

that very night, but I could not pray again for a week, only to cry to God for mercy. Well, he was merciful, sir, and last Sabbath I took my two boys by the hand, and we promised, in the presence of angels and men, to devote the rest of our lives to God's service. And, sir, it was the happiest day of my life."

The "iron man" broke down here, and Mr. Thayer pressed his hand in silence.

"You don't wonder that I said God bless him," said Mr. Otis. "Why, I thank God every day of my life that he sent us such a minister."

"And what of his opposers?" said Mr. Thayer.

"They haven't a word to say, sir; they don't dare to peep. This ingathering makes the church so strong, that their opposition would not be worth minding. Why, sir, we are a church by ourselves, and if they make us any trouble, and annoy our minister, we'll go off in a body, and build him a church, where he can preach temperance to his heart's content. God bless him!" said the "iron man" again.

"We are going to stand by our minister."

(To be continued.)

For the Young.

TOM'S CAPITAL JOKE.

Tom Devon had just thought of such a capital joke. The treasurer was passing round the contribution box in Sunday-school when the good joke came into Tom's mind, and the joke was to drop a counterfeit bill into the box. Tom's father, the night before, had taken a bad fifty-cent bill from his pocket, saying, "There, I must throw that away. If I am not careful I shall pass it on some one who cannot afford to lose fifty cents as well as I can."

But Tom had picked up the money and kept it. He had shown it to the boys in his class, not letting them have a very good look at it, lest some of them should detect the cheat. As Tom's father sometimes gave his son considerable money to put into the box, the boys did not take much notice when Tom put it in, except when he said "that was my money." The boy next to him made a face, and said, "O!" as if he

did not believe a word. Just then the bell rang to close school, and nothing more was said about it.

Mr. Barnes, the treasurer, as he was going home late after school, took the contribution money and put it in his pocket. Happening to want some small change, he took some from the envelope of Sunday school money and put a bill in its place, used the change he wanted, and put the rest in his vest pocket. One of the small bills that he took out was Tom's counterfeit fifty cents. It remained undisturbed for a couple of days. One afternoon, about dusk, as he was visiting a poor woman in a rickety tenement-house, she told him of a poor family in great want down stairs. The oldest child was a boy about eleven years old, just about Tom's age, but he was not so large. Mr. Barnes gave him Tom's fifty-cent piece, and told him to get some wood for a fire, and some supper. Little Will picked up his ragged cap, buttoned his ragged jacket closer round him, and ran out into the cold night. His bare feet were chilled by the cold stones, and the night-wind whistled through his jacket; but he held the money tightly in his hand, and ran to the baker's. There was a new man there, and poor Will, shivering with the cold, held out the money and asked for some bread. The baker shoved two loaves toward him, and took the money. He handed it right back, saying,

"That's bad; give me something else."

"That's all I have," said Will.

"Give me back that bread, then," said the man, roughly. "I believe that you knew the bill was counterfeit money."

"Indeed I did not," began Will, but the man stopped him, saying, "Come, be off," and as Will opened the door to go he added, "take care of your counterfeit money."

A policeman standing near heard the last remark, and followed Will down the street as the boy walked off. Will did not notice the policeman; he was saying to himself, "That gentleman couldn't have given me bad money; I'll try at another place. Here he was refused, and went, almost in despair, into a grocery store. The policeman, who had followed him, entered, and in spite of the child's crying, took him off to the station-house for trying to pass bad money."

"A gentleman gave it to me," said Will. "I've no doubt of it," answered the policeman; "I guess you know more about it than you pretend to."

Meanwhile Willie's sick mother and little brothers and sisters waited for him. He did not come. An hour passed, then two, and so Will. By and by they heard a man's step on the stairs, and when they opened the door there stood Mr. Barnes, with some food and clothes for them. Instead of the happy faces that he hoped to see around a little fire, they sat in the dark, and the little ones had cried themselves to sleep on the floor.

But now travels fast. It did not take Mr. Barnes long to find what had become of poor Will. While the children warmed themselves by a bright fire, and ate the supper that Mr. Barnes had brought them, he went to the station house to find Will. He tried to think, as he went, how Will could have got counterfeit money, and finally concluded that it must have been some of the Sunday school money.

Poor Will had to stay all night in the station-house. In the cell next to the one that he was locked up in was a drunken man, who swore and shouted and sang drunken songs until towards morning. There were others, thieves and drunken men, that Will was taken into court with, but Mr. Barnes was there and got him liberated immediately. It was not very pleasant for Will to hear a great ugly boy that lived in the same house with him call out in the street: "Why, Will, how long have you been out of jail?"

Next Sunday Mr. Barnes told the Superintendent of the Sunday school that he wanted to speak to the boys.

"Boys," said he, "there was a large piece of money put into that box last Sunday; can you tell me who put it in?" Tom did not feel inclined to tell, but one of the boys near him, who thought it very nice that one of their class should have given so much, answered, "TOM DEVON."

"Stand up, Tom," said Mr. Barnes.

"Did you put fifty cents into the box last Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"It a good bill?"

"Yes, put it in for fun," said Tom.

