

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, April 10th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 34-40; MARK xii. 28-34: A lawyer questions Jesus. The two great commandments.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 92, 93.

Sunday, April 17th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 41-46; xxiii. 1-12; MARK xii. 35-39; LUKE xx. 41-46: How is Christ the Son of David? Warnings against the evil examples of the Scribes and Pharisees.

Recite.—S. C., 94, 95.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

- M-iriam Exodus xv. 20.
- O-mri 1 Kings xvi. 17, 18.
- R-am Genesis xxii. 13-18.
- D-ream Genesis xxxvii. 5.
- E-dom Ezekiel xxv. 14.
- C-edar 1 Kings vi. 20.
- A-l Joshua viii. 2-20.
- I-ra 2 Samuel xx. 20.

"MORDECAI."—Esther ii. 5-7, 21-25.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXXIII.

The initials and the finals of the words here indicated, give a saying of Christ's, which constituted both a command and a promise.

An aged woman, who to fast and pray Remained within the temple night and day? A tribe, "beloved of the Lord," whose arm Covered and sheltered it from every harm? A child, to whom his mother gave a name To mark his father's death, his country's shame? One of the twelve, appointed by a king In monthly course his services to bring? A town, where dwelt a remnant of a race Destined to yield to Israel its place? The place to which a wounded man was brought By one who to assist him kindly sought? What Solomon at Esion-Geber made, By which to carry on his foreign trade? The waters, by whose banks two monarchs fought.

Where Meroz to the Lord no succour brought? The man, who lost the blessing due to years, Although he sought it carefully with tears! On withered trees we look in vain for fruit; Dead are the branches on a sapless root: The Christian's root is Christ, from whence supplies Of grace and strength in copious streams arise.

HAPPY CHILDREN LOVE EACH OTHER.

"Love is the little golden clasp That bindeth up the trust; Oh! break it not, lest all the leaves Shall scatter and be lost."

Little girls and boys, have you any brothers or sisters? If you have, love them a great deal, for you do not know how long you may be together. And even if you should live to be old men and women, do you not think it would make you very happy to remember when you were children you never quarrelled? And if you have lost a darling little brother, or a gentle, loving sister, there is nothing that makes you feel so sad as that sometimes you were unkind and angry.

"Children, do you love each other? Are you always kind and true? Do you always do to others As you'd have them do to you?"

We heard of a brother and sister who loved one another very much. He was the older, and was taken ill and died. They laid him out on his own little bed, and his mother took his little sister to look at him. I cannot tell what she felt and thought as she stood and looked at his sweet face, as white and cold as marble; but she wept very much. At last she said:

"Mother, may I take hold of his hand?"

After a little time she placed it in hers, when the dear child, lifting it up and stroking it gently, said:

"This little hand never struck me!"

Oh! how pleased she was to think of that!

"Little children, love one another."

"Little children, love each other;

Never give another pain;

If your brother speak in anger,

Answer not in wrath again."

—Apples of Gold.

LAMPS do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but,—live for it.—Lacan.

It is observable that in general those who have least religion to lose are most ready to trust it into danger.—Rev. John Ker.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes!"

TEMPERANCE SERMONS AT SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The progress made by temperance principles among the various religious bodies of England received an instructive and significant illustration on a recent Sunday, on which occasion the largest Dissenting chapel and the largest Episcopal place of worship of which the English metropolis can boast were each the scene of a great gathering, attracted by the promise of addresses in which the doctrines of temperance should be forcibly and eloquently enunciated by the preachers who have distinguished themselves as leaders in the great crusade against the giant vice of our time—Intemperance.

SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

The first of these discourses was that delivered on Sunday afternoon, by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which was densely crowded, hundreds being unable to obtain admittance. There is always something grand and impressive in the spectacle presented by Mr. Spurgeon's chapel when crowded with worshippers, but on Sunday afternoon the scene appeared even more grand as the rays of the February sunshine streamed through the windows of the building, and illuminated with a golden glory the features of the multitude as they sang the well-known hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." It was a sight worth travelling a hundred miles to witness. Selecting for his text the familiar verse in Jeremiah, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" Mr. Chown gradually led his hearers on to the subject of drunkenness, and the vast amount of vice, poverty, crime and misery of which it was the principal cause. He showed how it interfered with the development of religious effort and stood in the way of the Gospel. It was of no use to put forth the plea of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We were all keepers of each other: We were all brothers, all of one kin. "Mankind" simply means "mankind." Consequently we were bound to do our best to counteract the pernicious influence of a vice productive of so much evil. Mr. Chown also referred to the vast mis-expenditure of which our drinking habits were the parents, and which prevented the achievement of a large amount of religious and social good. The sermon was delivered with much earnestness and power, and was listened to with unwearied attention by the immense congregation present. At its conclusion Mr. Chown directed attention to the blank form of temperance pledge attached to the hand-bills, containing copies of the hymns sung, given to each person entering. It being the annual sermon of the National Temperance League, a collection was made on behalf of that association, after which the service was brought to a close with the hymn commencing—

"We praise Thee—if one rescued soul,
While she the past year prolongs its fight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light."

SERMON IN ST. PAUL'S.

In the evening an equally large congregation assembled within the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, it having become known that the Rev. H. J. Ellison, M. A. vicar of New Windsor, Reader to the Queen, and Prebendary of Lichfield, would be the preacher. As Mr. Ellison is a well-known opponent of public-houses and the licensing system, it was anticipated that he would improve the occasion by referring to the evils of intemperance. The impression was well founded, for the sermon proved to be one thoroughly antagonistic to the drinking customs of the age, and the numerous disciples of the National Temperance League present must have felt both gratified and encouraged to find their doctrines endorsed from the pulpit of the metropolitan cathedral. No wonder that Sunday last is beginning to be regarded as a day memorable in the history of the temperance movement. The text was Luke xix. 41. Drawing a sad picture of the evils occasioned by the prevailing love of drink, he insisted that it was the duty of religious people to assist in fighting the battle of temperance. He said,— "As one who for many years, as a parochial clergyman, has been brought face to face with the evil, who has endeavored to follow it to its fullness, and to trace it to its source, I venture to say that one thing must be done—the Church of Christ in this land must arise and gird itself to the special conflict with the sin to which its Great Head is calling it. I use the word in its broadest sense, the Church of the baptized; the body incorporated by Him to represent Him here on earth; the army with its leaders and officers, and rank and file, to be aggressive on evil, to carry His victorious banners into the strong-hold of the kingdom of darkness. The passion for drink everywhere formed an obstacle to missionary effort, to every attempt at religious and social amelioration. For fifty years at least the Gospel has been preached, I believe as fully and faithfully in this land as in any age or place of the Church's history. For the same time every indirect subsidiary agency has been tried—schools, night schools, better houses, better recreations, provident societies, working-men's clubs—that might help to win the people from their sin—and still in spite of these this Great Goliath of drink stands in the midst, defying the armies of the living God. So that another Archdeacon, a man of large and varied experience, is obliged to say, 'I have seen schools well and excellently managed, the most regular cottage-visiting, the most searching preaching, all so far as laborer and cottager are concerned, cast away on this rock—the drink!' And what then remains? Shall the Church of Christ own herself defeated in the contest, and destitute of all resources? Has christian love lost its ingenuity, or Christian zeal its spirit of enterprise? No, my brethren, never let our faith in the might of our risen Lord fail us at such a crisis. Rather let the

