

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN XXI. 1-14: Christ appears at the sea of Tiberias. JOSHUA VI. 1-11: Directions for the taking of Jericho.

Recite—JOHN XX. 19, 20.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN XXI. 15-25: Christ's Discourse with Peter. JOSHUA VI. 12-27: The people compass Jericho seven days.

Recite—JOHN XXI. 4-6.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

5. Give four remarkable Old Testament instances of self-denial being rewarded.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 4.—1. By the magicians of Egypt. Exodus vii. 11, 22; viii. 7.
2. By the witch of Endor. 1 Samuel xxviii. 7-14.
3. By Simon, the Magician. Acts viii. 9-11.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 20.

- 1. Gilboa is the mountain on whose height The three loved sons of Saul were put to flight, And slain by ruthless foes.
2. Ruth was the young and pious widow's name, Who gleaned all day the scattered ears of grain, Upon the field of Boaz.
3. Abel, the first of martyrs, cruelly was slain, Through envy, by his elder brother Cain, As in the field they roamed.
4. Tekoa was the city where the word Came to the Prophet Amos from the Lord, Concerning Israel's doom.
5. India and Ethiopia, 'tis well known, Were extreme boundaries of the Persian throne, The haughty monarch's reign.
6. Tobiah was the wicked man, who tried, By artful schemes, to turn God's work aside, His efforts all in vain.
7. Uriah though he served King David well, According to a deep laid plot he fell In thickest of the fight.
8. Diana was the goddess, at whose feet Adoring multitudes were wont to meet, In superstition's night.
9. Ezekiel, captive in a foreign land, With reverence recognised Jehovah's hand, By Chebar as he stood.

Now trace these initials, and plain you will see, That one word of nine letters and syllables three, The solution of Puzzle the 20th must be. That word is GRATITUDE.

Cheater.

- 1. 1 Samuel xxxi. 2. Ruth i. ii.
3. Genesis iv. 4. Amos i. 1.
5. Esther i. 1; viii. 9. 6. Nehemiah xiii.
7. 2 Samuel xi. 8. Acts xix.
9. Ezekiel i.

We have received several very good replies to Scripture Puzzle No. 20, besides the above. One of these was written before, seeing our correction of the Compositor's omission, and closes with the following stanza. It is too good to be lost.

9. "These names' initials will not impart The virtue of a noble heart," You well know, D. O. P., 'Tis taking too much latitude, To say that they spell Gratitude Without another T.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 21.

I belonged to the Hebrews, to river, or flood, And yet I could boast neither flesh, bones nor blood. The Ephraimites maimed me, and paid for it too; For for this act lay dead thousands two score and two. Indian Harbour, West. LECTOR.

A Mother's last words: or the orphans of London streets.

BY MRS SEWELL.—THIRD PART.

[CONCLUDED.]

Fast fell the feathery floating snow, In whirling currents driven round, Or fluttered down in silent showers Of fleecy flakes upon the ground.

With broom in hand, and shivering limbs, The little sweepers bravely stood, And faced the cutting north-east wind, That seemed to chill their very blood.

A lady, in a house close by, Who often watched the little boys, Heard many times, that stormy day, A deep cough mingling with the noise.

She rose up from her blazing fire, And from the window looked about, And hard at work amongst the snow, She spied the ragged sweepers out.

"Do Geraldine, look here," she said, "How thin that youngest boy has grown; Poor little wretch!—how cold he looks, He's little more than skin and bone."

"Poor little boy," said Geraldine, "I never saw a whiter face; I think they must be honest boys, They keep so constant to their place.

"There's Frank and Freddy's worn-out shoes, I think, mamma, would fit them well," "Perhaps they would, I'll have them brought, My dear if you will ring the bell.

"And there's your brothers' old great-coats, They'll never put them on again; But they would keep these children warm, In many a storm of wind and rain."

"And give them something nice to eat; I don't mean dry old crusts of bread, But good mince-pies," said Geraldine, "You know we've such a number made."

"Well, do so, if you like, my dear," "Oh! thank you; they shall have some pies," Poor John and little Christopher, They hardly could believe their eyes.

They took the clo'es and nice mince-pies,— They bowed and thanked, and bowed again— Then scampered down the splashy streets, And reached their own dull dirty lane.

And there they fitted on the coats, And turned the pockets inside out, Stuck up the collars round their ears, Put on the shoes, and marched about.

They rubbed their hands and laughed again, And twisted one another round, And then John turned a somerset, And cleared the bedstead at a bound.

"But now for these fine Christmas pies," He said, and smacked his lips with glee, "They're just the thing you wanted, Chris,— There's two for you and two for me,

"We never had such luck before, We never dreamt of such a thing," "I think 'twas mother's angel John, Who had that order from the King."

