

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 1st, 1870.

MARK xii. 41-44: LUKE xxi. 1-4: JOHN xii. 20-26: The widow's mite. Certain Greeks desire to see Jesus.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 98, 99, 100.

Sunday, May 8th, 1870.

JOHN xii. 37-50: Reflections upon the unbelief of the Jews.

Recite.—S. C., 101, 102.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXIV.

J-OSEPH Genesis 47: 11, 12.
E-PHRAIM Hosea 7: 11.
S-AMSON Judges 14: 19.
U-ZEAB 1 Chron. 13: 7, 10.
S-OLOMON 1 Kings 10: 18 and 11, 10.
JESUS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXXV.

Who through the summer drought watched o'er the dead?
Beside what river was a girl laid?
Who killed a lion in the time of snow?
What wind tempestuous from the North did blow?
What was the name of Abraham's second wife?
What man, through sinful avarice, lost his life?
Unto the summit of what mountain high
Did God once send an aged priest—to die?
The initials of these words
Placed in order, side by side,
Will give to you the name
Of a fair young Jewish bride.
—W. & R.

WORD SQUARE.

Place the words here indicated, so that they may be read either from left to right, or from top to bottom:

- 1—We burn.
- 2—One time.
- 3—Ten by sixteen rods square.
- 4—An arch look.

AN EASTERN TALE.

A certain Rabbi had two sons, whom both he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the Rabbi to take a journey to a distant country; during his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came—it was night. "How are my boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them." "Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble, and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "Wife! what strange request is this? Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the Rabbi to their bed, drew wide the curtain, and said, "Husband there are the jewels?" The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

THE ONE LEAF.

There was once a caravan crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devoted missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome with the heat and labour of the journey, and sinking down was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and when the others had passed along, kneeling down by his side, whispered into his ear: "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with a great effort he answered: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the dying man he felt assured that he died in Christ. "How or when," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?" As he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper in the hand of the corpse. He succeeded in getting it out. What do you think was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur! On that page the man had found the gospel of salvation.

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"I am past usefulness," said an old lady to her minister; "the Lord spares my days, but I do no good now." "You are doing a great deal of good," said the minister; "you help me to preach every Sabbath." Of course she was very much surprised—Help her minister preach! "Why, how?" "In the first place," said he, "you are

always in your seat at church, and that helps me. In the second place, you are always wide awake, looking right up in my face, and that helps me. In the third place, I often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me very much."

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEVIL.

BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, OF DETROIT.

Those who have visited the picturesque ruin of Glastonbury Abbey, have been reminded of that curious tradition about St. Dunstan's personal interview with the great adversary, which Hume so graphically chronicles. It is now almost a thousand years since the old Abbott built his cell against the wall of Glastonbury church, and there passed in various devotional and religious employments his weird and solitary life. The legend tells us that the Devil was wont frequently to visit the hermit and tempt him with all manner of subtle and sinful suggestions; and that, one day, Dunstan, exasperated by his provoking importunity, and forgetting that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," seized his nose with a pair of red hot pincers, as he intruded his head into the cell; and held fast, till the nasal organ of his satanic Majesty made the whole region to resound with bellowsings. All this we have been wont to class among the fanciful fables of a mythical age. About the time of Dr. Pecker's death, however, there appeared an account of his 'Dialogue with the Devil,' in which there was so much vividness and graphic reality, that we almost began to think that the old hero, who had given the 'Foe of God and man' so many sharp thrusts must have had a personal visit at last. But without suggesting any philosophy of interpretation, the writer wishes to state some facts for whose authenticity he can personally vouch. Mr. P. was an eminently godly man, who for forty years moved among the business men of New York city, respected and beloved, and was personally known to many merchants of Chicago, among whom, also, he spent several years. Five years before his death, he was struck with a paralysis of the left side, which made him physically helpless, but did not materially affect his mind. During this time, and some eighteen months before he died, he had an 'experience,' so remarkable, that at my request, he committed it to paper, and believing that it may be a help in similar conflicts, I give it to the public. The document, as drawn up by the author, is entitled:

A FEW OF MY EXPERIENCES FOR THE FIRST OF THE NEW YEAR, 1862.

As I have been wont, at the recurrence of an anniversary, I have been reviewing my life, from my conversion in 1815, down to this day. While absorbed in these thoughts, I felt overshadowed, as by a Satanic presence, and as if the Devil were whispering within me, I seemed, with some mysterious inner sense, to hear him say:

"You are a deceived man; for fifty years you have played the hypocrite."
"But," said I, "I have honestly tried to serve God."

Devil.—Yes, but your motives have been selfish. You prayed, to be seen of men. You gave away money in order to be esteemed charitable. You went to church and prayer-meeting, to be at ease with your conscience. Even in trying to save others, you hoped to make your own salvation secure. Selfishness is sin.

"But," I answered, "those who have known me best, believe me to be a true child of God and tell me my evidence is clear."

Devil.—You have deceived your friends—even your wife, as well as yourself. But you cannot deceive God. Your hope is worthless.

