

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, February 14th, 1869.

MATTHEW ix. 27-34; xiii. 54-58; MARK vi. 1-6: Two blind men healed and a dumb spirit cast out. Jesus again at Nazareth and again rejected.

Recite.—Luke iv. 24-27.

Sunday, February 21st, 1869.

MATTHEW ix. 35-38; x. 1-15; MARK vi. 6-13: LUKE ix. 1-16: A third circuit in Galilee. The twelve instructed and sent forth.

Recite.—Matthew x. 2-4.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. IV.

- 1. B-arachin-s . . . . . Matt. xxiii. 35.
2. E-zr-a . . . . . Ezra vii. 12.
3. T-uba-l . . . . . Gen. x. 2.
4. H-oshe-a . . . . . 2 Kings xvii. 1.
5. L-o-t . . . . . 2 Peter ii. 7.
6. E-lkana-h . . . . . 1 Chron. xv. 23.
7. H-agga-i . . . . . Ezra v. 1.
8. E-unic-e . . . . . 2 Timothy i. 5.
9. M-ishaac-l . . . . . Daniel i. 6.
BETHLEHEM, 1 Sam. xvi. 4; Matt. ii. 1.
SALATHIEL, 1 Chron. iii. 17.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS AND TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

No. I.

What monarch cast a longing eye Upon a subject's land; And let the harmless owner die Beneath a violent hand?

Who, wroth to see his brother's prayer Preferred his own before, First caused the silent earth to bear The stain of human gore?

Because his father loved him much, What lad did hatred gain, Which doomed his youth to bitter trial, And stung his sire with pain?

By these three stories something find, Which leads to deadly sin, Yet keeps its keenest torture for The heart it dwells within.

A SONNET.

THE FIRST CHILD.

One joy was given, to Paradise unknown, When Eve, disconsolate no longer, smiled On that strange mystery, her first-born child, Dearer than aught in Eden called her own; With wondering look and words of tender tone She hung above the delicate thing, beguiled Of sorrow, watching each expression mild, Each changing shadow o'er its countenance thrown. Her's the first babe that ever smiled in gladness, That ever wept, or clung about the breast, And sweetly charmed away a mother's sadness: Ah! had she known the future that awaited That nestling infant to her bosom prest, How would her throbbing joy have been abated!

ALPHABETICAL RHYMES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

- A was a monarch, who reigned in the East.—Esther i. 1.
B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.—Dan. v. 1-4.
C was veracious, when others told lies.—Num. xiii. 30-34.
D was a woman, heroic, and wise.—Judges iv. 4-14.
E was a refuge, where David spared Saul.—1 Sam. xxiv. 1-7.
F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.—Acts xxvi. 24.
G was a garden, a frequent resort.—John xviii. 1, 2; Matt. xxvi. 36.
H was a city, where David held court.—2 Sam. ii. 11.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy.—Gen. xvi. 16.
J was a city, preferred as a joy.—Psalm cxxxvii. 6.
K was a father, whose son was quite tall.—1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.
L was a proud one, who had a great fall.—Isa. xiv. 12.
M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.—Col. iv. 10; Acts xi. 24.
N was a city, long hid where it stood.—Zeph. ii. 13.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.—Philemon 16.
P was a Christian, greeting another.—2 Tim. iv. 21.
R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.—Acts xii. 13, 14.
S was a sovereign, who made a bad choice.—1 Kings xi. 4-11.
T was a seaport, where preaching was long.—Acts ix. 6, 7.
U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.—2 Sam. 6, 7.
V was a cast-off, and never restored.—Ester i. 19.
Z was a rain, with sorrow deplored.—Psalm cxxviii. 1.—Watchman and Reflector.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. V. A VISIT TO AN INVALID.

Do not write bitter things against yourself, because when you would gladly say 'Hallelujah!' you can only say 'Amen'; but thank God that you can say Amen. It is of his grace that you can. It is of his grace that you feel that desire to seek his face. Nature could not give it you. Be willing to resign the rest into his hands; and submit to give up, for the time, the spiritual joy you would so prize, just as you are willing to give up the earthly joys of health and activity and bodily comfort.

