

Month's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XX. 17-38: Paul's Address to the Elders of Ephesus. JUDGES XVII. 18-31: The death of Samson.

Recite—ACTS XX. 1-3.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XXI. 1-19: Paul's departure to Jerusalem. JUDGES XVII. 1: The Idolatry of Micah.

Recite—ACTS XX. 18, 19.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

46. Two kings were once driven out of their country by insects? Who were they? and what insects were they?

Answer to question given last week.—

45. No, the devil was a murderer from the beginning.—John viii. 44. Cain first shed man's blood.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 40.

Nehemiah wept in Babylon the great, (a) Ere sent to build Jerusalem's wall and gate, With letters from the king. Ephraim before Manassah was preferred, (b) Whose sons coming to rob the cattle herd, (c) By men of Gath were slain.

Baruch kept Jeremiah's deed of trust, (d) When that great prophet was into prison thrust, And wrote his prophecies. Uzziah, at sixteen, mounted Judah's throne, (e) But not content, in high priest's robes he shone, (f) And so a leper dies. (g)

Caiphas advised them Jesus to put to death, (h) 'T was "expedient" said he, with high priests' breath, Fearing proud Jewry's fall. Hezekiah to his father's throne succeeds, (i) Brings judgment on his sons by his misdeeds When he displays his all. (j)

Abigail met David with a present rare, (k) And queenly mien, which calmed his royal ire, And Nabal's life was spared. Dagon, before the ark was prostrate laid, (l) With head and hands lopped off and then 'tis said That they of Ashdod feared.

Noah before, and since the deluge, lived, (m) With David and Peter wickedly behaved, Was drunk, and Ham enslaved. (n) Elisha wore Elijah's robe. He gratefully restored (o) His hostess' son. His bones, too, life procured. (p) He cursed the ill-behaved. (q)

Zedekiah, was Mattaniah, ascends the throne; (r) Rebels; made captive; carried far from home, (s) To Babylon,—made blind. (t) Zadok, in Absalom's rebellion, faithful proved (u) To David; got the breast-plate, which he loved, And left it to his line. (v)

Aaron, ordained of God, the first high priest, (w) Yielded to the rebels at their guilty feast, And made the golden calf. (x) Rezon, who fled from Hadadzer's reign, (y) Was raised up to oppose King Solomon, But was not loved himself.

Now here are fourteen names of high renown, Whose initial-letters spell, as will be found, "NEBUCHADNEZZAR," king. And good friend "Daleth" hear me, did you try To make this riddle blind? Child, young as I, May yet its answer bring.

Yarmouth. L. A. C.

(a) Neh. i. 4. (b) Gen. xlviii. 19. (c) Chron. vii. 21. (d) Jer. xxxii. 12. (e) 2 Chron. xxvi. 1. (f) 2 Chron. xxvi. 16. (g) 2 Chron. xxvi. 21. (h) John xi. 49. (i) 2 King xvi. 20. (j) Isai. xxxix. 1-8. (k) 1 Sam. xxv. 20. (l) 1 Sam. v. 3. (m) Gen. vi. 8. (n) Gen. ix. (o) 2 King iv. 32. (p) 2 King xiii. 21. (q) 2 King ii. 24. (r) 2 King xxiv. 17. (s) 2 King xxv. 4. (t) 2 King xxv. 7. (u) 2 Sam. xv. 24. (v) Eze. xiv. 15. (w) Ex. xxviii. 1. (x) Ex. xxxii. 1. (y) 1 King xi. 23.

Much obliged, Mr. Editor, for your hint about our transferring the poetry from the puzzle to the answer. You must know that we juvenile rhyesters find it difficult, sometimes, to make things rhyme to suit us, so when we find them ready made, we are apt to adopt them, but I think we will be more honest for the future.

L. A. C.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 41.

First tell the native place of that sad seer, Whose sorrowing cheeks were stain'd with many a tear, Because he knew the Chaldeans' sword would slay His people; and remove them far away, To where Euphrates' waters gently flow, And willows lowly bending ever grow.

Then name the place where one of Judah's kings, Who would not shelter 'neath Jehovah's wings, Had all his children slain before his eyes, Then, blinded, saw no more beneath the skies.

