

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1863.

Read—Acts i. 1-11: The ascension of Christ. Joshua vii. 1-10: Joshua's humiliation and grief. Recite—JOHN XXI. 15-17.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1863.

Read—Acts i. 12-26: The address of Peter. Joshua vii. 11-26: The punishment of Achan. Recite—ACTS I. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

7. Give four remarkable cases of flattery mentioned in Scripture.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 6.—1. The poor widow. Luke xxi. 4. 2. The Apostles Simon, Andrew, James and John. Mark i. 16-20. 3. The Apostle Paul. Acts xx. 24. 4. John the Baptist. Matt. iii. 13-17.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 21.

The inflections of voice were your bones, flesh and blood.

Which the Ephraimites failed to pronounce. After lying, they tried to escape o'er the flood, But SHIBBOLETH exposed them at once.

Judges xii. 6. Halifax. PUPILS.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

Your name is Shabboleth, in Hebrew alone, But king James's revisers did not make it known. That in English it signifies "river or flood," Which by Sabbath-school children is not understood. Those Ephraimite cowards, 'tis true, did you main; For, lisping, they could not pronounce your right name;

But called you Sibboleth,—the sword, Jephthah then drew.

And of them there lay dead thousands forty and two. Now I think I have made your short puzzle quite plain.

And I hope you 'll not leave Anglo Saxon again. Judges xii. 6, &c. Yarmouth. DALETH.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 22.

On earth I had a dwelling place, And I was one of Adam's race. But though you search the world around, No other one like me is found. For disobedience—strange—made me What Christians true are said to be. Mortal I was, my spirit fled, And I was numbered with the dead. Now let me tell you, When I died My friends to me a grave denied. My life being taken for a crime, My sad remains, from time to time, There stood; yet, without putrefaction, Without embalming or dissection. Real flesh and blood, without deception; Like the Dead Sea, saw no corruption. For mighty kings and men of state, Their memories are often raised; Great monuments are often raised; When for good deeds or virtues praised. A monument, not made with hands, Was raised for me in distant lands. Now Bible readers search about, And strive to find th' enigma out.

Onslow, January 20th, 1863.

A BETTER MAN THAN HIS FATHER.—"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kindhearted Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith. "I am very sorry to see you begin your evil courses again; and Jemmy, I am anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "Intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son." "Eh! eh! how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said: "I intend to make him a better man than his father!"

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Let those parents who would continue to excuse themselves by observing, "We cannot give grace to our children," lay their hand on their heart and say whether they ever knew an instance where God withheld his grace while they were, in humble subservency to him, fulfilling their duty? The real state of the case is this: Parents cannot do God's work, and God will not do theirs; but if they use the means, he will never withhold his blessing.

"EXCEPT YE ABIDE IN ME."—Follow not religion only for company. Let Christ be sweet for himself. Never think to stand long, if thou standest loose from Christ. He that hath no strength from Christ will prove too weak to bear burdens.—Jenkyn (1652).

The Emperor of the French has sent as a present to the Queen a pair of beautiful white cows and bull, of the African breed, from Algiers. They are all pure white, have fine heads, and forms of the buffalo shape but without any hump.

Giving away the baby.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before, he had been sitting with me, watching the baby, as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands, as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor, and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same spot, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls, and making him look so pretty—so like a picture; but the father was gone from us forever.

"It seemed to me that I must see his dear face once more—that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he so often did—'Mother, what would you take for this little bother?'"

"Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling, 'Papa! papa!' until I thought my poor heart would break. The two eldest children were at school; the rest were playing, so that I was quite alone. By and by the baby was tired of his play, and came and got up into my lap.

"'Mamma cry?—mamma mustn't,' he lisped out, and wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me, and then cry more bitterly.

"Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbors. When I had invited them in, and had dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation, but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said—'Pretty, pretty?' in his childish way. She took it off, and gave it to him, saying—

"'Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?'"

"My mother's heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they had told me, that they had come to ask me for one of mine.

"'No, no; mother couldn't spare him,' I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely, I fear.

"'My dear woman,' began Mr. Lorrimer, 'have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—how can you hope to do it without him?'"