"You don't mean that in earnest, Chris?" "Why?" said Chris, "I'm sure I do, I say, John, if we died to-night, Should we both go to heaven, too?"

"Well, Christopher, last night I thought I should be sure to go to hell; What sort of place that's like to be, I've now a notion I could tell.

"I'm pretty sure if I had died Last night without my sins forgiven, I'd not a single chance to go, To be with mother, up in heaven.

"I wish I'd never touched the shoes; To steal is such a shameful sin, And though they're taken back again, I don't feel yet all right within.

"It was so bad, to go and steal; Four months to-day you know she died; And though we've fared quite hard enough, Our wants have mostly been supplied.

"Some boys, we know, have had no bed, A deal worse off than you and I, For we have always had some bread, And just a place where we could lie.

"And now we've got some clothes to wear, And days will soon be getting long, And then, old boy, we'll shortly see You picking up, and getting strong."

"I don't know, John—I fancy not, I sometimes think I'm going to die; I dream so much about the place Where mother went—I don't know why;

"Except, maybe, I'm going too: I saw one night, John, in a doze, That Angel, that my mother saw, With snowy wings and shining clothes.

"He looked at me, and then he smiled, And said, 'Your time will soon be come; Be patient, little Christopher, You're going to a better home.'

"You know, last Sunday, at the school, The lady told us how to pray, And said that Jesus Christ had come, To die and take our sins away.

"And so I begged He'd take all mine, And Johnny, I believe He will; And now I shouldn't mind to die, If we could be together still."

"Oh! Christy, boy, you must not die, What should I do without you here? Oh! do get well—you must get well." And John brushed off a starting tear.

The winter passed and spring-time came, And summer days grew warm and long; But little Christy weaker grew, And soon could hardly creep along.

And then he stopped all day at home, And soon he hardly left his bed, And John was forced to leave him there, To earn for both their daily bread.

Sometimes the lady at the house Gave John some little jobs to do, And when she found he'd done them well, She sent him on her errands, too.

And now, when Christopher was ill, And John was leaving for the night, She gave him dainty little things, To please his brother's appetite.

The woman at the chandler's shop Had always been a faithful friend, And often came to see the child, And staid awhile to wash and mend.

The lady at the Sunday-school Found out the little orphans' home, And she would come and read to Chris, And he was glad to see her come.

She talked about the heavenly King, And she would kneel and softly pray, And thus he lingered on awhile, Still getting weaker day by day.

'Twas on a sultry summer's night, When heavy lay the stifling air, As John was dropping off to sleep, He heard a softly whis'ered prayer.

He knew 'twas Chris, and did not stir, And then he heard a gentle sigh; It was the dear boy's happy soul Escaping to its home on high.

He left behind his wasted form, He rose above the toiling folk, Above the cross upon St. Paul's, Above the fog, above the smoke.

And higher, higher, up he went, Until he reached the golden gate, Where night and day, in shining bands, The holy angels watch and wait.

And he went in, and saw the King, The Saviour who for him had died, And found once more, his mother dear; And little Chris was satisfied.

And there they both together wait, Till John shall reach that happy home; And often from the golden gate, They watched in hopes to see him come.

But John had many years to live, For he had useful work to do, And he grew up an honest man, A sober man, a Christian too.

His friend, the lady at the house, When little Chris was dead and gone, Bound John apprentice to a trade, And so he did not feel alone.

And that bright Minister of Love, Appointed by the Saviour King To guard those boys on earth, And then to heavenly glory bring,

Still walked with John, his journey through, And though unseen was ever nigh, Nor left him till his work was done, And then went up with him on high.

And there, in everlasting joy, The mother and the brothers met, To part no more, and weep no more, Nor dwell in that dark, dirty street;

To toil no more with bleeding feet, Nor hungering long for something nice: For they are clothed as angels are, And eat the fruits of Paradise.

No more the cold shall freeze their limbs, Nor darkness chill their dreary nights; It is eternal summer there, And all the blessed rest in light.

And there, with thousand thousand souls, All saved from sorrow, fear and shame, They join to sing the happy song Of praise to God and to the Lamb.

Dear boys, who read the simple tale Of these poor sweepers in the street, The gracious God, who cared for them, Will also guide your willing feet.

The Blacksmith.

"Can you shoe my horse for me to-night?" said Mr. Watton, as he came to Mr. Syms's shop, just before sunset on Saturday.

"No, I can't," said Mr. Syms, not ceasing to make the anvil ring while he spoke.

"I want it done very much, and I want you to do it. I should hate to get my work done at the other shop."

"If you could have got it done at the other shop, you wouldn't have come here."