Now tell the brook which once in bitterest grief, Was cross'd by Israel's God-annointed chief, Who fled from treason dark, unnatural, deep, While all his friends could only mourn and weep.

If all the places you have guessed be right, Then their initials will present to sight A type of Christ, in whom, a refuge sure, Man's only hope, can sinners rest secure.

I. W. V.

The Guardian Angel.

[From the German.]

Henry came out of school late one Friday afternoon. He quietly laid his books on the table, and though he had always been in the habit of going to the cupboard and finding a nice piece of bread-and-butter, he did not even go to look for it this time. Something unusual seemed to be weighing on his mind, though nobody could tell what. He went noiselessly to the window, and there took a seat in the rocking-chair and looked out of doors upon the beautiful evergreens in the yard. Then he leaned his head on his hand and seemed to be thinking over something. The little canary-bird, Pet, jumped down out of open door of his cage and pecked away on his hand, but Henry hardly noticed him.

"Have you lost anything, Henry?" asked his grown-up sister Ada, for she had never seen him act in this way before.

"Oh no! but I can't help thinking over the wonderful story a boy told me to-day. His mother told him."

"Well, it must indeed be a wonderful story to make you look so sober as you now do. Sometimes the glasses jingle on the sideboard at your jumping and liveliness when you get home from school, but all at once you seem to be an old man," replied Ada.

"Oh, that story! I never heard such a story before," said Henry.

"Do tell it to me. I would like very much to hear it. You know that I am fond of stories, and that I have already made a large collection of them. If yours is a good one, then I'll write it out and put it among the rest to tell to children when I want to please them."

"Since you seem to be so anxious to hear it, my dear Ada, I will tell it to you:

"In a little cluster of houses, which was not large enough to be called a village, there once lived a very poor shoemaker. He was faithful and honest, and toiled hard for his daily bread. He had a good wife, and an only son, Adam by name. Little Adam used to carry boots home to the customers, and milk the cow, and mend the old shoes for the country people. Sometimes he made a poor job of his cobbling, but I suppose he did about as well as most little Adams do who have no more advantages than he had. All around the wall of the shoe-shop he pasted up pictures that he had cut out of the newspapers. One day a rich man came to have a pair of fine patent-leather boots made. But as Adam's father had but little stock on hand, the gentleman had to go off and buy the leather himself. He went off, came back with the rich shining leather, had his measure taken, and asked to have his boots done one week afterwards, the next Wednesday evening so that he could wear them to a party. He lived a mile in the country, on a beautiful estate. The shoe-maker, his wife, and little Adam finished their dinner, and at three o'clock the boots were tied up and lying on the counter ready to be taken home. The mother placed two apples in her son's pocket, and off he went to carry the boots to the gentleman in the country.

"He had no difficulty in finding the house, for he had been there twice before. The gentleman received the boots himself, tried them on, was pleased with them, paid Adam the price of them, and gave him a half-dollar for his trouble in bringing them home. Off the happy boy started, hoping to get home before dark. He had to cross a little foot-bridge which spanned a narrow brook, and going over too hastily his foot slipped and he fell into the water. It is true the water was not over his head, or he would probably have been drowned. But he was scared as badly as if he had fallen into the Pacific Ocean. He was wet all over, but he found the bottom with his little feet, and out he waded, his heart beating as if his breast were not half big enough to hold it. His ears and eyes were full of water, but he found the road pretty quick and walked just as fast as he could. He even ran. All at once, after he had got half way home, he thought of his money. He clapped his hand on his pocket, and it was gone! Beautiful silver pieces—all gone! His own half-dollar gone! The tears came to his eyes and he cried aloud. He did not think his father would whip him, for he was one of those men who do not believe as much in hickory-switches as in kind words. But he cried to think that his poor parents would have to do without the money.—He went back again, though he feared it would be too late to find his money. When he reached the brook he saw a man coming over on the foot-bridge.

"Why are you so sad, my son?" he asked.

"Oh! I have lost some money that belongs to my father. I fell off this bridge, and I think it must have fallen out of my pocket, and may be now here in the water," replied little Adam.

"If that is the case, don't be alarmed! You see I have on high top boots that come up over my knees, and I can wade in and look for your money. If it is silver I think I can find it."

