Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1871.

A Lesson from the Lilies,—Matt. vi. 25-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Consider the lilies."—v. 28.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.—1 Kings x; 2 Chron. ix; Psa. xxxvii; Luke xii. 13-30.

Repeat the question in v. 28. What does the word "thought" mean in this question? See in v. 25, 27, 31, 34. What is meant by "raiment"? Why does Jesus here speak of raiment? v. 25-27.

Give the best description you can of a lily. Tell something of Solomon's glory; see chapters named in the Scripture selections. Do you really believe v. 29? Why so?

What name does Jesus give the lilies in v. 30? What does he say shall happen it to-morrow? v. 30. What does this mean? What does God do for this grass. v. 30.

What great lesson does Jesus draw from this fact? v. 30. Do you trust this care of God? May all men trust it?

What does Jesus say about the lilies toiling? v. 28. Will God take care of people who do not toil? Why not? Repeat Psa. xxxviii. 2. Do you obey this?

What does Jesus forbid in v. 31? What do you think of this command? What two reasons for this are given in v. 32? Are these good reasons? What does he command us to seek first? v. 33. What does he promise? v. 33. What command does he add in v. 34? What two reasons for this are given? v. 34. Ought we to obey these commands? Will you try?

SUMMARY.—God's wondrous care of the perishing lilies teaches imperishable man to stand in his place of duty, and to trust God for everything he needs.

ANALYSIS.—I. *A Prevalent Anxiety Exposed.* v. 28. "Why take ye thought for raiment?"

II. *A Prevalent Anxiety Rebuked.* v. 28-34. 1. A natural object considered. v. 28, 29. 2. A general lesson deduced. v. 30. 3. A practical application made. v. 31-34. (1) Against worldly things. v. 31, 32. (2) For spiritual things. v. 33. (3) Against future things. v. 34.

EXPOSITION. — *Thought.* — "Anxious thought," care, solicitude, anxiety. 1 Sam. ix. 5.

Raiment.—Refer for definitions to v. 25, 29, 30, 31; "what ye shall put on," "arrayed," "clothe," "be clothed." Jesus speaks of all borrowed trouble. He puts it under two heads, what shall we eat, and what shall we wear; v. 25. In v. 25-27 he disposes of the food question, while the dress question is met by the lesson from the lilies.

The lily.—The ordinary lilies of Palestine are highly colored, red, orange, and yellow. These varieties abound in the fields, and are noted for their beauty and fragrance; hence Song of Solomon ii. 1, 16; v. 13; vi. 2, 3.

Solomon's Glory.—See Scripture Selections above.

Grass of the field.—A general name applied to all smaller vegetation.

The oven.—All such vegetation is used for oven fuel, a quick, hot fire being needed, such as these dried stalks readily make. Bundles of this sort form the *kindling wood* of Palestine. So Matt. xiii. 30.

God clothes the Grass.—There is no flower, or blade of grass, in all the world that is not cared for and clothed by God.

Jesus argues up from the less likely to the more likely. Such care of a *lily* absolutely guarantees the care of a saint. Happy would it be for all the young to learn this great lesson.

An apt illustration of this lesson is found in the hymn beginning

Hark the lilies whisper tenderly and low;
In our grace and beauty, see how fair we grow;
Thus our heavenly Father cares for all below;
The lilies of the field,—
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you.

The two reasons.—First, such anxiety is heathenish. The Gentiles, who know not the true God, busy themselves on such cares, but men who know God can do far better. Secondly, God knows our needs; v. 31. He is a loving Father, nor is there any limit to his power.

Seek first.—We seek first what we are most anxious for. Let not this be food and raiment, but let it be the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

A general summary.—"Jesus forbids anxious, restless, and distrustful solicitude about earthly things, and he does this by seven considerations: 1. The care which God shows for our life and bodies: 2. For the inferior creatures which exist for our sake: 3. Because all our care is vain without God: 4. From a consideration of the flowers and grass which God clothes and adorns: 5. Because such solicitude is unchristian and heathenish: 6. Because God adds every hing necessary to them who seek *first* his kingdom: 7. Because sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Compare Phil. iv. 6; 1 Pet. v. 7."—*Wordsworth.*

Recite,—Scripture Catechism, 185, 186.

