

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS ii. 1-13: Descent of the Holy Ghost on the disciples. JOSHUA viii. 1-17: The taking of Ai.

Recite—ACTS i. 12-14.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS ii. 14-36: Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost. JOSHUA viii. 18-35: Joshua sacrifices to the Lord.

Recite—ACTS ii. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

9. What materials were used in patriarchal times in the construction of altars, and what were forbidden.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 8.—1. The ox. Deut. xxv. 4. 2. The ass. Dut. xxii. 10. 3. The horse. Isaiah. xxviii. 28.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 22.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," says Christ. To those who believe on His name, Who follow His footsteps, learn His commands, And strive to obey the same.

Sad was the fate of THE WIFE OF LOT; Disobedience was her fault. For looking back—which God forbade— She was turned to a pillar of salt!

ADOLESCENS. West Cornwallis, Feb. 24, 1863..

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 23.

As an army we stood on our own-native strand. Well supported and marshalled we moved o'er the land. But we fell by a hand more-mighty than we. Then became more united, more useful, more free. A sacred deposit it was ours to defend. The forlorn and the helpless in us found a friend. Unsheltered we stood, unsheltered we lay, Exposed to the weather by night and by day, The sun's fiercest beams fell direct on our heads; But no rain nor lightning could come near our beds, While we guarded the treasure we were watched by [another] As a sister might watch by the couch of a brother. The strong hand of power seized and bore us away, Both the loss and the gain caused gladness that day. The treasure we held was of value untold; It could not be purchased for thousands of gold. From the rightful possessors 'twas wickedly torn. To the palace of kings in triumph 'twas borne. But the joy that it brought them, tho' holy and pure, As a boon from high heaven, to increase, and endure Was tame when compared with the rapture that day Of their bosoms from whom it was wrested away. Feb. 12. NARSONEL.

My own Bible.

Translated from the French.

Do you know, my dear children, the pleasure of having a Bible all your own? All the treasures of the world are not worth so much as this precious Book! Think that it is the Word of God; the word which directs us, which consoles us, which makes us rejoice. There are some people who would give a great deal to have a Bible. I have lately heard a story of a little girl who contrived a singular way to procure one.

She lived in a little village in the mountains of Aveyron; and there they have not the happiness to see colporteurs, who bring Bibles to the inhabitants. She was told that at Nîmes one could be bought for three francs.

This poor little girl had no money; but she had two rabbits of her own. She resolved to go on foot to Nîmes, which is twenty-five leagues from her village, and she carried her two rabbits with her. Arrived at the city, she went to a bookseller, and proposed to him to exchange her two rabbits for a Bible, to which he consented. Rejoiced with her bargain, she returned to her mountains, happy to have in her possession the precious Book she had desired so long.

Now I am going to tell you of a little boy of your own age, whose joy was very great when he had a Bible of his own—the Book of God.

His name was Amon. He was four years old when he lost his parents. He went to live with his grandparents, very pious old people, who made him read in the large, old, well worn Bible, about the love which God has shown us in sending his Son to save sinners.

His grandfather died suddenly, and Amon was very much affected. He and his grandmother found themselves very much alone; and both went to seek consolation in the old grandfather's Bible. The boy opened at the resurrection of Lazarus. The poor grandmother wept much, covering her face with her apron; but when she heard these words, "Thy brother shall rise again," she seemed comforted. Amon did not yet comprehend all he read. Afterwards, he understood that this grandmother rejoiced that she should see one day those whom

she had lost, since those who love God will rise again to be clad with a body immortal and glorious.

At ten years old he followed a shepherd, and took his flocks to pasture. He had learned to knit, and he made stockings while guarding his sheep, which gave him fifteen or twenty centimes a day. Nothing was wanting to make him completely happy but a Bible; but how could he get money enough to buy one?

