

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 27th, 1865.

LUKE XXIV. 1-12: Christ's Resurrection. 2 SAMUEL XIX. 24-43: Contentions in Israel. Revite—Acts XIII. 24-37.

Sunday, September 3rd, 1865.

LUKE XXIV. 13-52: Christ appeareth to the two disciples going to Emmaus. 2 SAMUEL XX. Amasai slain by Jobab. Revite—Malachi III. 16-18.

The face in the glass.

At first it was a baby face, round and dimpled and innocent, laughing and crowing at itself as nurse held it up to amuse it by the pretty reflection; then it was the face of a little girl, who had climbed upon a chair to look at the rosy, chubby image, and wonder how there could be "two of her."

Afterward it was the face of the young maiden, who stood often before the mirror, plaiting her hair and putting on her golden ornaments, and adorning herself for the eyes of those whom she loved, and desired to please.

And now it is an older face, that sees the approach of wrinkles and "crow's feet;" and these defects, which the hand of Time has impressed upon it, it is not wrong to notice, because the old changed face makes the heart thoughtful, and reminds it that it is drawing nearer to its eternal home.

There are some beautiful verses in the Bible which the old heart thinks of, as the old face answers to itself in the mirror. They were written by one of the apostles, "James the Less, the son of Alphaeus." He is said to have written them not long before he suffered death as a Christian martyr.

These are the verses:—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

The verses mean this; that when we look into God's word, which is a mirror to show us our faults, and see what is evil in our tempers and dispositions, and go away, and forget to try, by God's grace, to change what is ill, so as to please Him, we are like those people who look into the glass, and see a soiled face and a disarranged dress, and turn from it, and forget to wash and be clean, and to adjust properly their clothing.

Dear little children, every day you and I look into the mirror to see if our faces are clean, and our hair smooth, and our attire becoming, and such as will be pleasing to our earthly friends; shall we not also, every day, look into the mirror of God's holy word, and see if our hearts are cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus, and clothed with the robes of His righteousness, so that we may perceive in them something of His image, and may try to grow more into that likeness which will satisfy both our heavenly Father and ourselves?

Dr. Pritchard and Ardent Spirits.

Dr. Pritchard, recently convicted in Scotland, and sentenced to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law, in his last confession stated as follows: "I am guilty of the death of my mother in law, Mrs. Taylor, and of my wife Mary Jane Pritchard. I can assign no motive for the conduct which actuated me beyond a species of terrible madness and the use of ardent spirits." We have italicised the last sentence. There is not the least doubt that the "terrible madness" which "actuated" him was brought on by his too freely using "ardent spirits." There is a sad lesson in that short sentence in the unfortunate Dr.'s last confession.—His case is but another melancholy instance of the fact that an indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors degrades the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, the educated as well as the ignorant, the professional man as well as the hard working-laborer, the Christian professor of religion as well as the immoral and profane. No matter what arguments they can use, or how strongly they may put them, the members of Liquor Dealers' Associations cannot deny the fact that their organizations only exist to protect a traffic which has produced, still produces, and will continue to produce such melancholy cases as that of Dr. Pritchard; not to speak of many others of different kinds, especially, where lives have been suddenly sacrificed through strong drink, in many instances the unfortunate victims not having a single moment to make their peace with the Almighty—which advantage Dr. Pritchard had.—Abstainer.

This world is to you a strange inn, and ye are like a traveller who has a bundle upon his back, and a staff in his hand, and his foot upon the door threshold. Go forward in the strength of your Lord, with your face toward him who longeth more for a sight of you than ye can do for him. If ye knew the welcome that abideth ye when ye come home, ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own holy hand to your face, and wipe all tears from your eyes, and I trow that then ye shall have some joy of heart.

The silent Deacon's opinion.

