

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 22nd, 1870.

MATTHEW XXIV. 15-42; MARK XIII. 14-37; LUKE XXI. 20-36: The signs of Christ's coming to destroy Jerusalem, and put an end to the Jewish state and dispensation.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 104, 105.

Sunday, May 29th, 1870

MATTHEW XXIV. 43-51; XXV. 1-13: Transition at Christ's final coming at the day of Judgment. Exhortation to watchfulness. Parable of the ten virgins.

Recite.—S. C., 106, 107.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXVII.

E-hud Judges 3.
P-eter Acts 13.
H-andmah Esther 2.
R-abah Joshua 2.
A-donibezek Judges 1.
I-saiah Isaiah 25: 12.
M-oses Deut. 33: 24.

EPIRAIM.

WHAT LUCY DID FOR JESUS.

Lucy was only eight years old, but she was a disciple of the Lord Jesus. On her way to the Sunday school she noticed a shop wide open. This grieved her. She knew that a woman who kept her store open on the Lord's day could neither love nor respect her blessed Master. So Lucy set her young wits to work in search of some plan by which the woman could be induced to close her store on the "pearl of days."

What do you think she did? Go to the woman? No, she felt she was too young for that. So she took a tract about God's great love in giving His Son to die for the sins of men, and quietly slipped it into the store as she went to church.

The next Sunday Lucy looked to see if the shop was closed. Alas! It was open again. The child sighed, but pushed another tract into the shop. It was about the love of Jesus.

The next Sunday showed that the tract had had some good effect, for the shutters were up in the store, though the doors were still open, and the shopkeeper busy with her customers.

Lucy now pushed in a tract called "The Sinner's Friend." This finished the work. Next Sunday the store was closed. Lucy was delighted. God had given her a great victory.

Don't you love little Lucy for her zeal? I do. I could cheerfully go a mile to kiss that little worker for her Lord. If you feel as I do you will try to imitate her—not doing exactly the same thing, but by doing what you can in the service for your great King.

Lucy had other ways of serving her Lord. Among other things she often took flowers from her garden to the house of a sick girl. That was a lit le act, but it was one of the acts Jesus loves to see His "little ones" perform. Go, my child, and do good deeds for your Lord.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO SEE JESUS.

"It was a long distance to go, all the way from Persia, to see Jesus. Was it not, Harry?"

"Yes, a long way. How far do you suppose it was, teacher?"

"It must have been five hundred miles. Do you think many would take so long a journey now to see Jesus? Would you?"

"O, yes, indeed, if I knew Jesus was away out West. I'm sure I'd go to see Him."

"So would I," said Herbert.

"And I," said George and James.

"What do you say, John?"

"I think I would go very gladly if Jesus was there, and would be glad to see me."

"So you all think you would go as far as the wise men to see Je us. But would you go in the day-time, or would you be ashamed to be seen going to Him, and so go at night?"

"Indeed, we should not be ashamed."

"Harry, how far off is Jesus?"

"I don't know; in heaven, isn't He?"

"He is not far off. He is close to all them that call upon Him. He is at your heart's door. Hark, and you can hear Him knocking, asking to come in. Will you admit Him? If you would go five hundred miles to see Jesus, you will surely admit Him when he is here. You are not ashamed to go five hundred miles to see Him. Are you ashamed to take Him into your hearts?"

—Sunday School Times.

THE PARISIAN BIRD-CHARMER.

Paris, setting the fashions of the world, is at the same time the paradise of oddities. The man who most of all excites the wonder and delight of the *habitués* of the Champs Elysees, is a queer old gentleman, in poor but clean snuff-colored dress who every now and then comes to see and feed the birds. No sooner does this thin, silent old man make his appearance, than a general twitter and scream of delight is heard amidst the trees of the Tuilleries, and the birds swarm about his head, sit on his shoulders and hands, while others describe a thousand revolutions around his head.

"Who is that?" I asked of one of the group of people who stood by.

"I never heard his name; he is the Bird-charmer."

I was almost ready to believe that he was a charmer, for he threw them a very few crumbs—a supply quite inadequate, apart from past and future favors, to produce the curious scene. I tried hard to discover the name of this man, but the Parisians are not curious about the names of their characters; they assign them descriptive names which suffice. For instance: "The man without a hat;" "The Persian;" "The The boquet-girl;" and so on. The old "Bird-Charmer" spoke to no human being, kissed his hand to the birds, and quietly went his way towards the river.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy," I remember Boyer saying to me once when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, "boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is you brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations? Let's have no more crying!"

