

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN VI. 1-21 : The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. Deut. v. : The Decalogue repeated. Recite—JOHN V. 39-44.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN VI. 22-34 : Christ walking on the sea. DEUT. VI. : Obedience the end of the law. Recite—JOHN VI. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

149. Name a God-fearing man, who kept a secret table in two caverns for God's people, and say what provisions he supplied them.

150. Mention the cases in Scripture in which leaven was omitted from their bread.

Answers to questions given last week :-

147. An "upper room" in Jerusalem ; the abode of the eleven disciples. Acts i. 13.
148. "And she went and did accordingly," &c. ; "and the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail," &c. 1 Kings xvii. 14-16.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle, No 4.

You say your "work is everywhere,"
But works of goodness are more rare.
And if you "took the simple in,"
You must have had to do with sin.
Your character might be quite fair,
Your "knowledge" all that you declare,
But if 'twas used to lead astray,
And draw man from the happy way,
Your pleasant fruit was but disguise,
Our parents thought 't would make them wise.
They both your luscious products took,
And thus the virtuous path forsook.
Although God's law you did not break,
They ventured of your sweets to take.
OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE—good and evil,
They ate when tempted by the devil.
On Eden's soil you firmly stood,
And Death came through your beauteous food.

FACT.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle, No. 5.

I lived, ate, drank, and breathed, and grew ;
And did in age my youth renew.
Long after death I offspring bore,
Blooming in freshness and in power.
In early youth I lost my life,
Cut down by the destroying knife ;
Then aided and supported man,
Moved at his side, was carried—ran.
Engaged in active warfare,—slew
With my own skill and weapons too.
Falsehood opposed and truth defended,
With foes to God and man contended.
Embattled hosts midst noise and blood
Swayed to and fro beneath my nod.
When death and terror round us rose,
I brought destruction on our foes.
Overwhelmed, discomfited they lay,
As by a torrent swept away.
I brought the living from the dead—
I laid them restless in their bed :
Living but lifeless, life they gave,
And snatched the living from the grave.
I lived, and yet I did not live ;
I gave, and yet I did not give ;
I ran, and yet I could not run ;
Was sightless, yet beheld the sun.
I breathed, and yet I had no breath ;
Lived, died, and thrice lived after death.
Had no more wisdom than a stock ;
Had no more feeling than a rock ;
Was fated for wisdom, and for skill :
Was sensitive—could die—did kill.
Was subject to all nature's laws—
Nature defied—effect and cause—
By inspiration from on high,
Was moved to act, to fight, to fly.
With worshippers devout I stood,
And wonders wrought in field and flood ;
But ne'er regarded God or man ;
Had no designs, and formed no plan.
Now for your Bibles, children—see
If you can solve this

Meddie Cottage, May 5th.

MYSTERY.

Mattie the reclaimed.

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"
Sang a sweet childish voice. I looked within.
The little maid of my adoption was busy with the brush and pan, her curly pate bobbing up and down as she went the rounds of her daily task.
Mattie was a bright-eyed, happy creature, always singing the good evangelical hymns of the olden time ; and I had boasted to my friends of my treasure, till they had almost envied me the possession of the honest little serving maid ; and I went up stairs to my toilet, with her gentle music sounding in my ear, and thank God that I too could sing, in the language of faith,
"I hid myself to every fear,
And wiped my weeping eyes."
The blinds were all closed to shut out the hot

sun. A soft and agreeable dimness pervaded the large, old-fashioned rooms, and a faint ruby tinge, glowed through the heavy crimson curtains. Seated in an easy chair, I was reading sleepily, and the words were just blending into that strange prismatic confusion which precedes unconsciousness, when I heard a light step trip by, and, almost without thought, I found myself following a little form up the stairs.

In my boudoir stood Mattie, looking at, nay, handling a small diamond brooch, which I had often observed her gaze at with childish admiration. Evidently some struggle was going on in her hitherto innocent mind. She placed it down—lifted it again—held it at arm's length—and finally (O, how my heart sank!) cast a hurried glance about her, concealed the brooch in her bosom, and then guiltily took up her simple sewing ; she had always sat there to sew in the afternoon.

At first I felt like confronting her, for my temper is quick ; but better thoughts prevailed. I returned to the sitting-room, and in a little time sent for Mattie.

She came in slowly ; her ingenuousness was gone ! The vivacious sparkle of her eye had faded, and without intending it, she assumed a sidelong position.

