

Young's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1863.

Read—Acts xiv. : Paul and Barnabas worshipped, and afterwards stoned. JUDGES viii. 4-23 : Gideon's victories.

Recite—Acts xiii. 38, 39.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1863.

Read—Acts xv. 1-21 : The consultation of the apostle respecting circumcision. JUDGES xi. Recite—Acts xiv. 14-17.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

35. What is the only case of suicide recorded in the New Testament?

Answer to question given last week :—

Jacob put on sackcloth when he supposed Joseph was dead. Genesis xxxvii. 34.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 35.

JOSHUA, great; guided by God's right hand, Became the conqueror valiant of all the Holy Land. Joshua x. 12.

URIAH was the Hittite who lost his precious life, By David's awful wickedness, in coveting his wife. Samuel xi. 7-24

DETHAN was the pasture-ground of Joseph's brethren's sheep, And where they "stript" and meant him in a pit to keep. Genesis xxxvii. 28

GIDEON was the Judge who leaned upon the Lord, And with three hundred lapping men saved from Midian's sword. Judges vi. 7.

EPHRAIM, Joseph's younger son, was father of a tribe, Whose boundries so wisely good "Joshua did describe." Genesis xlviii. 19.

NOB was the city where was kept the "pallowed bread," Which David lied to get; and then to Achish fled. 1 Samuel xxii. 18.

OTHNIEL, son of Kenaz, Kaleb's younger brother, Governed Israel forty years, and saved as could no other. Judges i. 13.

TIGLATH-PILESER was the King "renowned of old," To whom "the wicked Ahaz," God's ancient people sold. 2 Kings xvi. 8.

Now, if the "caution" you would learn, By these initials given, Just turn to Matthew seventh and first, And read what came from Heaven.— "JUDGE NOT."

Kempt, Aug. 22nd.

J. F. K.

PUZZLE, No. 36.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N

With the aid of one letter placed between these well,

The above letters a rigorous precept will spell.

Yarmouth.

ANCIENT.

A Mirror for some people.

"Father," said a little girl, the daughter of a humble, but faithful pastor—"Father, why don't we have things as other people do?"

"Why, we do, for the most part. There's old Mr. Bradley has been a cripple all his life, and we have one lame one, you know, in our family! There's Mr. Guild, has lost his two cows, and we have just lost Thankful, our good old cow. There's little Charlie Wells has just been very sick, and here is my little girl who is hardly able to sit up yet. I think we do have things pretty much like other folks."

"Oh, father, you don't try to understand me. I mean, why don't we have a great white house and two beautiful daughters of motion, as Esquire Berry calls his horses; and a large, elegant carriage, and high rooms, and pictures, and mahogany things, and all that?"

"Dear Mary, we do have something like all that. We have a white house, and it holds us all, and many friends who come to see us, and we have 'Billy,' a true, honest horse, and we have a strong wagon to ride in, and as for pictures and mahogany, we have one picture in the parlor and another in my study, each a foot square, and we have one mahogany chair, and what more do we want?"

"Oh, a thousand things; but you don't think about these things as I do." And little Mary drew a long sigh. The father walked the room, and was thinking how he could satisfy his sweet child that God was doing well by them. At length she said,

"Father, you tell me we can't have all these nice things, because we are poor, and have not money to buy them. But why are we so poor? Don't you work as hard as anybody, and don't people often say, that no woman in town works

as hard as poor mother! Why don't God give us more money?"

"For two reasons, at least, my child. First, if ministers were as well paid as other people, in proportion to their education and labours, many would rush into the ministry for the rewards, and not because they loved to do good. This would spoil the whole thing. And then, too, if we had all these nice things, I should have no time to attend to them. I should have no time to see that the horses were fed and groomed, the carriages washed, the dogs kept in order, all the furniture bright, and all the new fashions and new things bought. And your mother would not have time to keep them up with all the fashions, and styles and dresses. We don't have to watch to see if somebody don't have something smarter or newer than what we have. If we can't buy these burdens, we don't have to carry them. And seriously, we have something better. Can you guess what it is?"

