

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MARCH 9th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST'S DOCTRINE CONCERNING HIMSELF.

For Repeating. For Reading. John iv. 14-16. | John v. 17-31.

MARCH 16th, 1856.

Subject.—CHRIST CONTINUES HIS DISCOURSE WITH THE JEWS CONCERNING HIMSELF.

For Repeating. For Reading. John v. 24-27. | John v. 32-47.

A COLUMN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

A GOOD man tells, in a book that I have read, how once he saw a little cheerful girl playing in a field among the flowers. She was all alone, but she seemed to have no fear, as she sat and sung, and wove the buttercups and daisies into chains. "Whose little girl are you?" said the gentleman. "Mother's," she answered, with a happy look. "And where do you live?" "At home, sir," and again she brightly smiled. Ah! thought the kind man, as he walked on, those are two beautiful words for a child—"mother," and "home." But I know two words sweeter still, and happy are they who can use them as simply and joyfully as that little child I just spoke of. These better words are, "Father," and "Heaven." Yes, dear children, these are two great questions for all of us. "Whose child are you?" and, "Where is your home?" There is one answer and only one, which if you can give it, will make you happy indeed. How many of our readers can truly say, "God is my Father, and my home is heaven?"

Curing Foolish Fears.

THE mother of Mrs. Opie died when her daughter was but fifteen—a critical age indeed for a girl to be deprived of the guide of maidenhood. Her character is best described by an incidental reference which Mrs. Opie makes in her fragment of autobiography, where she says:—

"I was naturally a fearful child; but I was not allowed to remain so. Well do I remember the fears which I used to indulge, and prove by tears and screams, whenever I saw the objects that called forth my alarm. The first terror was of black beetles, the second of frogs, the third of skeletons, the fourth of a black man, and the fifth of madmen. My mother, who was as firm from principle as she was gentle in disposition, made me take a beetle in my hand and so convince myself it would not hurt me. As her word was law I obeyed her, but often with a shrinking frame, but the point was carried; and when, as it frequently happened, I was told to take up a beetle and put it out of the way of being trodden upon, I learned to forget my former fear."

She pursued the same course with a frog and the skeleton. Doubtless her mother had studied the child's character; but it is an example to be by no means blindly followed, for it is very certain that the effect on some children would have been the increase rather than the cure of these childish and unaccountable antipathies.

But, after all, the best cure for vain fears is the true fear of God, which is also the beginning of wisdom. Those who fear Him have nothing else to fear, either in this world or in the world to come.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion."

Curious Anagrams.

THE making of anagrams has been the pastime of not a few of the profoundest minds. To take one word, and by transposing all the letters to bring out one or more complete words, is an exercise requiring no little ingenuity. The following may serve as examples:

- Astronomer—Moon stagers.
Lawyers—Sly wares.
Misanthrope—Spare him not.
Monarch—March on.
Punishment—Nine thumps.
Penitentiary—Nay I repent it.
Revolution—To love ruin.
Telegraphs—Great helps.

The Masks.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMID.

A NOBLEMAN made a magnificent supper. While the guests sat at the table, two masked figures came into the hall. These figures were not larger than children of five or six years of age. One of them personated a great gentleman, the other a great lady. The little gentleman wore a scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace; his curly wig was white with powder, and in his hand he carried an embroidered hat. The little lady was clothed in a rich velvet cloak, spangled with silver. She wore upon her head an elegant hat trimmed with large feathers, and she carried a fan in her hand.

Both danced freely, and made very ingenious movements. All the guests agreed that the agility of these pretty children could not be sufficiently admired. Then an old officer, who sat at the table, took up an apple from the plate and threw it toward the dancing pair. Suddenly the little gentleman and lady rushed for the apple, pushed each other, and quarreled about it as if angry, tore off each other's masks and headresses, and—instead of a couple of agreeable children—they turned out to be two hateful monkeys!

The guests at the table burst into a loud laugh; but the old officer very earnestly remarked, "Monkeys and fools may take care to dress themselves up grandly, yet their true character will very soon come to light."—S. S. Advocate.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"I LOVE winter nights," said a happy-looking lad. "Father comes home early, and he always has something to read to us." Dame Nature does not look so lovely in winter as in summer; but it is the privilege of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, to plant their homes with "evergreens of domestic peace," which shall flourish all the year round.

Selections.

Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-six.

