

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JUNE 8th, 1856.

Subject.—THE MIRACULOUS CURE OF THE BLIND MAN.

For Repeating. For Reading. John ix. 1-3. | John ix. 18-41.

JUNE 15th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

For Repeating. For Reading. John ix. 39-41. | John x. 1-18.

Salem Herepath.

A PURITAN STORY.

It was New Year's Eve. The log-fire burning on the broad hearth of Recompence Herepath cheerfully contrasted with the snow and ice outside. It was a cold, dreary, bleak winter's day in America, when America was two hundred years younger than it is now, and when from England and from Holland the Nonconformists were beginning to find a home where they might worship God in peace. Recompence Herepath was the staid mother of many children. She loved them all dearly—her daughters Joy and Makepeace, her niece Patience, and none better than her youngest son, Salem, a well-made, handsome boy, used to rough work and a rough life, "being weaned," as Recompence was wont to say, "from the delicacies of the old country."

Besides being New Year's Eve, it was the Sabbath, and these old Puritan colonists never forgot the sacred duties of that day, though they had to assemble in the open fields, or beneath the forest trees. God was felt to be ever present with them; and one of their chroniclers says, "Little children, in the hour of death, became transfigured, as it were, and testifying of their faith and their assurance of immortality became a marvel to all."

They had worshipped God that day, and after prayer and reading, and after they had raised a psalm in the wilderness, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, the preacher had directed their thoughts to God's wondrous mercy towards them since the day when the Pilgrim Fathers first kept Sabbath in the new land. He had told them (for he remembered it well) how thick and fast the snow was falling on that January day,—how the Lord's hand was heavy upon them, and they seemed to have come from a paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants,—but how they had been sustained, like Paul of old; and how still, trusting in God's mercy and humbly bearing his corrections, they had reason to make melody in their hearts, and say the Lord had done great things for them whereof they were glad.

Now, Recompence Herepath and her family had been talking about all this. She, like a God-fearing woman as she was, had been what we should call catechizing them about the sermon; and her niece Patience, and her daughters Joy and Makepeace, and her son Salem, all had shown that they remembered much of what the pastor said. Salem, especially, recollected the discourse, and was able to point out texts with wonderful facility; and Recompence thought in her heart that her son would one day be a Gospel preacher that should help to spread the light of truth over the darkened land. So she thought and so she prayed in her heart; and as she looked fixedly at the burning embers on the hearth, saw many a fanciful picture, perhaps that she would fain have realized if God would.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised, and an old man entered. He was a very old man, and his hair was white as snow, and his face wrinkled; he wore a stout coat and a black velvet cap, and supported his weight on a thick oak staff.

Recompence Herepath and her children rose up as the old man entered. He uttered words of peace and blessing, and sat down on a green log that served for a bench.

"Sister," he said, "there is bad news for us all, and the great God only knows what may come of it."

They looked on the old man and waited, standing, for him to proceed. He was their pastor, and they honoured him as Christ's minister.

"Some of the young men," he went on "have come into contact with the Indians. They started forth yesterday to return before night,

but they have only now returned, and not all—one has been slain. They have trespassed on Indian ground, have fished in Indian waters, have quarrelled and fought with the Red Men, and roused up all the old angry feelings which we had hoped were dead and buried, and would know no resurrection."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompence; "He can make a wall of fire round about us to deliver us; He can save us from the violence of the spoiler; He can preserve us from the axe of the Red Man."

"Would we could convert these Indians, instead of slaying them. We might well give them something better than death in return for these rivers and green hills,—this grass, these meadows, and fresh water. Truly, I would rather labour, day and night, at the hoe or at the oar, than wrong these wild, untutored children of our common Father; and I fear me, Recompence, I fear me, we settlers have done so."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompence, again.

"Truly; and in God must be our defence. I have been round the settlement to certify of danger, and bade the people pray. Mind you, Mistress Recompence, when Governor Winthrop gave away the last handful of meal, the provision ship, was espied at the mouth of the harbour. How, when the corn withered in blade and stalk, we called upon our God; and as we cried the rain-clouds gathered, and the showers fell, and a plentiful harvest crowded the year. Yes, let us look to God.—The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his trouble."

"Hark!" cried little Salem. They listened. The wind was blowing strongly, nothing else but that. Hark! Was that the wind? No; it was the bark of a watch-dog. The old man arose, and leaning on his staff, prayed silently. After a few moments' pause, he spoke.

"The setting up of God's church in the wilderness," he said, "which should have been so pure and glorious, has been stained with blood. Would God we had no settlement here, no right from England to hold this land. When the rocks were our pillows our rest was pleasant."

The wind bore on the sound of many feet. Then came the sharp crack of fire-arms, then a shout—they knew too well to be raised by Indian voices—"Owannox! Owannox!" ("The English! the English!")

