

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 22nd, 1865.

JOHN III. 18-36: Testimony of John concerning Christ. 1 Kings I. 1-15: Adonijah attempts to be king. Recite—ISAIAH LXIII. 1-3

Sunday, October 29th, 1865.

JOHN IV. 1-26: Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria. 1 Kings I. 16-40: Solomon is anointed and proclaimed King. Recite—ISAIAH IV. 1-2.

Where will you spend Eternity?

Being providentially called to the charge of a flourishing seminary, the spiritual condition of my pupils lay very near my heart. The teachers were nearly all professors of religion, but few of the scholars had an interest in the Saviour.

In the early part of the term the village was visited by the precious influences of the Holy Spirit, and a quiet, all pervading influence, a serious, thoughtful expression, was plainly visible in the seminary. Some of our number were hoping, and others inquiring what they must do to be saved.

Among those who were deeply impressed was Ellen B—. Her natural temperament was lively and gay, with a disposition affectionate and kind, and she readily won the love of all who became acquainted with her.

Feeling that much depended upon personal effort, I tried to be faithful, urging and persuading those who felt that they had passed from death unto life to seek earnestly the salvation of their dear companions. Weeks passed, and at the following communion several united with the church.

Of my Bible-class, numbering twenty-two, all but three trusted they had passed from death unto life; and, strange to say, these three, one of whom was Ellen B—, were among my best and most affectionate pupils.

What could I say, what new motive offer, to induce them to see their danger, and look to the dear, precious Saviour? It seemed to me that I was in a great degree accountable, and that if they, with their warm, loving hearts, went down to perdition, I should be responsible. I tried to be prudent, but let no opportunity slip of urging upon them the necessity of a final decision, holding up as forcibly as it was possible for me to do, the exceeding love of God in giving his only Son to die for sinners, and the blessed promises especially to those in the morning of life. First one and then another was melted into tears, and not many days passed till two of the three were exulting in hope, giving the most satisfactory evidence of an entire consecration to their Redeemer.

Still Ellen B— was indifferent. Her first feeling of interest had worn away, and it seemed that her spirits were never so light or her laugh so gay as now. Night after night, as she gave me her good-night kiss, did I urge her to give her heart to the Saviour. She listened attentively, a shade of seriousness touching the sweet lips and looking out from the blue eyes. Sometimes, as she saw the tears in mine, she would weep. "I do love you; I would please you in this if I could, but I cannot feel that it is so very important, that there really is so much danger. I am young; I have seen little of life; I don't want to be lettered: by and by I am going to be a Christian; don't feel so bad over me; you have done what you can."

"Not because you love and would please me Ellen, but because of the great love the Saviour has for you. You that think so much of love, how can you refuse him, standing as he does with open arms and a voice of unutterable sweetness, saying, 'Come unto me?' You say that you are young, and have seen little of life; that you do not want to be lettered. Do you mean that you want to get away from the presence of God, free from his loving care? It cannot be that. Think, I beg of you, of the danger of putting off. You admit the truths of religion; that it is something you must have before you die. What right have you to think that you will live to be old? And even should this be yours, how know you that the dear, precious Saviour will always call? There is a crisis in the life of every impenitent sinner, a season when the Spirit comes to him for the last time, when he must choose between the pleasures of the world and the service of God. You may not know when you pass that crisis. You may be pursuing pleasure, deferring till you are older, and have seen a little more of the world, the one thing needful, while God may have written your name among those of whom he says, 'She is joined to her idols; let her alone.' Cherish the strivings of the Spirit before it is for ever too late. Cast in your lot with the people of God. Go with your wicked heart, and all that you value on earth; carry them to Calvary, and resolve that, if you perish, it shall be there, pleading for mercy."

Low sobs broke over the room. Ellen was weeping convulsively. Still it did not seem to be on account of sin; her affectionate heart was touched by my entreaties. She saw her friend, her teacher, but she saw not the bleeding, dying Lamb slain for sinners. Her ears were deaf to the music of his loving voice.