When the boys put in buttons sometimes, then Mr. Barnes told the whole story. How would any of you have liked to be in Tom's place?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE THRICE-REPEATED QUESTION.

JOHN XXI. 15-17. CANT. viii. 6, 7.

The subject of this lesson is the next in order to that of the last studied. The scene is still the lake-shore of Tiberias. Galilee was the home of Christ and His disciples; the scene of His ministry, and the appointed meeting-place. In this neighbourhood, therefore, He probably met the five hundred brethren mentioned by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 6).

On the present occasion the Saviour addressed himself directly to Peter, and, by putting the same question three times in succession, reminded him of his cowardice in the high priest's palace.

The word "lovest" is not, in all three cases, translated from the same word in the original Greek. The first two are "lovest," signifying the ordinary love which men have for one another; the last "lovest" signifies the closer, warmer love which a man has for his friend or dearest relatives. The use of this last expression drew from the repentant disciple a very warm response (v. 17).

The Canticles, or Song of Songs, from which the second text is taken, though placed the last of the writings of Solomon, is the earliest in date. It was written at a time when his character was full of truth and energy, and his devotion to God's service without parallel. (2 Sam. xii. 25. 1 Kings iii. 1, 3, 5-15; iv. 29, 32; ix. 1-4. 1 Chron. xxix. 1.) Solomon was distinguished as a zoologist, botanist and florist. (1 Kings iv. 33. Cant. i. 13, 14; ii. 1, 2, 7, 9, 14, 17; iii. 5; viii. 14.) "This Song of Songs, more excellent than any of the thousand songs which Solomon himself composed, is a divine allegory, delivered in the form of an Epithalamium or Nuptial Song. No portion of the Bible needs so essentially all the quickened powers of spiritual discernment. The prudent and judicious Jews forbade their children the reading of the Book until their judgment was matured, and advised them not to read it until they were thirty years old, lest an uneducated youthful fancy, wandering unrestrained, should cause the carnal passions to be invigorated. A refined, God-fearing, Christ-loving education can alone qualify for entering that Bridal Chamber, where Christ is the Bridegroom and the Church His Bride." (2 Cor. xi. 2.)

The "Seal" (Cant. viii. 6) is an allusion to the breast-plate of the high priest. (Ex. xxviii. 17-29.) The rest of the passage may conveniently be compared with Rom. viii. 35; 2 Cor. xi. 2; Matt. vii. 24, 25; Rom. xiii. 8-10.

To whom did Jesus speak?  
When did He speak to him?  
Were Jesus and Peter alone?  
Find texts to show that the word "feed" is

often used in Scripture for "teach"? (2 Sam. v. 2. Ps. xxviii. 9. Prov. x. 21. Jer. iii. 15; xxiii. 2. Acts xx. 28.)

From what figure is the expression taken? Find the passages in which our Lord spoke of Himself under the figure of a Shepherd? (John x. 11, 14, 16.)

What prophets spoke of Him under that figure? (Cant. i. 7; Isa. xl. 11; Ezek. xxxiv. 23; Jer. xxxi. 10; Zech. xiii. 7.)

How many times did Jesus question Peter? Can you account for this?

Whose duty is it to feed the sheep now? Are people always willing to learn?

If sheep refused to feed, what would happen? Is it likely that the animals would be so silly?

When men refuse to learn, are they wise or foolish?

Which do they usually think themselves? Why?

A DISCOURSE.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

The Great Teacher first defines, then applies; shows what love to one's neighbor is, and bids the enquirer practise it. Love to our neighbor should be, in nature, what we feel and practise for ourselves. This love would injure a neighbor, soon as self, and will do him all the good in one's power, readily as one's self.

"Neighbor" is one partaking of the same nature; a creature of like wants and weaknesses, and, therefore, entitled to the same good offices from us, as we would claim from him.

In this parable, a man is seen in the greatest distress; and, therefore, making a demand of the loudest kind:—

"A certain man fell among thieves." It was no act of his that brought him there. Had he gone among thieves, and suffered as he did, the blame would have been his own.

"He fell among thieves"—men who prey on their fellow-men; men too lazy to labor, and will not starve, and, therefore, live on society, robbing and rioting, "sons of Belial," "children of the night."

"The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill, and to destroy;" and, therefore, when this traveller fell among thieves, they "stript him of his raiment;" and not satisfied with plunder, wounded him so as to leave him half-dead. Here then he lies, exposed and helpless; and die he would, if left to himself.

Footsteps in the...

and, and... hope revives; is strengthened... A priest fresh from the service of the temple... thropist by profession, with his... duty to God and man still alive, from... and teaching of that law which... shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. He... by. He does not see that this... Besides, there is danger, and delay would be dangerous; self-preservation teaches; hastens on.

Strange deception! Probably had been teaching, what the law said as to a man's care for his neighbor's property, and yet does not see, or care to see, that the lesser suggests the greater duty of caring for a neighbor's self, "by how much more a man is better than a beast."

What cruel disappointment in the breast of the dying man does this neglect raise! What a parody of religion does this passing by express! What a mockery of God's law; what denial of the obligation—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!"

