

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, March 13th, 1870.

CONCERT.

Sunday, March 20th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxii. 1-14: Parable of the marriage of the king's son.
Recite.—S. C., 86, 87.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

1. WALK. Used in connection with *God's anger*, Lev. xxvi. 24; and with *God's protection*, Deut. xxiii. 14; Lev. xxvi. 12.
2. WALL, Zech. ii. 5.
3. WIFE. Used in connection with *destroying*, 2 Kings xxi. 13; and *comforting*, Is. xlv. 8; Rev. vii. 17.
4. WHEAT, Matt. xiii. 30. WILLOWS, Is. xlv. 4.
5. WATER, John vii. 38, 39. WIND, John iii. 8.
6. WINGS. Used in connection with *God*, Ps. xci. 4; the *morning*, Ps. cxxxix. 9; the *wind*, Ps. xviii. 10; a *large army*, Is. viii. 8.
7. WRITE. Used in connection with the *election of his people*, Dan. xii. 1; the *renovation of their hearts*, Heb. viii. 10; and the *ordaining of their afflictions*, Job. xiii. 26.
8. WOLVES: Matt. vii. 15. WAVES: Jude 13. WELLS WITHOUT WATER: 2 Pet. ii. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXI.

1. A prince and ambassador?
 2. An idolatrous king?
 3. An upright judge?
 5. A child of promise?
 6. A captive?
 6. One who in the service of his sovereign was stoned to death?
- The initials name a pious king; the finals an idol whose high place he defiled.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARADE.
TENANT.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. PLAYFAIR'S LETTERS.

No. 2.

My dear Young Friends,—

In seeking for happiness people often take the wrong road, and by that means find sorrow and trouble. Boys and girls have always liked play, and it is not wrong for them to do so; if it be at the right time, and in suitable company, and in a proper manner; these are the three conditions. Our Saviour, when a boy upon earth, understood the games of the children as well as the occupations of men and women. He spoke about some very disagreeable children who would not be satisfied with their companions whether they "piped or mourned." They were the faultfinders which it is well you should not imitate. Love is the rule for children as well as for men and women; and in their hours of enjoyment with others as well as in their own homes with their parents, brothers and sisters. Where this rule is observed efforts will be made to seek the pleasure of others rather than your own gratification.

I enclose an account of a capital parlor game. Perhaps, Mr. Editor you may be able to put it in the "Youths Department" of the Messenger, either this week or next.

The religion of Christ has given children now-a-days a good many advantages. In the times of our forefathers children were offered in sacrifice—placed in a large framework of wicker or a basket, made like a huge man. This was set on fire; and the burning of the children, it was thought, would please the gods they worshipped. But when the true religion—a knowledge of the Lord Jesus—was taught them, they gave up such terrible wickedness, and sought to instruct their little ones and shew them how they might serve God here and prepare for Heaven. Let us be thankful for this.

Yours very truly,

T. PLAYFAIR.

(*We shall insert the game referred to next week.—Ed. C. M.)

BIBLE WORKMEN; OR, THE
DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

ADAM as a workman wrought,
When the breath of golden hours,
With delicious odours fraught,
Wandered through fair Eden's bowers;
Work for holy hands was found
In that happy pleasure-ground.

NOAH as a workman wrought,
When the ark rose huge and high,
And by word and sign he taught
Sinful men God's wrath to fly,
Heavily the hammers fell,
Sounding forth earth's solemn knell.

JOSEPH as a workman wrought,
When, abandoned of his own,
Into slavery he was brought,
Into prison he was thrown;
Faithful, watchful, he endured,
And a glorious name secured.

MOSES as a workman wrought,
When, a shepherd, year by year
Jethro's flock he fed, and brought
To the slopes of Horeb deer;
Till upon that lonely height
He beheld God's glory bright.