"I suppose you mean heaven," said Mary, faintly.

"No, I mean something which we now have. Why do people want all these nice things?"

"Oh, to enjoy, and—to make a show."

"Precisely. And they enjoy them just in proportion as they make a show. The secret is, they want the respect of the community, and they know no other way of obtaining it. Now the minister of the gospel, if true and faithful to his position, lives in the kind respect of the whole community. They respect his office, and his duties, and the man who fills them! When he goes abroad, he is welcomed with a smile, and he has the best chair, the best chamber, the best of everything which the house affords. His children are treated kindly for his sake. He has a consideration and a respect in the community which it would take a great deal of money to buy—even if money could buy it. Now God don't give us everything. And we don't want it. Has any little girl in the whole town had more to come and make inquiries about her—had more nice things to tempt her appetite—had more flowers to cheer her room—a more attentive physician—or a better mother to hang over her—than my little Mary, since she has been shut up here? It seems to me that our cup of blessings is very large, and very full!"

"Well, father, you can talk better than I.—And I know you are right, and I hope you will forgive me for being sometimes foolish!" The father bent over his child to kiss her, and a tear stood in the eyes of each.—John Todd, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

About Heaven.

Heaven is not a mere state of being, but a place. When the believer dies, his spirit does not go forth to float about in space, as a cloud drifts in the sky, but it goes to a home-land—a city that hath foundation. Christ said to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." The abode of the spirit will, no doubt, be widely different from earth. But it will not be immaterial, as some imagine. It will not be cold and shadowy, but a city with mansions—a city lighted up by the smile of God, filled with the bright forms and glad voice of saints and angels.

Where this place is, we know not, and it is idle to try to learn. It may be on some star that we gaze upon every night. It may be in those richly clustering stars which we call the milky way, or it may be yet nearer, and built of such material that our gross senses cannot perceive it. But it is a place to which the souls of the redeemed can go as soon as they leave the earth. It was after three o'clock when the penitent thief expired, but that very day he was in Paradise.

Heaven, though a place of rest, is not a place of inactivity. John saw it in symbols from his island prison, and was his vision one of moonlight and of stillness, or of low and gentle melodies wooing to repose? On the contrary, he saw a city full of light—a city of gold and gems to reflect that light—splendor, brilliancy, dazzling effulgence! And out of the throne which was the source and centre of illumination proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices, and round about the throne were living creatures full of glory, who rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." And there are many angels round about these living creatures, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and they are saying ever with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Christian Herald.

My Father's orange.

The poor, worn invalid lies sleepless and restless, while all the family around are drinking in the blessing of "tired nature's sweet restorer." His lips are fevered, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. He cannot help contrasting his pitiful condition with that of others, though he knows this to be wrong, and every such comparison gives him pain. His troubled soul again asks if God has forgotten to be gracious, and if His mercy to himself is clean gone forever. In short he is sick, sad and tired of himself, and his faltering faith is in sore need of something to stimulate it to lay hold on some of the many precious thoughts of God. "O, if He would only speak and assure His child of a Father's love." In this depressed state he reaches out his thin, translucent hand, and takes from the little table at his bedside an orange which the loving care of some kind friend had left there the evening before. So soft and juicy, so cool, so refreshing and harmless withal, so perfectly suited to his present taste and weakness—as if the Infinite Love had devised it for the sick alone—he pres-

ses its rich contents upon his burning palate, and is strengthened. His thirst is quenched, his fever cooled, and now his restored brain works more reasonably and piously.

The orange, says he, could not have met my want any better if it had been created for me alone. So far as I am concerned, the Divine love has exhausted itself for my comfort. I am not then quite forgotten of Him.