Church of Christ go to her own armoury, and out of the treasure house of her past experience take 'the stone and the sling which shall slay the giant.' He claimed the right, both as a Christian and as an individual, to practice the principles total abstinence, and spoke of 'souls safely garnered, we believe, in the Paradise of God, snatched 'as brands from the burning,' from the very grasp of the destroyer, the result of labors 'done in the exercise of our Christian liberty;' on the simple ground that it seemed 'good to us neither to eat meat or drink wine, nor do anything whereby a brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' "We cannot," said Mr. Ellison, "make our liberty a law to our brother man. All would take part in such an enterprise; then let there be room for all—room for those who would go in the spirit of the Precursor, who 'drank neither wine nor strong drink.' No mission to the intemperate can afford, in 'this present distress,' to reject the help of these 'Room for those also who believe that they can better encounter the evil by doing as he did who came 'eating and drinking.' Room for some to teach and work. Room for the Christian divine to organize his own mission work; and above all to 'cry aloud and spare not, to lift up his voice like a trumpet, to show his people their transgression and the house of Jacob their sin.' Room for the Christian educator, be he parent or teacher, to review the customs of the age in which we live; to see how he can best forearm his children against this special class of temptations which will beset them in life. Room for the Christian doctor to reconsider the practice of his noble art, to remove if it may be so, the reproach that now rests upon it, that he must needs prescribe as a medicine—freely and indiscriminately—that which, in countless instances, is laying the foundation of intemperance in some hurrying others, who were clean escaped from the destroyer, back to their temptations and their ruin. Room for the Christian philosopher, whatever the special gift of wisdom with which God has gifted him, be he writer or journalist, legislator or statesman, to investigate this question in all its bearings, to determine that it shall come to the front; that it shall no longer be postponed for questions of inferior interest, and whether he is writing or speaking, to spare the ready shaft of ridicule and contempt, even if he has no words of approval to bestow, for those who, heavily-weighted in the journey of life, are making their own desperate struggles to cast off their burden, and only asking for guidance from those of greater knowledge and higher Christian station than their own." The influence of the temperance movement is indeed great, when its leaders are permitted to speak thus plainly in the pulpit of the metropolitan cathedral.—*Christian World.*

THE CARE OF THE WIDOW'S GOD.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and one of the greatest blessings to the trustful child of God, is to be used of the Lord for the comfort and benefit of others: But in a world of beggary and craft and imposition, it requires not only human circumspection, but divine guidance to enable us to "do good and to communicate" at such times and in such directions as shall meet the approval of the heavenly Master, and really benefit those with whom we have to do.

And, that this needful direction will not be withheld, is evident from the numerous promises of divine instruction and direction contained in the Book of God, and from abundant instances where living witnesses can attest the gracious power and presence of the guiding Hand.

The morning prayer meeting in the chapel of the old South Church, in Boston, which has been continued daily for some years, is not only fraught with many fragrant memories of spiritual blessing, and tokens of good from the hand of God, but it has also proved, in one instance at least, a place of temporal as well as spiritual mercies to the children of the Lord who follow the divine counsel with obedient hearts.

One winter morning a few years ago, Mr. W. a man "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord" left his counting room, a short distance away, repaired to this place "where prayer is wont to be made" to spend the appointed hour, from eight to nine o'clock, among the humble worshippers.

While there, he listened with much interest to the remarks of a middle aged gentleman who took part in the exercises of the house, and with whom he was entirely unacquainted; and when he had concluded his remarks Mr. W. felt strongly inclined to go and give him some money. He wondered at the strangeness of the impression;—the man was better dressed than he was himself: there were no evidences of want or poverty about him: the gift might be uncalled for, abrupt, and unwelcome;—and the query arose, whether, after all, it was not a temptation of Satan, rather than an admonition from the Lord. The conviction, however, deepened, and the command "Give him five dollars" was repeated and impressed with such urgency upon his mind that he could not resist the call.

Accordingly he leaned his head forward on the seat, that he might not be observed by any one, and took out a five dollar bill, folded it up, and when the meeting was over glided up the aisle, and with an embarrassed feeling turned his face aside, placed the five dollar bill in the hand of the stranger to be used as he saw fit, and hastened away, not waiting for thanks, but feeling the inward approval known only to those who have "the witness" in themselves.

The next morning Mr. W. was again at the prayer meeting and the same stranger arose and

spoke substantially as follows: "In days passed I have possessed means, and in those days I delighted to do good. Many is the five dollar bill that I have given to the poor and the distressed. But reverses have overtaken me, and though I am provided with food and raiment, yet it is a great grief to me that I am unable to do for the poor and needy as I formerly could.

