when all at once Tom, who had given up the tiller to Billy, said:

"Look off there to wind'ard, Billy; what's that ceeeping along the water? Hadn't ye better haul in a bit?"

Billy looked, and he could see the squall coming, showing itself in the changed color of the water and atmosphere, making the one darker, and the other more hazy.

"Bear a hand here, Tom, quick! This sheet's got foul!" cried Billy, as, with one hand on the tiller, he tried to use the other on the rope that had tangled about the belaying pin.

Tom sprang to his aid, but he was too late.

The squall struck their sail, and over she went, to leeward. The mast came out, and there lay their little boat, bottom up, while both boys were in the water.

But I said they were little water-dogs. They were good swimmers, and their light duck clothes were but slight impediments to their striking out freely.

Billy clung to the boat, and tried to climb up on it, but it was round, and wet, and slippery, (may be that was what made it so fast a bont when it was right side up) and he couldn't get on it.

All at once he heard Tom's voice, away off, crying out: "Strike for the rock, Billy! Strike for the rock!"

So Billy left the boat, and swam to the rock that Tom had just reached. The squall went by almost as soon as it had come, and the boys stood safely on the firm rock that reared its head above the waters.

"Don't ye mind, Billy," said Tom; "this old rock don't shake and tip over with the wind, and we're safe here. Let's take off our breeches, and swing 'em; some pilot 'll see us."

But sharp eyes had been on that trim little sail, and when the squall went down, more than one pilot who was cruising round, waiting for a ship to heave in sight, looked to see if it was still there; and missing it, trimmed his sail so as to bear on that spot, saying to himself:

"Them's Bowles's boys; they mustn't go down to Davy Jones's."

So the boys were all right again, and with their boat righted up, and their sail reset, could go home to relieve the anxious mother's heart.

There is a great ocean on which we are sailing. Temptations come like squalls, as suddenly, sometimes; and habits are like heavy gales. Either may wreck us, and there's danger of being lost and ruined. Under them, many a little skiff that carries all a boy's hopes of life, may capsize.

There's a blessed refuge for us, then, the Rock Christ Jesus. When you are in danger of doing wrong, Strike for the Rock, boys! Strike for the Rock! Ask your dear mother, and she will tell you how.—Little Corporal.

COATS OF ARMS.

A London firm of engravers have now on view impressions from the seals of the four provinces of Canada, and the Great Seal of the Dominion, just completed, with the gold medal that has been struck in commemoration of the union of the provinces. They are all designed and executed in a very high style of art. Of the seals, that for the Dominion is, of course, the largest. It represents the Queen, seated under a Gothic canopy, and holding the ball and sceptre, while the wings of the canopy contain the shields of the provinces—two on either side—hanging on the stem of an oak. These Gothic canopies occupy nearly the whole of the middle space of the seal; the ground between them and the border is covered by a rich diaper, and a shield bearing the Royal Arms of England fills the space beneath the centre canopy. The border of the seal bears the inscription, "Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britanniae; Regina, F. D. In Canada Sigillum." The seal is well filled, but it is not crowded; the ornaments are all very pure in style, and the whole is in the most perfect keeping. The execution is not less remarkable; the relief is extremely high in parts (although it does not at first appear to be so, owing to the breadth of the composition), but, in spite of this difficulty, the truth, sharpness, and finish of every part have been preserved as well as they could possibly be on a medal, or even on a coin. The smaller seals for the provinces are engraved on one general design. The crown surmounts a central shield bearing the Royal Arms, below which is a smaller shield, bearing the arms of the particular province—New Brunswick, Ontario, Quebec, or Nova Scotia. The Royal motto on a flowing ribbon fills up the space at the sides; a border adapted to the outline of the design runs outside this, and touches the circular border of the seal, containing the legend. These seals are less remarkable for carefulness of execution than the one to which we have referred.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.

The medal which has been struck to commemorate the confederation of the provinces is in solid gold, and is so large and massive that its value in metal alone, is £50. On the obverse there is a head of the Queen, for which Her Majesty recently gave Mr. Wyon sittings; the reverse bears an allegorical design—Britannia seated and holding the scroll of confederation, with figures representing the four provinces grouped before her. Ontario holds the sheaf and sickle; Quebec, the paddle; Nova Scotia, the mining spade; and New Brunswick, the forest axe. The following inscription runs round a raised border:—"Juventas et Patrius Vigor Canada Iustaurata, 1867."

The relief on this side is extremely bold, and the composition, modelling, and finish are such as to leave little to be desired. The treatment of the head on the obverse is broad and simple; the hair is hidden by a sort of hood of flowing drapery, confined by a plain coronet, and the surface is but little broken anywhere. The ornaments are massive rather than rich; there is a plain pendant in the ear, and a miniature of the Prince Consort is attached to a necklace of very chaste design.

The whole number of organs and melodeons made in the United States by some fifty manufacturers, numbers about 12,000 per annum. Of these the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN Co. manufacture one-half.—Exchange.