

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, April 24th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxiii. 13-39; MARK xii. 40; LUKE xx. 47; Woes against the Scribes and Pharisees. Lamentation over Jerusalem. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 96, 97.

Sunday, May 1st, 1870.

MARK xii. 41-44; LUKE xxi. 1-4; JOHN xii. 20-36; The widow's mite. Certain Greeks desire to see Jesus. Recite.—S. C., 98, 99, 100.

ANSWER TO A SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

The seventeen particulars given last week of this famous Character may be found in the following passages of Scripture.

1. Exodus xxiv. 13.
2. " xvii. 9.
3. " xxiv. 12-14.
4. " xxxiii. 11.
5. Numbers xiii. 16; xiv. 6.
6. " xiii. 16.
7. Deuteronomy xxxii. 9.
8. Numbers xxxii. 12.
9. Joshua i. 5.
10. Joshua iii. 7-17.
11. " iv. 20-24.
12. " v. 13-15.
13. " vi. 16-21.
14. " viii. 30-35.
15. " x. 12-14.
16. " xix. 49, 50.
17. " xxiv. 25, 26.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIV.

A son who well repaid his father's love. A tribe once likened to "a silly dove." A young man who in anger left his wife. And one who on a cart breathed out his life. A king, whose throne was ivory and gold. Who worshipped heathen gods when he was old.

These five initials in their order view; They form the name of Him who died for you. —W. & R.

THE TRUE BOY.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer four days from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course, he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate sharply. "My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stow-aways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story, nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard-arm. A frightful threat indeed! Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer with his watch in his hand, counting the tick-tick-tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid? no, not a bit!

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy!" "May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned towards him, and sobs broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake?

He could die; but lie—never! God bless him. Yes, God stands by those who stand by him. And the rest of the voyage, you may well think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.—*Child's Paper.*

MY LITTLE BOY.

Children are sometimes fearfully practical. I had drawn tears to the eyes of my two-year old, once, telling him of the "Babes in the woods," and, emboldened by my success in the trageline, I boldly ventured upon "Red Riding-hood." I made it as long as I could. I portrayed her innocence, her sweetness, and the vile treachery of the horrid wolf. I gave correct imitations of the wolf's voice and manners in the celebrated dialogue between the girl and her arch foe. I expected to bring down the house when I gave the final howl and spring at the fat shoulders, before cooking good enough to eat, any minute. He took it all quite coolly—wasn't a bit scared. But as he slid down from my lap, he put his dimpled elbows on my knees and sighed deeply.

"What is it, darling?" I asked. "How I do wish I knewed what become of dem cakes in her basket!"

I don't think children appreciate tragedy. Another time aunty sent B idgot to the corner grocery, with a basket for supplies, with this final direction:

"Have the Potatoes put in the basket, and put the Indian in a paper bag."

My boy became at once interested. He established himself by the kitchen table while the parcels were taken out. As the big bag made its appearance, he shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Let him right out this minute! I want to see him, sezers and all! with his skin clothes on."

Imagine his disgust at the yellow meal, instead of the valiant warrior he expected to see! —*Little Corporal.*

A THREAD

Once, in the progress of a revival among his Church in Portland, after having repeatedly invited meetings at his house, of those who wished to seek religion, Dr. Payson one day gave an invitation to all those young persons who did not intend to seek religion. Any one who did not know the Doctor would be surprised to hear that thirty or forty came. He had a very pleasant social interview with them, saying nothing about the subject of religion, until just as they were about to leave, he closed a very few plain and simple remarks in the following manner:

"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and very gently attach itself to you. You knew, we suppose, that it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and brush it away?"

He dwelt a few minutes upon this idea, until every one had a clear and fixed conception of it, and of the hardihood which any one would manifest who should openly break off even such a tie.

"Now," continued he, "just such a slender, delicate thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion; but by coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread upon you all; it is very weak and frail, and you can, in a moment, brush it away. But you certainly will not do so. Welcome it and it will enlarge and strengthen itself, until it becomes a golden chain to bind you forever to God!"

HOUSES OF WORSHIP.—Andrew Fuller wrote a letter in 1795, in which he says, "I remember in my youth to have worshiped for many years in a barn that was fitted up for the purpose, and I believe there was as much of truth, fervor and edification as is to be found now in many pompous temples." We have no doubt of this. The Master and Redeemer who was in a stable, is quite as likely to meet with his people in a barn as in the most pompous and costly temple ever built. We can ourselves attest, as can some of our readers, that some of the most precious seasons of worship we have ever enjoyed were held in buildings no better than barns.