"Yesterday morning on my way to this meeting, I saw a Christian sister in a neighbouring town. She was sick and poor and friendless, and had neither food nor fire in this cold weather; and I felt in my heart Oh, if I only had five dollars to give her how glad I should be; but I did not have it. But I came here yesterday morning and at the close of the meeting a brother came and put a five dollar bill into my hand, to use as I saw fit, and went away. I went from this meeting to that poor woman's house, gave her the money and told her the Lord sent it to her, and she believed he did send it. And if that brother is here to-day I should like to see him and speak with him."

Mr. W. made himself known as he was desired to do at the close of the meeting, and they both rejoiced in the gracious care of God who had made them instruments of blessing to one of his little ones in a time of sore distress.

Another instance may be mentioned which is perhaps equally remarkable as an illustration of divine direction.

There was a widow lady in Boston whom Mr. W. had known for years, and to whose necessities he had sometimes been enabled to minister in times of sickness and distress. He had however lost trace of her for some time, till one day he met her in the street carrying a fine basket of provisions, and said,— "Well—I am glad to see that you have something good to eat."

"I only wish it was mine she replied with a sigh, which convinced him that she must be carrying it for some one else, and that it was an evidence of her extreme necessity rather than of abundance, and hastily placing five dollars in her hand, he said, "There, I do not see why you cannot have something good to eat, as well as other folks" and passed along and saw nor heard more from her for months.

In January 1867, he visited the State of Maine on business, and a tremendous storm coming on, he was blockaded by show-drifts, which made roads and railways impassable for some time, and was thus absent from his business for sixteen days. On his return, in the midst of the cares which had accumulated during his protracted absence, almost the first thing in the morning he felt, "I ought to go and see that poor woman." But business was pressing, and the matter passed from his mind. Again in the course of the day the impression came upon him, "I must go and see that woman;" and he ascertained her residence, but found no time to visit her.

At night he started for home and while passing up Pearl Street to see a friend, a reproving voice within seemed to say "There, you haven't been to see that woman. You must go." It was late and supper was waiting at home; but the sense of duty was too strong to be resisted and he hastened to the widow's lowly tenement. As he entered her poverty-stricken abode, she arose from her knees, her face covered with tears, and thanked God that he had sent her relief. She was sick and starving for food; a salted herring was about the only thing she had in the house, and this her disease would not permit her to eat. She had been praying for twenty four hours, that the Lord would send some one there to relieve her wants, and now her prayers were answered.

Mr. W. hastened away, and soon returned laden with all the necessary comforts of life that he could conveniently bring, which he deposited upon her table; and having provided for her wants, he went his way in peace. It was the last of her troubles and privations, for the kind hand of God provided an abundant supply for all her needs, and she yet lives to rejoice in the mercy of God, who is "a father of the fatherless and a judge of widows in his holy habitation."

The author adds: These authentic facts communicated to us by a person of veracity, we place on record for the confirmation of the faith of "the poor and them that have no helper" that they may still confide in that God who will have respect unto his covenant, and who will not forget the congregation of his poor forever" and for the quickening of those whom the Lord has made stewards of his temporal bounties, that they may listen carefully to the voice behind them which says, "This the way walk ye in it" lest they miss the blessing of doing good here, grow cold, and dark, and covetous amid increasing possessions and advancing years, and hear at last the awful words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the last of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

JAMES WHELLOCK.

At a recent Sunday-School meeting at Brunswick, one of the college professors, in illustrating to the children the fact that if we are not working for Christ we must be working against him, asked the question: "Who are we working for when we are not working for Christ?" One of the little juveniles replied in a clear, triumphant voice: "For father and mother!" But what capped the climax is, that after the little fellow had reached his home on being asked why he made such a reply, he explained himself by saying that he "didn't want to say 'Devil' right out!"

MEN often boast of progress when they are only moving in a circle; and are sure they are in the right path, because with every circuit the footprints multiply, when they are only following their own tracks.

IDLENESS is the sepulchre of a living man.