Months passed, the term closed, Ellen B— graduated, and went out a stranger to his grace, "free and unlettered," as she said. The morning she left the seminary, so happy and light-hearted, her joy dampened a little by the

leave-taking, I asked the question as we parted, "Ellen, where will you spend eternity?" She turned her clear blue eye upon me, and clasping her arms around me, said distinctly, "With you, I hope."

It was at the close of a lovely June day, almost a year from the last commencement, and looking forward to the next week when another anniversary would again break up our endeared circle, that a thought came over me of Ellen B—.

Where was she, and what doing? longed to know that she loved the Saviour.

A light girlish laugh broke upon my musings, the door opened, a pair of soft arms were about my neck, and "My dear teacher" met my ear lovingly. It was Ellen B— herself.

"I love you, and I have come on purpose to tell you that I love the Saviour, the dear, precious Saviour. How strangely blind I was; I cannot understand it; so blind to my own best good. I thought that if I became religious it would be giving up a great deal of real pleasure. It is not giving up, but finding an endless fountain of pleasure; pure delight, such as I had never dreamed of."

"Our ride home last summer was delightful, and I was so happy in the thought of meeting and remaining with my parents. Still, wherever I went, or whatever I saw, it seemed blazoned in plain letters, 'Where will you spend eternity?' Morning, noon, and night it haunted me. At this time a dear little baby sister died. I saw the light fade out of those sweet eyes, the rosy lip stiffen in death, and the little golden-haired head laid away under the coffin lid. I felt that she had gone to Jesus. My mother loved him; and you, my darling teacher, you were each living in the anticipation of spending an eternity in his presence. And I—where should I be? I seemed just to awake; and Oh, the misery, the anguish, the remorse. I was afraid I had waited too long; that God had given me up. I went into my chamber; I felt that I should die; I knew it would be just; I had no strength, my limbs failed me, I could hardly walk across the floor."

"It was not fear, but despair. I saw the righteousness of God. The plan of redemption was all clear to me; the goodness, purity, and love. The Saviour shone resplendently, but not for me. I felt that it was too late. There was no bitterness, no recrimination, only sorrow; not for the agony that I must endure, but for the pain I had inflicted on Him. Instinctively I went to Calvary. I saw him on the cross, the hands and feet pierced with nails, the bleeding side, the bowed head, and heard the tender, loving words, 'Father, forgive them.' A new light seemed to dawn upon me; I forgot my despair; I only saw the Saviour, only thought of his great love. 'Whoever will, let him come.' Whosoever will, 'I will go; and if I perish, it shall be at his feet.' My burden was gone. I felt light, happy, but almost frightened, so sudden, so marked the change. Still my heart clung to the Saviour. I loved to trust him, to rely upon him, to go to him, and leave the issue in his hands. And now pray with me once again, as you used to. I have so longed to kneel beside you."

The tears were blinding me. My words were few and broken; but the Saviour was there. I was so happy, my heart filled with such a sweet, glad consent.—American Messenger.

The Great Oil Wells.

A gentleman, who has been visiting some of the oil regions, sends a graphic account of one district to a New York paper, which our readers will find interesting. He says:—

The country in the neighborhood of Titusville has been explored thoroughly for indications of oil; hundreds of wells have been sunk, many of them without any successful result, and still more are going down. But the wave of excitement sets now in a new direction. While some companies have turned their attention to the development of new territory the majority have rushed to make investments in the neighborhood of Pitohole Creek. This is a tributary of the Alleghany, which it enters from the northwest at a point about twelve miles above Oil City. It is divided into two branches, called Big and Little Pitohole. The stream is insignificant and rapid.

The first well struck oil here last January, and it was some time after that, that the excitement commenced. But in the brief interval that has since elapsed, a revolution has occurred. The forest has been felled, hundreds of derricks have been erected, wells have been struck that have made owners and even stockholders rich, lauded property has risen to amazing prices, houses have sprung up as if by the wand of an enchanter, and the activity, bustle, enterprise, and business of a city, has startled the primeval forest. We dined at a hotel, upon the Morey farm, which can comfortably accommodate three hundred guests, the courses were served in city style, and the prices a little ahead. A long street of stores and offices, and small hotels, stretches along the bluffs. A plank road is half built between Pitohole and Titusville. Impulse trains loaded with oil, climb out of the valley and rumble towards the market, and returning caravans pour in all the various manufactures which a growing city demand. Speculators, land-brokers, oil-dealers, engineers, mechanics, laborers, throng the place. There are flowing wells, pumping wells, intermittent wells, wells abandoned, and wells going down; huge tanks holding thousands of barrels, and workmen busy building more; houses are rising by the score, and all the signs of wild enthusiasm, deep anxiety, and reckless adventure, are visible in this strange community. Buying and selling and getting gain or—nothing, are the order of the day and night. The famous United States Well is running