ANSWER TO BIBLE SCENES.

No. XVI.

The captive Jew, Mordecai "before the gate"; being hated by the haughty Haman has learned that a decree has gone forth for the destruction of his race.

The king, finding out the treachery of his prime minister, withdraws the decree and brings rejoicing by hanging Haman the Jews' enemy.—Esther iv. 1-8: vii. 3-8.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LXII.

"Fear not,"—God shall be thy reward,
From every foe thy shield,
And he will give thy heart's desire;
In vision 'tis revealed.

"Fear not,"—thy darling shall revive,
A nation's father be:
Go, lift him from the lonely shade;
The cooling waters see,

"Fear not,' thou time-worn traveller,
To seek this foreign land;
God will go with thee, and restore
Thy long-lost to thy hand.

"Fear not," true heart, at judgment dread:
No ill shall thee betide:
Again take arms,—the city falls,
Now God is on thy side.

"Fear not," thou chosen of the Lord,
To set his people free;
Dread not to meet th' oppressor's hosts,
For God shall give them thee.

"Fear not," O prophet well beloved!
To view this dazzling sight;
Arise and listen, chastened soul,
To words which give thee light.

"Fear not," revered and aged priest;
Thy prayer is granted thee;
Thy son shall gladden many hearts,
And a mighty preacher be.

"Fear not,"—this glory shines from heaven,
Brave watchers through the night;
Sign of glad news to all on earth,
The Dayspring's dawning bright.

"Fear not," at sight of power Divine,
And heart-felt sense of sin:
Arise,—thy Master bids thee come,
And nobler work begin.

"Fear not," O parent sore distrest!
Though human help is vain,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
Thy loved one wake again.

"Fear not,"—thou shalt not perish, spite
Of stormy wind and wave:
Thou must bear witness at the court,—
There souls, too, Christ will save.

"Fear not" the awful form of Him
Who liveth evermore:
Obey His word, and thou shalt reign
With him when life is o'er.

Thus oft of old these words were spoken,
Of God's most tender love the token:
Now tell the names by Scripture given,
Of those they taught to trust in heaven.

A BOY'S OPINION.

GOOD ADVICE.

One day last summer I sat at my table writing a letter. My little boy was fixing the tail of his kite, and playing about the room. He did not appear to be paying the slightest attention to me. In a few minutes my letter was finished, and I read it over aloud, before sealing it. To my great astonishment my baby son, as I considered him, for he was only six years old, sidled up to me, and said very earnestly, "I wouldn't send that letter if I was you!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, evidently feeling timid about saying all he thought.

I was very curious to see what impression had been produced by my letter upon my boy's mind, so I urged him a bit, and said, "Well, why wouldn't you send it, Charlie?"

The child looked a trifle confused, and, at last, dropping his pretty blue eyes, said, "*I don't think it is very polite.*"

The truth was, I was vexed with my brother because he had neglected to inform me concerning something about which I had been quite anxious. A single line from him would have prevented my writing to him the letter I had just finished.

As I read aloud what I had written, that little boy understood its spirit, he felt the vexed tone of the letter, though I believe it was not very severe, and certainly it was not undeserved. While he was playing with his kite string, that young mind was being impressed by my words and temper. He did not know why I was annoyed with my brother, but he really felt badly about his mother writing a letter which didn't sound "*polite.*" He scarcely knew the meaning of the words I had put upon the paper, but his sensitive young heart felt their character.

When the little fellow saw me throw the sheet into a drawer, he looked troubled to think he had interfered, and said, "Why! ain't you going to send it, mamma?"

I replied to the darling, "No, my boy, I shall take your advice, and not send the letter."

Does not this incident show how constantly we are exerting an influence upon our children? Books are read in their hearing, which possibly we would not give them to read alone, and while our babies, as we call them, sit in our laps, we converse freely upon subjects unfit for their ears, and give expression to feelings which in after days these little ones will surely imitate. Don't imagine that young children are as dull as your conversation and manners in their presence show you think they are. They "take in" a vast deal more of the moral and mental influences around them than is generally supposed.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And, *Is it necessary?*"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

UNCLE JACOB'S ADVICE.