The quiet Puritan settlement was now a scene of violence and bloodshed. Settlers and Indians fought desperately; but from the first it was evident that the Indians would prevail. The houses were fired. The village was in flames. The Indians formed a ring around it to shoot with their arrows, or cut down and scalp, all who attempted to escape. Some few did escape. Two or three were taken prisoners, among them a boy eleven years old, or thereabouts, who was seized by an Indian and dragged out of the flames. This boy was Salem.

When the work of destruction was complete, the Indians retreated. Of the Puritan settlement they left but a heap of smouldering ruins. The boy Salem was tightly bound, and placed between two tall, strong Indians. If he had been a good deal stronger, wiser, and older than he was, he could not have escaped. So he was marched on, and on, through the thick forests, over the high hills, and down into the deep green valleys, out and away into the wilderness. He was weary; his blistered feet would scarcely support him; but he was hurried on till they reached an Indian village. He was then shut up in an unoccupied wigwam, and left without any victuals till the morning. It was a sorrowful New Year's night for him. But Salem trusted in God that He would deliver him. Next day the Indians gave the boy a piece of broiled meat and a drink of water. After that they brought him out to the centre of a village. There he found the Indians, with their high feathers and painted faces, sitting in a group smoking, while the Indian women and children sat in another group at a short distance off. Now the Indians had resolved to put the boy to death, but they wanted to obtain information about the settlers before they did so; one, therefore, of their number, who understood a little English, was to question the child and report his answers to the rest.

"Let the pale face tell us his name and his age." This was the first question, and without hesitation the boy replied. They then asked him about the white settlers at another English village, not far off. The child suspected mis-

chief, and refused to tell. The Indians grew angry. They no longer used soft words. They threatened frightful punishments, cruelties such as it seems hardly possible any man would inflict on a defenceless child, but which they were only too ready to perform.

"Are you not afraid, little one, of the torment?" asked the Indian who acted as interpreter for the rest.

"I am not afraid of those who can kill the body," the boy said; "I fear Him who can kill the soul."

When his reply was made known to the Indians, they were surprised at his firmness, and thought at first he bore some magical charm which would save him; so they asked in what he trusted, and he answered, "In the great God of heaven and earth, that is the Father both of the pale-face and the red-skin."

Then the Indians sent the child back to the wigwam, and he knelt down and thanked God for his deliverance. For eighteen years little Salem continued with the Indians. He became a favourite with the tribe, and dwelt with them happily. The child-talker was a wonder to them all, and the wisdom which he had learnt from the Book of Wisdom, child as he was, he was made able to communicate to them. His religion was the means of his preservation, and that religion was soon seen in its influence on the Indian tribe. They journeyed on toward the far West, and the child went with them. He saw the mighty rivers and the broad prairies long before any other European beheld them. He mingled with the tribe freely, and grew beloved by all. He was a friend to them, though he never seemed as one of them—the pale-face was a marvel and a blessing to the red-skin.

After eighteen years, Salem died, and they buried him. But the influence of his life did not die with him. Years afterwards a Puritan preacher fell in with the tribe, and he told them the story of the cross. But they knew it already. His surprise was great, and so was theirs, that these Indians and himself should know, and hold, and love the same creed. And when he asked them how and why it was, they told him of the pale-faced child and the religion that he had taught them; and tears were on the cheeks of the red-skins as they spoke of his death. So the tribe was known as the Praying Indians. Out of the mouth of a babe God had perfected praise, and from the lips of a child these proud Indians had given up the faith of their fathers.

"Out of small beginnings," said Governor Bradford, "great things have been produced;" and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, to a whole nation.—Teacher's Offering.

B. K. C.

PARIS AS IT IS: And what I saw There.

LETTER VII.

ONE of the most interesting places in connection with the sad fate of Louis XVI. is the "Chapelle Expiatoire" or Expiatory Chapel. In the month of January 1793, Louis 16th, was guillotined on the "Place de la Concorde," and in August following, Queen Maria Antoinette was executed on the same spot; their bodies were supposed at the time to have been buried, and destroyed with quicklime according to the usual custom, but such was not the fact; by some means the friends of the Royal Family obtained possession of them, and they were buried secretly in a vault. In 1815, when Louis 18th was replaced on the throne, it was made public that the remains of the unfortunate King and Queen had been placed in the secret vault 23 years before. Louis determined on removing the bodies of his brother and Marie Antoinette, to the Royal Vaults in the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris; in which the Bourbon Kings had for centuries been buried; this was done, and over the vault where they had laid so long concealed, he erected a chapel in commemoration of the event, and called it the "Chapelle Expiatoire;" the building is very small and circular in form; in the interior are three recessed arches, one opposite the entrance, in which the altar is placed, and the other two are on either side, in one of these is a marble statue of Louis 16th, with an inscription in gold letters,—being an extract from his will; and in the other, a similar statue of Marie Antoinette, also with an inscription in gold, which is a copy of the last letter she wrote to her sister.