"'We offer,' joined the wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones—to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see that God's hand is in it—that through us He intends to help you.'"

"I need not tell you how long I withstood all their arguments. But at last, overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. In two days they came for my answer. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy. But at length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to 'go riding,' and he clapped his hands, and laughed aloud at the horses, as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother, (the children supposed he was to come back soon,) and he never looked at me. Oh, how jealous my aching heart grew!

"When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it, and sob aloud. Then came the trial, telling the whole truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest should return from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm, outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed the way the oldest took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

"The day ended, as the longest will at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down stairs near me. Since his father's death, the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last, and said earnestly—

"'Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?'"

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it's for the best; but oh! it is so hard to give him up.'"

"'Mother,' continued the child, 'when father died, we knew it was all for the best, because God took him from us; but I have been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love him and keep him; and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?'"

"The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively—

"'Oh! if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be.'"

"The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said—

"'Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.'"

"'Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough, we could hear the baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the sitting room door and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"'Come to mother,' Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

"'How he clung to me, sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms. 'I cannot give him up,' I said at last when I could get my voice clear. You must let me take him home.'"

"'They evidently thought me the silliest of women; but their cold words made me the more determined, and we started back in half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby; Willie offered to help me, but I felt as though I could carry him in my arms forever.

"'When I had lain him in bed, now fast asleep, but still sobbing, and reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said, 'God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again, and I never did.'"

"I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed the next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow, and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

"When the affair became known, many blame me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me they withheld, I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few women like myself, that had always nursed their children, said I did right. We had many trials, and often scarcely a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together.

"All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we knew that was for the best. The rest married in the course of time, and left me; but the prop of my old age, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away."—Little Pilgrim.

NEW PROCESS OF DYING WOOD.—A dyer at Lyons has discovered a method by which wood may be dyed violet. The color is produced by two immersions—one in iodide of potassium, containing eighty grammes of that ingredient per quart, the other in bichloride of mercury, at the rate of twenty-four grammes the quart. The wood to be dyed is to be placed in the first bath, where it must remain for some hours. It is then to be immersed in the latter, when it will acquire a bright rose color. The dyed wood should be afterwards varnished.—The baths may be used several times for a like purpose.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT IN AGRICULTURE.—A writer in the Berkshire (Eng.) Chronicle in reply to a question asked by the editor of that paper, says: "I have grown both wheat and barley from oats. The way I adopted was to plant the oats thin, under a sheltered wall, in the middle of June; it then will require to be cut off about one inch from the ground before coming into bell three times the first season; the following year it produces wheat. Black oats will produce rye the same way."

WHAT INTEMPERANCE COSTS.—G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, computes that intoxicating drinks cost Great Britain seventy-five millions sterling annually. The sum, he says, would make twelve piles of five pound bank notes, each two hundred feet high. Besides this, they create mountains of misery.

A distinguished physician in Paris, Dr. Lamsbelle, announces that a shock of electricity given a patient dying from the effects of Chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence and restores the sufferer to life.

What is the word of one syllable, which, if the first two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables! Plague.

A Column for Sabbath-school Teachers.

THE TEACHER IN THE CLASS.

BY THE REV. J. F. SERJEANT.

The school-room will be the test of the teacher's fitness for his work. His qualifications for his post—physical, mental, and spiritual—will there find an appropriate sphere of exercise, as well as at times their severest trial. However, thorough preparation of what is to be taught will serve much to smoothe the way to a happy experience in the art of teaching it. There is little

inducement to a class of scholars to be attentive and orderly if they know that their teacher has nothing to offer them fresh and attractive; and on the other hand, the knowledge that a teacher has something good in his budget, will often of itself ensure from them a complacent look and a quiet demeanour. A teacher should always seek to go fully charged to his class. It is a sorry spectacle indeed, when, having exhausted his resources in a short quarter of an hour, he is induced to read to them a passage from an "interesting story book," or a volume of sacred poetry, to fill up the time that must elapse before the arrival of the hour for closing.