But, again this helpless sufferer begins to hope; a Levite draws near. A man—a minister too—of the same country, of the same religion. He comes, draws near, looks on him, sees the case; eyes meet eyes; that speaking look, voiceless yet expressive, help! it cries; but it pleads in vain. Selfishness, though in the robes of self-denial and self-devotion, "passes by on the other side."

"A certain Samaritan"—on a journey of business, probably.—To show more clearly what true love is, the Great Teacher describes it as leaping over every difficulty in order to serve its object. In deed, a loving conviction of duty laughs at difficulties, counting them opportunities for the trial of its strength.—Here lay a wounded and dying Jew: there stood a Samaritan; the Jew had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans. He might have pleaded this in excuse of duty, but he did not. "Were I in 'that man's place, and he in mine, would he 'help me? Perhaps not. I have often seen 'how these Jews despise us Samaritans.' Love silences every such question. Pity pleads.—'This is a man, and a brother.' The Samaritan admits the plea; and at once proves himself to be both man, and brother,—and neighbor, too, tho' of another country to him—ministers to his pressing wants; carries him to the nearest inn; that night took care of him, both surgeon and nurse; and the next day, when business urged him on the road, pays a first instalment of expenses, giving him in charge to the host,

promising on his return to pay whatever more was due.

Look at this picture of love, drawn as it is by Him who himself is love! See it forgets self; silences excuses; risks danger; denies ease, and self-gratification; spends its own means; and this, in order to to help the helpless, without regard to nation, party, or any other distinction. A beautiful illustration of loving our neighbor as ourselves.

Having taught, Jesus applies, "Go, and do thou likewise."

Go at once, no delay. The world is full of distress, of one kind or another. Having gone, and found a case of want, and helplessness,—do,—not look on, and pass by, but do what is to be done; what the demand is; minister personally, do it yourself if need be; and do it even at the risk of life; do not be hindered by expense of money or time. Do what the Samaritan did, and do it as he did. Bind up wounded hearts,—pouring in heavenly consolation. That poor brother, that widow's sister, that sick and dying stranger, each pleads: help or I perish!

That widow is bleeding at the heart for her lost one. His manly arm sustained her: she leant on it. God has taken him, and in taking him says to every one—take care of her. Yes—God in allowing the demand, looks to you for a supply.

As you journey through life never pass by distress. Be what Job was,—eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a father to the poor.—Don't be afraid, "Break the jaws of the wicked, and pluck the spoil out of his teeth!"

The proud, self-righteous moralist, like the Priest and Levite, sees the outcasts of society, the waifs and strays among men, and passes by on the other side. The man, in whose heart Christ lives, pities, and relieves!

The poor inebriate—few care for him, though he, as well as this "certain man," has fallen among "thieves," and is far more sinned against than sinning.

He is forlorn because they have stripped him of all that adorned the man,—self-respect. He is forsaken now that he has no more to spend, or give. The word drunkard he has heard so often that it has lost its meaning as applied to him. He has so often looked on it, that he can look on the wreck, which his self indulgence has made, unmoved!—perhaps his wife, a broken-hearted woman; if not, the guilty partner of his sin, who has been left for bringing up to chance, perhaps to be pests, successors in all evil, after that the parents have been called to their account.

And society says, "have nothing to do with this! This is their concern, not ours. Very likely, this was what the priest, and the Levite said, 'if men will fall among thieves, why they must be stript, and die: it is not for 'us to interfere!'"

Permit me to ask, is not the good of society every one's business? Does not the drunkard harm society by his idleness, his example, his influence? Is it no injury to society, that he disables himself; and casts the support of his family on others?

Would that I could convey to each of you my conviction: that each of you are deeply responsible for the well-being of the other.

Are you not all children of one father, and heirs together of the same eternal inheritance? Has not one God made you, cares for you, gives all that is needful both for soul and body? "Be ye followers of God"—the God—man; and walk in love, as he walked; He went about doing good. Did He ever pass by distress?

"I beseech you brethren by the mercies of God," which you are daily receiving, by the hope of heaven, which Jesus left his throne to purchase for you, and which he freely offers to you,— "Love as brethren, be pitiful." Study to advance each other's best interests; for be assured that in so doing, you call down the smiles of your Father in heaven, and so best secure your own! You ask—am I my brother's keeper? Yes. God has made you so; and if that brother perish, that brother's blood He will require of you! Then—Do you enquire—Who is my neighbor and what is it to act neighborly? It is to pity the man that needs your pity. Have you one near you, who is injuring himself, bodily or spiritually? Say kindly to him, "do thyself no harm;" help him to help himself! Don't be afraid of offending him:—"Open rebuke is better than secret love." You are bid to please your neighbor, only for his good, and when to please him, is not for his edification, risk his displeasure!

In this narrative, the master teaches that neighbor is not limited by country, nor blood relationship, but by kindred.

Yourselves men, you are to regard and treat all other men as near to you, as neighbors,—dear to you as brethren and sisters,—loving them as you love yourselves! Here is the golden rule, the royal law. A rule guiding to riches more precious than gold; a law worthy of God himself who is love!

If such a rule were the guide of life, did men