

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, April 3rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 23-33; MARK xii. 18-27; LUKE xx. 27-40; Insidious question of the Sadducees. The resurrection.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 90, 91.

Sunday, April 10th, 1870.

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

Recite.—S. C., 92, 93.

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. XXXII.

- 1. S-erai-a Jer. ii. 59.
2. A-ban-a 2 Kings v. 1, 2.
3. M-atta-n 2 Kings xi. 18.
4. U-phursi-n Dan. v. 25.
5. E-lia-a Chron. xvii. 17.
6. L-iba-A Josh. xxi. 13.
SAMUEL. HANNAH.—1 Sam. i. 27, 28.

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

I am a word of eight letters. My 183871, give the name of a prophetic sister of a high priest. My 2138, give the name of a king of Israel who besieged and took Tirzah. My 371, give the name of an offering by one to whom it was promised his seed should be as the sand which is upon the seashore. My 43571, name the cause of an increase of hatred towards a favourite son by his brethren. My 5421, will tell upon what place the Lord said "I will lay my vengeance—by the hand of my people Israel." My 65473, will tell of what the altar in the temple was made. My 7 and 8, give the name of a city taken by strategy. My 837, give the name of a chief ruler about David. My whole will give the name of a man, one of a conquered nation, who saved a king from death by warning him of approaching danger.

ARTHUR'S CONSCIENCE AND THE OLD CLOCK.

One Sabbath day Arthur was left at home alone, while all the rest of the family attended church. Instead of regarding the day as he should have done, in the quiet perusal of the Bible and other good books, he made it a day of self-amusement. As soon as all were gone, Arthur began to search all the curious nooks and corners of the dwelling. The garret was explored and many rare curiosities exhumed. Ancient desks and drawers were examined, revealing their curious contents to his impertinent and childish curiosity. An old clock stood in the corner, with a tall, gaunt, brown case. Within the dark hollow closet Arthur had often peeped, but he had not been allowed to examine very closely the mysteries of the clock-case. Now was a fine opportunity. He opened the narrow door. The long pendulum was swinging back and forth at regular intervals with a loud tick, tick, tick, tick. Two long cylindrical tin weights, and two very little lead weights were hanging by small cords. Arthur had seen his father wind up the clock, and he knew it was done by pulling down the little weights. "It must be rare sport," he thought, "to wind up the clock." He would make the attempt at any rate. So, taking hold of the small weight, he tugged away right manfully. The wheels purred, and the great weight began to rise. "Faster," said Arthur; "go up faster," and giving a sudden pull, the cord broke and down came the heavy weight with a loud noise. There was a terrible whirring among the clock-wheels for a moment, and then it stopped. The ticking ceased and the pendulum stood still. "Oh, what have I done now?" cried Arthur, in distress. "What will father say to me when he sees what I have done?" Arthur closed the clock door, and for the remainder of the day, until his parents returned, was a very humble, quiet boy. When his father returned, on looking at the old clock he perceived that it had stopped. Opening the clock door, he saw that the cord of one of the weights had broken, and that the weight had fallen to the bottom of the case. "How is this, Arthur? did you know that the clock is stopped?" "Yes, father," said Arthur; "I heard a great noise in the clock-case, and when I went and looked in it was silent." Mr. Milton made no more inquiries, supposing that it was an accidental occurrence. Night came, and little Arthur went to bed as usual. His father had tied the cord, and the clock was now ticking as loudly as ever. It seemed to say, in the silence of night—"Boy! boy! boy!" "A lie! a lie!" "Own it! own it! own it!" Arthur did not sleep much. Conscience whispered to him, and with the words of the old clock, said, "Arthur you have told a lie." Early in the morning he arose and gazed up into the face of the old clock. It looked very sternly at him. "Quick! quick! quick! quick!" said the clock. The poor boy went to his father and told all with a sorrowful heart. His father freely forgave him, and he prayed that

God would forgive him and never suffer him to tell a lie again. Dear children, never tell an untruth. Lying is a low, mean vice, and very wicked.—S. S. Visitor.

LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

Little Mary had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with great pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at her papa's feet. It was just at sunset; and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure. "Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?" "No; what do you think of them, Mary?" "I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papa, to hide him from us?" "True enough, little one," thought I; "the clouds which veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them, if we will see it? they shine with mercy and truth." Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? And does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and he "shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him."

WINGSBY AND BY.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?" "A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said: "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing." "Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead!—What has he in all the future to look forward to?" The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!" Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will. Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint." Walter's hope of heaven made him happy, as it will make any one happy who possesses it.

ABOUT JESUS.

