

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 26th, 1867.

Acts xxii. 1-16: Paul relates his conversion.
2 Kings xxiv. 1-20: Jerusalem taken.

Sunday, September 8th, 1867.

CONCERT: Or Review of the past month's subject and lessons

The Devil defeated.

Where? In Providence, Rhode Island. How? I will tell you. Years ago, there lived a man known as William T. Osman. This man was a Christian of the Methodist persuasion, earnest, active, aggressive. But misfortune overwhelmed him. He lost his property, he lost his health, and the sight of both his eyes. Then debts accumulated, and garments were worn out. Then hunger gnawed, and creditors were clamorous, and friends failed, and work could not be found. Then he grew desperate, prayer was restrained, and God and man were cursed.

Then, in that hour and power of darkness, the tempter came with much subtilty to beguile. "Go into the liquor business," said he, "and I will give thee what foxes have, and the Son of Man had not."

"Yes, Lord," said Mr. Osman, and with the word went to work. A locality was selected, a saloon built, a bar erected, and through the press the great attractions of "The Metropolitan Music Hall, No. 11 Worcester-street," were proclaimed in city and town, and throngs assembled nightly. They came from the city and from the country around to drink, to dance, to sing, to gamble, to swear and carouse.

"Then," as Luther would say "the devil shouted, and all the night-stars of hell sang for joy." One thousand, five hundred customers of a night. What a business!

But God was not asleep, neither was he talking, or on a journey; he was only moving in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform, and when the time had come, he spoke to Mr. Osman by telegraph, saying, "Your sister is dying; haste, if you would see her alive." And the man hastened from his bar to the town and to the house in which the sister lived. But he was too late to find her alive, not too late to receive a message which God bade that dying, godly sister to leave for her wicked brother.

But this did not suffice, and soon, by a much-loved son, God spoke to this man's heart a second time, "My country calls. She wants me in her navy. Say that I may go, father." "I cannot, my son, I want you here." "I know you want me here, and that is precisely why I would go. Father, must I be brought up in a tar-room?"

"Go," said the father, and the son went, but that was not the last of it. All these customers were "somebody's sons," and God made this man's heart feel how he was damning them and himself day by day.

Then again, by the young men of the Christian Association, God spoke to this man a third time, and he was thoroughly maddened. "Better shut up your saloon," said they.

"I shall open to-morrow morning, and go on driving spikes into the coffins of my customers," said he, and was as good as his word.

Then to him came his cruel master and stirred his mind to invention. In the papers new advertisements appeared, from New York new attractions were imported, and every excitement and every excuse was dragged forth to muffle conscience, till one Saturday night, Mr. Osman announced that upon next Thursday evening all the past should be eclipsed by a grand ball, and went to bed resolved when Thursday evening should come to drink himself to drunkenness, and to keep himself in that state till God's Spirit in him should cease his strivings.

But God's Spirit did not wait for Thursday night. Instantly he commenced the battle, engaging the man with such energy of conviction and sore condemnation, that the darkness was death, and the night hell to him. Sleep he could not. There was but one thing he could do, and that he would not, and so the man with his Maker wrestled till midnight had passed by, and four of the morning hours had come and gone, and then he said, "This strife is too hard for me; Lord, I yield. Henceforth my saloon shall be conducted according to thy will, and I will serve thee."

This day Mr. Osman was in my congregation. My subject for the day was the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" of believers. I saw that he knew it all and was amazed.

Afterward, at a meeting of the young men, he told how God had wrought in him to will, and the effect was as of a rushing, mighty wind. I never saw or felt hearts so shaken. As if God were passing by, all heads were bowed. As if the day of Pentecost had returned, all eyes were eloquent with grateful, gushing joy. For an instant, silence reigned, for all tongues were dumb. Then some one broke out, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and O how we sung!

From the meeting Mr. Osman went to his saloon, mounted the platform, and having obtained audience, confessed every thing. Then gathering his astonished customers around him, he bowed himself in their midst, and poured out his soul in such a prayer of confession, contrition, and consecration, as only such a man, after such an experience, could conceive.