"Thank you, dear friend, I understand what you mean. I see, that in looking on my want of spiritual enjoyment as a sin, I was struggling where God meant me to lie still and bear; but still the subject puzzles me much. The experiences of others seem so different from mine. The hymn dear Miss Wilson was reading could not have been composed as a mere poetical fiction; and you remember it expressed not only contentment, but positive joy. The writer speaks of being 'never weary' on a bed of pain and sickness; and oh! when I think how very, very weary I often feel, that hymn seemed to reproach me. Miss Wilson, I know, thought it would soothe me, and express the very language of my heart; but it only humbled me deeply, by reminding me how very far I was from being able to say the same. The memoir I was speaking of, which she lent me—you cannot think how sorrowful it has made me. It is an account of a young woman whose sufferings seem to make mine appear a mere trifle in comparison, her's were so fearful; yet she was enabled not only to be patient, but full of joy. She speaks and writes of the most intense happiness in the midst of all her sufferings. She was always praising God, not with effort, as I often have to do, but out of the overflowings of a rejoicing heart. She was able to rejoice where all can I do is not to complain; and she speaks of finding her sleepless nights too short for the happy thoughts which filled her heart. Often a single text or verse of a hymn would suffice for her to feed on, as it were, for hours. Now I do enjoy and prize very many precious passages of the word God more than I can express; but I could not keep my mind on one such for a night, or half a night, or scarcely an hour. When I am sleepless with pain, I try to pray and recollect all the Scripture and hymns I can; but I have often to pray and strive against wrong and murmuring thoughts and foolish fears; and all sorts of wrong ideas and fancies seem to crowd on me, and instead of finding the night pass away quickly in praise and meditations, I am ready to say with Job, 'When shall I rise and the night be gone?' Now, why am I so different from that poor girl? I have the same blessed hope, the same faith, the same desires, perhaps greater advantages. It must be some great fault in me. And another day I was reading of a sufferer who had only a few hours' consciousness in the day, and those hours, though in great suffering, she spent in diligent study of the Scriptures and prayer, and writing letters to unconverted friends. Now, when I remember how many hours I can only read something quite easy or light, and sometimes seem as if I could only just rest after the little efforts I do make in the day,—how much time I seem to waste in just nothing when they are done—I think, what a difference between me and this poor girl, who knew how to redeem every moment she had!"

"My dear Lydia," I replied, "do not think me wicked if sometimes I am tempted, when I see biography misused, to wish that memoirs of good people had never been written. Do not mistake me. Mine is at such times a foolish wish, for the abuse of a thing does not destroy its use. Religious biography is a very useful study, and may be made a real help; but pardon me when I say that I think you have been so applying the remedy as to make it a poison instead of a medicine; and I believe many beside you do the same."

"How so, dear Miss Selwyn?" "Simply, my love, by trying to make religious biography do what it was not intended to do—to make the feelings of another the rule for your own. If you want to know how to derive benefit from the memoirs of good Christians, go to the New Testament and see how the experiences of God's people are made use of there."

"I am afraid it is my dulness, dear Miss Selwyn, but I don't quite understand. "I will show you what I mean. When St. Paul wants to teach what simple faith in God is, he brings forward Abraham's example. (Romans, chap. iv.) Now, we are not called on literally to do as Abraham did; but we are imitate him by implicitly taking God at his word, and believing what we cannot see. So again, in Hebrews, chap. xi., a number of cases are quoted of Old Testament saints who trusted in God, and were signally helped; and then you remember, in the twelfth chapter, the apostle goes on to say that as we have such a 'cloud of witnesses,' we, too, are to 'run with patience the race that is set before us.' That is the way their example is to profit us. God's helping them in their need is an encouragement to us to believe he will help us in ours; but would it not be foolish if we chose to be discouraged because it is not his will now-a-days to deliver by actual miracles, and to do by us as he did in the cases of Moses, and Daniel, and Hezekiah, and other such instances? No, we say, as he helped them in the manner best fitted for them in those days, so he will help us, each individually, as he sees the best for us now; but not all in the same way, any more than a skillful doctor would administer the same remedy to all his patients. We know that some sick people require to be kept very low, and others need cordials; and, unless we were ourselves experienced doctors, we could not tell why in each

