

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1871. The Two Builders,—Matt. vii. 24-27. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 191, 192.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LXIII.

The initials of the words described last week, form a remark of our Lord's which will apply to others beside Martha, to whom it was made.

- O-phrah . . . Judges vi. 11. N-ehemiah . . . Neh. i. 11. E-li . . . 1 Sam. iv. 15, 19, 21. T-ertullus . . . Acts xxiv. 1. H-ushai . . . 2 Sam. xvii. 14. I-saiiah . . . Isa. xxxviii. 21. N-azarath . . . John i. 46. G-ara . . . Judges xvi. 21. I-shmael . . . Gen. xxi. 20, 21. S-haphat . . . 1 Kings xix. 19. N-adab . . . 1 Kings xiv. 20. E-phod . . . 1 Sam. xxiii. 6. E-neas . . . Acts ix. 32-34. D-eborah . . . Gen. xxxvi. 8. F-orty . . . Gen. xxv. 20. U-z . . . Job i. 1. L-ystra . . . Acts xiv. 8, 19.

"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL."—Luke x. 42.

BIBLE SCENES.

No. XVIII.

Look at this city, built on a small island, now joined to the mainland by a firm causeway across the channel, on the north and the south of which lie good harbours. Beyond the narrow plain which edges the shore, rises a chain of mountains: all the landscape is bright with spring verdure.

A number of people, with their wives and children, are streaming forth from the city gate, attending three or four men with sorrowful affection. One, the most honoured of these, is going to meet great danger, and they have vainly sought to dissuade him from his journey.

Upon the shore of that blue tideless sea they all kneel down and spend in fervent prayer the last precious moments before they bid adieu and separate—the travellers to their vessel, and the believing band to their homes—with grateful remembrances of the past week's privileges so solemnly closed.

What city is it? and who are the men so courageous to meet danger?

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMONS.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept, And in the woodfire's glow The children cluster to hear a tale Of that time so long ago.

When grandmamma's hair was golden-brown, And the warm blood came and went O'er the face that was scarcely sweeter then Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and care worn now, And the golden hair is gray; But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes Has never gone away;

And her needles catch the fires bright light As in and out they go, With the clicking music that grandma loves, Shaping the stocking-toe.

And the waiting children love it too, For they know the stocking-song Brings many a tale to grandma's mind Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time To grandma's heart to-night; Only a sermon, quaint and short, Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says, "And yours is just begun; But I am knitting the toe of mine, And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit, "And the ribbing is almost play; Some are gay coloured, and some are white, And some are ashen gray;

"But most are made of many a hue, With many a stitch set wrong, And many a row to be sadly ripped Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces without a break That in youth are hard to bear, And many a weary tear is dropped As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that Which we court and yet would shun, When our heavenly Father breaks the thread And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good night! With tears in their bright young eyes, While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread, The finished stocking lies.

THE BABY'S RESCUE.

Far up among the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, in a tiny, shining lake, the Saco finds its source. Up there the river is hardly more than a brooklet, trickling down in rocky bed, but it grows larger and stronger as it winds along between the mountains, and after a while becomes a dashing stream, tumbling over the little stones in its way, and eddying around the large ones in frothy circles. The valley where it rises is so narrow that there is only room for a road and the little river between the mountains. And it is three miles from the spot where the Saco starts on its journey to the sea, before it passes a single house.

Often in Winter time, this valley is filled with snow which drifts so deep that it is sometimes six weeks or two months before the few inhabitants can communicate with each other. You would imagine that in a gorge between mountains where there was almost no land to till, and where the road was nearly impassable half the year, that few people would be living; and it is so. Here and there where the mountains seem to stand, somewhat further apart, and where it is possible to squeeze out an acre or two of arable land, there is a small farm-house and barn. But the houses are scattered and few, till the river has wound along twelve or fifteen miles.

On the left bank of the Saco, close to the river's edge, is a little white house, surrounded by a few acres of farming land. It is the home of Reuben Truesdale, his wife, and four children. They are quite poor, and work hard, as most New England farmers have to do. There are not more than half a dozen acres to cultivate; but Reuben does a little shoemaking, harness-mending, and odd jobs of carpentering for his neighbors—everybody is a neighbor there who lives within a dozen miles—to eke out a living for his family. His oldest boy, named after him, is about fourteen, and is a bright, energetic lad with little education, but a great deal of boyish good sense. The next one, Bennie, is ten; the third Tim is nearly six. But the darling of the household is the baby girl, Lucy. Lucy is the prettiest little thing you ever saw, with bright hair curling in dainty rings all over her head, and laughing eyes that dance under their long, even lashes.