Ans.—Then I will throw away my false hope, and get a better.

Devil.—It is too late. You dare not part even with a false hope now. If this half century has not shown you your true state, you cannot, in the few days left to you, make your calling sure.

Ans.—But I need not cast aside all this Christian experience; I am not deceived.

Devil.—Do you call this Christian experience? taking an active part in Sabbath schools, church-meetings; holding office as deacon and elder?—This is only a fair outside.

Ans.—I have not depended on a fair outside. I have had the inward joy of a child of God. I have a sweet sense of forgiven sins.

Devil.—(As if with a malicious sneer): "Mistaken souls, that dream of Heaven And make their empty boast Of inward joys, and sins forgiven. While they are slaves to lust!"

I shuddered. A dark cloud seemed to wrap me in its folds. A great sluice gate seemed bursting away, to let in upon me the angry surges of final and fatal despair. After a silence a thought struck me, and said:

"But I am not a slave to lust." God has helped me to struggle toward true freedom, and of late years I have often triumphed over carnal desires.

Devil.—Many a man is temperate and virtuous from selfish motives. He wishes to be respected and to respect himself; perhaps his aim is to keep his power of enjoyment from early decline. Besides, you are now too old to enjoy, and you mistake the decay of your carnal nature for triumph over it.

Again I sank back into distress: The awful gate seemed opened before me, over which Dante read: "Abandon hope, all you who enter here." I resolved to spend the day in fasting and prayer, and to continue seeking God till I found new peace. I at once solemnly reconsecrated myself to Jesus. Then the same persecuting sneer made me tremble, and the voice said:

"You have lived for yourself nearly seventy years, and now, palsied, and no more capable of

getting comfort out of the world, you are going to consecrate your useless self to the service of God. You eat the fruit; and fling God the pit; you drink the wine, and offer him the dregs! He will not take such a gift."

"But," said I, "the thief on the cross—"
"Had not" (interrupted the Devil,) "mocked God by half a century of hypocrisy?"

For three days I was 'in the depths.' Darkness was around me. I could neither eat nor sleep, and for not an hour did that devilish presence seem to leave me. I could only cry, with all my soul, "Lord help me!"

The Sabbath came, and while the family were at church, I took up the Bible and opened it, without design, at the fourth chapter of Matthew. How strange, thought I, that I should happen upon the 'temptation' scene! I read slowly and very thoughtfully; and I observed that Jesus met every new advance of the tempter with a weapon drawn from the word of God. I remembered, also how when Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly every petition was a text from the Psalms. A new light flashed upon me; in this Bible is my arsenal armory, with my offensive and defensive weapons. I will vanquish the tempter with the 'sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.' I read on, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled;' and I said what is this agonizing desire of spirit but a hunger and thirst after righteousness! 'Ask and it shall be given you!' Can anything be more unequivocal than that? I read on, and through the eighth chapter of St. Matthew; of the grace that cleansed the leper, simply for the asking; that 'came and healed' one who was 'sick of the palsy, grievously tormented,' and restored the Centurion's servant by a word. I read through the next chapter, and of another who was 'sick of the palsy,' to whom Jesus said, 'Son be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee!' It seemed as if with every new verse the light that shone in upon me waxed brighter. The woman with the issue of blood seemed to say, 'You are trying to heal yourself! Touch the hem of His garment?' The blind men cried, 'Ask Him: Lord that my eyes might be opened!' The dumb man who was possessed seemed to admonish me, 'Do not try to cast out the Devil yourself, but come to Jesus!' I read of Peter (chap. xiv.) walking on the water to go to Christ. I observed how he seems to have had no trouble while he kept his eyes on the Saviour; but when he looked around on the tossing waves and saw the wind boisterous, he began to sink. He has lost sight of the Master!

I saw then that what I needed was looking unto Jesus, instead of looking so much at myself. I remembered how Miss Fletcher, in her dream of the well, found that when she looked down, she went down, and only when she looked upward rose out of the dark depths. I had been searching till I found just what I wanted. And I was amazed that it had taken me so long to learn that every form of temptation, every suggestion of the tempter I answered from the word of God, searching till I found just what I wanted. And I was amazed that it had taken me so long to learn that every form of temptation, every suggestion of unbelief, is perfectly met and answered in the word! I had been looking at my torn and filthy garments, instead of letting Jesus simply wrap His robe about me! I felt that the very anxiety I suffered was proof of the presence of the Spirit in my heart; and that a childlike looking unto Jesus is the secret of a true assurance. If we are doubting or discouraged it is because we are looking too much at ourselves. This is 'the perfect love' which 'casts out' tormenting fear. And I yearn to leave behind me as my dying testimony these two words of admonition:

First, The secret of victory over Satan is the use of Bible weapons.
Second, The only assurance of the soul is an eye fixed on Jesus.—Chicago Advance.

A WORD IN SEASON.

