

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 12th, 1870.

CONCERT.

Sunday, June 19th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxv. 31-46: Scenes of the Judgment day.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 111, 112, 113.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIX.

- 1. P-alt-i . . . Numbers xiii. 9.
2. E-mmau-s . . . Luke xxiv. 13, 32.
3. N-ebuchadnezza-r . . . Daniel ii.
4. U-zza-a . . . 2 Kings xxi. 18.
5. E-unic-e . . . 2 Timothy i. 5.
6. L-cmue-l . . . Proverbs xxi. 1.

PENUEL. ISRAEL.—Genesis xxxii.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XL.

A woman whose bravery was celebrated in song.

A prophet quoted by the Apostle Paul. The grandfather of a man who escaped when there was a slaughter of fourscore and five priests.

A wicked king who built a city, the stones and timber of which were removed to build two other cities.

The initials form the name of a warrior, who pursued a traitor to a certain city; the initials, read backward, the name of the city.

A LITERARY PUZZLE.

Write a letter on fire. And then you will see What this simple puzzle Most surely will be.

ANSWER TO AGRICULTURAL PUZZLE.

POTATO.

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to Thee to-night In my lone closet, where no eye can see, And dare to crave an interview with thee, Father of Love and Light!

If I this day have striven With thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee, To aught of earth, in weak idolatry—I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been An unforgiving thought, or word, or look, Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away From grief or suffering which I might relieve, Careless the cup of water e'en to give, Forgive me, Lord, I pray;

And teach me how to feel My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart; And more of mercy, and of grace impart, My sinfulness to heal.

Father, my soul would be Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew! And as the stars whose nightly course is true, So would I be to Thee!

Not for myself alone Would I these blessings of thy love implore But for each penitent the wide world o'er Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years Has watched to soothe afflictions grief and tears, My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline The light of gladness, or of hope, or health, Be thou their solace, and their joy, and wealth As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take The heart I cast, with humble faith, on thee; And cleanse its depths from all impurity, For my Redeemer's sake!

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.—On the fly-leaf of Rev. Dr. Bethune's Bible was found written the following:

Lord, pardon what I have been; Sanctify what I am; Order what I shall be; That thine be the glory, And mine the eternal salvation, For Christ's sake.

The Gospel Magazine has completed its hundredth year.

The centenary of Beethoven's birth occurs this year, and it will be celebrated with all honours at Bonn, his native place.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

(Concluded)

GROUP-III.

From ALEXANDER POPE, A. D. 1688, to A. E. SMITH, A. D. 1867.

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

(Life, by W. Lisle Bowles, Wm. Roscoe, and R. Carruthers: see Professor Craik's English Literature and Rev. C. Kingsley's Miscellanies.)

James Thomson, 1700-1748.

(Life, by Dr. Murdock, and Sir Harris Nicolas: see Prof. Wilson's Recreations of Christopher North.)

Samuel Johnson, 1700-1784.

(Life, by James Boswell, and Sir J. Hawkins: see Thomas Carlyle's Miscellanies and Hero Worship.)

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771.

(Life, by Dr. Mitford, and Rev. W. Mason. William Collins, 1720-1756.)

(Life, by Dr. Johnson, Rev. A. Dyce, and Moy Thomas.)

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1744.

(Life, by Prior, Washington Irving, Sir W. Scott, and John Forster: see DeQuincey's Miscellanies.)

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

(Life, by Hayley, Southey, Grimshawe, and Sir Harris Nicolas.)

William Falconer, 1732-1770.

(Life, by Robert Carruthers.)

Robert Burns, 1754-1796.

(Life, by James Currie, J. G. Lockhart, Allan Cunningham, Prof. Wilson, Thomas Carlyle, Rev. P. Hately Waddell, and Alexander Smith.)

William Blake, 1757-1827.

(Life, by Alexander Gilchrist, and Algernon Swinburne: see Quarterly Review, vol. cxvii.)

Rev. George Crabbe, 1754-1832.

(Life, by his Son: see Lord Jeffrey's Essays, and St. James Magazine, February 1869.)

Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851.

(See Life, prefixed to Dramatic Works edition 1853.)

Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855.

(See his Recollections: Haywards' and Lord Jeffrey's Essays.)

James Hogg, 1770-1835.

(Life, by Prof. Wilson.)

Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832.

(Life, by J. G. Lockhart: see Lord Jeffrey's Essays; Carlyle's Miscellanies; F. T. Palgrave's, Globe Edition of Scott.)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1782-1834.

(Life, by Gilman: see DeQuincey's Works, Hazlitt's Lectures on Poetry, Prof. Sharp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, and Quarterly Review for 1868.)

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

(Life, by Canon Wordsworth, and Rev. Paxton Hood: see also DeQuincey's Works, Hazlitt's Lectures, George Brimley's Essays, Prof. Sharp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, and Rev. F. W. Robertson's Lectures and addresses.)

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844.

(Life, by Dr. Beattie: see also Jeffrey's Essays.)

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

(Life, by Holland and Everett: see also Lord Jeffrey's Essays.)

Thomas Moore, 1779-1852.

(Life, by Earl Russell: see Hazlitt's Lectures, and Lord Jeffrey's Essays.)

Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859.

(See his Autobiography and Letters, edited by his Son.)

Henry Kirk White, 1785-1806.

(Life, by Robert Southey, and Sir Harris Nicolas.)

Allan Cunningham, 1785-1842.

(See edition of Poems, 1847.)

Robert Southey, 1774-1843.

(Life, by Caroline Southey, and C. T. Browne.)

George Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824.

(Life, by Thomas Moore, G. Galt, Sir Egerton Brydges: see also Lord Jeffrey's Essays, and Prof. Wilson's Recreations.)

Rev. Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823.

(Life, by Hogg, Captain Medwin, Trevelyan, and Mrs. Shelley.)

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1793-1835.

(Life, by H. F. Chorley: see also Prof. Wilson's Recreations and Lord Jeffrey's Essays.)

William Motherwell, 1797-1835.

(Life, by McConochy.)

John Keats, 1796-1821.

(Life, by Lord Houghton: see also Lord Jeffrey's Essays, Thomas DeQuincey's Works, Hazlitt's Lectures, Leigh Hunt's Imagination and Fancy, and Prof. Craik's English Literature.)

Lord Macaulay, 1800-1857.

(Life, by F. Arnold: see J. Hutchinson Stirling's Essays.)

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (Mrs. Maclean), 1802-1838.

(Life, by Laman Blanchard.)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809-1861.

(See Bayne's Essay; Prof. Craik's English Literature.)

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819-1861.

(Life, by F. T. Palgrave, prefixed to his Poems: see Fortnightly Review, December 1868.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born 1803.

(See North British Review, No. xciv.)

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825-1864.

(Life, by Charles Dickens, prefixed to her Legends and Lyrics.)

Rev. John Keble, 1800-1867.

(Life, by Sir J. Coleridge: see Prof. Sharp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.)

Alexander Smith, 1830-1867, (Life, by Patrick P. Alexander: See Kingsley's Miscellanies.)

GROUP IV.

From B. W. PROCTER, A. D. 1790, to WILLIAM MORRIS.

Bryan Waller Procter, born 1790.

Walter Cullen Bryant, born 1794. (See North British Review, No. xcii.)

Lord Lytton, born 1805.

Mrs. Mary Howitt. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born 1807.

R. C. Trench, born 1807.

J. G. Whittier, born 1808. Lord Houghton, born 1809. (See Quarterly Review, vol. cxviii.)

Alfred Tennyson, born 1810.

(See George Brimley's Essays, Rev. Chas. Kingsley's Miscellanies, and E. C. Tausch's Studies in Tennyson.)

Robert Browning, born 1812.

(See J. J. Nettleship's Essays on R. Browning's Poetry, Quarterly Review, vol. cxviii; Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews.)

Charles Mackay, born 1812.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, born 1819. James Russell Lowell, born 1819.

William Cox Bennett, born 1820.