I had one just flogging. When I was about thirteen I went to a shoemaker and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer (the master of Christ Hospital), who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even rudely pushed Crispin out of the room. Bowyer asked why I had made myself such a fool, to which I answered that I had a great desire to be a shoe maker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me, wisely, as I think—soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.—Coleridge.

SINGULAR ORNAMENT.

A brooch worn by the Countess of K—has recently been the subject of conversation among the eminent company of Polish nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliant upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli, and protected by a glass in front, may be seen,—What? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one nor the other; but only four bent pins wrought to other in form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication: The Count K—was, some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away, without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but also his mind wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery of idleness and loneliness and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailer. These were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit. He threw the pins upon the earth,—which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon, and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hand until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins, but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked yellow brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics, and now, set in a frame of brilliant, worth £400, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.—Court Journal.

WHAT A CENT GROWS TO.

A young lady in Portland modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. *Pater familias*, not at pinging to run over the figures in his head and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to include a possible marriage dowry in the future. On the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed, lest if he complied with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be "declared a bankrupt on his own petition."

But on the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty little sum of \$5,368.

709.12! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to give a bond—for his word he considered good as his bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily until otherwise ordered.

Our arithmetical reporter has been "figuring on to it," and says that if the old gentleman had fulfilled his promise, his daughter would have had, upon the receipt of the thirtieth payment, the snug little sum of \$10 436, 517.43.

SHINING LIGHTS.

BY UNCLE EDWARD.

Down deep in the bowels of the earth, Billy Graves, was going along one of the passages of the mine to his place of work, when, by the light of the little lamp that was stuck to the front of his cap, he saw something white, and picked it up. It was a leaf from somebody's Testament that had fallen out.

Billy took his lamp from the front of his cap, and by its dim light tried to read; but he was a poor reader at best, and kept losing his place. So he stuck his lamp against the wall of the passage, and then he could keep his big, grimy finger under the word he was spelling, out. Often working at it for a long time, he made out this from the page:

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth from all sin."

"Hey?" said he to himself, "what can that be all about?"

So he stuck his lamp back on his cap, and went on till he came to where he was to work. Right by him worked Tony, and Billy said:

"Tony, what d'ye suppose it all means?" and he got out his bit of paper, and by the help of his little lamp, that Tony held so near his nose that it would have burned it, if it hadn't been a safety-lamp, he read it again:

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth from all sin."

"I don't just know," said Tony; "but I've heard that same before somewhere, and I don't just know what it may be. I don't mind asking the boss: maybe he'll tell." So they laid the whole matter before the boss, and all three lamps, Billy's, and Tony's, and the boss's, were brought to bear on the paper; and the boss, who was a good man, told them the sweet story of Christ.

Those two ignorant men, all begrimed with the dirt of the mine, wept till white streaks came on their faces, as they heard the "old, old story;" and they learned how to pray. So the little lamp in the depth of the mine shone for them through that little paper, clear on to the bright gates of heaven, though it was shining so far down in the dark mine.

Cally Eustis ran away from home, and went to sea, when he was only fourteen years old; and his poor, broken-hearted mother always put a tallow-dip in the window at night, so Cally might see it, if he should be coming home and know that his mother was watching for him. Though the poor candle didn't give much light in the room, yet it shot out rays of light far into the dark, and many fishermen on the water, would say:

"It's Goody Eustis's light-awaitin' for that boy Cal of hers."

So they would steer by it, and feel safe because it was there.

Those little rays of light, going straight from the widow's candle, form a road on which the bright-winged fairies brought sweet messages of a mother's love to poor, broken-down Cally, when, years afterwards, he leaned over the bow of the brig, as it came into port.

The little bit of a light was enough to open before the miner the glories of the life eternal.

The little bit of a light sent its rays far out to tell a story of love to the poor, weather-beaten tar, and make the salt tears come into his eyes.

So the little influence that you can have, boys, may seem very small, but it is going to stretch on into all your life-time; and it will go on through the life-time of some other boys.

The little light that helped Luther study and write, has illuminated all Germany, and the world. It will shine on for ages. So Christ says to Christian people: "Ye are the light of the world." It is as if they were candles, giving a light.

Now let me tell you how you can be such lights. Taddy Reed swore once, when I was a boy, and Charlie Holman, who stood close by him, turned his great sorry blue eyes on him, so full of surprise, and their light was dimmed a little by some big tears that half-filled them. Though Charlie didn't say a word, Taddy put out his hand, and said:

"Charlie, I'm sorry. You'll never hear me say such a thing again."