case such treatment was required. How much more so with God, who knows all our wants as we cannot know ourselves! Therefore, in reading the memoirs of these invalids, you may gain great good if you just take the wonderful support given to them, as an earnest that God will help you equally according to what he sees to be your need from day to day and hour to hour; but, if you perplex yourself with another's experience, and insist on making it the measure of your own, such reading will not only be distressing, but very hurtful to you. I believe we very often in this way embarrass ourselves with the experience of others. We forget that no two persons are exactly the same in temperament, constitution and circumstances; and how could the same experience be applicable to both? I can truly say that I have known what it is to find this very difficulty. We read an account, for instance, of some pious man, who spends many continuous hours in prayer. We think we must be able to do the same, or be in an utterly wrong state; whereas the weakness of our bodies, and the constitution of our minds, may make it impossible. Another Christian is so constituted as to need very little rest or recreation, and is able to work the whole day. We think, then, we ought to imitate him, and torment ourselves if we cannot. This is positively a misapplication of our reading. God's leading for one Christian is no rule for his leading of another; neither are his individual dealings to be treated as general rules for all. And if we go a step beyond his leading for us, each in our own way, we shall find no blessing in our work. If we think that because some one else has been led to take some particular step—say, to go out as a missionary, or enter on some peculiar course of usefulness—we must immediately try to do the same, we shall find that what in them was blessed, both to themselves and others, will, in our case, be neither. Our efforts will be imitative, and therefore unreal and unsatisfactory. I believe, too, God deals with us quite individually in times of trial. Sometimes he lifts us over the waves, so that, like the Israelites, we can 'go through the flood' dryshod, and 'there rejoice in him'; but oftener he lets the billows and storms pass over us, but still is with us (even when we cannot feel it) while 'we pass through the waters.' With invalids I am sure this last is the commonest case, even with the most advanced Christians."

"But why then is it that in accounts we read of sick and dying people, we so generally read of such wonderful joys?" "Just because such accounts are the most interesting and striking; and therefore the most fitted for a tract, or a memoir. Their being written is rather an indication that they are an exception and not a rule. But again, you must remember that, though in accounts of this kind, the bright moments are naturally the ones most dwelt on, this does not prove there are no experiences of a different kind, even in the case recorded. I fancy if we examined we should find that most sufferers have had hours of languor and despondency to balance the joyful experiences of which we read. But let us settle it first in our minds that God gives precisely the kind of experience best for each individual sufferer. That poor girl who passed much of her days in actual unconsciousness, was to do a work for God in a short time, and therefore was enabled to do more in a few hours than most invalids could in many days. You, again, may be called on to glorify God by many weary hours of patient waiting on him, in which you can do little that seems useful. This is more humbling, and therefore perhaps better for you, than if you could work through suffering uninterruptedly, when you might be tempted perhaps to a feeling of unconscious self-complacency. Again, your hindrances in prayer are humbling; but those broken and interrupted petitions may be more acceptable in God's sight than hours of full and uninterrupted supplication would be. If the same insidious enemy crept in and tempted you to feel pleased with your prayers. God wants to teach us, dearest, that we are absolutely nothing in ourselves—and perhaps most of us can only learn this lesson by very, very humbling experiences: when these come to us, then, let us just freely accept them—not fight against them, but bear them meekly—and let them draw us lower and lower to his feet. While there we are safe. And depend upon it, whenever he sees that joy will be given you; he is not straitened, and he does not grudge his cordials. Take whatever he gives you as from his hand. And when you are on the other side of all your trials, you will then feel and see that your discipline has been all through the best for you."

"We are called on to believe this at all times, but it is seldom we can feel it while we are in the midst of the furnace, at least while it is at its height; when the worst pain is over, we then look back and see we have been helped more than we thought. The Psalmist lays, 'It is good for me,' not 'that I am,' but, 'that I have been in trouble.' When the storm began to clear, he perceived that he had 'learned' God's 'statutes,' as he had never learned them before; and so will you, dear friend, again and again through your life."

"I see," said the young invalid, drying her tears; "and I think I shall not let these memoirs trouble me again so."