DAVID as a workman wrought,
When he fashioned harp and lute
For God's praise, and bravely caught
By his beard the tawny brute—
Guarding, guiding "those few sheep"
Which were given him to keep.

PETER as a workman wrought
On the sea with net and hook,
Casting oftentimes for nought
Till the astonished fisher took
One fair Pearl of mighty worth,
Brightest gem of heaven on earth.

PAUL, too, as a workman wrought,
Weaving tents with his own hands,
While the Gospel-fight he fought—
Preaching JESUS in all lands;
First he wove the goat-hair, then
Wielded inspiration's pen.

JESUS as a workman wrought:
What the name He deigned to bear
When our sinful souls He sought?
"Is not this the Carpenter?"
Days of labour, nights of prayer
For His last sad hour prepare.

Hast thou as a workman wrought?
Does thou toil with hand or brain—
Wearing labour, wasting thought?
Prayerful work is not in vain;
And since Jesus toiled and died
Labour has been glorified!

RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

THE END OF A BAD BOY.

People are very apt to be discouraged about bad boys. "Well, he is of no account," they say, "and there's an end of thinking any thing of him." Bad boys, too, are apt to be discouraged about themselves. Their character sticks to them, and they feel there is no use in trying. But it is of use. I will tell you what a bad boy came to.

His name is George Muller. George was a liar, a thief, a smoker, a drinker, a truant. He did not care when his mother died, or mind a word his father said. That is pretty bad, is it not? And the worst of all, he kept on so till he was nearly twenty. I am afraid I should not have had much or any hope of him. Once he got into prison. He was of a good family, and well off. The family lived in Germany. To be sure, he had fits of study, when he studied very diligently, and often made good resolutions; but they did not last. At twenty-one he went to the university of Halle. There he said, "I must do better," for he was now sick of himself and of his way of living—"tired to death of eating husks," like the poor prodigal. He had no Bible, and knew no praying people; so what could he do? There was no one to lead him to his Saviour.

Bete was a fellow-student of a more serious turn of mind than the rest. George joined him in his walks. At the close of one Saturday night, Bete asked him into a little prayer-meeting held at a friend's house. "What do they do?" asked George.

"They read the Bible, and sing and pray," answered Bete.

"It is exactly what I want," cried the poor boy. The people gave him a hearty welcome. "House and heart are open to you," said the man of the house, who, though a poor man, was a believer, and that made him rich in heavenly things. The kneeling down made a great impression on George. He had never seen anybody kneel before, and never knelt himself. Each prayer went straight to his heart. He felt and followed every word. He was glad, he was happy to pray. He was glad, he was happy to sing God's praises.

"All my trials and all my pleasures are as nothing in comparison with this," said George, when they came out. He went home happy; he lay in bed happy. That night was the turning-point in his life. The next day and Monday, and two or three times in the week—for he could not wait until Saturday—he went to the house of this pious man to read and pray with him. There and then George took his stand on the side of Christ. Bad associates were given up; lying was given up; every thing evil was stopped; he had no relish for anything of the kind ever again. In their stead were peace and joy; for Christ is rich in providing happiness for his people. Nobody can do it like him. Those people who think his service is gloomy are dreadfully mistaken. On the contrary, there is no real joy anywhere else.

"People, too, are mistaken in thinking it is hard and awful to come to Jesus. It is hard and awful to be dragged to him, and more awful to stay away. But if you go willingly, nobody will give you such a loving welcome as he can and as he will. Why, it will be the best and happiest moment of your life. Did not George Muller find it so? He will tell you so again and again.

You would, I dare say, like to know a good deal more about George after this. He became a preacher, and went to England to live. There is much to tell about him; George is now living in Bristol, England; and a great many people visit him to see the five orphan-houses he

has built, were two thousand poor children are fed and clothed and schooled and brought up in Christian usefulness. Seventeen thousand children have been under his care since 1834, when he first opened his little door to them. Besides that, he is a sort of Bible Society, for he has distributed 95,000 copies of the Bible and Testament; and a sort of Tract Society, for he has distributed thirty-three millions of tracts.

