

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1863.

Read—Acts ix. 1-22: Conversion of Saul.—Joshua xxiv. 19-28: Joshua's covenant with the people. Recite—Acts viii. 26-28.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1863.

Read—Acts ix. 23-43: Paul persecuted. Joshua xxiv. 29-33: Death of Joshua and Eleazer. Recite—Acts ix. 20-22.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

24. Name two special prohibitions of employment of labor on the Sabbath.

Answer to question given last week:—

23. "Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee neither did thy foot swell these forty years." This might not have been noticed by them previously. Deut viii. 4, and xxix. 5.

Writing to Jesus.

We find the following curious story in the Christian Inquirer, with an apparent voucher for its literal truth:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—If actual truth and reality can add to the attractions of a fairy tale, the little story I am going to tell you will not lose interest because it embodies a nineteenth century event. It was on an afternoon, last Christmas week, that a clerk in the Leipzig post-office, whose duty it is to sort the letters, discovering a tawdry little epistle, had no compunction in putting it in the dead-letter-box.—The letter went the usual way to the black cabinet, where serious, silent men are seated, endowed with power to decide upon the fate of missives unclaimed and unaddressed. The letter bore the direction to "Jesus Christ, at Leipzig," and being opened, displayed the following contents:

"Dear, Holy Christ,—Christmas is drawing near, and, as I full well know, Thou art now going about and presenting good children with bonbons and nice little toys. O dear, Holy Christ, I wish Thou wouldst come to us. We are so anxious to see Thee, and I more than my sister, as I want a satchel to put my books in. But I believe that my sister Selma wants one also. We should also like to have a pair of shoes, each of us, as the weather is very bad. To my brother Curt please bring a box full of tin soldiers. He is ill and must not go out of the room. But above all, Thou shouldst look after the health of my mamma, who is worse than Curt, and cannot move except on crutches. Dear, Holy Christ, I pray Thee do not forget us. I am a good child, and shall be very obedient to my mother; and I live at Green Street, No.—, in the Court-yard. "MARIE. SELMA. CURT."

The letter, as appears from the signatures, although originally indited by the eldest sister, had gained the subsequent approval of the younger children, who attached their names in token of assent. Some few days elapsed, at last, it was Christmas Eve. A knock came on the door of the mother of the three little children, and a gentleman, with a lady, entered, and put the satchel, the shoes, and a great many other things on the table. The German Christmas-tree was lighted, and merriment filled the house. For the nonce official secrecy had been violated, and the dead letter, being communicated to a charitable Samaritan, caused more joy and gladness than the pen can describe."

A Musical Lesson.

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers.—"Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw forever without making a tune o't, if I donna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, w' a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve), between two lines of a bar, he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane w' your fist, and gie a long blast; if, now, you put a leg to him ye make him twa o' him and he'll move twice as fast; and if ye black his face he'll run four times faster than the fellow w' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, when'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

The new Diamond Buyers.

The following, from the Home Journal, shows the class of people who, by the war in the U. States, are become the wealthy part of the population. The worth of the present currency being so precarious, everybody strives to keep it moving. This will probably last for a little time, but a reverse must follow, which will probably bring ruin and desolation on many who now revel in luxury.

In ordinary times, dealers in precious stones usually have a supply of these valuable gems on

hand. It seems, however, that in time of war (this war, at least) this supply becomes very small by degrees, so great is the demand for the "sparklers." At the commencement of the rebellion, diamonds were not only abundant, but were comparatively cheap. In point of value, these are only second to coin. If of the first water, and free from defect, a diamond of a particular size represents at all times a certain equivalent in coin. At the present time these costly stones stand at par value. The demand for them is very great. A new class of purchasers has suddenly sprung into existence.—People who, two years ago, could not tell the difference between a tiara of gems of the purest brilliancy and the spurious "sparkles" that are always in abundance, are now the best customers of the dealers in these luxuries. Having realized money in one way and another, they appear to be determined to indulge in purchasing diamonds as extensively as the greatest millionaires in the country.

A few days ago an Irishman, dressed in fine clothes, entered a well-known jewelry store in Philadelphia. His face was bronzed, his hands horny. His nose was an unmitigated pug, and his teeth were indelibly stained by second-class cavendish. A tailor had clothed him like a gentleman to the manor born, but his garments were an evident incumbrance. "I want to look at some dimons," he said, as he entered the doorway. A junior clerk showed him to the "demon" counter. He here repeated his request to a senior clerk. The latter took a quick glance at his customer, and made up his mind that the man had come to the wrong place. "You wish to see diamond jewelry?" "I do." The clerk produced a tray filled with imitation gems, and submitted them for inspection. The man fingered several of the articles without speaking, and as silently laid them down. "Thim isn't what I'm after. I want the rale kind. Show me somethin' wid the rale sparrikle." Thinking to get rid of a profitless customer, the clerk produced a velvet case, in which reposed, in gorgeous effulgence, a bracelet, bead-pin, and earrings, in the finest diamonds. "How do those suit you?" asked the clerk. The man looked at them. "Ah! thim's the beauties. What's the price o'thim?" "The set is seven thousand dollars," said the clerk, preparing to return them to the case, not dreaming of its purchase. "Well, I'll take thim," was the quiet and prompt reply. It is unnecessary to say that the clerk was somewhat astonished. In all his experience, the purchase exceeded all former precedent. Before leaving the store, the customer purchased a single stone diamond ring at eight hundred dollars, and gave his check in payment for the lot. He was detained, in an inspection of other goods, while one of the clerks was sent to the bank to test the value of the check, who returned with the money and the information that if drawn for five times the amount it would have been as promptly honored. Subsequent inquiry led to the discovery that the purchaser of the diamonds in question had accumulated money in following up the army, and purchasing its offal for soap manufacturing, at the same time loaning money to officers, at usurious interest, and purchasing claims of soldiers and others against the Government. The man, two years ago, was foreman in a lard and tall w factory. Diamonds alone are not scarce. Rubies of all sizes, pearls, opals, emeralds, and even garnets (the cheapest of all precious stones), are scarce, and have advanced in price.