As if winged angels were the swift messengers, intelligence of what had occurred flew

through the city. All Providence knew it next morning, and many and conflicting were men's opinions. "It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous to us," said souls who were watching. "It is another of his tricks to get customers," said those who had been slumbering and sleeping.

Meantime Thursday night drew on and there was a "grand ball" in "The Metropolitan," but it was Dr. Leavitt that opened it. And there was spirit in Mr. Osman, but it was the Holy Spirit. And the past was indeed eclipsed, for the ball was a prayer and conference meeting, and the hall and all hearts were full.

Since then, Mr. Osman has been such a power for God as I think the lower strata of society in Providence has never felt. His saloon has become a chapel, where throngs assemble to hear the story of his redemption, which he tells with as simplicity and power that none can gainsay, and few resist. Already many of his old customers have become his companions in the new life, and others are so awakened that Mr. Osman is sometimes called up at night to pray with men who are struggling as he was on that Sunday night. His wife has also been converted, and being thus agreed, the two are walking to heaven together.

A blind girl at her father's Funeral.

A Missionary in Walworth county, Wisconsin, gives a very touching account of a scene he witnessed in the course of his official duties. He was called to attend the funeral a member of his church, whose wife had already been called to the heavenly rest:—

"Among a numerous family of children, they had one daughter who was blind, and who had for a time past been attending the blind asylum at Janesville. She was greatly attached to her father, and he to her. He died quite suddenly, while she was away. She was sent for, but did not arrive until the people were all assembled at his funeral. The scene was most affecting. The services were about to commence: she was led into the family group and seated near the coffin; and now, in order to satisfy herself of the fearful reality of what she had heard but could not see, we presently saw her reaching out her tiny arm, as if to find some token that she was now verily a blind orphan! And when her sensitive fingers touched the coffin she bowed her head in silent grief. It was with difficulty for the moment that I could proceed in my discourse. But the most affecting part was yet to come! The services being ended, the lid was opened, and when friends and neighbours had taken their last look of this good man, then the family group gathered around his remains, and she among the number. They looked and wept. Presently I saw her feeling her way along up to the head of the coffin, until her hand rested on the open lid. She stood a moment, as if to gather strength, and then with her other hand she withdrew her glove, and her little fingers were placed upon the cold forehead. They went from that to his ear, his cheek, his eyes, his mouth, his nose, his neck and his hair, as she had been wont to do in other days, until she had formed on her own mind an image of the physiognomy of him whom unseen she had loved! But the voice was not there; and she stood and sighed as if all the world was lost to her. It was too much. I had to turn away and weep!"

Music in Heaven.

"The voice of harpers harping with their harps is a descriptive expression, that strikes with singular delight the imagination of every expectant of heaven. In a new book called 'Eternal Homes,' occur some sentences that appeal to the human sense of melody as destined to be one great source of joy in the celestial dwelling place. The following is a brief extract:—

Our knowledge of the kind of delight afforded by the experience of earthly music may enable us to form a conception of the higher degree. The conception may be inadequate, and yet, so far as it can reach, it may be an approximation to the reality. And so, in like manner, with the beautiful in scenery. It would be folly to attempt to describe the details of heavenly scenery, but the general idea stands sufficiently out to justify belief. The most glorious bursts of harmony that ever thrilled and quivered through the brain of Handel, the pealing triumphs of the "Hallelujah Chorus," the glowing snatches of Mozart, the gorgeous sonatas of Beethoven, the almost speaking melodies of Mendelssohn, and all the exquisite conceptions of the most gifted masters, may be only faint far off echoes of the grander performances above, yet as echoes they bring down something of heavenly music to the conceptions of men on earth, and make us yearn and bend before the thought, "If these be echoes, what must the realities be?"

A Novel way of collecting Pew Rents.

A Montreal letter writer gives the following description of the novel manner in which the Congregational church in that city levies and collects its pew rents:—

For instance, if two men should indicate a desire to make that church their place of worship, they would have choice of all the vacant pews. Then each man would be asked to name the sum which he could afford to give weekly toward the expenses of the church. If one could pay a dollar and the other ten cents, well and good; the word of each man is the standard of his ability.

