

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1871.

Living Water.—John iv. 5-15.

As a large number of our readers are either Sabbath School Teachers, or Parents desirous of giving their children the best training they can in the Holy Scriptures, we propose to give them a portion more or less each week—of what we find in The Baptist Teacher on "the Words of Jesus."

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Give me this water."—Vs. 15.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—Gen. xxiv. 2 Kings xvii. 24-41; Isa. lv. 1; John iv. 1-24.

Give some account of Samaria, and of Sychar, vs. 5. Point them out on a map of Palestine. From Gen. xxxiii. 18-20; Joshua xxiv. 32; tell some facts about "the parcel of ground" named in vs. 5. From Bible Dictionaries, or Travels in Palestine, tell something about "Jacob's well." What hour, as we count time, is meant in vs. 6? Why did the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans, as vs. 9 tells?

What is said of Jesus in vs. 6? What of the woman in vs. 7? What of the disciples in vs. 8? Why did Jesus make the request in vs. 7? Why the reply of vs. 9?

What is meant in vs. 10 by "the gift of God"? What sort of water is called "living"? Solomon's Song iv. 15; Gen. xxvi. 19. Of what did the woman suppose Jesus spoke? Vs. 11, 12. What is meant by "water," or "waters," in Isa. xlii. 3; lv. 1; Jer. ii. 13; Zech. xiv. 8? What is meant by "living water," in John vii. 38, 39. What does it mean in vs. 10 of our lesson?

State each thing said about this water in vs. 14. Explain each. Have you drunk of this water? If so, name some blessings that you may expect. If not, what must become of you? What was the woman's reply to Christ's offer? Vs. 15. What is yours?

SUMMARY.—The Holy Spirit in our hearts is as an ever-flowing well, which quenches all our thirst, and that forever.

ANALYSIS.—I. The Rest at the Well.

1. Places. Vs. 5, 6. 2. Hours. Vs. 6. 3. Parties. Vs. 6-8. 4. Customs, water drawing, giving drink, "no dealings," etc. Vs. 7, 9, 15.

II. The Lesson at the Well.—1. Subject matter. See title; also vs. 10, 13, 14. 2. Treatment. Introduced skilfully Vs. 7. Applied pointedly. Vs. 10. Pressed strongly. Vs. 13, 14. 3. Result. Vs. 15.

EXPOSITION.—Samaria.—The middle province of Palestine. The most direct road from Judea to Galilee was through this province, by Jacob's well, thence north-eastward through the valleys to the plain of Jezreel.

Sychar.—Called also Shechem, and Sychem, is now called Nablus.

Jacob's well.—It lies at the mouth of the valley, near its south side, just at the base of Mount Gerizim. It is distant from the city about thirty minutes' walk. Nine feet is the diameter, and Dr. Osborn gives its depth by careful measurement as eighty-three feet, six inches.

The sixth hour.—The Jews, as well as the Greeks and Romans, divided the working day, between sunrise and sunset, into twelve hours, which of course varied with the length of the day at different seasons.

The gift of God.—Our Saviour is a gift of God, John iii. 16. So the Holy Spirit, Luke xi. 13. So is eternal life, Rom. vi. 23. So are all good things, James i. 17.

Living water.—The woman replies as though this term was familiar, and as though, had he only the means to use that well, he could furnish such water. Vs. 11. The expression meant running water. "The water of springs and rivers would be called living; that of cisterns and pools, dead, because motionless."

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 170, 171.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. XII.

The "New Year's Day Picture" is found in Genesis viii. 13. In the year of the world 601, on the first day of the first month, the waters of the flood were dried off the earth. Noah who with his family had been shut up in the ark with the beasts and birds, and creeping things for nearly a year, had waited seven days after the dove had come back with an olive-leaf in its mouth, and had then sent forth the dove again. As it did not return he now removed the covering, and looked out over the face of Nature. What a glorious

prospect! A new world with God for his friend and protector!

SCRIPTURE ENIGM.

No. LVIII.

Find the six names and the texts here referred to; and say which of the Judges is intended.

- 1. A man who killed himself while destroying his enemies.
2. A young man, who was willing to die rather than do wrong.
3. The son of the sister of Barnabas.
4. A place where some men were slain in a remarkable manner.
5. One of the leaders of the children of Israel.
6. A sect whose doctrine and practice God hated.

The initials, and the finals reversed, of the names here described, alike form the name of one of the judges of Israel.

THE BEST NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

CHAPTER II.

The villagers had great confidence in the wisdom of Ernest Wietzel; he had been their burgomaster for nearly twenty years, but was still in the vigour of life—people did not fade early in the fresh keen forest air. No man took greater interest in their new year's custom; such things are dear to the hearts of Germans, and they were more so in the old times than now. Moreover, Ernest had seven children of his own to divide the gifts among; and he always led the expedition up the Grafenberg and down again; to the great peace and satisfaction of those who remained in the village, for no mischance had ever happened under his leadership, and they believed that none ever would. Groschenmark and the rest of the world were approaching another New Year by this time—a very old year it is in our present reckoning, for it saw King Henry Eighth on the throne of England, and things in every nation different from what they are now, and to us it is known as the year 1522.