Skill in soul-saving.

A proud, passionate sinner once moved into the neighborhood of a devoted minister, and began a career of sin which grieved the good and increased the corruption of the wicked. His avowed purpose to insult any clergyman who should presume to address him, kept the minister from calling upon him at once, but did not prevent him from prayerfully watching for an opportunity.

This came sooner than he expected. The blaspheming sinner was struck down by severe sickness. "I will see him," said the minister.

"If you do, he will insult you," said the friend who had informed him of the man's sickness.

"I will see him nevertheless, and look to God for guidance and blessing," replied the minister.

Accordingly, he called, and was shown into a parlor, where he found the sick man lying on an old sofa. With great kindness, he asked after his health, and received curt, almost uncivil replies. Then, without saying one word of his own respecting religion, he opened his Bible and said:

"If you please, I will read to you?"

Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to read the words of Jesus in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, after which he offered a short simple prayer, bade the man farewell, and left.

The next day he called again, read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, prayed, and left as before. This was repeated several days. Kindness, appropriate selections from the Word of God, prayer, in which the minister cheerfully clasped himself with the sick man as needing mercy, and secret prayer for God's blessing, were the only weapons he employed. Now mark the result!

After two weeks, the sick man broke down, grasped the minister's hands, wept, confessed himself a sinner, and said he was a wonder to himself.

"It is God," replied the the minister; "I have not spoken a word. God has spoken. He has done this."

"Yes," said the man, "I see it now. If you had spoken a single word of your own to me when you first came, or for some time after, I should not have borne it. Weak as I was, I should have tried to turn you out of my house.

I was astonished at your daring to come to me. You took me by surprise. I could not be angry, when you asked with such a kind voice after my health. You read me those beautiful words. I knew they were not your own words, but God's own words, and I was silent. You shut the book, and I thought you would begin to reproach me and tell me what a sinful wretch I was, and then would be my time to speak; but I looked up and saw you on your knees, and heard you praying for me and then, without another word, you were gone."

It is enough to add that this Ananias among sinners was soon after converted, and after a few weeks of beautiful devotedness to Jesus, passed through the gates of the grave, crying Victory through the blood of the Lamb.

That this sinner was pulled out of the burning by the skill, as well as the fidelity of the minister, is placed beyond all doubt by the testimony of the man himself. Faithfulness alone would not have succeeded, but faithfulness joined to skill did the work. Let the worker for souls study this fact carefully, as illustrating the philosophy of soul-saving. Perhaps it may give him light on the cause of his own lack of success. He has, it may be, a desire to do good; he labors with sinners patiently, he utters truth in their ears, he depends on the Spirit for success, but he has no evidences of his success. Why? He lacks skill, tact, wisdom. He is not wise to win souls. He needs to study human nature more closely. Give him skill in addition to his present qualities, and he would "slay his thousands" for the Lord.

Look well to this point, dear fellow-laborer for Christ, and may the Holy Ghost make you "wise to win souls."—Zion's Herald.

Lord Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston, or "Old Pam," as he is familiarly called is, by large odds, the most popular man in England. If the king's office was elective, he would have been monarch long ago, by acclamation. The fact seems a singular one, at first thought, too; for Palmerston is the very pink of the aristocracy. But the explanation is, that he is the impersonation of all those obstinate, aggressive, untiring characteristics which have made England and Englishmen what they are in wealth and power.—An unswerving look-out for number one—England first and last, at all events—England's navy, England's army, England's money, England's men, and England's Lord "Pam." All this goes down hugely with the people. Palmerston likes popularity, and he has power. No cabinet can do long without him; whether in or out, he has virtually guided the policy of the government for many years. He is now at out eighty years of age, and is just as jaunty, active, pert, ready of speech and quarrelsome as ever he was. Vigilant in Parliament on his feet as promptly as a lad of eighteen, and spending his recesses in travelling about the country making speeches, he seems endowed with inexhaustible energy. There is nothing within the range of human knowledge or interest that he cannot talk about, in public, on the shortest notice, from the dinner speech to the scholastic address expected from the newly-elected chancellor of an university. Of course he rather expatiates upon his themes than exhausts them; he is superficial, upon a strict judgment, but he knows how to take the telling points, and is always effective. He believes in roast beef, ale, and prize-fighting; he has confidence in Bakewell sheep, Durham bulls and Whitworth cannon; he reviews the rifle volunteers, and no thought but that England is of right and ever must remain the leader of the nations—as she would, if he could immortalize himself. He is no friend to this country, of which he has an aristocratic jealousy. If the truth was known, it would appear, doubtless, that he never loved Washington, or forgave Yorktown. Canada will not be independent in his day, nor while his spirit remains will any concession be made to India. The Southern confederacy he instinctively agonizes, for two reasons—they hold slaves, which he believes in, at least in principle, and they tend to break down the power of the United States, which he desires to see accomplished.