George MacDonald, born 1826. (See British and Foreign Review, January, 1868.)

Gerald Massey, born 1828.

William Allingham. Robert Buchanan, born 1841.

Jean Bigelow, born about 1830.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. Matthew Arnold, born 1822.

Elizabeth D. Cross (Mrs. Bullock.)

George Eliot (Miss Evans), born about 1820. William Morris.

ONE OF CHRIST'S POOR.

"Would you like to buy some peaches, ma'am? or some peanuts? or some candy for the children at home?"

It was a cheery, pleasant voice, albeit a trifle too loud for a woman's voice; and, as I looked up from my book into the beaming, wholesome face of its owner, I was seized with an instant desire to "buy her out."

I was sitting alone on the deck of a small steamer in Boston harbor. All through the beautiful summer I had been making little pleasure trips over the lovely bay from Hingham, steaming about among the island gems till I had a furious feeling of owning them all. Never troubling myself once to go ashore into the burtle of the city, but quietly eating my noon lunch on board, while the boat "cleaned house." There was no weariness in waiting; a new book or magazine filled up the time pleasantly; and there was always the affairs of my neighbors on the vessels near by to pry into.

I had become so used to the demand of fruit-venders and newspaper-sellers, that the stereotyped "No!" fell unconsciously from my lips without interrupting my meditations; but this woman's voice at once arrested my attention. She was such a picture of health and enterprise and enjoyment, too, that it was sheerly impossible to offer her a deaf ear or a cold shoulder.

"Let me see what you have in your basket," I said. "I have no children in my home awaiting me; but there will be half a dozen little tow-heads popping into my room as soon as I open the blinds. They belong to the neighbors, but they seem to have a curious fancy that I belong to them. They like candy, too."

The woman set down her basket and laughed. Not a fashionable consumptive cackle; but a good, strengthening, breezy laugh, that mixed naturally with the sea air.

"So you like children," she said presently. "They like me. It is about the same thing, I suppose. Have you any children?"

"Yes, I thank God. I have a boy and two girls."

"And their father?" I queried, my womanly curiosity beginning to "put in" rather strong.

"He is dead, ma'am." Her voice softened at once, and the smile died out of her face. I did not need to be told how much her life had lost in losing him. I began to pick over the pieces hurriedly, feeling more than ever that that I should like to "buy her out."

A sudden shower came pouring down upon the awning over us. It was no light sprinkle, but a drenching rain that made the water around us look like a vast kettle of boiling porridge.

"Look!" I said; "you cannot possibly go out to sell fruit in this rain. Sit down and tell me about the husband and the children, while I sort out the candies that I want. How long since he died?" She assented readily.

"It will be six years come Christmas-time. He was brought home to me with his two arms broken, and a hurt in his back. He tried to stop a horse as running away with a little child, and he was somehow thrown under the feet of some horses near, and they were frightened also. He was trampled nearly to death before he could be got out, and the little child was killed, after all. My husband lived but two hours, just long enough to kiss the baby, and bid me trust in the Lord. He was a Christian man, a real, living Christian. He was all ready to go up home."

Her face was as bright as ever now, and the courageous ring came back to her voice. She was positively beautiful in her faded calico dress and old shaker bonnet, and yet her face would have been unmistakably a plain one without its happy expression.

"Oh! ma'am," she went on, "the Lord has been good to me. 'Deed he has. The world has been dark sometimes, dark as pitch, but I

have found my way through. The darkest time of all was when I came down with the fever, and there was no one to work for the children. My husband had been dead two years, and baby was three years old. I was never sick in my life before; and I can't tell you how helpless I felt, as if the life and strength had clean gone out of me. And before I could leave my bed, my little Mary, not then six years old, began to group and stumble about the house, and the doctor said as she was going blind."

"Blind!" I repeated involuntarily. "Poor woman! You have indeed seen trouble." "Yes, but it is all in the past, ma'am," she responded cheerfully, "and I needed it all. It brought me very near to the Saviour. Perhaps you know," she glanced at my black dress, "perhaps you know what it is to feel the right arm of the Lord underneath you in sorrow, and how sweet it is to rest wholly on him when everything else fails?"