And what pains He has taken to bring that blessing to my hand at this critical hour. It grew in Cuba, or Sicily, Fayal, thousands of miles hence, amid the seas. But His hand plucked and wrapped it, held it secure in its hollow amid the yawning waves, brought it safe to port, expressed it thence far into the country, moved the friend to purchase and leave it here, and thus did my watchful and loving Father's hand place it within mine. No miracle of mercy was ever more timely and direct than this mercy to me. Had God spoken it into being at my bedside and in answer to my midnight cry, the miracle would not have brought Him nearer to me. Ah, now I know there is one invalid whom the Omnipotent hath not yet forgotten; one feeble and tired child, at least, who, in the night watchings, has occasion to sing of the loving kindness of the Lord—a very present help in time of trouble.

Mr. Beecher trying French.

Everybody knows that Henry Ward Beecher is now in Europe, and everybody ought to know, before reading the following sketch, that the learned head of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and the practical pastor of the Pierpoint Street Baptist church, Brooklyn, sailed from New York in the same ship with Mr. Beecher. We quote from his last letter to the Independent:

I undertook to speak French. It was a spectacle of lingual gymnastics that did not fail to excite admiration and elicit smiles. Usually I began with a noun. Throwing that out in a very bold manner, I then sent the verb straggling after it, as best it might, somewhat disheveled, and often much dislocated, and then the adverbs and adjectives were thrown in at the end, as so much to boot, for the very obliging manner in which other parts of speech had been entertained. There are three of us, you know, in company, the LL D., the Preacher, and myself, the Editor. The doctor is dignified, deliberate, and slightly sensitive to inaccuracies. His attempt at French consists, usually, in drawing himself up like a statue of marble, and receiving the whirl of sentences with which polite officials come down upon him with the most patient silence. Sometimes he would (like a bird that has not quite made up its mind whether to sing or not, and throws out a note or two) very deliberately ejaculates one or two good French words and while the polite shopman, or woman rather, waited for the rest, he relapsed into silence and meditations on that mysterious providence that debarred so large a part of mankind from the privilege of understanding English!

But the Preacher is of another mood. As he knows no French, so he has no scruples. I correct myself. He does know several words—The ones are "Eh bien!" and "Oui!" This last one he employs indefinitely; with an upward inflection, a downward accent, with duplication and reduplication. Indeed, he uses that "Oui" as one would a gimlet or auger, and by expert turning round and round, he bores into many a success which the doctor's sensibility would neglect or refuse. But the editor's French, if generally adopted, would mark an era in the language. If you can imagine a railroad conductor trying to pick out the passengers' baggage and mixed material from a car that had run off the track, and got mixed in a heap, you can conceive of the situation of a Frenchman attempting to decipher his sentences. I am like one who fires into a tree, where he suspects there are pigeons, both barrels, and then waits to see what he has hit. Sometimes a feather, but oftener only leaves. But who shall describe the scene that took place on our arrival at Paris from Rouen and Havre?

It was eleven o'clock on Saturday night. We all were asleep on entering the city, and roused up to the summons of the guard. We had no courier, guide, or French-speaking friend. Our eyes were dazed with the sudden glare of light. We had ludicrous ideas of French police, and custom house officials, and railroad attendants, and porters, and cabmen. In English, we would meet and charge upon a thousand. But without the language, how simple and feeble a man becomes! We followed the crowd, entered a waiting hall, and waited, wondering what would come next. At length, some doors were shut behind and some opened before, and all of us entered the adjoining room to point out our baggage. Ours had come on before us, and was stored. We presented our receipt, which called out a string of French questions that sounded like a reveille. I raised my eyebrows, brought up my shoulders, and said, "Speak English, if you please!" This was a poser to him, and he turned me over to another, who went through about the same experience. Three had the benefit of my opinion concerning miserable Frenchmen who could not speak wholesome English! For when I found that no harm came from the uttermost liberty of speech in English, I amused myself by plain talking, as thus: "My dear sir, you have no idea how much better you would look if you only spoke a decent language!" At which he pointed at one trunk and another, as if to find out which I alluded to. At length we divided our forces. We set the doctor to guard the light band baggage. We appointed the preacher to go out and secure a cab, while the editor, by an elaborate pantomime, should free the baggage from official dress. The doctor stood in dignified patience, opposing to every man that insulted him by talking French a resolute silence. The preacher

commenced a system of nods and gesture with the cabmen; which seemed only to prevent any one of them from an engagement. One by one he succeeded in losing every cab on the stand, and at length, by some providence, he found a man that, regarding him as sane, accepted an engagement. But alas! it was only an open carriage, with no room for trunks, unless we would consent to pile them up on the seats, and then mount on top of them, and ride to the Grand Hotel like so many birds roosting on a woodpile!