"Don't you know about Jesus?" said little Mabel, a sweet child of six years. She was visiting us, and left alone with me on Sunday evening. She was tired of amusing herself with the pictures; and then, coming to the sofa she caressed me in her winning, child-like way. "Dear uncle, I want you to tell me something about Jesus. Mamma always does on Sunday nights." I evaded the question, and talked of something else. But she would not be put off. Again and again she would ask, "Please, tell me something about Jesus." Finding I did not comply, she said at length, opening her blue eyes wide, "Why, you know about Jesus, don't you?" I did not know about Jesus, nor did I wish to. But the prattling of the dear child led me to a sense of my ignorance and guilt, and to seek and, I trust, to find the dear Jesus about whom little Mabel was so eager to hear.

CURE FOR GRUMBLING.

Seeing that this disorder is so very prevalent among young and old in all ranks of society, and presuming that all who suffer from it rarely wish to be cured, and believing still further that I can guarantee an immediate cure, even in the most desperate cases, I presume to offer the following remedy, and to set forth some of its advantages, which I think give it a prominence over any other already known. It is very simple. It does not cost anything. It is always at hand. Can be applied directly by the patient himself, or herself, as the case may be. If properly applied it must effect a complete cure. Should the grumbling fit return at some future time, it can be again used with the same certainty of success. The remedy and its application are both expressed in one little word of four letters—SING! "Try it. I am not particular as to what you sing, provided always that it is right and good and in harmony with your character; nor does the manner signify, so long as it is done heartily, and it may be in the treble, alto, tenor, bass, or any other clef, according to individual preference. If the attack is mild, a few bars in common time, sung piano, will usually suffice. If the symptoms are more decided and severe, from twenty to thirty bars, three-four time, forte, and lively, should be tried promptly, repeated after an interval of five minutes, if necessary; and where the complaint, from long habit, has become confirmed and chronic, I should prescribe not less than thirty bars, two-four time, allegretto and fortissimo, on the commencement of every attack. As the patients of this latter class sometimes have a great disinclination to solos, they may try duets, or even choruses, with many voices, when opportunity offers. Under this course of treatment, if persevered

in, the symptoms will, to a certainty, assume a much milder form; in a very short time a radical cure will be effected, and the once habitual grumbler become noted for his cheerfulness and urbanity.

Again I say, try it. Next to a spirit of prayer, cultivate habits of praise. The power of song for good is much overlooked among us, and while it is largely employed by the world as an instrumentality for evil, Christians limit its use and its influence very much to places of worship and religious services.

When we have more singing we shall have less grumbling, and shall more fully realize the apostolic injunction, "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

ICE IN THE PULPIT.

A pastor asks and answers the question—Who put it there? You, Deacon Jones; you put it there! At least you have done more to put it there than any one else in the parish. Your whole course for the last three years has constantly tended to put out the fire in your pastor's heart, and turn him into an iceberg. You have neglected or been slow to pay your portion of his salary, and thus filled his mind with cares of the world; you have neglected the prayer meeting, and have come late to church; and left your pastor to bear the whole burden of souls, and by your example have encouraged others to do the same, while you have given yourself up to successful money-getting. If your pastor is frigid, good people, thaw him out. Do not try to break the ice. Melt it. Harshness and fault-finding will do the first. Sympathy and kindness will start any stream, no matter how long it has been frost-bound.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

The ability of nearly every man to pay his debts, depends upon his ability to collect debts due him. The individuals of a community are linked together by a chain of debt and credit, and in times of depression, the refusal of one person to discharge a single liability, often embarrasses a line of a dozen debtors and creditors. Hence, the prompt payment of small debts becomes, in times like these, a public as well as a personal duty. The same money which pays one debt in the morning may pay a dozen before night; and twelve men are thus relieved from anxiety and pressure by the action of one.—Advance.

A SHORT SERMON.

TEXT.—"On earth peace."

What kind of peace? "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." How shall we get it? "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." What is its operation? "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." Where will it lead us? "Unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." "Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace."

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

In illustrating the elements of a successful prayer-meeting at the Christian Convention, Columbus, Rev. James Eols, of Cleveland, gave an interesting account of a prayer-meeting among the negroes upon the Rapidan. He repeated one of their prayers: "Massa God, you has said you will give us what we ask for. Now, we's just sitting like birds on de edge ob de nest, with our mouths wide open, ready to take just what you has got to offer us! We want you to help us do our best, but we have this year, O God, a great work for you to do."