He went to the Sabbath-school. The Teacher was a pious man, who spoke constantly of the kindness we ought to feel for each other, and the love we owe the Lord Jesus Christ, who has Himself loved us so much. Amon confided to him his desire to buy a Bible, and confessed that he earned so little that he could not hope to have one for a long time. The teacher advised him to rise earlier and retire later, so that he could do more work. He told him also of a place where he could find water-cresses, and said that if he would bring them early on market-days, he was sure the farmers' daughters would buy them to carry with their butter to the city. He added, that he would keep his money as Amon earned it, and promised, when he had a sum sufficient to purchase a Bible, he would take him to a bookseller to choose one. His grandmother, too, who was pleased with Amon, gave him, from time to time, five centimes, which increased his little treasure.

This poor woman fell sick, and kept her bed several weeks. She could earn nothing during this time; but as soon as her rent was due, the landlord, who was a hard man, sent to demand the amount due to him, and gave only till the evening to procure money. When her little grandson came home, she told him what had passed. "If I cannot pay the six francs I owe," said she, "they will seize our bed, our torn covering, and this wheel which helps us to live." Hardly had she spoken these words, when Amon rushed out, crying, "I have them! I have them!" He went to his teacher, and said, "Sir, I need my money you have. You will be very much astonished when you know it is not to buy the Bible. It is to help my grandmother, whom they are about to drive out of her house if she cannot pay her rent. Is it not better to do what the Word of God teaches than to have a Bible of my own?"

The old man was moved to tears in listening. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and said,—"May God bless you, and may your old age be full of glory and happiness."

Amon quickly carried his money to his grandmother, who received it with joy when the teacher assured her it was honestly earned.

Toward the end of autumn a young lady, in deep mourning, came to settle in the village. She had lost her husband, who had been killed in battle. One day, as she walked near the place where Amon pastured his flock, she said to her companion,—"Here, surely, is a child who does not know sorrow."

"Oh, yes, madam, I have known it," replied the little boy. "I have lost my grandfather, whom I loved with all my heart. My grandmother is very sick; and I cannot earn money enough to buy a Bible."

"When did your grandfather die?" asked the lady.

"A few months ago; but that is not the greatest misfortune, since he has gone to God and the Saviour; and the Bible teaches me I shall go to join him some day."

The young lady went away, looking very kindly upon Amon; and in the evening, when she had learned where his grandmother lived, she sent to her money, medicine, and provisions. Judge, my dear children, of the happiness of that poor woman who thus received all she needed.

The young widow came to the Sabbath-school. She spoke to the teacher, and looked smiling on his little pupil, who was very happy when he learned that she had given him money; and he fell on his knees to thank God who had inspired in his benefactress the good thought to give him enough to buy a Bible of his own. Then, after having gone to her house to express his gratitude, he went quickly to purchase his precious Book.

PROCRASTINATION.—Did you ever read Esop's fable of the wild boar and the fox? The fable says—A wild boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a fox coming by asked why he did so,—"For," said he, "I see no reason for it; there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger that I can see at hand." "True," replied the boar; "but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons." Surely it is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it. There is a time for everything—everything is beautiful in its season, and youth is the time and the beautiful season for serving God.

A ONCE ROYAL PONY.—White Velvet, the first pony that Queen Victoria ever mounted when a child, died a week or two since, in clover, aged forty-seven. From the service of a Royal Duchess and future Queen, White Velvet passed into that of Astley's Circus. Falling lame, he was sold for a pound to a Richmond baker, when he was harnessed to a cart that contained the bread for distant customers. This work he continued so long, that White Velvet became well known to all round the neighborhood; and, finally, a Yorkshire squire, with a fine estate close to Richmond, in sheer pity bought him and turned him out in a field, and there left him to enjoy the remainder of his eventful life in peace and comfort.

SOMETHING NEW.—Telegraph communication will soon be opened with Jerusalem, by the way of Joppa.

A Marvelous escape.

Nearly eighty years ago, two Moravian missionaries, stationed in Labrador, at a place called Nain, set out on a journey in a sledge, over the ice, to one of their settlements situated further north.

They started early in the morning. The weather was all that could be wished to favour their journey. In those northern regions the air is clear and biting, to an extent never known in more temperate climates. The members of their party were each wrapped up warmly, and anticipated a pleasant drive. Their sledge was drawn by dogs, and driven by an Esquimaux Indian. Another sledge followed, in which were other natives, who were friends of the Missionaries, and among them a woman and her child.