A NOVELTY IN CHURCH MUSIC.—Mr. Cole, C. B., of the South Kensington Museum, recently spoke at a large meeting in the Town Hall, Manchester, on the subject of Art Education. In the course of his address he said:—"He ventured to think the country at large did not make half the use of churches that they might. He dared say that their churches in Manchester were opened every night and were crowded. He would like to tell them of a musical experiment he had tried in London, by which he had filled a church to overflowing. He had asked a clergyman for the use of his church for four evenings, and he had undertaken to fill it at every service. He had evening prayers, and he stipulated with the clergyman, that the sermon should not be more than ten minutes in length. The people who assembled sang five hymns, and he had reverted to the patriarchal system of using the accompaniments of four silver trumpets and kettle-drums. He had an overflowing attendance at each service, and he assured those present that the solemn and grand effect of these trumpets, with 2,000 voices, was the finest music which he had ever heard in his life. He particularly recommended the use of trumpets, kettle-drums, and trombones, rather than the substitutes for those instruments on the organ. He felt certain that if he lived in Manchester he would have no difficulty in filling its churches with people from the public-houses."

A Man, on hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing. Why if my grandfather were alive, he would be a hundred and fifty years old!"

For Sunday School Teachers.

THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

The model Sunday-school is a cheerful place. It is not held in a basement, with dampness trickling over the walls, decayed floor-boards yielding beneath the feet, and the musty odors greeting the nostrils. Recognizing sunshine and pure air as among the good gifts of God, its arrangements are such as to afford a hearty welcome to all who enter its doors. Its windows give ample light, and are not obscured by dirt and cobwebs. Its provisions for ventilating secure a sufficient change of air to meet the wants of the lungs of the worshippers who assemble there. Pleasant pictures and maps adorn the walls, interspersed here and there with texts of Scripture. The seats are so placed that the scholars can look at the Superintendent as he opens and closes the school, and are of such a shape as not to remind those who sit on them of the tortures of the Inquisition.

The model Sunday-school has a neat bolt on the door of entrance, which is fastened at the beginning of the opening exercises, so as to keep the late people in the vestibule, where they will not disturb those who have come in time. When the opening exercises are over, the late folks, if there are any, are allowed to march in, and the other people gaze at them.—*S. S. Journal.*

SUGAR AND SALT TEACHERS.

The world, alas, is full of *sugar and salt* teachers. They cannot endure the least dampness. My deliberate judgement is, that a really spiritual man never yet suffered from such exposure. Why they tell me our Baptist friends often cut through the thickest ice and baptize candidates in the open air at midwinter, and yet it is affirmed that none of them ever take cold. An unpunctual teacher never can be spiritually efficient. How often has every thing been lost by three minutes delay, and how often has an incalculable result been secured by a holy promptness. Teacher, if you would have power, make much of the habit of being at your post always, and in time. Take hold of the Sunday-school work in youth, and hold on to old age. Consider it a harness for life. Many drop out by marrying Christless companions. This is no reason for quitting, but rather for continuing, that you may bring them with you.—*S. H. Tyng, D. D.*

We like Doctor Tynt's allusion to Baptists. We hope no one will tell him that some who can stand the waters of baptism, cannot stand rain, or even clouds, but like others, are *sugar and salt*. Still more, however, do we hope that Baptists will so improve in punctual labor, that their deeds, when known, may be imitated with perfect safety.—*Baptist Teacher.*

HOW TO STUDY A LESSON.

A felt want of to-day, is qualified teachers for the Sunday-school. How shall this want be met? One important way is, Let every teacher prayerfully study his lesson, and thus educate himself for the work, for it is worthy. But many teachers are at a loss to know how to study their lessons to advantage. To assist such, then, we propose the following plan:

Let teachers take the Scriptures for the lesson, and ask himself the following questions upon it, and answer each one satisfactorily to himself.

1. When was this written, spoken, or enacted?
2. Where was this written, spoken, or enacted?
3. Who wrote, said, or did it?
4. What were the cause, or occasion or circumstance of its being spoken, written, or done?
5. Why was it written, spoken, or enacted? i. e., what design or object had the author or agent in view in it?
6. What application has this to me, or my class, or the present age of the church or the world?

If he will do this faithfully, he will both grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, himself, and be qualified and able to interest and instruct his class in the truth as it is in Jesus, and doubtless sooner or later see his rich reward in the conversion and salvation of his pupils.—*Id.*

WHY ARE WE HERE?