It is about her I was to tell you, and the startling adventure she had when she was only a year old. She is the pet, and plaything, and comforter of the whole family. When her mother is worn out with the house-work, and the farm-work, which is her share, when the boys have torn their clothes worse than usual, or been guilty of some uncommon degree of mischief—for Reubie, and Bennie, and Tim are very human boys, and constantly get into mischief—then baby Lucy is her solace and recreation. Her mother, sitting down in the old-fashioned wooden-rocking chair, takes Lucy in her arms, and soon forgets that she is not a city lady with plenty of servants at her beck. When her father comes in late from work, tired and drooping, the glad little cry of "Papa, papa!" brings back the smile to his lips, the hope to his heart. If the boys get angry with each other and begin to quarrel—as boys will, you know—a tearful "Bubber!" from frightened Lucy dispels the storm, and Reubie or Bennie catches her up in his arms with a tender, brotherly kiss, which seem to say, "For your sake, little darling, I'll forgive him."

One day last September, as Reubie came out of the barn, he noticed a large dark, threatening cloud hanging over the mountains, and even shrouding their summits in its soft blackness. He said to his mother, as he entered the house, "I guess we are going to get a pretty hard storm, mother, to-night or to-morrow. I'd better go down cellar and see that the windows are fast."

"Yes," answered his mother the wind is beginning to blow a perfect gale. I shouldn't wonder if it were the equinoctial. Any how, it is going to be a severe storm, and I'll run up stairs and look to the windows; and I wish you'd go up

garret and see if the roof is tight. If it isn't you'll have to stuff something into the holes, for I don't expect father home to-night."

Mr. Truesdale often stayed over night when he went to help a neighbor very far away. This time he had gone to a "barn-raising," and intended to return next day.

The wind rose higher and higher, until it blew a furious gale, and the rain began to fall in torrents. Those who live in cities can scarcely conceive what a storm is among the mountains. The wind tears up and down those valleys uprooting streets, knocking down chimneys, blowing off roofs, and carrying destruction on all sides. That night it was terrible. Mrs. Truesdale, though she had lived there many years, had never known anything like it. The wind howled and shrieked around the house, rocking it almost off its foundations. The rain on the roof and against the windows sounded like millions of little trip hammers. Through the darkness she could see the river foaming madly over its rocky bed, and she felt very thankful that her flock were all safe from its angry reach. Before she lay down she murmured a prayer for all the houseless and homeless ones who should be out on that dreadful night. They taking one last look out at the storm, she folded little Lucy in her arms, and went to bed.

The next morning the rain was found to have swelled the river until it had overflowed its banks, and was rising rapidly toward the house. Mrs. Truesdale, seeing that the water would soon be at the door, called the boys to help her, and began removing the furniture of the lower rooms upstairs. Every one was so busy as not to think much about baby Lucy, who was crowing in her wooden cradle near the fire. All at once came a tremendous blast, and running down stairs, what terrible sight do you think Mrs. Truesdale beheld?

The cradle, with baby Lucy in it, floating out of the door, which had blown open, and through which the water was pouring!

The poor mother screamed with horror as she saw her darling snatched away by the water, and springing toward the door, tried in vain to reach the cradle. Little Lucy sat up smiling as if she enjoyed the fun of such an unprecedented adventure. But the frantic mother was not the only one who had seen the tiny craft swept out upon the boiling river. Reubie had followed his mother down stairs, and taking up the danger at a glance, dashed past her, but he could not reach the cradle. It had fairly started on the current of the river. "O," cried Reubie, "what can I do?" as he paused panic-stricken for an instant. Then whirling round, he tore open the barn door, dragged the horse from the stall, mounted him, and set off down the river bank. The rain by this time had ceased; but the wind still blew in gusts, and shook the cradle fiercely, as it swept beyond Reubie on, on, down the foaming river. The lad dashed on across fences, through water, through mud, through and over anything and everything which kept him from the baby.

"If I can only get ahead of the cradle," said Reubie to himself, "I'm all right." But the little craft kept either ahead of or so close to him, that he dared not stop lest it should be swept beyond his reach forever.

"O," cried Reubie, as his task seemed almost hopeless, "if some branch or bough would only stop it one minute, I could save our darling baby." On, on, on the cradle was carried always beyond Reubie's reach. The boy strove to whistle to Lucy to keep the child from being frightened at her novel situation, though she was too young to realize any of the danger. And Reubie almost screamed to see the innocent little thing trying to put her tiny hands over the sides of the cradle into the water.

At last, after this awful chase had lasted nearly half a day at least—he saw a tree lying prostrate almost in the middle of the river. Praying silently but fervently that God would spare the life of their darling little sister, he urged on old Gray to his utmost speed, managed to pass the cradle-boat, sprang off the horse, seized the branch of a tree that had been broken by the wind, and began to wade toward the old tree where the cradle had finally lodged between the boughs. The river usually isn't more than a foot or two deep at that place; but that day it was so high that Reubie could scarcely force himself along. Once the cradle was dislodged, and the boy thought it was out of his

reach forever. But it caught again and after a final effort Reubie snatched his sister to his breast. The poor, little, wet thing had ceased to smile long before; but when Reubie folded his arms around her, she gave one delighted chirrup, and cuddled up to him as closely as her little remaining strength would allow. Reubie fought his way back to where old Gray was panting on the bank, mounted again and rode home with baby in his arms.