When the next summer comes with its heat, and dust, and langour, and the tired spirit, fainting by the way, cries out for the wings of a dove, go up to W—, among the hills made sacred to Nature, where the hurry and anxiety of commerce are unknown, and the silent Sabbaths are never broken by the whizzing of machinery, or defiled by its smoke and steam. You will see no Newport bellies, no Belmont equipages, nor will you be hidden to any "hope"—they don't "hop" there—but you will be taken into a holy, calm rest, such as the pilgrim found in the chamber which was called "Peace." If you have toiled hard enough to deserve rest, you will find it in W—; if not, you will seek it anywhere in vain.

W—is the most silent place in the world; and were it not for the farmer turning his furrows or casting in his seed, you might imagine yourself already where "Sabbaths never end." Perhaps it is only because Nature reigns with such calm dignity, and echoes back every sound so lovingly, that W—seems silent in comparison with other places.

Entering the neat, capacious church, fatherly and motherly faces meet your eye on every hand, and you will soon forget that you are a stranger.

Yonder, in the square pew, sits Deacon Lee; you would know he was a deacon if he had not told you. Some men are born deacons—what a pity that any should enter the holy office who are not! Deacon Lee was not a native of W—, but went there to till a farm left him by an aged relative some twenty years ago—about the time Deacon Bell died, leaving a sad void in the church and the parsonage—for he was a pillar in Zion, and a strong arm to his pastor. After seeking long to fill his place, the mind of the church united on the new-comer, who, by his solemnity, piety and zeal, seemed created for the place. He was a man of few words, rarely ever talking, save in conference meeting; so that the boys called him at first "a grum old man." But they soon changed their opinion, for he set apart a tree of summer sweetings and one of bell-pears for their express benefit, as they went to and from school, and surprised them by a fine swing which he hung for them in his walnut grove. So the verdict of that and of each succeeding generation of boys was, that although the deacon never talked, he was a kind and genial man, and a lover of children. Every boy, for twenty years back, had been his shepherd, his watchman, or his assistant farmer; feeling it a high honor to hitch his horse on Sunday, or to drive his manure cart on a holiday, and all because they saw, through the thick veil of reserve, the love that burned and glowed in his heart.

Deacon Lee's minister trusted in him, and the church felt her temporal affairs safe in his hands, and the world honored his stern consistency.

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in that thrice-blessed band who walked and talked with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw his glory mingled with his humanity; why, then, need we wonder that one man, subtle and treacherous, hid himself in the calm verdure of W—, crawling out only to deceive God's people with a kiss, till ready to spring upon them with his poisoned fangs? Upright, faithful and earnest as were the people, they were not proof against flattery and deception. There came among them one quite unused to their unostentatious way of serving God, and ambitious, as he said, "of seeing them make some stir in the world." We know from God's Word that "one sinner destroyeth much good," and yet we are often annoyed at the wide results of one man's evil work in the church; one may sow tares which an hundred cannot pluck out, and therefore does it become God's children to stay the enemy in his first efforts.

He who aimed at the life of the gospel church in W—was "dead while he had a name to live." He scorned many of the humble ones whose crown is waiting them on high. He hated the humbling doctrines of the cross, and desired to see man glorified and exalted; he rebelled against the "iron bars," which he chose to call the bonds of love, which separate God's chosen and obedient ones from the world that lieth in wickedness. He declared that the millennium could never dawn till all christians were as one—by which he meant that, for the sake of union, right must yield to wrong—as if he was of the number who loved and longed for the appearing of Christ! He began stealthily to sow his poisonous seeds among the younger and weaker of the flock, and when he saw the first token of their taking root, he grew bold, and began to cast them in on the strong high hills. But here he found resistance; the soil which had borne such rich harvests of grace repelled his seed from its bosom; and he came to the mad resolve to assail the deacon, and try how he would receive it. If he, with his piety, zeal and influence, opened his bosom to it, the end was easily attained. The minister was not worthy of consideration in the matter—ministers are so readily put out of the way if they do not yield to ungodliness. If he proved a dead sentinel, he would not molest him; if alive and jealous of his Master's honor, one bullet would settle him forever.