"Shall we go up the Grafenberg, and keep up the old custom, burgomaster?" said the frightened villagers.

"That we shall, if Providence permit," answered Wietzel, "and I'll go with you, neighbours, to hear the clock of the Wartburg strike the hour as our forefathers heard it many a generation ago; I'll warrant the great bell has not lost its power of ringing over the mountains. If we find no gifts, neighbours, never trouble yourselves about that. Every man of sense among you knows that it was our good Elector and his ancestors who always remembered our village children; if he has come to the Wartburg, I doubt not he will remember them this time also; the learned men and nobles call him the Wise, and wise men always consider the young."

So everything was arranged as usual at the fall of night on the thirty-first of December.

It was clear cold weather; the streams of the valley were all frozen, and the villagers knew that the mountain side would be slippery with ice; but the keen frost accompanied by a breathless calm and a bright full moon; and all the quaint old wooden houses of Groschenmark, with their pointed gables and roofs of thatch, shone in the glare of great bonfires; lighted on every convenient spot to cheer those who went and those who staid behind. All the aged people and all the village children turned out to see Ernest Wietzel and his blithe company, with a moving illumination of blazing torch and lighted lantern, march up the Grafenberg to meet the New Year. It was a singular and striking sight to see the lights and figures troop up the wintery heights where the ice-covered rocks and pines gave back a thousand brilliant reflections. The old people uttered short prayers for their safe return, and then retired into their own cottages; the children stood and watched them till the last light was lost to their view, and then went home with the melancholy conviction impressed on their minds by the current tales, that there would be no gifts to divide next morning. The said tales made old and young in the village houses more anxious and fearful than they had been in many a night of the kind; the hours of absence never seemed so long to them. But their measured candles had not burned out so far as usual, when the sound of the bugle horns came ringing down the mountain-side, and all rushed out to see Ernest Wietzel and his company returning, every one safe and well. They had no panner with them, the children saw that,

but the burgomaster held in his hand a small parcel, and read from its cover in a voice which all could hear, "A New Year's Gift for the Children of Groschenmark."

"What is it? did you find it in the old place?" cried all the stayers at home in one breath.

"Neighbours, I know not what it is, and I did not find it in the old place, as all my company here can vouch; there was nothing; but when we had heard the castle clock strike, and welcomed the New Year and prayed for a blessing on it, as reasonable men should, we saw a stranger coming towards us. His face was so hidden by his cap and mantle that we saw it not, and as we stood wondering he came up to me, put this parcel in my hand and said, 'Ernest Wietzel, take this safe to those to whom it is sent,' and turning quickly from me, he hastened down the mountain path that leads to Wartburg."

"Open it, burgomaster, open it," cried the children, crowding round him. The burgomaster opened it accordingly, and a murmur of astonishment ran through the rustic assembly, for the parcel contained nothing but a plain volume, leather-bound and largely printed, as books were then. But Ernest Wietzel, the only man among them who could read, when he cast his eyes on the first page, lifted them up with a look of fervent thanksgiving and said, "God be praised! Neighbours," he continued, "this is the best new year's gift that ever was sent to the children in Groschenmark or anywhere else—it is the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour, translated by Doctor Martin Luther for the first time into the vulgar tongue of Germany, and published at Wittenburg. Neighbours, this is the gospel which the Wittenburg men teach and preach. It will not turn the world upside down, nor alter our old laws and customs that have no evil in them; but it will alter the darkness and ignorance in which we have lived to light and knowledge, the knowledge of the way to eternal life, and the truth which will make us free from the inventions and commandments of men. Let your children come to my cottage every evening when work is done, and come yourselves; I will read the good news of this book to you and to them, and never did young or old hear such news before."

In these days, when Bibles and books of all sorts are to be seen everywhere and almost in every hand, we can form but a faint idea of what the first translation of the Scriptures into their native language must have been to the people of every land. Till then the gospel was almost unknown in this village, as in all the rest of Europe. The Bible, being in Greek and Latin, was known only to those who had studied at the universities, or to a few of the highest rank who were able or inclined to get a similar education from learned tutors. It was not only the best but the first book with which the mass of the people got acquainted, and the joy with which it was received in town and village in those long passed times, which it is well to think of now and then for the lesson they teach regarding our own privileges and how to value them, can scarcely be understood by our generation. The Groschenmark people still keep in their church, which was built about the end of the sixteenth century, that plain and ancient volume given to the burgomaster on the summit of the Grafenberg. The German, into which it was translated by Martin Luther while concealed from his enemies in the mountain castle of Wartburg, by the prudence of the friendly elector, known to history as Frederic the wise, is not now intelligible to living readers, so much has the language altered in the progress of ages.