"How little it takes to cheer a child's heart! Adam was rejoiced to think of such kindness. In five minutes' time he had all the money, his own half dollar into the bargain. Then he thought how he should thank his benefactor. He told him he was a little cobbler boy, and

whenever he wanted his boots mended he would do it for nothing. The man thanked him and promised to call some time.

"Now tell me your name, if you please, sir?" asked Adam. "Are you the guardian angel that my mother has told me always helps good boys out of all their troubles, mends their playthings, and gets them new ones?"

"Oh no! my son. I am only a man like other people."

"Never mind, I am going to tell my mother all about this matter, and I believe she will tell me that you are my guardian angel, for you have waded into the water and found all my money."

"I will call and see you some time, and then I will tell you more about myself," he said, and bade Adam good-by.

"Adam went home and told his adventure to his parents. His mother said it was a good man who had found the money for him, and that was just the same as if God had sent an angel. Next day he found a picture of an angel with wings on, and he pasted it on the shop wall and got his father to write under it; 'Adam's Guardian Angel.'

"The gentleman came some weeks afterward to see Adam, and he was still more pleased with his unpretending and dutiful spirit. He asked his father if he had ever disobeyed him or went unwillingly to carry shoes and boots to customers. 'No,' said he, 'he always goes cheerfully, and if we have nothing but a crust to eat he eats it as thankfully and contentedly as if it were the richest fruit-cake.'

"Will you let him go home with me? My name is Prince C——, and I live only a hundred miles from here, in Castle Molen."

"The father was almost overcome by this announcement, for he had often heard of the prince but had never seen him. The mother was asked, then little Adam, and finally it was agreed, after many tears were shed, that he should go.

"So Adam went home with the prince, and years afterward he became owner of the estate and lived in the castle."

"Now, sister," said Henry, "that is what I have been thinking about. Isn't it a good story?"

"Indeed it is," said she. "I will write it down and call it one of the best in my collection."

After tea Henry still continued thoughtful.—At last he asked his mother if there were such good beings as guardian angels. She told him that there were angels who attend good children at all times, for the Scriptures say of every good person:

"For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"That night Henry went to bed thinking about Adam and his guardian angel. I will tell you part of his dreams, for were I to tell you all it would fill two or three newspapers like this one.

He dreamed that it was winter time and that the snow was all over the houses and fields and fir trees. He thought the boys were out sleighing, and that he heard the bells ringing all along the mountain side. The birds were very tame, because they were hungry. They came hopping up on the steps of the kitchen-door to get some crumbs to eat. They flew upon the window-sills, and skipping about pecking here and there for little things to eat that his eyes were either too big or too little to see. He knew a boy who had a trap in which he could catch them. And so he said to himself: "Tom Sanner will be out to-day catching birds." But Henry said he would not catch them, for it was cruel. So he went out a little way from the front door and scraped away the snow until he had a place for them to come on as large as a door. He got the broom and swept all the snow away so that their feet would not get cold. Then he got some wheat and crumbs and sprinkled them about on it.—Soon the birds came and were in high glee. They said to one another: "We have a good master, for he takes care of us." Then the big birds came there and drove away the little ones. But he got a big switch and kept them off while the little ones could eat their dinner. Afterwards other hungry ones came and ate, until the food was all gone. He did not know what to do. He searched the house through but could get nothing more. Then he thought a man came up to the house with a wagon filled with sacks of wheat and corn, and that he said: "I have been told that a boy lives here who is kind to helpless birds. I have brought a present for him. Here is wheat enough for you to feed all the birds through the winter. As long as you continue to love the birds I will supply you with wheat to feed them." Henry was delighted.—Then he said, that man is good or would never be so kind. He aroused from his sleep and wondered if it was true. But he knew then he had been dreaming. So he thought if that man was not a guardian angel he acted very much like one.