Taddy is now as old as I am, and, he has never sworn since. The light of Charlie's eyes has shone all through Taddy's life; though now he is so old as to be "Uncle Taddy."

One day George Renfrew threw a stone at a poor dog that was lying, sick and panting, by the roadside, and Katie Andrus said:

"Oh, George, I didn't think you could do a thing so unkind."

Her eyes showed the contempt she felt toward the boy who could hurt a sick, helpless dog. George never was tempted afterwards to a mean thing, but Katie's eyes would seem to be before him, just as they were then. So the light of Katie's eyes has shone all through George's life.

This same dear, little Katie used to go and read the Bible and sweet hymns to old Granny Morris, who was blind, and the good old woman used to say:

"You let me see the sweet promises of the Lord by the light of your bright eyes, dear Katie."—Little Corporal.

Scientific. &c.

INDIA RUBBER TIRE.

A great practical advance appears to have been made in steam road engines. The London Times gives a long account of the mode in which the great difficulty of finding wheels which will take adequate hold of the road for the purposes of draught, without injuring road or engine, has been met. It consists in covering the tires, which are of great width, with thick India-rubber. Wheels made on this plan, invented by Mr. R. W. Thompson, C. E., Edinburgh, have been in use now for some time in Scotland and in foreign countries, and answer so perfectly to leave little or nothing to be desired. They lay hold so well that they drag heavy loads up steep inclines, such as 1 in 12 and 16—this was done between Edinburgh and a colliery, with a load of thirty-two tons, by a ten-horse-power engine, weighing itself eight tons. The whole train of ninety feet long wound its way also about the narrow streets of the town without difficulty. The machine will traverse with ease almost any conceivable ground—the sand on the sea-shore, a newly-ploughed potato field, grass land, a road rough with new laid flints for mending—in fact, it would go anywhere and damage nothing by its movements. It seems not unlikely to supplant the present apparatus of stationary engine and wire ropes as the means for ploughing land. A six-horse-power engine drew two double-furrow ploughs, even up a slope of 1 in 12, with such ease that it could clearly have drawn three ploughs, and turned at the ends more easily than horses. The wheels are described as shodded, in a way we do not quite understand, by flexible steel shields formed of open steel bars, which give an excellent "bite." The quantity of India-rubber used seems enormous; for the three wheels of one engine it was 14 cwt. There really does seem much probability of its coming very extensively into traction and agricultural use.

ABSTINENCE IN LENT.—Rev. B. F. Clark's book, "Mirthfulness and its Exciters," has this story, which points a moral for boarding-houses:—"A clerical principal of an Episcopal boarding school for boys called his pupils together at the beginning of Lent and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and, after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report:—"Respected Principal,—I have the honour to report that your pupils have religiously considered the subject submitted to them by your reverence, and have unanimously voted to dispense with hash during Lent."

WASTE OR FOOD FOR WANT OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—The Mackay Mercury of the 6th states:—"Within the past week Messrs. A. Ramsay & Co., of the Baker's Creek Boiling Establishment, Queensland, have completed the boiling of 15,000 sheep, wethers and ewes, from the Barcoo. The average weight of tallow obtained from each sheep amounted to 20 lbs., a yield that testifies to the carefulness of the boiling process as conducted by the proprietors of the establishment; as well, also, as showing the fair condition of the sheep prior to being boiled. On the 8th a commencement was made on 5,000 sheep for conversion into tallow, belonging to Grovesnor Downs station."

NO HIDING OF WRONG DOING.—While making some astronomical observations with a powerful telescope, one evening, Prof. Mitchell brought into his vision some fine fruit trees, full seven miles from where his instrument was placed. In looking through his telescope he saw with perfect clearness some boys approach the trees, make their dispositions, and then proceed to steal fruit,—the professor watching every movement, and seeing each one of the actors with perfect distinctness. Mitchell used to tell this anecdote with much feeling, saying that while he watched the little thieves, who supposed they were unobserved the words kept ringing in his ears, "Thou, God, seest me."

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—Says a writer of the Scientific American: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound—no matter where the wound is, or what its nature is—and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine: it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in very severe cases three to five drops may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle of turpentine on hand.

A NEW SPECIES OF PIG.—A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:—"Respected sir, I went yesterday to the cattle show. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of hogs, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

Sawdust pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

A little girl sent out to hunt for eggs, came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."