Leaving the chapel, we proceeded direct to

the Pantheon, another of these buildings which the revolution diverted from its original purpose. When first built, it was consecrated as the Church of St. Genevieve, and continued such, till the death of Mirabeau, when it was appropriated as the future burial place for all the distinguished men of France. The priests were immediately turned out; the name changed to that of the Pantheon. Mirabeau was the first person buried here. The celebrated philosopher, Rousseau, the witty sceptic, Voltaire, the mathematician, Lagrange, Marshall Lannes, the Dutch admiral, de Winter, and many others, are interred here. The subterranean vaults in which these tombs are formed, were shown by one of those commanding-looking men, styled in France *Suisse*; few are less than six feet in height; but their dress is peculiarly unbecoming in a place of religious worship; resembling as it does very closely, that of a nobleman's footman.

One of these gentlemen descended with us to the tombs formed beneath the body of the church, and pointed them out in succession, announcing at the same time the name and deeds of each distinguished person buried there. At last we were told to follow him to the end of one of the long passages, where he arranged the visitors in military order along the wall, when suddenly he commenced an animated conversation, every word of which was echoed in a most stentorian voice; after which he struck the wall a smart blow or two with his cane, producing an effect precisely similar to the discharge of a piece of cannon close behind us. It appears there is a most remarkable echo at this spot, causing all this thunder. Judging from the great space set apart for these tombs, and the comparatively small number of persons as yet buried in them, there is still room for many a distinguished Frenchman, who may be ambitious of the honors of the Pantheon. The absence of smoke at Paris has left the stonework almost as clean and fresh-looking as when first erected, although near a century has elapsed. It is the highest building in Paris, although 120 feet less than the height of St. Paul's Church in London.

Within a short distance of the Pantheon, are the Gardens and Palace of the Luxembourg; this is one of the old palaces in which members of the Royal Family have from time to time resided; but during the reign of Louis Philippe, it was occupied as the Chamber of Peers. Since the empire has been re-established, the Senate has held its sittings in the old Chamber of Peers, now the place of assembly for the *Corps Legislatif*.

The members of the English House of Commons are seated on benches arranged opposite to each other; and any one wishing to address the House, rises from his seat, and speaks from the spot wherever he may happen to be sitting; a different system is adopted in both the Chambers in Paris; the seats are placed in a semicircular form, rising one above another; the President occupying a raised seat facing the members, and immediately in front of them is the tribune, from which every speaker is obliged to address the Chamber; a large hand-bell is used by the President to maintain order, to announce the closing of the debates, &c. The sittings of this Chamber being public, there is a double gallery at the back, capable of containing about 700 persons. The gardens of the Luxembourg, very much resemble those of the Tuilleries, and though inferior, are much frequented by the inhabitants of the southern side of Paris.

CH. CABINET.

Selections.

The Garden Enclosed.

BY THE REV. J. HAMILTON, D. D.

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse, A paradise of pomegranates are thy productions. Of delicious fruits, cypress, and spikenard, Spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, With all trees of frankincense, Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices."

SOL'S SONG iv. 12.

CHRIST has a garden. There are flowers to be found in the wilderness; but when in the hedge-row or on the mountain-side you find a plant of rare beauty, it is your instant impulse to fetch it home. You want to have it near at hand, where you can see it every day; and so you transplant it. You take it to your garden, and in the shady nook on the open parterre, you give it a new home,—the place where it is likely to thrive and blossom best.

And, so, there have occasionally existed solitary saints. Like Joseph in Egypt, like Lot in Sodom,

there have likely plac Thomas a Christ" in or that m Martyn fo superstition vent. An ture whe on a speci moment de the dry dreary exper encounter surprise an feel as if culture co fulness of ment.

But it is should dw has provid Church. boar of the its generou graceful gr ments Go And if ev even on th de shed ex as it stand tarish or the refugees the blende mer.

This ga ed." Aro protection demarcation every age ple; and e —when it broken do it at his p catacomb fastness, G seed to ser tion of tra ment in th those who and whist ality and to foster w ing up the gant off-sh wayward palier.

In thi are plants for their d "pleasat pomegran there are cinnamon, chief spice It is man the self-sa entire con and who each the great Cr variety; a room for e and the in and much and so spi plative, an And just voted to a but carnat great inclu distinct co them, but nomination to the ey particular groups wh tributes; fervour, i obedience contentm Lutheran now is, an ly on the munities, boundless flowers so kindle up