My mother advised me to make Uncle Jacob my literary mentor, and the best of my productions were laid under his eye.

"Poor trash!" he was wont to say with his usual kindly twinkle. "But there must be poor trash in the beginning. We must all eat our pick of dirt, and learn to write sense by writing nonsense."

Then he would pick out here and there a line or expression which he assured me was "*not bad.*" Now and then he condescended to tell me that for a boy of my age so-and-so was actually hopeful, and that I should make something one of these days, which was to me more encouragement than much more decided praise from any other quarter.

We all notice that he who is reluctant to praise, whose commendation is scarce and hard-earned, is he for whose good word everybody is fighting; he comes at last to be the judge in the race. After all, the fact which Uncle Jacob could not disguise, that he had a certain good opinion of me in spite of his sharp criticisms and scant praises, made him the one whose dicta on every subject were the most important to me.

I went to him in all the glow of satisfaction and the tremble of self-importance that a boy feels who is taking the first step into the land of manhood.

I have the image of him now, as he stood with his back to the fire, the newspaper in his hand, giving me his last counsels. A little, wiry, keen looking man, with a blue, hawk-like eye, a hooked nose, a high forehead, shadowed with grizzled hair, and a criss cross of deeply-lined wrinkles in his face.

"So you are going to college, boy! Well, away with you; there's no use advising you; you'll do as all the rest do. In one year you'll know more than your father, your mother, or I, or all your college officers—in fact, than the Lord himself. You'll have doubts about the Bible, and think you could have made a better one. You'll think that if the Lord had consulted you, He could have laid the foundations of the earth better, and arranged the course of nature to more purpose. In short, you'll be a god, knowing good and evil, and running all over creation, measuring everybody and everything in your pint cup. There'll be no living with you. But you'll get over it; it's only the febrile stage of knowledge. But if you have a good constitution, you'll come through with it."

I humbly suggested to him that I should try to keep clear of the febrile stage, that forewarned was forearmed.

"Oh, tut! tut! you must go through your fooleries. There are the regular diseases—the chicken-pox, measles, and—mumps of young manhood; you'll have them all. We only pray that you may have them light, and not break your constitution for all your life through by them. For instance, you'll fall in love with some baby-faced young thing, with pink cheeks and long eyelashes, and goodness only knows what abominations of sonnets you'll be guilty of. That isn't fatal, however. Only don't get engaged. Take it as the chicken-pox—keep your pores open and don't get cold, and it'll pass off and leave you none the worse."

"And she!" said I, indignantly. "You talk as if it was no matter what became of her——"

"What, the baby? Oh, she'll outgrow it, too. The fact is, soberly and seriously, Harry, marriage is the thing that makes or mars a man; it's the gate through which he goes up or down, and you shouldn't pledge yourself to it till you come to your full senses. Look at your mother, boy; see what a woman may be; see what she was to your father, what she is to me, to you, to every one that knows her. Such a woman, to speak reverently, is a pearl of great price; a man might well sell all he had to buy her. But it isn't that kind of woman that flirts with college boys. You don't pick up such pearls every day."

Of course I declared that nothing was further from my thoughts than anything of that nature.

"The fact is, Harry, you can't afford fooleries," said my uncle. "You have your own way to make, and nothing to make it with but your own head and hands, and you must begin now to count the cost of everything. You have a healthy, sound body; see that you take care of it. God gives you a body but once. He don't take care of it for you, and whatever of it you lose, you lose for good. Many a chap goes into college fresh as you are, and comes out with weak eyes and crooked back, yellow complexion and dyspeptic stomach. He has only himself to thank for it. When you get to college they'll want you to smoke, and you'll want to, just for idleness and good fellowship. Now, before you begin, just calculate what it'll cost you. You can't get a good cigar under ten cents, and your smoker wants three a day, at the least. There go thirty cents a day, two dollars and ten cents a week, or a hundred and nine dollars and twenty cents a year. Take the next ten years at that rate, and you can invest over a thousand dollars in tobacco smoke. That thousand dollars, invested in a Savings bank, would give a permanent income of seventy dollars a year,—a handy thing, as you'll find, just as you are beginning life. Now, I know you think all this is prosy. You are amazingly given to figures of rhetoric, but, after all, you've got to get on in a world where things go by the rules of arithmetic."