ENTER, traveller, enter. I have entered. I cannot get back. I am in a serious position. The year began this morning. Ever since, it has been rolling onward—onward—onward. I am going onward with it. I cannot stop.

A single minute? Not one moment. It is the old rapid movement, without intermission. I cannot stop.

Where is eighteen hundred and fifty-five? It has slipped away; its promises very partially fulfilled; its duties very partially performed. But it is gone, gone irrevocably. Many things I meant to do during its course which are not yet done; but it is too late now. Some things I hoped to learn which I have not yet learned; but it has completely passed away. I have done with eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and it has done with me. Not quite so, either, for there are responsibilities remaining on me which have not ceased, which cannot cease, which will remain for ever.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-six I have entered, and I must go on. But where? How? In what circumstances? What pains shall I have to endure during its course? What difficulties shall I have to surmount? What arduous duties shall I have to perform? What disappointments, vicissitudes, temptations shall I have to experience? My spirit trembles at the thought. I have entered, and I must go on.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Who has entered with me? Where are they now? Where are my friends and companions? Alas! Alas!

Is the Lord Jesus living? Yes, and reigning. "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The same as when Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." The same as when John heard a great voice in the isle of Patmos, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore." To him then I turn; to him I will cleave, in him I will trust. Be with me, Lord Jesus, throughout eighteen hundred and fifty-six. At the end of the year I shall be nearer to the state of absence from the body and presence with the Lord. Perhaps in it; but if not, nearer to it. Go on time. I do not want to stop. All is well. Ever living Saviour, thou art my hope; thou art my confidence; but be with me, Lord Jesus, be with me to the end!—Eng. Bop. Mag.

[Abridged from the Examiner.]

Without a Religious Paper.

THAT is the condition of many professedly Christian families. They have secular papers, political or agricultural or literary, but none of a religious character. What do they miss, in this way?

They are without ready information as to the progress of Christ's kingdom. Such uninformed Christians must have very little interest in what we are assured is near to the heart of their Lord.

Then, too, they lose the benefit of the thoughts of some of our best preachers and writers. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the religious paper utters only the opinions of the editors. Men highly honored for learning and power, wise and thoughtful men, give the public some of their most valuable thoughts through religious journals. And young, active men, pastors and evangelists, who are in near contact with the people, give the fruits of their experience. A vast deal of mental activity goes to make up the columns of a good newspaper. Its contents for a year would make a good many volumes of common library dimensions. And even in the matter of general news—is there no choice between the view of public affairs taken from a party platform by men heated with passion, perhaps wholly destitute of religious principle, and that taken by men who aim habitually to inquire concerning passing events, How does God regard these things? How shall we think of them when we look back from eternity? How happy the influence of such a paper in the family—continually felt in the habits of thinking and living, which are formed or strengthened by it. "In my little church of seventy members," says a Wisconsin pastor, "thirty-two religious papers are taken, (exclusive of the publications of benevolent societies. A religious paper is taken in every family, and these papers in their silent way are exerting a mighty influence. I can see the peculiar influence of these papers on these families respectively. They do much, and in some families more than the Bible, to mould and fashion and educate church members, and members of families who are yet out of the church."

We can say to those who are in the state indicated by the head of this article, that every family will find a well-conducted religious journal, of some sort, among its most profitable reading; that every pastor will find it a valuable helper; and that an employer could not better serve his workmen, a landlord his tenants, any benevolent man his poorer neighbors, than by helping them to enjoy this benefit.

A Substantial Dream.

"Friend Wesley," said a Quaker to the Rev. John Wesley, "I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded with a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought after I awoke was, that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have inclosed a note for one hundred pounds, which may help thee to build them a house." Many professing Christians have beautiful dreams about doing good, but those who practically remember their dreams, and act as did the Quaker, are few. My brethren, let us not end with dreaming, but, on the contrary, let us be doers of the work; dream if you like, but let your dreams come to something substantial in the current coin of the realm, or in deeds of devotedness. If at any time you have a day-dream about contributing to the support of any Christian institution, or needful object of charity, do it before you sleep, if possible. When the spirit said to Philip, "Go near and join thyself to this chariot," we read that "Philip, ran thither." He did not only "go" but "he ran," and the conversion of the premier of Ethiopia was the result and reward of his immediate and prompt obedience. My dear fellow-Christian, let us be prompt, considerate, faithful, devoted stewards of "the grace of God." Have you talents, time, money, influence—let all be employed for Jesus, with all your heart. Seek earnestly to obtain a fresh anointing of the Holy One, that you may be made to know all things, and be "of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart."—British Messenger.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, FEB. 1, 1856.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN BRANCH.