"What makes you think I have been there?" "Because you were pretty well convinced that I wouldn't help you to break the Sabbath."

"I don't want you to help me break the Sabbath. I want you to shoe my horse."

"I'll shoe him for you Monday morning. I have as much as I can do to-day. If I hadn't, I should not shoe your horse."

It is none of your business what I do with my horse on Sunday."

It is my business to see that I am not accessory to any one's doing evil."

"What if you can't help it?" "I can help aiding a man to do evil."

"You have queer notions: I wonder that a man with your notions can get a living."

"The surest way of getting a living is to do right."

Walton left the shop, muttering something about being priest-ridden.

Mr. Syms always did what he thought was right, whether it was adapted to please his customers, or promote his interest, or not. If he saw a man doing wrong, he reproved him in a tone of manly frankness. Men were seldom angry by his reproof. They confessed that his practice was consistent with his profession, and thus seemed to admit his right to rebuke them.

to the community. He was a consistent, fearless, and energetic Christian. — Sunday-School Times.

A Column for Sabbath-school Teachers.

A SAFE PLACE.

There is hope for a church member so long as he is in the Sabbath School. Sabbath School members are the prayer-meeting, and they are the bone and sinew of the church—he Aaron and Hurs of the tribe. You seldom hear of a regular Sabbath School teacher making shipwreck of faith. Men join the church. They are never seen in the Sabbath School or prayer-meeting. In a short time they complain that they do not feel at home; they know no one in the church; and the pastor hardly speaks to them; etc., and they must go somewhere else. Their fault is their own. They have stood aloof from those places where acquaintances are formed: They have constituted themselves honorary members, therefore ordinary members, consequently useless members.

If I were asked by a young Christian what he ought to do in order to resist temptation, enjoy his religion, and make himself useful, I would say, go into the Sabbath School, either as a teacher or a scholar, and stay there until you are providentially prevented from going.

If I were asked by an old Christian, troubled with doubts and fears, how to get rid of them, I would say to him, go into the Sabbath School and tell others what you know about Christ and his blessed word, and it shall be true to you, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

If I were asked by a young man what he should do in order to become a successful minister of Jesus Christ, I would reply: Let your first effort, after taking charge of a church, be to secure a flourishing Sabbath School; and if the presence of a hundred or more of young hearts every Sabbath does not make you eloquent and useful, then you are a bard and rather a hopeless case.

I pity the man who is afflicted with a church without a Sabbath School—where either there are no children to form one or not piety enough in the members to sustain one. Half its supplies are thus cut off, and the right arm of his strength is broken. He is a subject for the deepest sympathy of his brethren. May the Lord in his mercy deliver me from a church without a Sabbath School. The absence of Sabbath Schools is the chief reason of so many feeble churches and inefficient ministers. — Pacific Christian Advocate.

BAPTISM.

In all ragged schools and reformatories, so they tell me, the first step toward restoring self-respect is to make the poor fellows clean. From that moment they begin to look on themselves as new men, with a new start, new hopes, new duties. For not without the deepest physical as well as moral meaning was baptism chosen by the old Easterns, and adopted by our Lord Jesus Christ, as the sign of the new life: and outward purity made the token and symbol of that inward purity which is the parent of self-respect and manliness, and a clear conscience; of the free forehead, and the eye which meets boldly and honestly the eye of his fellow-man.—Kingsley.

CHEERFUL TEACHERS.

How much does usefulness in the world depend upon a pleasing demeanor and an agreeable manner? We have often seen efforts to do good prove fruitless, just because of the harsh or rude way in which they were done.

When Lord Peterborough stayed for a time with Fenelon, he was so delighted with his piety and amiability, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I remain here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself!" Could such an idea as that have been formed by a visitor in your home, dear reader?

As a teacher of the young, it is of the greatest importance to cultivate a cheerful and friendly spirit. Children are very susceptible and observant, and they are easily repelled by a hasty look or an unkind word. In the brief memoir of a poor old woman, the writer observes, "I always felt how beautiful the Christian character appeared in Jeanie, and that even the irreligious must have admired it. She was spoken of among the children as the 'old woman who loved God.' I never knew them bestow the same appellation upon another. She had a very happy way of winning the artless affections of children, and never missed an opportunity of dropping an earnest word to them about that blessed truth which all must become little children to learn, telling them that they would either be prepared for longer days, or fit for early death. Her cheerfulness and kindness of heart showed itself in peculiar kindness of manner."

A USEFUL CUSTOM.

At Munich there prevails a singular custom. Every child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is painted in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, his portrait is given to him, and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he had been rescued, and of the obligations he owes to the institution which saved him from misery and gave him the means by which he was enabled to avoid it in future.