

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, March 20th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 1-14: Parable of the marriage of the king's son.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 86, 87.

Sunday, March 27th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 15-22; MARK xii. 13-17; LUKE xx. 20-26: Insidious question of the Pharisees. Tribute to Caesar.

Recite.—S. C., 88, 89.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXI.

- 1. J-ora-m . . . . . 2 Sam. viii. 9. 10.
2. O-m-r-i . . . . . 1 Kings xvi. 25. 26.
3. S-am-ue-l . . . . . 1 Sam. xii. 1-4.
4. I-saa-c . . . . . Gal. iv. 28.
5. A-hed-neg-o . . . . . Dan. i. 7.
6. H-ndora-m . . . . . 2 Chron. x. 18.
JOSIAH. MILCOM. 2. Kings xxiii 13.

What word, commencing with Y, metaphorically describes the service of Christ, also cruel oppression, and also spiritual bondage?

(The following is the fraside game recommended to our youthful readers by Mr. Playfair.—Ed.)

FIZ AND BUZ.

'What shall we play at Alice?'

Alice was the eldest of the little party. At every merry-making she always took the lead; managing the unruly ones, encouraging the timid ones, suggesting nice games, arranging the forfeits, and putting everybody into a good humour.

It was Nelly's birthday; and as Nelly had made her first appearance amongst her brothers and sisters on New Year's day, her birthday, was, of course, always kept on the 1st of January. Nelly was a quiet little child, with soft blue eyes, a short little nose, and a mouth that was always ready to form itself into a smile if you only looked kindly at her.

She was the 'Queen' on this festive occasion, and had the royal prerogative (little Frank wanted to know the meaning of this hard word; I wonder whether you could have told it to him?) of choosing the amusement of the evening.

But as the question at the head of my paper came from her lips, she modestly deferred, you perceive, to Alice's superior judgment. The only condition she made was that it should be a sitting-down game.

'Let's have something new, Alice,' said Tom, who was fumed for his love of change.

'It mustn't be awfully slow, mind, or I shall cut and run,' said Harry, balancing himself on the back of Alice's chair, to his own satisfaction, apparently, if not to hers.

'Now, young people,' said Alice, pleasantly, 'seat yourselves in a cosy circle round the fire, and you shall have an exercise in arithmetic.'

'My goodness!' exclaimed Blanche, stopping short in astonishment.

'Where is it?' said Alice, putting her hand on her sister's shoulder.

'Where is what?' asked Blanche.

'Your goodness,' answered Alice, demurely.

Blanche was about to make some comical reply, when Tom interrupted with 'Come, Mrs. Alice, we're not going to be imposed upon again.'

'Again?' repeated Alice.

'Why, yes: have you forgotten that horrid geographical puzzle which you cheated us into by means of those pretty red counters?'

Alice laughed. 'Dreadful, wasn't it?' she said, in pretended sympathy.

'Yes, it was dreadful, you cruel old thing!' said Harry, flinging his arms round her.

'Now mind, if you are at any of those tricks again,' said Tom, threateningly, 'you'll repent it.'

'Well, we will settle about that afterwards,' said Alice, gaily. 'Nelly, you're Queen, just order your subjects into their places.'

Without much pushing, and with the overthrow of only one chair, the children formed themselves into a half-moon round the hearthrug, and then demanded to know what they were going to do.

'You are going to play at 'Fiz and Buz,' said Alice.

In the midst of sundry exclamations, more distinguished by their heartiness than their elegance, Alice requested silence, that she might proceed to explain the rules of the game.

'You are to begin to count one, two, three, four, and so on, in turn,' she said; 'but when you come to five, instead of that you must say 'Fiz,' and when you come to seven you must say 'Buz.'

'Oh, but that will be done in less than a minute,' said Edith.

'Ah; but besides not mentioning those numbers, you are not to mention any number into which they can be multiplied, nor any number in which they are contained.'

'Sounds exactly like Guy's Arithmetic. Will you please to simplify for the benefit of the unenlightened?' said Tom.

'Well, twice five are ten—'

'We knew that before to-day,' said Blanche.

'But instead of saying ten you must say Fiz because it contains two fives; and the same with 15, 20, 25, &c.'

'Very well,' said Tom answering for the rest.

'Then it is just the same with the sevens. When you come to 14, 21, 28, &c., you must call

out Buz, in the place of those figures, because they can be multiplied by seven.'

'And seventeen has a seven in it,' said Frank.

'Yes, that must also be Buz,' said Alice; 'and so, for the same reason, must twenty-seven. Now are you all ready?'

'Yes, yes,' was the quick rejoinder.

'Mind, any one who forgets to say Fiz or Buz in its proper place, will be put out of the game, and then the counting must be recommenced.'

'And who wins the game?' said Edith.

'The one who keeps on the longest. Now, as Nelly is Queen, she shall begin.'

'One,' said Nelly, promptly.

'Two,' continued Frank.

Five came to Alice's turn, and she of course immediately said 'Fiz.'

'Six,' said Harry.