Why, how does he get the money to do so much? Is he very rich? No, he is a poor man; he has not a cent to call his own. He does not beg he does not borrow. He never asks a person for as much as a dollar. How does he get it then? He asks God, "The work is God's work," he says, "who tells us to ask and we shall receive." So he takes God at his word, and asks him for just what he wants to carry it on: and God, who loves to be trusted and asked, never fails to provide for him. He puts it into the heart of this person and that person all over England, yes, and some in this country to send George Muller money. He is constantly getting letters like these: "Enclosed is fifty pounds, as a thankoffering for an enormous crop of wheat." From Liverpool comes "twenty pounds, saved in one year by not smoking cigars." "One pound and a half from a young married man, who dedicated his first week's earnings to the service of God." In England, you know, they reckon by pounds instead of dollars. A pound is worth five of our dollars. In this way George Muller's treasury is always full. Last year he had four thousand dollars over. Is not God a good provider? I wonder we do not all trust him more.

"What a splendid ending of a bad boy," Tom said. It does not often happen so, to be sure; but it is enough for all discouraged bad boys to take heart. Turn right about: seize the first chance. Take a stand on Christ's side, and stick to it. George Muller was laughed at at first; but he was on the right side, and if people are, God will certainly bless them.—*Child's Paper.*

SUNDAY SICKNESS.

Dr. —, among other valuable papers, a few years ago, published one describing this remarkable disease, which has not yet been treated in books of pathology.

1. This disease is of the intermitting kind, attacking the patient with violent paroxysms which return every seventh day. These paroxysms return only on the Lord's day, and hence it is called Sunday Sickness; but by the faculty it is technically known by no other name than "Diei Dominici Morbus."

2. It partakes somewhat of the nature of ague, especially as it is attended with a great degree of coldness. This coldness is first apparent early in the morning of the Lord's Day, in many cases seizing the patient before he has left his bed. But it begins in the region of the heart, and is attended with dullness of the head, followed by yawning and lethargy.

3. The patient is sometimes deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and feet; so that he is indisposed to walk to the house of God.

4. In some cases, this attack has come upon them after they have gone to the house of God, and has been attended with yawning and slumber.

5. In other cases, there has been great uneasiness in the house of God, and a disposition to complain of the length of the sermon, though they have been known to sit very contentedly in a theatre several hours at a time.

6. Persons affected with this disease never mourn on account of their confinement from public worship, as many afflicted with other diseases often do.

7. These persons often surprise their neighbors with great activity and health on Monday, however unfavorable the weather may be.

8. Most of the faculty agree that there is a low, feverish heat, technically called *febris mundi*, or fever of the world, which may be detected in these patients during the intervening days of the week.

9. There also seems to be a loss of appetite for savory food, and a want of relish for *panis vite*, bread of life, which, in this case, is the indispensable remedy for this disease.

10. Persons affected with this disease generally have a disrelish for private religious exercises and the reading of the Scriptures.

11. This is also contagious; neighbors receive it from neighbors, and children from parents.

BUILDING CHARACTER.—There is a structure which every body is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called *character*, and every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful act or word will for ever leave its impress and work its influence on our characters. Then, let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring forever to our praise.

A doubt unsolved is like a hollow tooth, always ready for irritation. Though stopped for a time, there is nothing for it in the end but extraction. A doubt insoluble is like a deep wound which bleeds inwardly as well as at the surface, and which may be closed without being healed. It may yield at length to careful treatment if the constitution be sound, but will always leave a scar.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist Minister."

A THIEVES MEETING IN LONDON.

The Gospel Hall, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, was recently the scene of a very extraordinary gathering. Mr. Edward Wright (commonly called "Ned. Wright"), who has for a long time been labouring to reform the criminal classes, entertained a party of thieves at supper.