Neither has it ever been discovered who was the stranger that met Ernest Wietzel on the summit of the Grafenberg. Some inquirers have concluded that it was the elector Frederic, some that it was his agent and confidant, Spalatin, and some, that it was Martin Luther himself, who sent the children of Groschenmark that best New Year's Gift.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted, "Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John; "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of my authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I shall remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S. T. D., D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict; this they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving, each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, steps up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaims,—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, and he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—Bright Side.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; "put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

A PRINCESS'S LETTER.—A TOUR correspondent gives the following bit of gossip:—A few days ago, in the department of Yonne, the peasantry captured a post cart of the Prussian army in which were some thousands of letters from the men and officers of the different corps before Paris. These have been all sent to Tours, where a number of clerks and others acquainted with German have been busy interpreting them for some days. Amongst other letters in the bags, was one from Princess Alice of England, to Prince Louis of Hesse, her husband, who is serving with the 9th corps of the German army,—in which, if I am not mistaken, he commands a division. The letter is such as any gentlewoman might address to her husband, and encloses a note from Princess Alice's daughter, thanking her papa for a doll he had sent her from France, and asking him to return as quickly as he can. In other wars and other times, such a letter would, as it ought now, have been sent to Lord Lyons for transmission to the Prince to whom it was addressed; but the present campaign is, I fear, too savage a one for any civilized act of courtesy, to find favour with those who are in authority. There is something very revolting in the idea of private letters of individuals being handed about and commented upon by employees, and still more in the petty savings from the wives or relatives of soldiers, remitted to their husbands, being confiscated by the enemy. In the Prussian post-cart taken the other day there were German bank notes in small amounts, making up no less than 20,000f. (£9,000 stg) which have become the property of the French Government.

Scientific, &c.

THE DAWN OF ANIMAL LIFE ON OUR PLANET.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON'S LECTURE.

Many of our readers are somewhat acquainted with Dr. Dawson, Principal of McGill College, Montreal. We hold him in high esteem for the service he rendered to the cause of education in this his native province, as well as for his talents and scientific researches.

It is gratifying to find him still pursuing a course which commands the admiration and respect of the first men of the Dominion, and sheds lustre on the place in which he spent his early life. The following report of his recent lecture is from the Globe. The lecture was delivered in the Music Hall at Toronto in aid of the Building Fund of the Young Men's Christian Association:

Prof. WILSON, President of the Association, occupied the chair, and introducing the Lecturer, spoke of him as a gentleman enjoying a European as well as an American reputation among scientific men, and one who found no disagreement between the Word and the works of the Creator.

Principal Dawson then proceeded with his lecture, which was of a popular character, free from unnecessary technicalities, and exceedingly interesting and instructive. The subject of the lecture was stated to stand in relation to two classes of facts—those of geological chronology, and those of zoological classification. When did the first animals appear, and what manner of animals were they? Geology, perhaps more than any other science, gives us assurance as to all things having had a beginning. It traces back all our existing animals and plants to periods when they were not. It shows us that they had predecessors, and these had others, in long succession; and as we go backward in geological time the animal and vegetable types decrease in number and complexity, so as to show us that we are approaching to the origin of the whole. Farther, geology shows us the origin even of the great physical features of the earth, its mountains, its valleys, its sea basins. They all have in its ages their dates of origin. How is it, then, that we are sometimes told that geology sees "no indications of a beginning, no prospect of an end?" How is it that there are "Uniformitarians" in geology? The question deserves consideration, because the answer will serve to show the true position of geological science. (1.) We find that throughout the entire lapse of geological time there has been absolute uniformity in the great laws of physical nature. Yet this by no means implies that there has not been progress and development under the operation of these laws. (2.) Geology does not possess facts which enable it to reach the actual beginning of things. It traces the earth's history far back; yet we know not how much farther back it actually extends. We can see that course after course of the building has been laid in succession; but we have not yet seen the foundation stones, still less the quarry out of which they were dug. Thus in geology uniformity is reconciled with progress, a great, and to us almost endless, series of formations, with the necessary inference that there must have been a beginning of the series. Our inquiry as to the origin of life takes us back to the oldest rocks that we know—those hard old metamorphosed Laurentian beds which extend along the whole north of Canada from Labrador to Lake Superior, and are the oldest, not only of America, but of the world. These rocks, long called Azoic, we now call Eozoic, as having—in so far as we at present know—witnessed the dawn of life. At the time when they were formed our present continents did not exist, the whole space which they now occupy being covered with the sea. There must, however, already have been banks or lands elevated sufficiently to be undergoing waste to form the Laurentian sediments. These were, no doubt, deposited as ordinary sands and muds, with beds of limestone and coaly matter; but they have since been baked, hardened and crystallized. These beds have been extensively bent and fractured, and immense quantities of their less durable material has been removed to constitute the succeeding beds of our continents. It was in the ancient sea-basins in which these rocks were deposited that the oldest known animals lived. If it be asked—Why cannot life be traced still farther back? we may answer that fossil remains occur only in rocks of aqueous origin, and that the