"I am lonely, Mattie ; bring your sewing here ; sit on this little stool and keep me company. You were singing a sweet hymn when I came down this morning. Mattie, Who taught you to sing ?"

"My mother, ma'am, came in a low, faint voice.

"Yes, I remember your mother ; she was a sweet woman, a good Christian, and is now an angel. I don't believe she would willingly have done a wrong deed—do you Mattie ?"

"No, ma'am," murmured the child, and her cheeks crimsoned painfully.

"I remember," I went on, as if to myself, "how beautiful she looked as she lay wasting away, and how quiet and happy she was when she came to die. Ah, Mattie, you and I may have just as sweet a dying pillow if we never do anything wrong—if we only try to obey God's commandments."

I saw the flush deepening, the lips beginning to quiver. The little fingers shook violently as they passed the trembling needle through ; the little bosom heaved ; I had touched the right chord.

"Mattie, I love to hear you sing ; sing me that sweet hymn beginning,—

"Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed."

The poor conscience-stricken little creature obeyed my request with a faltering voice. She conquered the first verse, but when she began on the second,—

"Was it for crimes that I"—

her voice failed, her frame quivered all over, and she burst into a passion of grief, burying her face in my lap.

Tears were running in swift streams down my own cheeks, as the heavy sobs told her suffering.

"Mattie," I said, as well as I was able for emotion, what have you been doing, my child, to make you weep thus ?

She dashed the guilt out of her bosom with the brooch, and throwing it wildly from her, sobbed, "I took it—I stole it—I meant to sell it—O—!" and her prolonged moan was anguish itself.

I took the struggling child to my heart ; I laid my hand upon her burning temples, and let her hide the wet, shame-covered face in my bosom. God knows I felt fully at that moment something of the divine nature of forgiveness, and the compassionate pity for sin, yet love for the sinner, which, methinks, in their perfection, proved Christ's divinity. In my mind's eye I saw a long and sorrowful procession of unfortunates, headed by Mary Magdalene, forgiven and sanctified by the precious intercession and holy benediction of the Saviour of sinners, and my prayer was, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Mattie is sitting by me at this moment. She is saved.

Emancipation in Washington.

The Thanksgiving Sabbath, says an exchange paper, was an occasion of great joy among the free negroes in Washington who seemed to have no doubt of the President's disposition to sign the bill, and who regarded their deliverance as an accomplished fact. A correspondent of one of the Boston dailies gives the following interesting account of a meeting at the Bethel (colored) church, near the Capitol. The black clergyman preached to about 3000 of his own race, from the text : "If God be for us, who can be against us ?"

He spoke of the deliverance of Moses and the children of Israel from bondage ; and by a natural transition, referred to the condition of the slaves in America, and especially in this District. He thanked the Lord most fervently that he had been permitted to see this day ; forty-three years ago he was tarred and feathered in Washington because he would preach the Lord Jesus as he understood it ; "but now," shouted the sable speaker, "let Ethiopia lift up her hands to God, for great good is coming out of this war ! a good for me, for us, and for our people whom every nation has set its heel upon ! His audience was boisterously joyous, from the beginning to the end of the discourse. Of course, the expressions and demonstrations were extravagant—true to the quick fancy and fervent hearts of the race. Some rubbed their hands in glee, some laughed outright, some leaped up in the air, or twisted themselves into grotesque attitudes, as if their joy was too intense to be entertained at a staid perpendicular ; many shouted, "Glory to God !" "Hallelujah !"

"Amen !" "The blessed day has come," &c. ; while nearly all were in tears. When the speaker thanked the Lord that the slaves were to be free, the jubilee became utterly indescribable. What a Babel of triumphant voices ! An old "aunt," off in the right hand upper corner, shouted and wept persistently. Probably she had a reason for it, I thought—perhaps two or three of them, helpless, and in the hands of the kidnappers. "Glory to God !" said the preacher, solemnly and slowly. "Glory to Lovejoy !" yelled a voice at the right, that belonged to a strongly built mulatto. "No," commanded the speaker instantly, "I tell you glory to God !" for he seemed determined from the first word that God should have the undivided praise, refusing to give a moiety to the President or Congress. A pair of hands clenched spasmodically the top of the seat in which I was sitting. I looked back, and the man was hopping up and down, as if he had just caught a glimpse of heaven, and presently interrupted the speaker by trying to sing, "I am bound for the land of Canaan." His face bore a deep scar across the nose, and tears were streaming from the long furrows in his cheeks. He had seen thirty years, perhaps, and the light gray rags that he gathered about him, told me that he had "come out of the house of bondage." Most of the hearers were partly white, many were mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons—and one or two women, I imagined, would attract attention, for their god looks, in Broadway. But what a day of sunshine it was to the stricken souls ! They seemed to think little of the kidnapper ; they were full of hope, and looked ahead. Such a chorus of exultation I never heard before ; such joyful gestures I never beheld—it was a spectacle for men and angels.