The whole party were in high spirits. They had one hundred and fifty miles to go, which they expected to accomplish in about two days, as most of the way was over the frozen sea, and the sledges ran with ease and the dogs were fresh and in full vigour.

After they had journeyed some hours, and were a long distance from the shore, upon the clear glittering ice, that covered the ocean, they met a sledge containing some strange Esquimaux Indians. These natives were hastening for the land as rapidly as possible. They barely stopped a moment, and advised the missionaries to return at once to the shore. They gave no reasons for their advice, and as the missionaries could see no cause for returning, it was not heeded by them. The weather was fair: hardly a cloud was seen in the sky. The frozen ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was as motionless as though the treacherous waves beneath were chained for ever. Not many moments passed, however, before the driver thought he perceived what is called a ground-swell, under the ice. He jumped from his sledge. Lying down, he placed his ear upon the frozen surface. He then distinctly heard a hollow grating and roaring noise that seemed as if ascending from the abyss beneath.

The travellers now quickened the pace of their dogs. Soon the motion of the sea under the ice was very perceptible. The drivers turned for the shore, and urged the dogs to their utmost speed. The wind soon began to blow, and dark clouds seemed to rise up almost as if by magic from the horizon. The ice began to break: it opened here and there, in fissures and cracks one or two feet wide. These were rapidly crossed by the frightened company, and still they urged forward their dogs on their perilous way.

But now the warning signs increased. As the sun descended toward the west, the wind rose to a storm. The snow, upon the rocks and mountainous ledges of the coast, was violently driven up by occasional gusts, and filled the atmosphere. The ground-swell increased so much, that the vast body of ice, upheaved by a troubled ocean beneath, heaved fearfully in many places and rose slowly like gathering waves. The sledges no longer moved swiftly and smoothly along, but could with difficulty be preserved from overturning. Loud noises, too, were heard in the distance, resembling the discharges of cannon, occasioned by the breaking up of the ice.

The Esquimaux eagerly strove to gain the shore; but it soon appeared evident that the ice would burst mid-way between them and the land. As they neared the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice was grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise; which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow-storms driving about in the air, utterly prevented their hearing or seeing anything distinctly. It was with the utmost difficulty the terrified dogs could be urged onward, amid the rising and falling of the icy sea. The drivers paused a few seconds, in a sort of mute despair. Then, seizing the critical moment when the trembling mass dashed wildly to the level of the coast, they drove the sledges furiously along it, and succeeded in their hazardous attempt.

They had hardly time to look around them, when that part of the ice from which they had just made their escape, burst asunder, and the water forged itself from below. In an instant the whole frozen mass, in the wildest imaginable ruin broke loose. The vast surface as far as the eye could reach, was crumbling, crushing, piling, and tossing itself madly, amidst a clamour utterly indescribable, and through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more be heard than the puny voice of a child.

The missionaries were overwhelmed with amazement at their marvellous escape, and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed their gratitude to God on account of their deliverance.

Their first care was to build a snow house, about thirty paces from the beach; and very glad were they to creep into its shelter, thanking God for this place of refuge from the stormy wind and cold, which were so violent as to deprive them almost of breath and vital warmth. Having sung a hymn, the whole party lay down, and composed themselves to rest. The natives were all soon asleep; but the missionary Liebisch, could not repose, owing in part to the dreadful roaring and tumult of the elements without, and also to the severe pain which he suffered from sore-throat. His wakefulness saved the whole party from death in another form.

About two o'clock in the morning, he perceived salt water dropping from the snow-roof. He was just about to give the alarm, when a tremendous surf broke close to the hut, and carried away the slab of snow placed before the entrance. He instantly awoke the sleepers. One of the Esquimaux, with his knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each of the others, seizing a part of the baggage, rushed out. The poor woman, with her child, fled in terror to a neighbouring eminence, whither they all followed, and took shelter be-

hind a rock; which they had scarcely done, when a second wave swept away the snow hut. Cutting holes in the snow, they tried to find a partial cover; but during the remainder of the night they suffered much on account of the wind, sleet, and snow. As soon as the miserable hours of darkness were passed, they gazed around and saw not a vestige of ice remaining. All before them was open sea! As soon as possible, the Esquimaux built a second hut, eight feet square, and six feet high; but now another terrible calamity pressed upon them. Famine, a fiercer enemy than cold came on apace: their slender stock of provisions, though doled out in portions, could not possibly last long, and there was no prospect of their being able soon to quit this dreary place and reach the home they had left.