'Buz,' said Tom; and he said it in such a loud, pompous tone, that they all burst out laughing.

'Eight,' said Nelly, very carefully.

'Nine' was little Frank's number.

'Ten,' said heedless Blanche.

'Oh, Blanche!' 'Oh, how stupid of you!' called out the others; 'you ought to have said 'Fiz.'

Blanche was inclined to pout a little.

'No, no, she is not at all stupid,' said Alice, gently; 'one expects to make mistakes at first. Never mind, Blanche, somebody else will soon do the same.'

Alice was correct. Not only did Frank and Harry say twenty and seventeen, instead of the proper fiz and buz, but self-confident Tom, misled by the buz which Alice of course substituted for twenty-seven, innocently counted the next figure as twenty-eight, forgetting that it was a multiple of seven.

Blanche clapped her hands in delight.

'Bother!' exclaimed Tom, 'how was a fellow to know that two buzzes were going to tread on one another's heels in that fashion? But he vacated his seat very good-humouredly.'

Then Edith, confused perhaps by the merriment over clever Tom's defeat, and never renowned at any time for her familiarity with the multiplication table, added to the failures by, in her turn, saying thirty, instead of fiz.

Only Alice and her little sister were now left, and they went on very smoothly as far as thirty-five, which Alice gravely called fiz-buz, much to the amusement of the others, who had not anticipated the combination of the two.

Then Nelly said thirty-six, and Alice said—thirty-seven!

Yes, Alice actually said seven instead of buz? It was almost incredible, but facts are stubborn things, and nobody could deny that it was a fact.

I don't think anybody but Edith even guessed what the blunder was, to employ an expression that I met with somewhere, 'accidentally done on purpose.'

'There, Nelly darling,' said Alice, giving her little sister a warm kiss, 'you are Queen of the day, and also Queen of the game!'

'Yes,' said Edith, bluntly, 'but she wouldn't have been, if you hadn't—'

'Hush, hush,' said Alice, softly. 'Now let us begin again,' she added, 'and see who will win next.'

So they recommenced their counting, doing it much more rapidly than before, and they had thus nearly as many mistakes and quite as much fun.

This time Tom was the winner. They had reached them as high as the fifties, and had to say fiz-one, fiz-two, &c.; and for fifty-five and fifty-seven, fiz-fiz fiz-buz, which excessively amused the younger children.

The third time Alice did not join, and Tom, satisfied I suppose with having once gained the victory, was less careful; and so Blanche, keeping on the longest, won the game.

All agreed that 'Fiz and Buz' was very simple and entertaining, and Blanche said it would do nicely to fill up a few minutes whenever they had not time for a longer game.

'But it's a trouble sometimes to count correctly,' said Edith; 'I did not remember that five times six was thirty.'

'You should take more pains in learning the multiplication table,' said Alice, gently, 'and then you wouldn't have any difficulty.'

'Just what I said at first!' exclaimed Tom.

'I was sure when we began that Alice was entrapping us into an arithmetic lesson!'

WHY ELIHU BURRITT LEFT THE ANVIL.

In the summer of 1838, Governor Everett of Massachusetts, in an address to an association of mechanics in Boston, took occasion to mention that a blacksmith of that State had, by his unaided industry, made himself acquainted with fifty languages.

'In July of the following year,' says Mr. Nelson, 'I was passing through Worcester, the place of his present residence, and gratified my curiosity by calling to see him. Like any other son of Vulcan, Mr. Burritt was at his anvil. I introduced myself to him, observing that I had read with great pleasure, and with unfeigned astonishment, an account of him by the governor of his State, which had induced me to take the liberty of paying him a visit. He very modestly replied that the governor had done him more than justice. It was true, he said, that he could read about fifty languages, but he had not studied them all critically. Yankee curiosity had induced him to look at the Latin Grammar; he became interested in it, persevered, and finally acquired a thorough knowledge of that language. He then studied the Greek with equal care. An acquaintance with these languages had enabled him to read with facility the Italian, the French, the Spanish, and Portuguese. The Russian, to which he was then devoting his odd moments, he said was the most difficult of any he had undertaken.'

'I expressed my surprise at his youthful appearance. He informed me he was but twenty-seven years of age (to which statement I gave ready credence); that he had been constantly engaged at his trade from boyhood to that hour, and that his education, previous to his apprenticeship, had been very slender.'

Mr. Burritt gives the following account of 'Why he left the Anvil:—'

'You ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill. I will tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those iron-fingered automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts. I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power, so I turned away and left them spinning—cotton.'

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! I saw the giant move with a power that made the earth tremble. I saw an army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It was wonderful. The machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But yet it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for my hammer.'

Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So I stepped in, and there I saw the masterpiece of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer and stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

'It is a printing press,' said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a turban of brown paper on his head.

'A printing press? I queried, musingly to myself. 'A printing press? What do you print?'

'Print?' said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, 'why, we print thoughts.'

'Print thoughts!' I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration.