Meanwhile, the editor was surrounded by a crowd of porters and officials, who, seeing him to be more than good-natured—to be even enjoying the exquisite ludicrousness of the scene, were volunteering all manner of help, except that only help I needed—a dozen plain English sentences!

It is not often that I gather as much pleasure from a half-hour as I did from this midnight scene in a Paris depot. Three gentlemen supremely blessed with tongues, whose whole life-work was carried on by talking, and here they were, cooped up in a corner, helpless and useless for want of a few words! My tongue lay dead in my mouth, like an old sword hung up in a sheath in times of peace! I could not avoid sitting down to a burst of laughter so hearty that all the officials sympathized. Indeed, laughter is alike in all languages. Laughed in French as much as in English—and found that good nature and laughter did more for me than all my vain gestures and inept and gurgling abominations called French words. They shoved my trunks along unexamined, and only demanded the fee of a few sous for the porters. Arithmetic in French is worse than any other part of the language. I drew out a whole handful of silver, and reaching out my open palm, said in plain English, "There, do your own reckoning, and take what you want." At this they roared—and we were all friends in a minute. They partook very moderately, taking no advantage, I am sure, and each one became eager to take a trunk, to secure a cab, and in general to get us off in good style. So we triumphed by good nature, in spite of French and the custom house.

SERVANT-GIRLS IN AUSTRALIA.—A paper published in Beechworth, Victoria, gives an amusing account of the perplexities of a citizen of that town, who, displeased with the lady that cooked his dinner and scraped his doorstep, sent to a Melbourne Servants' Home for a first-class general servant, whose railway fare of course he paid in advance. In the fullness of time a young lady, in a high state of fashion, was deposited at his door. She had on a dress of moire antique, a silk paretot, and a sky-scraping bonnet, with the usual samples from the market-garden. Besides holding up the dress, the one hand was engaged in the transport of a scented handkerchief and a long-fingered parasol, while the other sustained the smelling-bottle and a photographic likeness of the young gentleman to whom this lady's vows were pledged. She took the house by storm, and continued in it in such a state of gentility and refinement—which extended to everything but her pronunciation of the English language—that it was found a perfect relief when her health began to fail, from the drudgery of household work and the want of horse exercise. That was literally the verdict of the young lady's medical attendant. So she left, and went her way in quest of some eligible place where ladies of all-work are sent out to take airings on horse-back.—Birmingham Gazette.

Every man in the church of Christ is a commentator upon Christianity. Our epistle, read and known of men, should be a "living epistle." We may be nearer right, as Christians, than the world is willing to allow. Can we not constrain them to acknowledge that we have been with Jesus? That is the main point, for they read the Bible through us. Christianity is to the world what it is as seen in us. Would we have a revival? Let us, then, to our work. Break up the fallow ground, and subdue, under influence that sanctify the knot-weed and brambles and pigeon-grass that infest the garden of the Lord. Then, if we need wisdom, we may ask and hear God's own reply.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built, upon the facade to which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

There is great power in a friendly visit, a single call, at the right time, under certain circumstances, and with benevolent motives. Gifts and alms are well, but your presence is the greatest attention. A call, well devised and properly made, sometimes has influence for life.—When he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. The Lord grant un- him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.

Let us hold our faces where the light from above may fall on them, and be reflected around us; and no longer carry them downward, where earthly mists and exhalations darken them, and thus use us in diffusing and increasing the gloom.

Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning; his daily cross, his daily duty, and his daily privilege—how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.