Only two ways were left for escape: either to attempt the passage over the wild and unrequented mountain—Kiglapiet; or wait for the sea to freeze again: a biscuit and a half a day was the allowance for each. The poor natives were soon so sorely pinched with hunger, that they devoured an old sack made of fish-skins. While they were at this strange meal, they kept singing in a low tune, "You were a sack a little while ago, and now you are food for us." Their spirits, too, began to sink; but happily they found refuge from their miseries in sleep, as they possess the convenient faculty of being able to go to rest whenever they please, and can, if necessary, go to sleep for days and nights together.

Meanwhile, the Moravians kept sad and anxious watch, looking forth wistfully from their snowy shelter, over the wide waste around. The poor dogs had now fasted four days; and another source of disquiet was occasioned by the mildness of the air, which thawed the roof, so that their clothes were thoroughly soaked, and they had not a dry place to lie on. At length, after remaining six days in this miserable place, they resolved to return to main. There was no way to effect this but one: and their Esquimaux driver ran forward as a kind of pioneer to find the track. The brethren followed with their sledge. It was a weary fearful journey. They made a last meal of the remainder of their provisions, and by dint of boldness and skill arrived at length at Nain, to the great joy of the whole settlement, and especially of their own families who had been reduced almost to despair of ever beholding them again. This is but one of the numerous perils, and escapes of which the Moravians speak in the simple annals of their Mission to Labrador.

The Prayer-Meeting.

HOW TO MAKE IT DULL.

If called upon to pray, see how long you can be. The world is full of things that need prayer, the Jews, the Gentiles, Mohammedans, Papists, heathen and the like. Bring them all in. It shows how you can comprehend all. Then here's "the patience of hope"—fully exercised before you get through. If you have any particular hobby—be sure and ride that. Give the Lord the whole history of it. Tell him plainly what you think he ought to do in the case, and exhort him to do it. Such a long prayer is the main dish of the meal. There's little room for much more, and you know too much variety is not good. It makes "itching ears."

Perhaps it is a better way to put your head down, and look so tired and indifferent that they will not dare to call upon you, lest they find you asleep. Sit silent as long as you can. There's great power in silence. It helped Wolfe to take Quebec. And if you sit with the head down, how do they know but you are in profound meditation? Who can tell what notes a silent harp might give forth, if it had David's hand to wake it up?

If they will call upon, and insist on it that you "say a few words to us," then by all means take the time in telling how dead the church is—how low religion is—how sin abounds; and be sure and give those who are not present a sound rebuking for their absence. It shows that you know a few things, and you know that religion will never revive so long as the prayer-meeting is so poorly attended. No matter if you have been harping upon this for years. Are we not to give "line upon line?" You needn't exactly scold, but come as near it as you can. Put on the lash, they will bare it—for—they are absent. And low comforting and encouraging to the faithful few who do attend, to have you always complaining, and gathering all the thorns and burrs that grow on Mount Zion. The reproofs of the righteous are like oil—pour it on, and see if it does not make their faces shine with joy.

See how uniform you can make all your meetings. No variety in singing, in tunes, in those that take part in it. Never relate anything you have read or heard. And when you get home try and laugh about the meeting—how dull it was—what "miserable singing"—how Mr. Black went over the same prayer, and Mr. White made the same exhortation, and Mr. Hand was dull, and Mr. Foote was slow, and you "do wonder what ails the meetings?" Be sure and let your family hear you find fault with everything that was "said or sung" with men because they did not take part, and with men because they did not. Speak of your meetings in such a way that saint and sinner will be afraid to go near them. But don't fail always to add "if the church would only wake up, our meetings would not be so." John Todd, D.D., in Congregationalist.

The Court Journal thinks it probable that the marriage of the Prince of Wales will take place on the 5th and not the 12th, of March, as originally intended.