In the pews are linen bags or envelopes with the occupant's name and number, in which he is to place his weekly offering. The house is free to strangers, but this plan "allocates" the regular attendants, and avoids one great objection to free seats. The deacon informed me that the plan was "incomparably more successful" than the old one of renting pews. Men who could not give ten dollars a year could give twenty cents a week very easily. Besides, they aim to have all the children weekly contributors to the church. Little and often is the motto. When the congregation moved to their present place of worship the families of the parish were allowed to select their seats in order, the oldest first. The deacon remarked that the only difficulty met with was, a family not as liberal as they ought to be had now and then one of the best seats, to the discomfort of some one else paying much larger; but on the whole he was enthusiastic over the success, after a trial of several years.

A Religion of Four Letters.

"There is a wide difference between your religion and mine," said a Christian lady to one in whose spiritual condition she had long been interested. "Indeed," said he, "how is that?" "Your religion," she replied, "has only two letters in it, and mine has four."

It seems that the gentleman was one of that numerous class who are seeking to get to Heaven by their doings, by attention to ordinances and ceremonies, by what the apostle, in the 9th of Hebrews, terms 'dead works.' But he did not understand about the 'two letters' and the 'four.' His friend had often spoken to him, and on the occasion to which our anecdote refers, she had called to take her leave of him for some time, as she was about to go from home.

"What do you mean," said he, "by two letters and four?" "Why, your religion," said the lady, "is D O, DO; whereas mine is D O-N-E." This was all that passed. The lady took her leave; but her words remained and did their work in the soul of her friend—a revolutionary work, verily. The entire current of his thoughts was changed. Do is one thing; done is quite another. The former is legalism; the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist, and the spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman. When next he met his friend he said to her, "Well, I can now say with you, that my religion is D O-N-E, DONE." He had learned to fling aside his deadly doings, and rest in the finished work of Christ. He was led to see that it was no longer a question of what he could do for God, but what God had done for him.

This settled everything. The four golden letters shone under the gaze of his emancipated soul, 'D O-N-E.' Precious letters! Precious word! Who can tell the relief to a burdened heart when it discovers all is done? What joy to know what I have been toiling for, it may be many a long year, was all done 1800 years ago, on the cross! Christ has done all. He has put away sin—magnified the law and made it honorable—satisfied the claims of divine justice—vanquished Satan—taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave—glorified God in the very scene in which he had been dishonored—brought in everlasting righteousness. All this is wrapped up in these four golden letters, 'D O-N-E.' Oh! who would not give up the two for the four? Who would not exchange 'd-o,' for 'd o-n-e'?—*British Herald.*

The Seventh and First Day.

The following, from one of our exchanges, is a somewhat novel and original view of the reason of the change from the seventh to the first day of the week, as the Sabbath.

We believe that all time is estimated by its relation to the work of redemption; this world was made by Jesus and for Jesus, as the theatre of human redemption. Hence, when Jesus lay dead full twenty-four hours in the grave of Joseph of Arimathea, that day was dropped from God's record of time; the clock of the world stood still while its Creator lay in the icy embrace of death. When Jesus arose on the first day of the week, time began again. Hence if our theory of the case be a true one, there was no necessity for legislation. The old law was still in all its inherent force; but if that Saturday in which the world's Maker lay dead dropped out of time, then that Sunday morning on which He rose was the true successor of the old Sabbath day. There was no need of a new command. "Six days shalt thou labor and the succeeding day shalt thou hallow unto the Lord" is all that is needed; only now it acquires a new value and splendor as the anniversary of the resurrection of the Lord of time.

There are many other explanations; if this does not suffice; thirty years of study on the problem has not presented us with a better.

Richard Watson in a hurry.