Sketch of a Sermon.

Text. John 20, 28—"And Thomas answered and said, My Lord and my God !"

Introduction: Exposition: Thomas? Answered? My Lord? My God?

Doctrine: Evangelical Faith recognizes the person and authority of God in Christ Jesus.

I. It has a good and substantial basis for such recognition in the miracles of Christ, as finished up in his resurrection from the dead. By these the convictions of faith in his divinity and his authority are abundantly vindicated.

II. The heart, in evangelical faith, adds its convictions to the convictions of the intellect. Faith works by love, infuses the strength of its convictions into the convictions of the judgment.

III. Evangelical faith is discriminating. It yields its fealty only to a rightful claimant. It demands a good basis in the perfections, works, and miracles of Christ, it cleaves to Him with a fidelity that knows no price. "My Lord and my God" is its legitimate cry.

Reflection. 1. To the bonied speech of all religions, of all professions, which do not recognize the person and authority of God in Christ, the reply of Christ, himself, to the young man, is applicable: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." If Christ be not God, worship is offensive flattery.

2. The purest, the sweetest joy of the Christian is not so much in view of what he shall have, as in what he has now got in the person of his Lord. A heart gushing with the exclamation of Thomas is quite full of heaven, now.

3. The subject shows how the faith of Noah and all evangelical faith, condemns the world. The substantial basis of faith will be the basis of the sinner's condemnation. It will leave his unbelief excuseless.—Colver.

Diversities of Taste.

The diversity prevailing in different nations, in reference to articles of food, seems to confirm in its literal sense the proverbial saying, that "one man's meat is another man's poison." Many an article of food, which is in high esteem in one county, is regarded in others with abhorrence, which even famine can hardly surmount.

One of our foreign exchanges contains an interesting article on this subject, a part of which we condense for our readers:

In the Shetland Islands it is said that crabs and lobsters abound, which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat even when half starved.

Eels which are abundant and of good quality in Cumberland and Westmoreland, (England,) and also in Scotland, are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes.

Scallops, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England ; and although they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have any idea that they are eatable.

Cockchafers are candied, and served up with other confectionery by the Italians.

The hedge-hog no one thinks of eating in England except the gypsies, and some who have joined them, and who report that it is better than rabbit.

The sailors in the English and Dutch whalers do not eat the flesh of the whale ; but those in the French whalers (with their well-known skill in cookery) are said to make a palatable dish of it.

By almost all the lower classes in England venison and game of all kinds are held in abhorrence, and so are fresh figs.

By the Australian savages, frogs, snakes, large moths and grubs, picked out from the wood—all of which the English settlers turn from with disgust—are esteemed as dainties ; but they are shocked at our eating oysters.

Milk, as an article of food, (except for sucking babies,) is loathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several

of the islands ; but the people deride the settlers with using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk their cows. On the other side, dogs and rats are favorite articles of food with them. These last, as it is well known, are often eaten by the Chinese ; who also eat salted earth-worms and a kind of sea-lug, which most Europeans will turn from with disgust.

Horseflesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat, except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other ; and the flesh of a wild ass's colt was greatly esteemed by the Romans.

As for pork, it is on religious grounds that Jews a Mohammedans abstain from it, as the Hindoos do from beef. But the Christians of the East seem to have nearly an equal aversion to it ; and the like prevailed till lately in Scotland.

The large shell snail, called escargot, was a favorite dainty with the ancient Romans, and still is so in a great part of the south of Europe, though most Englishmen would be half starved before they would eat it.

In Vienna, the large wood-ants are served up and eaten alive.

Small land crabs are eaten alive in China. The iguana, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands.

The monkey and alligator are eaten both in Africa and South America ; and some travellers, who have overcome their prejudices, pronounce them to be very good eating. A large crocodile, or alligator, is said to have a strong musky flavor, but a young one tastes much like a skate.

Even when the same substances are eaten in different countries, there is often a strong difference in the mode of preparing them. Both we and the South Sea Islanders use butter, but they store it up without salt till it is rancid and sour.