from eight hundred to a thousand barrels a day. We saw the brown stream rushing from the pipe like water from the hose of a steam fire-engine. Twenty tanks were full of oil, and a hundred wagons were constantly loading from these tanks. Well No. 19, upon a neighboring property, is yielding at the enormous rate of twelve hundred barrels a day. Near by is a well that for ten minutes pours forth a volume of gas which fills the air, and floats upwards like the heated vapor in a hot summer noon; then, with a sudden explosion, a stream of oil bursts forth, pours for a few minutes, stops, and again the gaseous vapor rises.

There is a well that jerks, and foams, and puffs, and vomits forth its oil, as if the operation gave acute pain. Another flows smoothly and steadily, while yet another must be pumped in order to obtain its greasy wealth. This well has nearly reached the proper depth, and twenty men are sitting around it, watching as if for their lives. No scout in the army every watched with greater eagerness and concentration the movements of the enemy, than these men watch the movements of the drill, or the rise and fall of the piston in the pump. If the oil comes they are rich, if it comes not, perhaps they have sunk their all, and are penniless.

"Sell you a sixteenth for \$3,000!" "Want to lease a lot, \$5,000 bonus and half the oil?" "Just going to strike, sure thing, let you have a thirty second cheap." "Rent you half my store for \$2,000;" and on inquiry we ascertain that one of the conditions is that the owner may, on thirty days notice, resume possession and sink a well through your floor, while you are not permitted to do anything of the sort. And yet rents are enormous, land is so valuable that an acre has been sold for eighty thousand dollars, and corner lots for more than they would bring upon the Fifth Avenue.

The wildest stories of the California excitement for gold, are paralleled here in the search for oil. You may see boys of fifteen and younger, real "young Americans," who have made twenty and even fifty thousand dollars, by their acute investment of a few dollars at the right moment; and you may see a so, (and we do not hear so much of that side of the story just yet,) disappointed, ruined, unfortunate men, who have listened to the oily tongues of rogues and swindlers, invested their money, and on coming out to see their property, have found themselves deceived and impoverished.

We visited at least nine flowing, and many pumping wells. The region is rich in oil, and many solid fortunes will be accumulated in Pitohole Creek oil wells, but we could not desire to live, even for a week, in such a scene of rampant speculation, excitement, noise, grease, and gas, unless such a purgatory would enable us to do good to our fellow men for at least a lifetime. As there was no prospect of achieving such a result, we whipped our jaded beasts, adjusted our galled limbs to the saddle, and plunged off through the mud towards a quieter civilization.

Ballooning.

A recent ascent in one of Professor Lowe's balloons is thus describe by a writer in the N. Y. Christian Times. If every aeronautic expedition could be accomplished as safely and pleasantly, ballooning would, we dare say, become almost a popular amusement.

At a signal from the Professor the earth had quietly dropped away under the basket, and before we could fully realize the fact we found ourselves more than a thousand feet in the air, gently swaying to and fro directly over Sixth Avenue. We say the earth fell away from under us, because the moment the balloon starts such actually appears to be the case. The sensations, as may be supposed, was novel, while the prospect was extremely grand and beautiful. We never before had any adequate notion of New York, nor even of Central Park. Indeed, the only way to become acquainted with either, is to make this ascension, when you may not only see New York as it is, but view the surrounding country for an immense distance, landward and seaward. At this height one may see all the ribs and arteries of New York, and tell all its bones. Every object below is reduced to pigmy proportions. The houses are mere kennels and the men mice. We look far away up the Hudson, which at the Palisades appears hemmed in by a little board fence; miles away beyond High Bridge; over the waters of the East River; through Long Island Sound, and down to Sandy Hook. At this height, the robes of old mother earth appear unusually beautiful. From this position we are able to see exactly what kind of a thing the great ball upon which we live actually is, and take our first, truest and best lesson in geography. Such an ascension is not a mere sensation; it is educational. Removed far away from the region of contrasts and false comparisons, the eye becomes a true theodolite, and we learn the real insignificance of the little plot of ground with which the individual ordinarily has to deal. The visit thus made to the skies is one of real value, for, looking down from thence the earth really appears to be a thing with a soul, and the reminiscence will be treasured for a life-time.