One hundred and ninety-five well-known thieves made their appearance at the hall; 188 had not suffered penal servitude—their convictions numbered 376, and the time served by them in prison on an aggregate represents 142 years, 4 months and 2 days. Seven had undergone penal servitude, and their imprisonment represented a total of 67 years, 4 months. One of the penal convicts had been in prison for 17 years 4 months. One of the non-penals had "done" 10 years. They had stolen all sorts of things, but in most cases food had held out the stronger temptation. One youth was present who a few years ago was imprisoned in Maidstone Gaol for stealing four turnips to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was his first felony, but since then he had been five or six times convicted. The majority of the guests were mere youths, but a few experienced cracksmen were present who were "down upon their luck." Some of them were ragged, unkempt, and unwashed, and wore deplorably wretched looks.

The supper was followed by some short addresses from the host, whose homely exhortations to repentance were (says the *Telegraph*) free from any thing of pride, it being observable that in the constant use of the pronoun "we," he made common cause with his hearers, and considered his and their interests alike.

The speaker was listened to with the deepest attention, with only a few rude interruptions. A desire was loudly expressed by the majority of the audience to "chuck" the interrupters out. Mr. Wright, with a view of giving as many of them as possible a chance to retrieve their lost characters, promised that, by way of experiment, he would, on the following day, procure for forty of them the loan of a barrow and present each of the forty with a shilling to purchase stock.

HOW TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNIES.—Most people, in cleaning lamp chimneys, use either a brush made of bristles twisted into a wire, or rag on the point of scissors. Both of these are bad; for without great care, the wire or scissors will scratch the glass as a diamond does, which, under the expansive power of heat, soon breaks, as all scratched glass will. If you want a neat thing that cost nothing and will save half your glass, tie a piece of soft sponge, the size of your chimney, to a pine stick.

There was a great meeting held recently at Edinburgh, for the purpose of making arrangements for a monument to the memory of the illustrious Dr. Chalmers.

Progress is a series of beginnings. Each wave is broken on the shore and swept back again; but the tide rolls on.

Truth has never need of error, and shades add nothing to light.

MUSICAL.

"Mother," said a little poet of four summers, "just hear the trees makin' music for the leaves to dance by."

In the Crystal Palace, London, an orchestra of four thousand performers can be got together in front of an audience thirty thousand strong.

The organ belonging to the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York cost \$10,000. It was fully paid for, with enough left to buy a Chickering Grand, by the proceeds of a single concert, given Dec. 1st. The price of admission to this concert was \$4.00.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently sincerely in earnest. She is visiting the concert saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitudes* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place, accompanying herself on the piano, when she can obtain the use of one.

The chime of bells manufactured in France for St. Joseph's Cathedral, in New York, consists of 43 bells. They are worked by a key-board, and discourse beautiful music. Attached to the chimes and independent of the key-board, is a clock which is made to play any required tune on the bells by means of 123 hammers arranged on the outside of the bells.

GRACE NOTES. On one occasion at a rehearsal, Weber said to the performers, "I'm sorry you take so much trouble." "No, not at all," was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say Yes, that is, for why you take so trouble to sing so many notes that are not in the books?"

VERY WONDERFUL!—A Yankee organ-builder has invented a new stop, which from the accounts in the American papers is something wonderful. One paper says: "It expresses the touching tenderness of the human heart, and the tremulous, pathetic tones of the violin. Its effect is indescribable and altogether irresistible. Indeed, the human heart and the nerves which remain unmoved under the influence of its ethereal tones must be composed of wood and leather."

While many are singing in a certain key it is next to impossible for one to sing in another. Not less difficult is it to rise above the prevailing moral tone; we chime in mechanically. To drift with the current is much easier than to stem it. Without great care and skill singing becomes flat and drags; so, without constant watchfulness and effort the moral tone is lowered, and spiritual energy flags.