"I am sure you will not, dear, when once you have learned to keep constantly in mind, that each book of the kind—in as far as it is truthful—is only an isolated record of God's dealing with an individual—and must be taken as that alone, not as a rule for his dealings with all. Add to this that no memoir, or biography can ever, however accurate and truthful, be a complete picture of God's dealings even with one soul. In its own nature a record of the kind must inevitably be imperfect and full of omissions; and could we know all, which I believe, even in our own cases, is scarcely possible on earth, we should see that there has been far less inequality

in God's dealings than appears; and that the 'abundance of revelations' have been often balanced, in others since Paul, by the 'thorn in the flesh'; though it may happen that we hear of the one and not of the other."

"And I must try and not be distressed by the kind friends who mean to comfort me and say things which I feel almost like a reproach."

"That is a trial as old as Job's days, my dear; and certainly I often wish that some good people who love to visit the sick and afflicted, and sincerely wish to minister to them, would try to do it with more tact and wisdom. But when the mistake is made by a really Christian friend, let us take higher ground. They think that as a sufferer, you have the consolations as well as the tribulations which God sends to his people; and so you have, though not exactly in the way they think. As some one says in a story I was reading the other day,—'People are not supported just when they like, or as they like, but still they are supported first and last!'"

"And if you cannot sing as loud a 'Hallelujah' at all times, as your friends would expect you to do, you are tuning your harp for the strain which you will one day be called to sing in all its fulness of joy. 'Praise waiteth for thee in Sion!'—that has often been a sweet thought to me. I know the original means 'is silent,' as you see in the margin, but sometimes I think it is like the silence when the worshippers are collecting, and the choir is forming, before the service begins. When all are gathered, then the hymn of praise begins; and what a song of triumph it will be. Meanwhile let us wait, and prelude on our instruments—if it be even through tears. We can here below join in the plaintive, yet trustful strain of the prophet,—'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him,—to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.'"

Scientific.

A BETTER UMBRELLA WANTED.—A correspondent in one of our exchanges asks the question:—Will no inventive genius improve upon the construction of the umbrella? As at present formed this indispensable article is shockingly ill adapted to its purposes. The best part of it where one could put his head, is occupied by the sticks and wires, so that only half the sheltering cover is available. Then the roof is so contrived as to cast the rain that falls upon it either on to the shoulder or into the coat pockets, or down over one's knees and feet. To remedy these evils the sticks should be placed out of the center and a turned-up rim should be made to constitute a gutter, with one shoot or spout only, which can be turned into such a position as to throw the water always to leeward of the pedestrian. If I were an umbrella maker I would endeavor to work out these improvements; as it is I can only enforce them upon the attention of those whom they may concern.

GLASS AND COPPER COMPOUND.—A German editor says water glass and copper, when melted together can be cast or wrought under the hammer and rolled; making a new metallic substance of an orange hue, and so hard that a file will not scratch it. It is translucent, and capable of being wrought into beautiful ornaments.

CLEANSING TAINTED OR MUSTY BARRELS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist, writes: "I have practiced the following plan for the last thirty years with complete success: Soak the barrel thoroughly with water, pour out the water, and while still wet, fill the barrel with clean, dry sand or loam, but sand is the more easily removed. Let it stand a few days, turn out the sand or earth, and it will be as free from taint or must as when new."

A man may have a large brain and a naturally noble heart, but if his brain is poisoned and his stomach diseased by alcohol, he is not to be trusted with official position.

HOW TO SPLIT ROCKS.—Farmers and others, who have occasion to remove boulders from their fields, may break them up into fragments as follows: Drill a deep hole in the rock, at a proper point, and then fit into the lower portion of the hole a cylindrical ingot of lead of corresponding diameter. Then drive a mandrel, or rod, down upon the lead by repeated blows of a hammer. The lead will be expanded laterally, and, being inelastic, the pressure will accumulate, and after a while rupture the rock. This method has none of the danger attendant upon the use of gunpowder.

DRY ROT in wood may be prevented by soaking the timber for a short time in lime-water. Prepared in this way it stands the weather remarkably well, and is not subject to the decay to which unprepared timber is so liable.

Mr. Delaunier, of Paris, has invented a method of destroying fire damp in mines, by passing currents of electricity along copper wire carried through the mines.

The celebrated artesian well of St. Louis has reached to the depth of nearly three thousand five hundred feet, and is still going downward. No one knows when the chase will be abandoned; it has been kept up—or rather down—day and night for two years and more, at the rate of three feet per day.

Women have never produced an original genius in the one department they study, as men do,—music. Can they not originate musical compositions?