It is not always easy to improve opportunities which Providence throws in our way to say a word for the honor of our Master. We think, perhaps, that we may be regarded intrusive, and rebuked for our impertinence in speaking our kindly-meant word of caution or warning. Breathing a prayer to God that he will give us wisdom, let us not be backward in doing our duty; and if it be done in the spirit of Christ, we may be sure of a reward.

Not long since I was riding in the cars, and was involuntarily obliged to listen to the conversation of two gentlemen who sat directly behind me. They were ridiculing the doctrines of evangelical religion, and rejoicing that they had freed themselves from the trammels of the orthodox faith.

One of them said that for several years he had been accustomed to attend a Methodist place of worship, until he had come to be weary of the appeals made to his fears, and left, and went where he could hear more of the true love of God to all his creatures. The experience of the other had been quite similar, and they mutually congratulated each other on the more agreeable position in which they now found themselves. They amused themselves by quoting an expression which I had heard before—"Unitarians believe that God is too good to punish us. Unitarians believe that we are too good for God to punish."

The cars having reached a station, one of the gentlemen left, while the other continued in his seat directly behind where I was sitting. I could not help saying to him, "Friend, I have been listening to your conversation on subjects which of all others are the most important. You will not be offended, I trust, if I refer you to some words of our Lord's which are deserving our consideration: "And I say unto you, my friends,

will be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear Him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him." My neighbor evidently felt the force of these solemn words of Him who spake as never man spake; and I trust an impression was left on his mind which he will not soon shake off. Probably I shall never meet him again. I am glad I spoke to him this word of gospel truth.—American Messenger.

STUPID MEN AND INTELLIGENT WOMEN.—A friend of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, in attempting to remove a violent prejudice which a nice young gentleman indulged against that gifted woman, asked: "Now, why don't you like her? Is it because she is no longer young or pretty?" "Oh no," was the frank reply; "I like many older, and some uglier women than she. I really don't know why I don't like her, unless it is that she always makes me feel like a confounded fool." This answer may give a clue to the dislike which some men have for some other women.

AN OLD NEGRO, preaching in a Maine town, recently, condemned the general tendency of men to wish they had others' opportunities to do good, and asked: "What would the hummin' bird do wid de eagle's wings? And what could de eagle do wid de hummin' bird's wings? Brethren, use de wings of faith God has giben you, and God will take care for both de eagle's and de hummin' bird's flight."

The *Missionary Link* says: "One of our native teachers was a widow, and a young bachelor wanted to marry her. But, as an unmarried man cannot marry a widow; he was, with all due ceremony, married to a flower. When that withered and died, he said it was quite proper that he should marry the widow, which he did. She has the faded flower, and say it is to be burned and buried with her when she dies."

In the Insane Asylum at Wayne, Mich., the body of a colored woman was recently laid out for burial in a room used as a dormitory by several of her inmates. During the night, the latter were driven from the room in great alarm, by some demonstrations very unusual for a dead person. The next morning the corpse was found calmly sitting by the fire warming herself. She is now enjoying "her usual health."

Somebody sent seventy-five cents to a New York firm recently, in answer to an advertisement of a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in a large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

Scientific.

SURGERY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The extreme clumsiness and cruelty with which operations were performed, even subsequently to the fifteenth century, would scarcely be credited, had we not authentic descriptions of them by the operators. Thus Fabricius of Aquapendente (1537-1619), the eminent professor at Padua, and preceptor of the immortal Harvey, describes what he considered an improved and easy operation in the following terms: "If it be a moveable tumor, I cut it away with a red hot knife, that sears as it cuts; but, if it be adhered to the chest, I cut it without bleeding or pain (!) with a wooden or horn knife; soaked in *equa-fortis*, with which, having cut the skin I dig out the rest with my fingers (!). When the surgeons of Edinburgh were incorporated, it was required as a prerequisite that they should be able to read and write, "to know the anatomic, nature, and complexion of every member of humanis body, and likewise to know all vnynces of the same, that he may make lew-botheimic in due time."—Appleton's Journal.

The following anecdote is related of the French sculptor, Carries Bellhouse. He was showing his atelier to a workman, who innocently asked, "Is the art of sculpture a difficult one?" "That depends," "Take, for example, a bust like this," said the visitor. "It is as simple as possible." "Is it really? I wish you would show me." "With pleasure. You first take a block of marble, then a chisel, at once proceed to chip the block away till there is nothing left but the bust!"

Woodbury, N. J., is excited by the recent discovery of a large bed of human bones on a farm about one mile southeast of the town. The bed is several feet in thickness and two or three rods in extent, and the bones are lying within three feet of the surface. What does it all mean? The professors of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences have been asked to explain.

A collection of twenty-five pins, very well made, has just been placed in the Louvre. They were found in the subterranean vaults of Thebes, and were made more than three thousand years ago, showing that the modern invention is only a re-invention.

A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT.—Machinery has been brought to such perfect ion, that an iron foundry in Pennsylvania has rolled out a finely polished sheet of iron three feet long and twelve inches wide, thinner than ordinary writing paper, and weighing but three and a half ounces.