"Well, uncle," I said, a little nettled, "I pledge you my word that I won't smoke or drink. I never have done either, and I don't know why I should."—*From Mrs. H. B. Stowe's "My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's history."*

Do not be fond of compliments; remember "thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy," kill the cat.

Don't believe the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers.

The Sabbath School.

SAVE THE JEWELS.

While in one of our large cities, passing down one of its great thoroughfares, I noticed a lady suddenly stop. She had dropped a diamond, and it rolled into the filth and dirt at the edge of the walk.

She did not ask any one to try to find it for her, but, stooping down herself, sought, with her parasol, to bring to light the lost treasure, but in vain.

Quite a number of persons gathered around, and she, fearing to lose the prize if others united in the search, hastily drew off the light kid glove from her delicate hand, and, baring her arm, thrust it down into the filth, and brought up a handful of dirty, slimy mud; but the ring was not there. Again she dipped into the filth, and again; but with the same result.

The fair, white hand was now covered with the refuse of the street; but what did she care? She was not ashamed! a treasure was there, and if it could be found, she would find it.

Again she tries, and this time sees gleaming in the handful of filth the sparkling gem.

Is she not repaid?

* * * * * * * * *

Something is lying upon the ground, at the side of the walk—seemingly a mass of filthy and dirty rags—a man beastly drunk; but in the midst of it all there is a gem worth far more than gold or diamonds.

That man has a soul; an immortal, never dying soul.

Who will stand the staring gaze and sneers of the lookers-on to save that treasure—to lift the man, seemingly below the level of the beast, to the high and glorious privilege of a child of God?

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." Jas. 5: 20.—*Good Cheer.*

"IT IS WRITTEN."

Our Saviour, when tempted, chose as his defense some word of God. In this he is an example to us. A Scotch pastor found an aged Christian looking downcast. "Well, Betty, what is wrong with you to-day?" "Ah!" replied the good old woman, "he's been at me." "And what has he been saying to you?" inquired the minister. "He's been saying to me," replied Betty, "that it's a' a delusion—that the Bible's a lie—that there's nae heaven—nae hell—nae Saviour; that I m not saved—that it's a' a delusion." "And what did you say to him?" asked the minister. "*Say to him!*" quoth Betty, "I kent better than that; I kent there was nae use o' arguin' wi' him; I jist referred him to the Lord."

"What's wrang wi' ye noo? I thocht ye were a' richt," said a ragged boy, himself rejoicing in the Saviour, to another who a few nights before professed to be able to trust Jesus, but who had again begun to doubt. "What's wrang wi' ye noo?" "Man, I'm no richt yet," replied the other, "for Satan's aye tempting me." "And what dae ye then?" asked his friend. "I try," said he, "to sing a hymn." "And does that no send him awa'?" "No; I am as bad as ever." "Weel," said the other, "when he tempts you again, try him wi' a text; he canna staun' that."—*S. S Workman.*

A FREE TRANSLATION.—A little boy who went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye all the day idle? Go into my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He thought over it awhile, and then cried out: "What d' ye stand round here doing noffin' for; go into my barnyard and work, I'll make it all right with you."

The Sunday-school movement on the Continent of Europe was inaugurated in Paris in 1857, and in Berlin in 1863, by Mr. Albert Woodruff. At first there was not only prejudice, but persistent opposition, on the part of the Protestant ministers and others. Ladies were thought especially unfit to teach the Scriptures. The movement however, has had wonderful success. There are now 22 Sunday-schools in Berlin, and 145 in Germany, all in successful operation, uninterrupted even by the war. Two Sunday-school papers are well sustained, and Sunday-school hymns and tunes have been introduced. Italy has some 70 Sunday-schools and a Sunday school paper, which has already a large circulation.