The above picture of Palmerston is doubtless correct in many particulars. The latter portion, however, referring to his feeling towards Yankeeedom may be taken as the offspring of the writer's imagination, and the extreme sensitiveness which prevails in that country.

Use your talents.

"And unto one He gave five talents, to another two, and to another one." There are many warm hearts and willing hands in the world, anxious, eager to do good, yet because they have not the ability to do precisely what they see others perform in walks of usefulness, they are often discouraged, and sometimes idle. That each person is gifted with power to be useful in some way, let us illustrate by a story which is a true one.

A young lady was heard to say, "I wish I could do something for my country; I would willingly become a nurse in a hospital, but I have not the physical strength. What can I do?" A friend replied, "You can sing." "Yes, I can sing, but what of that?" "Go to one of the hospitals, and sing for the soldiers." The idea pleased her. She accompanied a friend who was long used to such visits, and who introduced her by saying to the patients, "Here is a young lady who has come to sing for you." At the mere announcement, every face was aglow with animation, every eye was riveted upon her with expectant pleasure. She sang a few songs,

commencing with the glorious "Star-spangled Banner." As the thrilling notes of that song rang through the apartment, one poor man, who had been given up by the physician as an almost hopeless case, half raised himself in his cot leaned his head upon his hand, and drank in every note like so much nectar. The effect was electrical. From that hour he began to amend, and finally recovered.—Presbyterian.

Worth of your Hope!

A correspondent of the Zion's Advocate refers thus to a statement which is not unfrequently made, and not always with the very best of reasons:

Not long ago I heard a person make this remark: "I do not know that I am a Christian, but I have a hope that I would not exchange for a thousand worlds." It was a person with whose religious character I was somewhat acquainted. The question at once arose, whether if I had a million of worlds, I would give a thousand of them for such a hope;—for that particular hope. This of course led me to think what it had done for its possessor, what it was now doing towards purifying the heart and producing the fruits of Christian life, and I concluded that I did not wish to purchase. No, I said, such a hope would not be worth three cents to me. I think it is better to judge of the worth of a religious hope by what it is actually doing for us from day to day than by what we would take for it in trade.

What is an Archdeacon?

Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of 400*l.* a-year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, "What are the duties of an Archdeacon?"—So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other House, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an Archdeacon as "a *vide-de-comp* to the bishop"; and then with Bishop Copleston, of Landaff, who said, "The archdeacon is *oecumenus episcopi*." Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. "Go," said he, "and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer." To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, "What is an archdeacon?"—"An archdeacon?" replied the bishop, in his quick way, "an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions"; and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.—*Life of Bishop Blomfield.*

Are you a professor?

Not long ago, conversing with a friend with whom I had been acquainted for some months, I incidentally alluded to the church to which I belonged. My companion looked up with some surprise, and asked, "Are you a professor of religion?" I was startled by her tone, but answered her inquiry, and we resumed our conversation. Many, many times, has that question come to my mind, and perhaps it may not be inappropriate to some of my fellow-Christians. I had evidently been living, perhaps unconsciously, without showing by my daily walk and conversation that I was on the Lord's side. "Are you a professor of religion?" and if so, in what respect are you different from others? Are you confessing Christ before men, before your family, your friends and your associates, in your daily life and conduct? If the work of grace is going on in the heart, it will be seen in the life: "by their fruits ye shall know them."—*American Messenger.*

Something-new Christians.

Some professors of religion seem to subsist on the phenomena of religion. There must be something unusual astir to satisfy them that anything is doing. The gospel is preached, the lives of men are affected by it, children are taught, cases of conviction and conversion ripen into confirmed hope, one by one, but these Christians must have something new. Sun, moon and stars are of no account; the comet is all. Eyes are turned toward it which never regard the sunrise nor sunset. These Christians are generally less spiritually-minded than others, judging from their prayers.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.—"Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Strange that one who has seen an ear of corn with its rows of kernels on the large, hard cob, all from one grain "cannot bear fruit except it die," can be an unbeliever in the resurrection. Moreover, such things in nature should make us exit in the thought of future bodies immeasurably in advance of the present. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But "we shall be like him."—*N. Adams, D. E.*

SYSTEMATIC BENEFACTENCE.—"I think," said the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, this having a distinct purse for the Lord is one of the most effectual means of making one rich. I have sometimes disposed of more this way than it could be thought I was capable of, and yet I never found myself poorer at the year's end."