I did not answer, but I asked: "Is your little girl blind now?" "Oh! no. She was taken away to be doctor-ed, but the doctors gave me no hope from the beginning. There was nothing like a cataract, nothing growing across the sight. The eyes just lost their power to see; that was all. She was away three months, and then she came home stone blind. I had a blind sister, when I was a little girl, in England, and the doctors said it was a family disease. My sister died young, and when I looked at little Mary, and saw the same gentle looks and ways in her, it gave me a sore heart, I can tell you. I was quite well and hearty again by this time, but we were very poor. I got washing to do here and there, but the cost of living was high, and I had four mouths to feed. Often and often I have sat down without a bit of food in the house; with nothing left but my trust in God. He never failed me. The supply always came in time."

"But I do not quite understand about the little girl. Did you tell me that she is not blind now?" "Yes, she can see as well as I can; better, for I have to put on spectacles in the evening. It was about two months after she came home that she scared me one morning by saying suddenly: "It isn't so dark as it was, mother."

"I took her in my arms, and just knelt down and prayed to the good Lord. After that, I did nothing to her eyes, but I just waited and prayed. Her sight gradually came back, and now she is a handy little miss, and goes to school every day. She takes the baby with her."

"The baby?" "Well," she answered, laughing, "she don't look much like a baby now. She is six years old, and her name is Anna. But she is the youngest; so, at home we call her 'Baby' still."

"Yes, it is not strange, I think. I like to see the little ones petted."

"I must tell you about Will—my boy, you know. He is smart, is Willy. Ask Mr. Granger if he isn't. He is a little man. Only twelve years old, but he might be forty from the way he looks out for us. If the price of anything in the market comes down, Will finds it out nearly as soon as the market-men. He sells papers on the boats and cars, and on the streets, and runs on errands for the neighbors. He is wide-awake all day, and at night, when Mary and Baby are in bed, and I sit down for a bit of sewing, he gets out his books and studies till bed time. Ah! a rare scholar is Willy!"

said the proud mother, striking her hands together softly, as if she were patting the boy's head.

"I see," said I, watching the smiles that made her face so attractive. "I see that you know how to find the sunbeams of life. You don't borrow trouble."

"No, I don't want to coax sorrow into the house. I have only two rooms, and there isn't much in them, but there isn't a happier home in Boston, I do believe."

I could readily believe that, but I could not agree with her in thinking that her home "hadn't much in it." She was correct with the sense she gave the term; but, thinking of the young life and hope and love that were garnered there, of the heavenly benediction resting upon it, it might well have been called one of the richest homes in the city.

"And so your troubles are over?" I asked. "Well, it seems so. God knows. I can trust all that is to come to him. He knows what is best. Everybody is kind. I do suppose that such good neighbors as I have in our alley are uncommon. Then the ladies as I washes for gives me their cast-off clothes to make over for the children; not the silks and broad cloths and such like, but common things, you know. It costs just nothing to fit them over. I does it myself in the evenings."

"Are you never tired?" "Oh! yes, ma'am; but I gets rested easy, I like to feel tired when I lie down at night."

"You are a happy woman, in spite of hard work."

"What is there to hinder? Willy earns nearly as much as I do. Mr. Granger (that is his Sunday school teacher) says I shall be proud of him yet. We are beholden to no one—that is, we beg of no one. Besides my regular washings, I earn a snug little sum selling peanuts and confectionery. Mr. Miller lets me have it cheap, and it is always new. Just try that roll of banana; it is nicer than the banana fruit itself. I sell out very soon in pleasant weather. There are a plenty of good customers like yourself, ma'am," she added, glancing at the rather extravagant collection that I had made from her basket.

"See!" she exclaimed suddenly, as she turned to look at the prospect outside. "The rain has quite ceased. The sky is clear as a good conscience. I must be off. Many thanks and good day to you."

As she trudged swiftly away with her load, humming a merry tune, she seemed to take a