A SCARCE ARTICLE.—James, a well-known Glasgow bundle, was once asked by some of the officer-bearers of a sister church, if he knew where they could get a good bundle, as they were in want of one. "Weel, gentlemen," replied James, "you've asked me for a thing that can scarcely be had. If it were a bit minister, or two or three elder bodies, I could direct you at once; but whaur to get a decent headie is mair than I kin."

CONVERTED BY MAN.—John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in a ditch. "Hello! Father Wesley, I am glad to see you; said Mr. Wesley, reining up his horse. "Who are you?" "Don't you know me? Why, you're the very man that converted me." "I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse; "at least one thing is evident,—the Lord had nothing to do with it."

TWO SERMONS.—A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions: "Shrouds have no pockets."

ANOTHER ONE IN THREE.—Shroud-wearers want none.

For Sunday School Teachers.

FIRST AND LAST.

Just come from heaven, how bright and fair The soft locks of the baby's hair, As if the unshut gates still shed The shining halo round his head.

Just entering heaven, what sacred snows Upon the old man's brow repose, For there the opening gates have thrown The glory from the great white throne. —Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

The Rev. John Williams, formerly pastor of the Olive Street Church, New York, and father of the Rev. Wm. R. Williams in early life a member of an Independent Church in Wales, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Lewis. On one occasion he asked his pastor what was meant by the words "Buried with him in baptism." The reply was plain and candid, "I really think the Baptists have in that text the advantage over us." The result was that Mr. Williams resolved to imitate those early followers of the Lord, and be himself buried with Christ in baptism.

THE LABORERS WE NEED.

In our Sunday-school we need: 1. Men and women who are willing to teach and work,—who have so much heart for it that they cannot keep from it. Not such as look back when they put their hand to the plow, and do nothing but look back all the time, and are kept at their post only by the force of external circumstances; but they who put their hand to the plow, looking forward, and never backward, but ever pressing to the mark for the prize of the high and holy calling. Such as esteem and love their pastor, the superintendent, and one another, and appreciate the work in its influence in this world, as well as the world to come. 2. Men and women who have something to teach. Many would like to teach, and even preach, but they have nothing to teach and preach. Many old converts are greater novices than new converts. We need persons who are in such a relation to Christ and the church as to be able to teach Christ, and to say, Come to Christ. They should be Baptists, i. e., baptized men and women, who submitted to the ordinance voluntarily and heartily, on faith in Christ, and none others are needed. Mother Lois, and Grandmother Eunice were better teachers than Robert Raikes, and the scholar was better taught; for he became a good, thoroughgoing Baptist, and a useful teacher.—Dr. J. S. Backus.

ANSWERING THE SCHOLARS' QUESTIONS.

It is a great mistake to bluff an inquiring child. It is a shame to give a curt and unsatisfactory reply to a fair question that the humblest scholar in your class may ask. If you are not ready with an answer, express sympathy, at least, with the inquirer, and a desire to help him to the best of your ability. It is often best to confess your inability to give a present solution of some puzzling question, and to promise that you will look the subject up, and come on the next Sabbath prepared possibly to clear the matter in the scholars' minds. It is no disgrace not to know a good many things. But it is a disgrace, and worse, to hide behind a mere guess at the truth, in order to escape the necessity of a candid confession of ignorance, and to avoid the pains of a search, to which both teacher and scholar may become learners at the feet of the great Teacher. It looks very much like shirking in the day of battle.—Sunday School Times.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

I believe I have as much as most of my brethren sought out simple words. Still we who occupy the pulpit do not feed the lambs as we ought. We should give them not a word now and then, but if possible, the whole discourse should be such as they can understand. Lads and lasses should hear intelligently under a good shepherd, and the last lamb should be able to find food.—Spurgeon. A distinguished American preacher who has retired from the pulpit says, "I think of nothing in my own ministry with so much regret as I do of omissions in preaching to children."

Christians who wish to preserve the spirituality of their religion should be very careful how they mingle with the world. He who is pleased with the company of ungodly men, no matter howsoever witty or learned, is either himself one with them or is drinking into their spirit. It is impossible to associate with such by choice without receiving a portion of their contagion. A man may be amused or delighted with such people, but he will return even, from the festival of wit with a lean soul. Howsoever contiguous they may be, yet the church and the world are separated by an impassable gulf.—Dr. Adam Clarke.

EFFECT OF A REVIVAL.—As the result of a revival in the Baptist Churches of Ira and South Hannibal, N. Y., new and good horse sheds are being built, the members having learned that a man's religion is not worth much which does not increase the comfort of his horse. The owners will hear the gospel with more attentive care from the knowledge that their horses are not shivering in the cold.

Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can scarcely fail of making him a happy man. Your make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages.