

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, April 4th, 1869.

JOHN vi. 22-40: Our Lord's discourse to the multitude in a Synagogue at Capernaum.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, Questions, 1, 2, 3.

Sunday, April 11th, 1869.

JOHN vi. 44-71: Discourse continued. Many disciples turn back. Peter's profession of faith.

Recite.—S. C., 4, 5.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. VII.

- 1. Genesis xliii. 11,12. 2. Judges xvii. 1-4. 3. Genesis xxiii. 3-9. 4. Esther iv. 7. 5. Job xlii. 11. 6. Matthew xvii. 26,27. 7. Isaiah lv. 1. 8. Matt. xxviii. 12, 13. 9. Mark xiv. 10. 11. 10. Acts xxiv. 25, 26.

MONEY.

SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. II.

Who, with a wilful nation left, Shared in their sin and shame, Because he feared to thwart them, till His nobler brother came?

Who in his best friend's hour of need His friendship did disown, For fear he should be doomed to share His sufferings, were it known?

Who did not heed the fearful words Their trembling comrades said: But placed their trust in One above, And would not be afraid?

By these three stories we may prove A text which warns us well About a dangerous snare, and doth Our only safety tell.

ISAAC MEDITATING.

A BIBLE SONNET.

In the lone field he walks at eventide, To meditate beneath the open sky. Where borne on lighter wings prayers upward fly, And down from heaven sweet answers swiftly glide. But as he glanced around that landscape wide, Far off a train of camels meets his eyes, And as they nearer come he can descry A maiden veiled—his unseen, God-sent bride, Thus while to heaven thought after thought was rising, The fair Rebecca step by step drew nigh, With life's chief joy the prayerful saint surprising: For those who think of him God still is thinking, With tender condescension from on high, Some comfort ever to some duty linking.

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent, and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer, and two three-cent pieces were put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling!"

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.—Young Pilgrim.

Sinners sometimes say they would be Christians if they thought they could "hold out;" but do they ever think of whether they will be able to long "hold out" in the course they are pursuing?

Many condemn the organization of the past; but observe their purposes—they all have really done great good: and the world would have suffered more without them.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS. E. J. WRATELY.

No. IX.

PARTY SPIRIT IN MISSIONARY WORK.

After Miss Sandford had told Miss Selwyn more of her troubles and the cause of her grief in her distant field of labor, her friend's sympathy was awakened:

"I do feel for you deeply, dear; and still more deeply for the cause, which is so injured by such a want of Christian love. It is sad and strange to witness!"

"And I, who thought that we kept all our quarrels for home! and was envying you for escaping them, Amy!" cried Margaret. "I could almost laugh at my own mistake, if I were not more ready to cry. But oh, what is the Christian world come to?"

"My dear child, it is the old story. We are all forgetting the evil in our own hearts. I believe, if we look back, we shall find these strifes and divisions no new thing."

"One thing I am resolved on," said Amy, her colour mounting. "I never will have anything to say to that Society again when I go back. I used to try to co-operate in a friendly way with all, but I never will again. I shall keep steadily aloof from Miss L——, the only course to pursue." She looked at me for assent.

"I trust," I said, after a moment's pause, "that when you return, dear Amy, you will be guided to act rightly in this difficult business."

"Does that mean, dear cousin Mabel, that you don't think Amy's a good resolution?" said Margaret.

I smiled, and shook my head.

"You don't mean," rejoined Amy, rather impetuously, "that you would uphold these people, dear Miss Selwyn? I know you do try and stand up for everybody—" She stopped on my laughing.

"Pardon me, dear," I replied, "I did not mean to vex you. But I do not think you can really believe I should defend such behaviour."

"If Miss L—— had had the courtesy to write and tell me she thought Priscilla was not so bad, or that she was repentant, and likely to improve,—(though the last thing she did before I left was to try and cheat me about the arrears of her salary, as Miss L—— very well knew,)—still there would have been some common consideration shown to my feelings. But only think what a triumph Priscilla has over us all!—and now any girl who behaves ill will only have to go off for protection to the enemy's camp."

"Don't call it by that name, dear Amy. You are really fighting for the same cause."

"Why, then, do they treat me as an enemy?"

"I think," said Margaret, as she saw me hesitate, "that this just shows me how much more alike things are at home and abroad than I had any idea they could be. I had just been complimenting Amy, when you came in, of the very same kind of thing going on here,—I mean, I see that the little mutual jealousies and heart-burnings, which seem to be always hindering the Lord's work here, are doing the same in India, and I suppose everywhere. But what can be the reason of it, cousin Mabel? If these people were all hypocrites, none of them real Christians, I could understand it; but I cannot think that, though I have often been tempted."

"I am sure that Miss L—— must be!" interrupted Julia.

"I do not feel so sure of that," I interposed.

"Nor do I," said Amy. "She certainly seemed a very earnest Christian, and has been doing a very good work; but this has been such a shock to me, I don't know what to think."

"I believe nothing ever shocks you, cousin Mabel," cried Julia.

"If so, dear Julia, it is because I have been shocked so many times by things of this kind, that I can no longer be astonished, though pained I must always be, to see, as I do, every part of that field,—with we should naturally be inclined to look on as 'the garden of the Lord,—the field of charitable and Christian efforts and missionary labours—perpetually marred by just such jealousy and strifes as you describe."

"Yes," said Margaret, "it makes one long to have lived in the early days of the Christian church, before those strifes began."

"How early would you fix those halcyon days, my dear friend?"

"In the times when 'the multitude of them that believed was of one heart and one soul,'" said Margaret.

"And how long did that time last? Two chapters later we read of a 'murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected.' We do not get minute details generally in the Acts; but if we could take a look back at Jerusalem in those times, I dare say we should find in the disputes between the partisans of some Hebrew-speaking Rachel and a Greek-speaking Eunice or Phoebe, a pretty accurate reproduction of the quarrels of Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Wilson. And then, in the 1st Corinthians, how much we hear about the divisions between those who called themselves followers of Paul, and Apollon, and Cephas. I think we have proof enough that the tendency is in human nature, and that to the best times we cannot expect to be free from it."

"But what then?" asked Margaret. "Should we acquiesce contentedly in such a state of things?"

"Surely not; but it is well to acknowledge the fact to oneself that there is a great tendency to party spirit and self-seeking in our nature, and then see if we cannot find in our own hearts something of the germ of such a tendency. If we trace the stream to the fountain-head, we can better find a remedy."

"And so," said Margaret, "if we ourselves

may not have some of the very faults we dislike in Mrs. Jenkins or Miss L——?"

"Exactly."

"I am afraid you will say I am very wanting in humility," said Julia, "if I own I cannot conceive acting in such a way. But when I used to be indignant, when I was a little girl, at other people's wrong-doing, and my governess always admonished me that if I had been in their place I should have done the same, I never could help rebelling against such a notion. I knew I had faults of my own; but there were things I heard of which I felt myself incapable of doing. And I must own I feel much the same now; though I fear you will think me rather like the Pharisee boasting he was not like other men. I can pity a poor creature driven to steal by hunger, and feel I might be tempted to do the same if I were starving; but I cannot conceive myself, or any honest-minded person, like you or Margaret, for instance, deliberately and wilfully doing a mean or spiteful action."

"I think the only way we can judge fairly is to look at the small indications of tendencies in our own hearts, which may, if indulged in, and not guarded against, lead at last to the very things we most abhor. Now no one of us would sit down deliberately and say, 'Now I am going to give loose to my envy and jealousy. I will try to injure such or such persons or societies, because they are my rivals; but do none of us unconsciously cherish such a strong and exclusive attachment to our own special work, our own school, or association, or congregation, etc., that we are tempted to rejoice more in its success than in the progress of Christ's kingdom through the world?' Do we never cherish a secret feeling of mortification, hardly acknowledged to ourselves, if another agency succeeds in affecting something which our own has failed in doing? If some person is brought into collision with us as hostile to our special work, are we not tempted to harbour a dislike of that person,—to feel a kind of triumph if he be caught tripping,—a mortification if he is able to do what some of our friends fail in doing? Are we not sometimes tempted to believe on slight grounds, and repeat to others, and make the most of, a report unfavourable to a person who has opposed us?—or to blame in him the very thing which we should have defended, or at least palliated, in one of our own friends? Believe me, dear friends, when I say 'we,' I really mean it. I know that I have detected such feelings in myself often and often, and I dare not venture to say I have always successfully combated them."

"I am afraid I can say the same," said Margaret. "I have, I am sure, felt, and I fear often yielded to such feelings. I know the other day, when the inspector came round to examine the schools, and some of the children in my own school answered so badly, that I was afraid the report could not be a favourable one, I caught myself feeling a kind of relief when I found Miss Dorrington's school had not fared better. I tried to make myself think it was only because the inspector would perhaps be more merciful to all if he found we were pretty much on a par; but I am afraid I must plead guilty to a little feeling against Miss Dorrington, because she had always opposed my establishing that little school of mine, and persists in looking on it as a rival to her own, which I am sure it is not; for in that large populous district, full of neglected children, there would certainly be room for several more schools."

"Come, come, Margaret," said Julia, "I won't have you condemn yourself for not liking Miss Dorrington. If that is a crime, I am sure we may all come under the ban together. I frankly own I can't bear her; and I suppose Christian charity would not command you to like such a woman, or to give up your school to please her."

"No, Julia dear; but certainly it would be wrong to feel a triumph in the poor woman's discomfiture, because she is rather narrow-minded and harsh in her judgments."

Miss Sandford smiled. "India over again," she said. "And so, Margaret, you have a Miss L—— for your share."

"Not quite so bad," said Margaret, smiling at her turn. "I won't be unjust. Miss Dorrington is very provoking sometimes, and very fond of picking holes in my poor little school; but I don't think she would quite emulate your friend."

"Let us look to ourselves again, dear friends," I resumed. "Now suppose, Margaret, that a rejected teacher of Miss Dorrington's came to you complaining of having been very unkindly used by her, and bringing a long story of wrongs and grievances, very plausibly stated. Suppose at the same time you were in great want of a teacher, and this person were very well qualified, and just suited to your requirements,—I do not say that in such a case you would be bound to refuse to receive your candidate; but might you not be tempted to take her without having made careful inquiries as to the truth of her statements? Might you not be inclined readily to believe charges against a person you disliked, and disposed to shrink from applying to herself for information, and bringing down on yourself perhaps a whole torrent of recriminating charges, which you might not be well inclined even to listen to, your own mind being biassed on the other side? Cannot you fancy yourself sorely tempted to persuade yourself that the teacher, even if she had been a little wrong, was still more sinned against than sinning, and that it would be a kindness to take her without entering further into the question, and this without any direct intention of spiting Miss Dorrington?"

"Oh, cousin Mabel, I am afraid you are right. I dare say I should feel tempted in such a case to act as you describe."

Amy Sandford looked rather hurt. "I think, dear Miss Selwyn, begging your pardon," said she, "that your's is not quite a case in point;

you are supposing Margaret to know nothing of the case but what the teacher has told her: now Miss L—— knew everything about Priscilla from me. And besides, Miss Dorrington has made herself really disagreeable to Margaret by her constant opposition; and I must say, though it is in my own defence, that Miss L—— never had any but friendly treatment from me, and had no cause to dislike me. No, I know how it is; she and her employers wish no one to work in India, but themselves; they would rather, I believe, see all the poor heathen left to perish in their darkness, than have any one who is not of their own set to preach or teach the gospel. They behave just in the same way to Mr. N——."

"The old story again," I said, opening a little drawer in my writing table and taking out a packet of letters. "If you have a fancy for seeing reproductions of it, here are two letters you can read which I have lately received, from two different spheres of missionary labour, quite remote from any we have been speaking of, in which just the same kind of scenes are being enacted; only the names are altered, and you have your own story almost word for word."

CURES FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak to the ragged and wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. They will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body, or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician.—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

Scientific.

SIFTED DRY EARTH.—Dr. Hewson, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, (in Philadelphia) has found that dry earth is also a healer and disinfectant of offensive, exuding wounds and ulcers. He tried it in the case of a man suffering from a severe compound fracture of the lower leg. The wound was very offensive, and exuded a pint in twenty-four hours, but within a few days after the application of the earth dressing the offensiveness was removed, the suppuration greatly reduced, the edges of the wound lost their inflamed character, and the intense pain entirely relieved. Several other applications in cases of severe wounds and burns have produced similar results. The old fable of Anteus seems likely to receive a new interpretation from this discovery.

GREASE ON CARPETS.—Cover the grease spots with whiting, and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease; then scrape it off, and cover the spot with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the spot, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush.

KEEPING SAUSAGE MEAT.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writes: "Cook fresh sausage as for the table, without flouring it; then put it in layers in a sweet earthen or stone pot with gravy from running hot lard over each layer. It will be as good as when first made."

Artificial ebony is made in Europe by an ingenious process, from sea-weed. After treating it with diluted sulphuric acid, it is dried and ground, mixed with glue, gutta percha and india rubber, the two latter substances dissolved in naphtha, coal tar, sulphur, alum, and rosin. It is then heated to 300° Fahrenheit, and on cooling, it is said to be in every respect equal to ebony.

More than forty years have elapsed since Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was first invented, during which time hundreds of thousands have been benefited by its use. Probably no article ever became so universally popular with all classes as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Pills which contained antimony, quinine, and calomel, should be avoided, as severe griping pains would be their only result. The safest, surest, and best pill are Parsons' Purgative or Anti-Bilious Pills.