Maize (the Indian corn of this country) has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries, and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it in water till it is putrid, and then make it into a kind of a porridge, which emits a most intolerable stench.

English Baptist Anniversaries.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held at the Metropolitan (Spurgeon's) Tabernacle, on Tuesday 29th ult. Sir Morton Peto, Bart, M. P., occupied the chair.

The Chairman said: I am here to-night, Christian friends, to tell you from an intimate knowledge of the Irish Society that it is indeed worthy of your confidence and support, I believe that Ireland requires two things—first, the preaching of the everlasting Gospel ; and by preaching the Gospel, I do not mean preaching against Popery. During the last thirty years I have seen a great deal of the Irish character, and I do not know a more hopeful man than an Irish convert ; his heart is so warm and his energies so active that you may be quite sure he will be entirely on the Lord's side. But the Irishman is a most difficult man if you once excite his prejudices. You may depend upon it, that if we have in Ireland the simple preaching of the Gospel, and at home hearty and united beseeching of the Throne of grace for a blessing, our friend Mr. Middleditch will have a good report to give year after year. I may mention an incident as an illustration of the sort of thing I want to indicate to you to-night. A short time since an Irish navy, thoroughly bigoted in his Catholicism, happened to attend one of our village prayer-meetings. He heard Christ faithfully set forth, and as he heard nothing said against the Virgin Mary or anything which he believed, he became a Protestant without knowing it. Shortly afterwards he met with a dreadful accident. He was taken to the hospital, and the operation he had to undergo was a very severe one. He bore it for a length of time, and then he said, "Hold hard a bit, I want to take breath. I want to ask the Lord Jesus Christ to enable me to support this pain." The surgeons remained still ; the operation was suspended for nearly a minute. It was then successfully prosecuted. "The friend who stood by him said, "Was your prayer heard ?" "Oh yes," he said, "indeed it was. When He stood by me the pain was not half so bad as it was before." I say if the Irishman is that sort of man that can realise a present Christ and receive Him into his own heart by faith in this way, he is the sort of man who, by the grace of God, will be a centre of light and usefulness to his countrymen around him. It is because I know that the agents of this society proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus that I love the society.

The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Coleraine, said he blessed God he had been labouring for nineteen months in Ireland, and trusted he should be spared to labour there for many years to come. He wished to speak for a short time upon the position of the Baptists in Ireland. In the first place, he would speak of their position as Evangelists. The agents of that society did not go forth as Baptists, but as ministers of the Gospel of Christ, and he could testify that there was not one of them but preached the simple Gospel faithfully and fully ; and, moreover, there was not one who could not gather large crowds of anxious listeners. They were not favoured in Ireland with very magnificent houses of worship. He had had the pleasure himself of preaching in a cabin, in a barn, in an outhouse, by the roadside, and sometimes in a stable. But it mattered not, wherever it was announced that the minister was about to preach the Gospel, the people would congregat together. They never had to preach to an empty stable, and, for his part, he would rather preach the Gospel in a

stable filled with people if there were only those who occupied a position of opposition, simply, but also from the byterian brethren agents of the society no new thing for so-called religiously of the Baptist encouraging. At had a church of 1 bers too—who were morning, except bers who attended ly pleaded with labours of their them members w the Gospel in the formed a sort of sation of the neigteen months he h the pleasure of ba Several of these l One dear young home by his fathe in Jesus, who de prevented by fou That seventy-five seculons of this s so short a period influence, they l so much to cont cised even there the Rev. J. there ever was have been consp tolic one—O surely was the v Ireland. If in other it was nee prise should hav of worldly moti land the purity ism had been b and suspicion, palsory mainten surec hierar were in diam majority of the of things aggra c labour in In tion upon them only with und earnestness an Dissenters as th it was in an most Protestan the work of p in Ireland had mitted. It wa lift up clean h without dread no man's gold Baptist who, a clear of all cou ever been asso sion of sacram Baptists, then, compassion an power, and s and powerful patriotism. T men accorl claim upon o many a name the names of claim upon r Ireland repa Christians onl men might ad don—and th might devise from their p and this was Christ alone of penitenc ren the glad Gospel alone ill-tated land occupy—to t God's provic Gospel once people, a glory rather stead of her as the bright ly monarch, celestialia should reali eology of he "Great, glori Fairer tower BA

The annu friends of th in Bloomsb April 23rd, pied the cha ed by sing The Chai tures of the it specially it left the entirely to There was might selec desirable t be mistake faithful me fellowship to enable t no mistak the society for ten year which wou