In pursuance of his "liberal views" and his deep laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up and fastened his horse before the unpretending dwelling of Deacon Lee. Ushered into the neat "keeping room" to await his coming from the harvest field, his restless spirit was almost awed by the silence which reigned there. The tall clock in the corner, with its ever-sailing ship, ticked painfully loud, and even the buzzing of the few flies on the paces annoyed him. He suffered much the same oppression as do those who wait long, in a silent, darkened room, the

coming of a minister to a funeral. He first wished for and then dreaded the good man, being not quite sure of a warm reception. He had just decided on a clandestine flight, when the door opened, and the deacon entered, as calm and neat as if toil had never ruffled his spirit or soiled his garments. After the usual greetings, and a dead, awful pause, the visitor began—think of the wiles of Satan—by lamenting the low state of religion, and asking the good man why this church had enjoyed no revival for three or four years! What cared he for God's set times to visit Zion? He was far more deeply interested in the opening of a new stage road to the Summit, and in getting up stock in the projected hotel there.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being so dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and after a little thought, frankly answered, "No, I don't."

"Do you think the church are alive to the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked—

"Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden' was anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked, "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man, and 'hire' another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone far louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, "for six praying christians; but thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity, and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you; I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it was a little thing to remove one of the "stars" which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought that we were doing God service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his labors ended in B—, where I then lived; we groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing, and crushing instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessing. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him with his weakness, while we hung on as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till torn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone, when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants toucheth the apple of His eye. I heard my old pastor was ill, and taking my son with me, set out on a twenty-five miles ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any true woman ought to exhibit towards one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were as arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

"Had it come to this, I said to myself, 'that the man whose labours had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, whose hands had buried me in baptism, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. God pity me!' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sin to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before his dying servant, and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken this whole family to my home forever as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was before me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was just falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep

impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was 'Touch not my anointed, and do my prophets no harm!'

"I staid by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you, but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir; those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before me in my dream, saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I realized fully the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they were not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a 'very extraordinary' man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with them who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray—God, if perchance the thought of your heart be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the new-comer's efforts to get a minister who would make more stir; and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "no," but sometimes it requires not a little moral courage to speak it as resolutely as did the silent deacon.

Scientific.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The effects of a shock of artificial lightning on a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is very sensitive to the electric discharge, may be here described. Under ordinary circumstances, the discharge from a small Leyden jar is exceedingly unpleasant to him. Some time ago he happened to stand in the presence of a numerous audience, with a battery of fifteen large Leyden jars charged beside him. Through some awkwardness on his part, he touched a wire which he had no right to touch, and the discharge of the battery went through his body. Here life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In a second or two consciousness returned; the recipient of the shock saw himself in the presence of his audience and apparatus, and, by the help of these external facts, immediately concluded that he had received the battery discharge. His intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not to his optical consciousness. To prevent the audience from being alarmed, he observed that it had often been his desire to receive accidentally such a shock, and that his wish had at length been fulfilled. But, while making this remark, the appearance which his body presented to him was that of a number of separate pieces. The arms, for example, were detached from the trunk, and seemed suspended in the air. In fact, memory, and the power of reasoning appeared to be completely long before the optic nerve was restored to healthy action. But what we wish chiefly to dwell upon here is, the absolute painlessness of the shock; and there cannot be a doubt that, to a person struck dead by lightning, the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the least degree implicated. It is an abrupt stoppage of sensation, unaccompanied by a pang.—Professor Tyndall, in The Reader.

CLOTH FROM LEAVES.—A London paper gives the following account of a new kind of cloth manufactured from pine leaves.—There are two establishments near Breslau, in one of which pine leaves are converted into wool, while in the other for invalids, the waters used in the manufacture of pine wool are used as curative agents. The process for converting the pine needles into wool was discovered by Mr. Pannewitz. In the hospitals, penitentiaries, and barracks of Vienna and Breslau, blankets made from that material are now exclusively used. One of their chief advantages is, that no kind of vermin will lodge in them. The material is also used as stuffing, closely resembling hair, and is only one-third its cost.

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, MOTHERS.—Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, and THROAT DISORDERS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army.