About sixty years since, Richard Watson had agreed to preach two occasional sermons at Leicester. He was in London at the time, the mail from London did not arrive in Leicester until half-past eleven, while the sermon began at half-past ten so that he would be one hour too late. He therefore took the Coventry mail on Saturday afternoon. Coventry is twenty-six miles from Leicester. He could thus be in time. But the coach broke down, so that he did not arrive at Coventry until after nine o'clock on Sunday morning. He went to the inn-keeper, whom he knew well, and told him he must be in Leicester by half-past ten, and wanted

a saddle horse. He said that he had a horse which he thought would do it but he dare not let him have it, for he was sure it would run away with him. Mr. Watson told him that was just the horse he wanted. It was brought, and he started at half past nine o'clock. When he got on the Leicester road, the horse ran away with him. Mr. W., said to him, "If you are in a hurry, I am in a hurry too; you may go ahead." And he did go, never stopping until he got within a mile of Leicester. Here the horse slackened his pace. Mr. W., reminded him he was in a hurry, and he started him up again, so that he got to the chapel just in time. The owner of the horse was much obliged to Mr. Watson, for the horse never ran away after that.

EUPHEMISMS.—The practice of using weak euphemisms for the forcible terms of biblical truth makes the dignity of good but over-nice people ridiculous:

In Warsaw, N. Y., resides Dea. M., a straightforward, honest old man, not generally accused of putting too fine a point on his expressions. But the other evening, at a prayer meeting, he did attempt a refinement, and succeeded. Thanking the Lord for the plainness of the way, he continued: "Yea, Lord, Thou hast made it so plain that a wayfaring man, though a—*a little—below the average*—could not err therein!"

Agriculture, &c.

HORSES FEET REQUIRE MOISTURE.—Ninety per cent of the diseases which happen to the hoofs and ankles of the horse are occasioned by standing on the dry plank floors of the stable. Many persons seem to think, by the way they keep their horses, that the foot of the horse was never made for moisture, and that, if possible, it would be beneficial if they had cowhide boots to put on every time they went out. Nature designed the foot for moist ground—the earth of the woods and valleys; at the same time that a covering was given to protect it from stones and stumps.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MANURING TREES.—Too many, in applying manure to their fruit trees, forget the position of the roots and apply within a foot or so of the body. If they were carefully to remove the soil, they would find that trees of vigorous growth, and from seven to ten feet high, have roots, that are really the main sources of nourishment, varying from six to ten feet from the body. The application of manure, therefore, to give the best results, should be distributed around the tree at a distance of from five to eight feet from the trunk. In positions where the turf is desired to be maintained, cut and roll it back, put on the manure, fork it in lightly, and then replace the turf.—*Horticulturist.*

UNFERMENTED MANURE.—Many excellent farmers have an idea that manure, to be most efficient in raising crops, should be well-rotted; but this is a mistake. Manure loses a very heavy per centage of its real value by decomposition. Fresh manure, dripping with animal urine, hauled directly from the stable on the land and plowed under, is worth nearly double that which has decomposed to a saponaceous consistency. When it is convenient for farmers to haul their manure on corn-ground from the stable as fast as it is made, it saves handling it twice, and forwards the work in busy spring time. No fears need be entertained that the atmosphere will carry off the strength of the manure if left on the surface. The only danger to be apprehended by this method, will be in case of the ground being frozen and covered with snow and ice when the manure is applied; if upon sloping land, the virtue of manure might wash away; but on level land there is no exception to this plan of operation during the entire fall and winter season.—*German town Telegraph.*

FACTS.—Dr. Trimble, of Newark, N. J., who has paid great attention to fruit culture, gives the following as his views—the result of many years experience:

The most successful way to conquer the curculio is to gather the fruit as it falls and feed to stock or destroy it, as it is by this fallen fruit that the curculio propagates its species.

The fruit of the apple tree can be protected from the apple tree moth by wrapping around each tree two or three times a rope made of straw. The moths will harbor in this rope and can then be destroyed.

We Regard Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup as invaluable for the purposes for which it is designed, and would have it if its price were double what it now is. We shall do all in our power to introduce it among our friends and acquaintances.—[Henry A. Hitchcock, Sturbridge, Mass.] It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic and is sure to regulate the bowels; gives rest and health to the child and comforts the mother.

COUGHS.—As a Soothing Pectoral, Brown's Bronchial Troches are advantageously employed to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial affections. Those exposed to sudden changes of weather should have them, as they can be carried in the pocket and taken as occasion requires upon the first appearance of a Cold or Cough.

The strongest drugs known are used in the composition of Blood's Rheumatic Compound, and it is believed to be as good a panacea for pain as there is in the world.