'Why, yes,' he repeated, 'we print thoughts, to be sure, and with these letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it, too, giving the inked type a blow of triumph with his fist, we can print it, too, give us paper and ink enough, till the earth is covered around with thoughts.'

Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at the press with evident astonishment. 'Talk about the mind's living for ever!' exclaimed the boy, 'why, the world is brimful of live thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead, as stone if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, we are the chaps that manufacture immortality for dead men,' he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if it dubbed a knight of the legion of honour. 'Give us one good healthy mind,' resumed Ezekiel, 'to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky powder. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands.'

'Ezekiel,' I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, 'will you print my thoughts too?'

'Yes, that I will be replied, if he will think some of the right kind.'

'Yes, that we will,' echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my thoughts ever since.—Cottager and Artisan.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE NEVER DO.

You lie down when you go to bed, you stand up again when the morning comes; you sit at your meals; you walk from place to place, and when you drop anything you stoop to pick it up. Your body is made to do all these different things; and you do them very often—most of them probably every day.

But there is another thing of the same kind which your body is made to do—it can kneel. Do you try this posture as well as the rest; or is this the only thing of the sort which you never do? Alas, there are many sitters and standers and walkers and stoopers, who are no kneelers. Are you one of them?

I do not mean to say that you cannot pray without kneeling. You may pray at any time, in any place, and in any posture. But if you are well and strong; if you can sit, and stand, and walk, and stoop, and yet never kneel, then I fear you never pray. Is this right? Is it happy? Can it end well? Will you not wish some day (God grant it may not be too late!) that you had not lived without prayer?

"HOW QUICK THEY FLY PAST."

A child looked out at the window of a railway carriage, which was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, exclaimed, "How quick they fly past!" So it seemed, but the trees and the houses and fences were all standing still, and it was the train that was flying past them!

When the same train passes at the same hour the next day, the trees and houses and fences will all be there, but there will not be the same people. Everything will have changed. The world and all the creatures in it will be one day older. Yesterday will never return, but another day will come in its place.

Not so with this life. That never comes again. We have it once, and once only!

What will our thoughts be when we come to look back on our life as a thing past? What sort of a life will we have to look back upon? A wasted life? A life spent in sin and folly, and forgetfulness of God? Time illused, talents mis-spent, the means of grace slighted, opportunities lost? How will it be? How is it now? What are we doing? How are we living? Have we sought Christ? Are we living to God? Think of these solemn words—God grant they may never apply to us—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. viii. 20).

How to Spoil your Preacher.—1. Tell your neighbors he is a man of very ordinary ability.

2. Keep it before the people that he can do no good.

3. Magnify every fault you see in him.

4. Don't co-operate with him in any effort he may make to advance the interests of the church.

5. Stay away from meeting when you can possibly find any excuse.

6. Show to the world that you have no interest in his welfare.

The above rules faithfully followed will ruin the influence of any preacher, especially if a large number of his parishioners follow them.

THE SAFE COURSE.—He who never drinks never will be drunk. That is so. He who sometimes drinks, may be.

He who never goes into a gambling saloon will never gamble there; and he who never gambles, never loses by gambling.

He who goes into a gambling saloon just to look, may gamble; and he who gambles will surely lose.

Beware of innocent beginnings in wrong ways, and never be afraid of a decided No!

We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come;

No living soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come,

But other men our lands will till, And other men our streets will fill,

And other birds will sing as gay, As bright the sun shine as to day,

A hundred years to come.

The Protestants of Paris established, a year ago, a prayer meeting in which every denomination is represented. More than twenty pastors have promised to aid in keeping up the meetings, which are well attended. Persons are appointed who stand at the doors to invite passers-by to enter: and 110 meetings have been arranged for each month.

LITERARY.

Turkish newspapers now compare pretty well with other European journals. Twenty years ago there was but one Turkish newspaper in the whole kingdom, and that was an official one. The English, French, and even the Italians, have now their journals in Constantinople. Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Roumanian, Servian, Bulgarian, Hebrew, and illustrated and comic papers are not wanting. A journal devoted to the interests of woman appeared not long ago, under the title of Progress, and now has a good subscription list. A Turkish journal, called the Orakir, printed with Armenian letters, has just appeared. The Catholic Armenian journal of Constantinople lately received a "warning" from the government, on account of the intolerance and the ultramontane heresies.

The English Courts have recently decided that a newspaper has a copyright in every word and letter of every original article contained in its pages; that no other person has a right to reprint them without permission; and that a copy is not legalized even by acknowledging its source.

Whittier, being asked for an autograph the other day, at once complied by penning;

"The name is but the shadow, which we find Too often larger than the man behind!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Philadelphia Press states, upon a god authority, that Gustave Dore will cross the ocean in a few weeks, with the intention of making an artistic tour through the United States.

M. Schwab is about to print, at the Imperial Press at Paris, a translation of the Talmud.

Kossuth is writing his autobiography, which is to be published in six languages simultaneously.

The latest English periodical announced is The Food Journal.

Martin Farquhar Tupper has been writing A Few Words about Animals hereafter.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man or beast.