You should have seen Bennie and Tim caper, and the tearful thanksgiving of their mother, as Lucy was handed in from the top of the woodshed through the second-story window.

By the time baby and Reubie had been warmed and covered with dry clothing, and old Gray had been cared for, Mr. Truesdale reached home, the storm having prevented his coming earlier in the day. You can imagine how terrible it was to him to hear of his darling's peril, and after he had breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who notes the sparrow's fall, he said to Reubie, laying his hand affectionately on his son's head: "My boy, whatever you are as a man, however great and good you become, I shall never be so proud of you as I am at this moment. God bless you, my son, God bless you always!"—Lilian G. Browne, in Work and Play.

TWO HONEST MEN.

David Davis, one of the early citizens of Lewiston, Maine, now gone to his reward, was a most excellent Quaker,—a man of unspotted integrity. Some time before his death he went to his son in law, A. Wakefield, Esq., and said to him: "I hear there is a pasture for sale (naming it) for \$100, and I believe I'll buy it."

He bought it, but told the owner it was worth \$125, and paid the owner that sum for it. Shortly after, the person of whom Mr. D. bought the pasture wanted a loan of \$40, and Mr. Davis granted him the loan, taking his note for that sum. Before long Mr. Davis was taken ill, and feeling that it was his last illness, he called Mr. Wakefield to his bed-side, and said to him:

"I have a note of \$40 against Mr. A., and I want thee, after I am gone, to destroy it."

Mr. W. wondering and asking an explanation, he said:

"Thou knows I bought that pasture of Mr. A., and I didn't pay him as much as it was worth, and I don't feel that he ought to pay me that note."

"But," said Mr. W., "you paid him all and more than he asked for the land."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "that is true, but it makes no difference,—it's worth \$40 more than I paid him, and I want that note destroyed."

Shortly after Mr. Davis passed away, and Mr. Wakefield, in the performance of his duty as administrator, looking up the deceased's effects, came upon this note. It was a good note for \$40; but in accordance with the old Quaker's dying request, he threw it into the fire.

Not long afterwards Mr. A., of whom the pasture was bought, called on Mr. Wakefield.

"You've got something against me, haven't you?"

"What is it for?" said Mr. W.

"I gave a note to Mr. Davis for \$40, money borrowed of him, and I want to pay it."

"I've no such note," said Mr. W.

"But this estate certainly holds such a note against me."

"I can't help it,—we've none now."

Very soon Mr. Wakefield explained the mystery, and tears rolled down the astonished man's face as he learned that the note had been burned,—a witness to the wonderful conscientiousness and integrity of the sure-footed Quaker, one of the worthy first settlers of Lewiston. Such men will do for any age,—the more the better.

THE BEST STIMULANT.

There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and are very willing to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses

dance to it through all the myriad-thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with "moonlight, music, love and flowers?"

Love itself is the great stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants—the stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping. But the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry—more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

THE PASSWORD.

During the recent war, a noble band of Christians called the Christian Commission, at the head of which was Mr. Stuart, accompanied the army wherever it went, and amidst the sick, wounded and dying, did a great work for Jesus. Late one night, Mr. Stuart had to pass the lines of the armies; and before starting he asked the colonel of the regiment for the password. "Chicago" was given him; and away he rode, feeling all safe. At the lines, a sentry challenged him with the usual, "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. The sentry presented his rifle, and demanded the password. "Chicago," was the confident reply. Without moving, the sentry said, "Mr. Stuart, it is my duty to shoot you; for you have given the wrong password. Ride back to headquarters and get the right one; for it would be death for me to give you it."

Mr. Stuart turned his horse's head, galloped back to the colonel's tent, and rushing in said,—

"Colonel, you gave me the password 'Chicago'; and it is wrong."

"How could I be such a fool?" said the colonel. "That is the one for yesterday; to-day is 'Massachusetts' I am deeply sorry for the mistake, Mr. Stuart."

Again he approached the lines and, against the challenge met him, "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. "Have you the password?" "Massachusetts," was the reply. At once the rifle was lowered, and the word given "Pass." As Mr. Stuart rode up to the sentry, he said,—

"Well you have asked me for the password twice. Once I gave it wrong; it might have been fatal to me. Let me ask you, my lad, do you know the password for Heaven, which will only be asked for once?"

The sentry replied "I thank God I do, sir, I learned it from your lips in a New York Sabbath School: 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'; that is the password, sir."

O children! see to it that you have the right password at Heaven's gate. The blood, and only the blood of Jesus, is sufficient then. Jesus only in life, and after this life. Luther, whenever he wrote a letter, headed the sheet "Jesus," as if to intimate that all must be done with reference to Him. Let this be your motto, as it was of many a Scottish martyr, who, for his faith, suffered death by burning. "Jesus only."—Band of Hope Review.

AN ANECDOTE.—A colored mail carrier in Virginia, having been well shaken by a man for kicking his dog, turned upon him, and gravely expostulated: "Look a here, massa, you'd better be keeful how you shakes dis chile; eos when you shakes me, you shakes de whole United States; I carries de mail!"

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

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