After remaining here some time in this quiet region, which is never invaded by the uproar of the great busy city below—

Fumus et opes strepitumque Romæ the earth gradually rose up again, and things terrestrial began to assume their wonted proportions. And they not only rose up, but as the field of vision contracted, the blocks of brick houses moved towards us with alarming celerity, (rushing red on the sight;) and as our friend remarked, St. Luke's Hospital appeared inclined "to come and get in!" Altogether, this trip being so safe and delightful, we can but hope

that the people generally may avail themselves of the opportunity now offered of testing aërial navigation, which, in due time, Professor Lowe expects to reduce to an exact science.

The line between the Church and the World.

Outward acts cannot make a Christian, nor can they unmistakably show who is a Christian. Neither can it be determined by any rule which admits of invariable application, how far conformity to the habits of society in respect to dress and style of living is consistent with true piety. This is largely a question of taste, education, pecuniary ability, and position in society. What is right for one person may be sinful for another. One man has more pride in an old coat than his neighbor in a new one. Unaffected simplicity is always delightful wherever seen, but there is sometimes more vanity in the heart that has above it a homely face and an unbecoming bonnet than in that of another person who has a beautiful countenance and wears tasteful ornaments in her hat. If each professing Christian will be governed only by the simple desire to serve the Master, and magnify His name in the sphere of influence in which God has placed him, there will not be much danger of an inconsistent conformity to the world, either in his conduct, or in other externals of life. An exchange says:

Mrs. Jobson called one day upon Mrs. Mortimer Jones, and, in the course of conversation, after a very roundabout and unsatisfactory apology for meddling with matters too high for her, came at last to the matter that had brought her for the first time to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Jones. She finally found words like these: "Mrs. Jones, you must not be offended if I tell you that we—that is—the church members—some of them at least, think you are too much conformed to the world in your dress and ways." "Ah!" replied Mrs. Jones; "and in what particulars? For I have not been aware of any difference in my dress from yours, or other ladies in the church."

"Yes, there is; you wear those feathers in your hat; now, you know there must be a line drawn somewhere between the church and the world, and, for my part, I draw it on feathers!" —W. & R.

A capital Bath.

An open window, with the direct rays of the sun coming in will be good for the little one. On a hot summer day to lay it down near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun may fall upon its skin, will give it new life. There is a vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Seclusion from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars operates to produce the pale sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health, and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each provided with lounges, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed only waiting for the shroud were galvanized into life and health by this process.—Dr. Dio. Lewis

A Swedish engineer, by using one part of glycerine and three of nitric acid, has succeeded in producing a highly explosive substance which he calls nitro glycerine.—Gunpowder has but one tenth of its strength.

The Scottish Farmer is the authority for the assertion that "a small quantity" of bicarbonate of soda added to milk will prevent its turning sour.

The ruins of a very extensive aboriginal city have been discovered in the forest of Jicorumbo in the province of Taxcala, Mexico. The temples are of immense size, some with vaulted roofs, and so well preserved that ancient paintings appear fresh. The courts are filled with hideous and grotesque idols, and pyramids surmounted by the same.

Relief and Health to Your Children.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children relieves the child from pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and wind colic. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify. Twenty five cents a bottle. Offices, 48 Dey street, New York, and 205 High Holborn, London, England.

AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY WRITES: "At inspection I noticed that a large proportion of the men's knapsacks contained a box of Troches, being generally used by them for colds." "Brown's Bronchial Troches" should be in every soldier's knapsack or pocket, to be used upon the first appearance of a cold or cough.

It is easier to fall than to rise; therefore take good heed to thy ways.