THE Baptist Denomination has sustained a severe loss, in the decease of Rev. John Branch, pastor of the Church assembling in Church St., Blackfriars, and connected with the London City Mission since 1839, [at which time it had about 50 missionaries, but now employs 220 devoted men "going about doing good" day by day, among the lowest neighbourhoods and most abandoned characters.—Ed.] For some time past he had suffered from asthma, and the attack which caused his death was sudden, staying his course of usefulness in his 49th year.

Mr. Branch took an active part in those works of the Mission which were connected with the abolition of Fairlop Fair, the supplying London with the Scriptures, the restoration of the Jews, and efforts for the spiritual welfare of cab and omnibus men. His congregations were overflowing, especially in the evening, and by those classes to whom his fervent, picturesque, epigrammatic appeals, were especially agreeable. "John Branch" was a name revered in homes where poverty and often crime were habitual dwellers: Ragged Schools knew him well, and their platforms knew no more suitable or successful advocate. His speeches were dramas: the matter of them was but one part; his eyes, voice, actions, all seconded the stream of love that ever welled from his heart. While the rich (especially the late Earl Ducie) knew and honoured him,—while his Church loved him—his choicest shrine was found in the breasts of those "publicans and sinners" whom, like his Master, he had especially ministered to; and many an outcast, many a one tottering on the verge of crime, or ensnared in infidelity, bless his name as the instrument of salvation, temporal and spiritual.

Mr. Branch abhorred cant, and was not afraid to call things by their right name. He made use of everything. The writer of this notice was honoured with some intimacy with him, and often discovered in his addresses circumstances that had occurred in intercourse wrought into the thread of pulpit discourse in just the right place and with the best moral. His addresses were of life as it is, men as they are; and these, contrasted with the true standard, furnished a life-like portrait. Anecdotes, mottoes, scraps from living celebrities, and departed worthies, (especially quaint George Herbert), engrossed audiences whose mental constitution could not appreciate scholastic argument, logical acumen, or subtleties of doctrine, although privately none relished with a keener appetite the highest flights of poetry or depths of reasoning. His chief knowledge was not of the inside of men's books, but the hidden recesses of men's hearts; his appeals, not to their studies, but to everyday life. He was far from seeking popularity, he did, however, gain popularity, but it was because men found themselves reflected in his images: he "held the mirror up to nature," with all its deformities, and when they were thus revealed, told of the one only panacea, THE GOSPEL.—John Branch! with an endless multitude of sacred ones, thou art now sat down before thy Master's face: with many who hail thee as their guide thither, and others whose footsteps thou followest. There rest, thy labour over, the crown on thy brow, the palm of victory in thy hand, and angel songs on thy lips. But may thy mantle be cast on some Elisha yet here, that thy work may prosper continuously in his hands!

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE annual meeting of Bermondsey Ragged Schools was held on Jan. 21, and the chairman was he who took St. Jean D'Acree—who trod the quarter-deck as Commander of Her Majesty's fleet in the Baltic—even Sir C. Napier, K.C.B., and M.P. for Southwark! The Report stated that much good had been done in this, one of the most destitute and degraded parts of London. Shortly after the opening of the Schools, the number of applicants was so great as to render removal to larger premises necessary, and one of the arches of the Dover Railway was set apart for that purpose.

I may here mention the good results of the establishment of a Shoe-black brigade by the Ragged School Union. The scholars have a uniform, and brushes, &c., provided them. They

are station charge 10 public co earn a liv ing are se vour. I filled our and led i But straight strange stand tion, and spheres c punishm crime, in industry contendi a spirit o adopted, should re brave ol ors woul Times in lished li Queen's opposed Gramma ever, the example Subse seaman gaged— in demo and mis in a sp and the The d pointed all mora imprison chance in societ fore the poral d of the humani Josep speech through ting te O th low Sir the poo Here letter e gland's cation, DEAR PRN and as volving success the bes list of strume tual, to publish I wi those o siderec ously attempt its circ it, and pastor take n own p one, o vain a fest op ous in who t selves few s more bacco gratifi this v religi read, the p pray to de