He went off to sleep again and dreamed that it was summer time. The boys and girls were wandering through the forest gathering wild flowers. The birds that he had fed in winter were singing in the trees, and as he pulled a wild honeysuckle they saw him and said: "Oh! here is Henry, who gave us good eating last winter. It was a hard winter for most birds, but he took good care of us, and we did not feel cold." Henry heard what they said, and he thought how delightful it was to do good. A good deed is good when you do it, and then it lasts as long as you live. It is good every time you think of it. As he went on with his friends he came across a poor old woman who was gathering sticks. She had a bundle on her back, and was collecting another for her arms. She leaned over very much, and you would have thought her back would break. Henry pitied her. She was seventy-five years old, and there

she was gathering sticks to cook her food with. He asked her to let him carry her bundle. "Oh no!" she said. "You are a rich man's son, and you might hurt yourself. I am only a poor old woman, and cannot last much longer anyhow." But Henry insisted, and she gave him some sticks. By-and-by they got very heavy and he could hardly carry them any longer. Just then he saw a man with a wagon. It was the same one who gave him his wheat and corn in the winter. He was going along the road, and Henry did not know until he saw him how near they were out of the forest. The man recognized him and said:

"Are you carrying those sticks for the old woman?"

"Yes, sir. She is old and tired," he replied. "You see my wagon is empty this time. Come, put your sticks in here and ride along with me. The old woman can get in too."

So he took the old woman home, and he carried Henry to the gate of his father's yard. On leaving him he said: "Continue to do good and I will help you along in all your difficulties. I am only a plain man, but when I was a boy my mother taught me to love God and contribute as much as I could to relieve the sufferings of this world. We have had a fearful war in this land. Thousands have been killed, and there are many poor widows and orphans and wounded soldiers. I am helping them all I can, for when I die I cannot help them any longer."

After several dreams just as pleasant as this, Henry awoke and saw the sun shining against the window. He remembered that it was his birthday. When he went down stairs he found several presents on the table waiting for him. Among others was a handsome Bible, a present from his mother. There were several verses written on the blank leaf, the last one of which was in his sister's handwriting, while the rest were in his father's and mother's. I will tell it to you. It was written after Henry had gone to bed the night before, and was suggested by the story he had told his sister Ada. It was about God's holy angels:

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Now, children, if you would have good dreams at night you must do good things through the day.—N. Y. Methodist.

The tone.

As an example of the "unconscious influence" of tone and manner of address in speakers of a certain class, a friend, says the Christian Secretary, gives us the following:

A certain minister in a neighboring State, somewhat remarkable for the "good old tone" in his preaching, had resigned and left the church where he had labored for several years. His successor was a good man, and a very acceptable preacher; but there was one lady among his people who was not at all edified; she continually longed and sighed for her former minister. A son of hers, a young man of some education, and withal a somewhat gifted elocutionist, one day remarked to the old lady:

"Mother, it is nothing in the world but the tone of your old minister that you are so partial to, and I think I can convince you of it."

"O, no, my son, no," said she, "you are mistaken entirely; Elder A—— was such a good preacher; and O, how I wish I could hear him!"

"Mother let me tell you a story," responded the young man; and he very gravely proceeded to relate, in a natural and simple way, the circumstances of his having recently killed a woodchuck in a field not far away. As he finished, the old lady rather pettishly remarked:

"Well, what of it? what has all that to do with the matter?"

"Just this, mother," was the reply, "I can tell you that story so that you will cry over it in spite of yourself."

"Nonsense," said she, "you can't do any such thing."

Whereupon the young man commenced anew with the narration, and interposing here and there a touch of the pathetic, at the same time artfully imitating the "heavenly tone" of the favorite Elder, he had hardly reached the climax of his story, in the death of the ill-fated marmot, when the old lady burst into a convulsive spasm of sobbing, perfectly overcome with her emotions!

"There, mother," said the son, "that will do—are you not convinced?" And the mother dried her tears, but answered never a word! The incident is instructive in more ways than one.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.—We may glory in the cross of Christ, for this among other reasons, that even a child may aid in its great mission of mercy to the world. A company of men were pushing a boat into the water; but it stuck so fast they could not move it.

"Another pound," said one, "and it will go."

"I can push a pound," answered a little boy.

Upon the addition of his strength, the boat again moved, and soon floated on the water. But all these men could not themselves move the big vessel. The application is easy.

It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily, quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that good is to be done.

Talkers will refrain from evil speaking when listeners refrain from evil hearing.