Now, assuming that a teacher has diligently and devoutly pondered his subject, what should be the distinguishing points that should characterize his manner while he is imparting to his scholars what he has prepared? Perhaps they are fivefold: *Decision, animation, devoutness, affection, and discrimination.*

*Decision.* This is a primary matter for a teacher's regard. The struggle between himself and his class as to who is to rule, must be settled forever in his favour, or his post will prove to him a bed of thorns. While there will be no great assumption of authority, there must be quiet decision of character—a decision which will carry out its purposes at all risks, and to the fullest extent; and which will make the refractory feel that all their chafing and worrying will be worse than useless. The feeling of the teacher towards his scholars must be, "I cannot afford to love you until I have learned to rule you. You shall know how to appreciate the persuasive and indulgent element in me, by learning that if I pleased I could exercise the coercive." He should check the first act of rebellion. If he give a command, he should carry it promptly to its fulfilment. The word "cannot" should be an unknown word in his vocabulary; the words "will not" should be equally forbidden words in the vocabularies of his scholars.

There is no royal road to the attainment of good order. No specific directions from me will enable a teacher to secure it. A teacher at a Northampton school once came up to me, after a lecture I had given there, and said, "Oh, Sir, I would give five pounds if I could keep my scholars in order;—can you help me?" Alas! the only help I could give, I had given. My instructions were for those who could receive them. It seemed quite clear to me that my friend was not born to command.

One of the greatest aids to authority is good temper. In short, self-control is to a great extent the secret of controlling others. The severest trial of patience I ever endured was at a school in Lincoln, to which I had gone as a substitute for the superintendent, who united with his office the work of teaching the senior class. The members of this class were ungovernable and impertinent to a degree. Great fellows of eighteen years old, they talked on as they pleased, and evidently determined to have matters their own way. I felt "If I get angry, all will be up with me." I retained my self-possession. I had done so that day as my last resource, and threw myself, at much expense of feeling, into the current, striving to direct rather than to direct what was going on. I should hardly like to say that the day passed pleasantly, but I remember feeling that only for my self-restraint it would have been one of the most miserable epochs in my history, instead of being one which had its measure of comfort and perhaps of success.

*Animation, vivacity.* If anywhere these are needed, surely it is in an institution which seeks to mould the young. Yet among teachers there is a grievous lack of sprightliness and energy. Some never seem more than half alive. If they love, it is with an effort so constrained that the word love is dishonoured in its application to them.—If they shake hands with you, the hand resembles a cold fish; if they sing, it is an uninterrupted strain of *sotto voce*; if they converse, their tones remind you of the South wind whirling into ears of the violets; and if they teach the thread of their discourse is like the dull and uninterrupted roll of a broad-wheeled waggon.—The epithet "slow," seems to describe this class. Now, a teacher should be animated in look, in tone, and in movement. His aspect should say "I don't mean to go to sleep myself or let you." He should sit down to his work with a determination to enjoy it. Only the other day a friend said to me, "I was watching your youngest teacher to-day. He threw so much heart into his lesson. He made such an affair of addressing those poor little fellows in the midst of whom he was seated." I am afraid Benjamin's example was the exception. My men have been generally very timid and very quiet; apparently afraid of me, of their scholars, and of themselves,—never many of them realising the luxury of sanctified enthusiasm or the need of doing everything their hand found to do with their might. Yet of these latter I have had some, and for these, in a dull lethargic world, I desired to be thankful.

I have sometimes been astonished at the amount of vivacity which the actors of those popular entertainments called "Monologues" will throw into their work for hundreds of nights in succession. Wearing in their theme to extreme satiety, they nevertheless, for the sake of a livelihood, dash off the witty dialogue, or the humorous song, or the quaint story, with as much apparent freshness night after night, as if each were the first occasion of the performance, and as if they were enjoying what is said as much as their auditors. "Now, they do it to obtain a corruptible crown." How singular that the heralds of that Gospel—preachers and teachers—which offers an incorruptible crown, should sometimes walk through their duties in a way whose highest eulogy is that it is respectable. "I have heard in this neighborhood," said a lady to me some time since, "a *thirteenth* preacher, but I have not yet found an interesting one. They are so drowsy." How many teachers in like manner seem to have imbibed the poppy!