Would God keep his children out of Paradise a single moment longer than was necessary? Why is the army of the living God still on the battle-field, when one charge might give them the victory? Why are His children still wandering hither and thither through a maze, when a solitary word from His lips would bring them into the centre of their hopes in heaven? The answer is—they are here that they may "live unto the Lord," and may bring others to His love. We remain on as sowers, to scatter good seed; as plough-men, to break up the fallow ground; as heralds, publishing salvation. We are here as the "salt of the earth," to be a blessing to the world. We are here to glorify Christ in our daily life. We are here workers for Him, and as "workers together with Him." Let us see that our life answereth its end. Let us live earnest, useful, holy lives to "the praise of the glory of His grace." Meanwhile we long to be with Him and daily sing—

"My heart is with Him on His throne,
And I'll can break delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
'Rise up and come away.'"
SPURGEON.

Scientific.

THE TELEPHONE.

One of the most remarkable recent inventions connected with telegraphy is the telephone, an instrument which transmits directly the pitch of a sound by means of a telegraph wire,—either an air-wire or submarine cable; so that, for instance, when the operator at one end of the wire sings or plays on an instrument any tune, as Yankee Doodle, or Hail Columbia, it will be heard and distinguished plainly at the other end. The invention may, in its present state, have no direct practical application, but be a mere scientific, although highly interesting curiosity; but who can say that it does not contain the germ of a new method of working the telegraph, or some other useful practical purpose?

The part of the apparatus which serves to send off the tune or melody is simply a square wooden box, provided at the side with a kind of mouth-piece similar to that of a speaking-tube, and at the top with an opening, over which the membrane just mentioned has been stretched. The small disk of platinum attached to the centre of this little drum-head is, by means of a very flexible strip of some metal that conducts well, attached to one pole of the galvanic battery. The reason why this connection near the platinum disk is a flat, thin and flexible strip is, that any rigidity would interfere with the freedom of vibration of the membrane to which it is attached. The point coming in contact with this small vibrating disk is connected with the ground-wire, the other pole of the battery with the air wire or submarine cable. It is clear, from this explanation, that at every contact of the platinum point a wave of electricity will be sent over the wire, and as many waves in a second as there are contacts; and as there are as many contacts as there are vibrations in every second, the number of electric waves will be always exactly equal to the number of vibrations corresponding with the pitch of each tone, be it fifty, one hundred, two hundred, or five hundred in every second.

The instrument in which this succession of waves is made audible at the other end of the telegraph-wire is founded on the fact, that iron bars, when becoming magnetic by means of electric currents passing around them, become slightly elongated and at the interruption of the current are at once restored to their original length.

No quality of tone can be transmitted. Much less can articulate words be sent, notwithstanding the enthusiastic prediction of some persons, who, when they first beheld this apparatus in operation, exclaimed that now we would talk directly through the wire. It is from its nature able to transmit only pitch and rhythm consequently melody, and nothing more. No harmony, nor different degrees of strength or other qualities of tone can be transmitted; the receiving instrument in fact sings the melodies transmitted as it were with its own voice, resembling the humming of an insect, regardless of the quality of the tone which produces the original tune at the other end of the wire. This instrument is a German invention, and was first exhibited in New York, at the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, by Dr. Van der Weyde. The original sounds were produced at the further extremity of the large building, (the Cooper Institute,) totally out of hearing of the association; and the receiving instrument, standing on the table of the lecture-room, produced, with its own rather nasal twang, the different tones sung at the other end of the line, rather weakly, it is true, because of the weak battery used, but very distinctly and correctly.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

UNsinkable SHIPS.—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says:—"The British are building vessels with air-tight compartments between the deck-beam, and in the broken stowage between the knees and in the ends, so that in the event of their springing a leak they will not sink lower than the deck. The buoyancy is known of each vessel, hence the weight of cargo will be regulated accordingly. This plan is designed more for the purpose of saving the lives of those on board than the vessels, although it may be equally available for both when near a port. Along the coasts of Great Britain, where collisions are of frequent occurrence, it must be of great value."

On looking at the world, it is always difficult to imagine a beginning to matter. But it is equally difficult, yet more so, to imagine a beginning to mind. Of the two, it is easier to conceive a beginning to matter. It is a necessity of reason to suppose an underlying immortality amid all this transition, as it is necessary that all created things have a Creator.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity, in which repentance, will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

SERMONS WITHOUT BLADE.—Passing along the road the other day, we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up, it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without a blade. They cut out no cancers of sin, and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.