

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1863.

Read—Acts viii. 26-40: Account of Philip and the Eunuch. JOSHUA XXIV. 1-18: Joshua's address continued.

Recite—ACTS viii. 14-17.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1863.

Read—ACTS ix. 1-22: Conversion of Saul. JOSHUA XXIV. 19-28: Joshua's covenant with the people.

Recite—ACTS viii. 26-28.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

21. What miracle is noticed by Moses in his address to the Israelites on their entrance to the promised land, which is not recorded in the narrative of their journeyings?

Answer to question given last week:—

22. In the account in the gospel by Matthew there are four,—Thamar, Ruth, Bathsheba and Mary,

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 29.

Bajaam's Ass. Numbers xxii. 22-35.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 30.

I'm of hoary age and yet still in my prime, Though I die every day, yet I live through all time. A celestial descendant I come from the skies, But e'er dwell upon earth where my heritage lies. Sometimes I'm a friend and sometimes a foe, Sometimes I bring comfort, at other times woe. When the proud sons of Ham had offended the Lord, And showed that they had no regard for his word, I flew, as on wings of the wind, down to earth, To render to them the full cup of his wrath. Five times I was chosen, by God, to display His power and his ire, in a marvellous way; And six times, in mercy, to strengthen the faith Of his saints, and confirm them in what the Lord saith. Then, by the bold prophet, I'm brought forth to light, As a mystical emblem of Israel's fate. Now, children, if you know me, give character and verse, Where my name is recorded these twelve times, rehearse.

Yarmouth.

DALETH.

NOTICE.—We have three or four Puzzles on hand from correspondents in different parts of the country, but as no answer was sent with them, we have been unable to make any use of them. Will the writers have the kindness to send us the replies.

A good lesson for boys and girls.

"I shall never forget," writes a correspondent of the Agriculturalist, "an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school-boys were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around it to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground, he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it, and of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old rattlebones!' and the other boys took up the cry with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came, I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, and so, trembling went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked, pleasantly, to my father, as he introduced me, 'Such a fine boy was surely worth saving.' How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing stock for my companions. I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life-time."

FAITH and love are like a pair of compasses; while faith stands perfectly fixed in the centre, love walks round, and puts a girdle of mercy about the loins.

A MICHIGAN soldier, who was accused of stealing a rebel's goose, said that he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

The Leek-seed Chapel.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism, in England, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a degree of dislike to the new doctrines, which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail-up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by two young gentlemen, became the subject of judicial investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay very dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uninstructed local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character—indeed, he was quite an original, and by far the most popular preacher among the lowest and least intelligent of the disciples of John Wesley. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A—, working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he termed them in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings, in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron-grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning, and great personal courage. Of this, the following incident affords ample evidence:

"The 'Old Gardener' was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife, in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three young 'squires,' who had just finished their studies at the University, and who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him, temporarily, of the proceeds of his collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:

"We set out," said he, upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet, I confess, when it came to the point I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of the night.

"The clock struck twelve. 'Now comes the witching time of night,' exclaimed Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits," said I.

"N," said Ryder; 'we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and little John.'

"I said that I would rather travel back than proceed," I recollected, said I, 'the old fellow is an old soldier as well as a saint, and fears nothing human.'

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ryder, 'here goes.' He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"Who is out there at this time of night?" exclaimed a horse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the 'Old Gardener.'

"Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you," said Tom; 'but we must have your money.'

"The Lord will be my defence," rejoined the 'Old Gardener.' 'You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!'

"We must and will have it," said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

"We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

"Now consider us face to face with the 'Old Gardener,' and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves,) with white wagner's frocks and blackened faces. Before us the 'Old Gardener,' sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red woisted nightcap, a checked shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzle beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the 'Old Gardener,' the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolute froze our blood, and made 'cowards of us all.' The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"What, do you want to rob and murder?" exclaimed he. 'You had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!'

Ryder first recovered his speech.

"Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart, we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets."

"We laid our purses on the table before him.

"The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was revealed to me in a dream. We shall all be soon in another world. Pray, let us pray." And down he fell upon his knees, close

to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. I thought his prayer would never end. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and I thought gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought, we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the 'Old Gardener,' said:

"Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm."

"This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,—

"I have unfastened the door; when you hear me move, make a rush."

"The 'Old Gardener' then 'pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,

"Why, there is almost enough to build our new house of God! Let me see what the third contains."

"He took up the third purse.

"Now!" whispered Ryder, 'make a rush!'

"We did so, and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away with his flint and steel. We expected to be instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery-ground, scrambled through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thicker hedge. At last with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes we tumbled over a bank into the high road.— This was the work but of a few minutes. If our faces could have been seen, it would have been thought, from our horror-stricken countenances, that, instead of having risen from prayer, we had been pursued by Old Nick himself.

"Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable-adventure, roared with laughter.

"We may laugh," exclaimed Tom, 'but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; been obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder while that iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us all with an immediate passage into eternity! And our money, or sooth, must go to build a Methodist meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.'

"The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread that three men, disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the 'Old Gardener,' who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday the 'Old Gardener' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by the 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation, and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of the adventure was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. 'I never,' said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however,' he silyly observed, if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces toward the door, but a lighting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.'

"He then added, with a knowing shake of the head, and an exulting laugh, 'But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier whom they came to rob. No, no, it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten old General Olive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends, should he; 'this large heap of apparent gunpowder was—it was my stock, my wible year's stock of leek seed!'

"The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saints almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied at the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"We subscribed to the fund, to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we rejoined each other, but could not speak.— We could barely chuckle, 'Leek-seed,' and then roared with laughter.

"It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which the High Church party named,—'The Leek-seed Chapel.'—St. James's Magazine.

A Column for Sabbath-school Teachers.

LEARNING BY ROPE.

The following passage from the Churchman's Family Magazine is an example of the effects of the system of teaching by loading the memory, without developing the mental faculties:

Being engaged one day in examining a parish school, I asked the teacher what part of the Scriptures had been read during the week, and found that the history of Samuel had been the subject of instruction. The children were admirably versed in the history. Apparently, they knew as much about it as I did—perhaps a little more, for they knew all the dates, a branch of knowledge which always has been beyond my grasp.—After hearing the dates of the various events given with wonderful accuracy, I happened to ask the girl at the head of the class how long ago it was since Samuel was alive.— She could not tell, nor could any of them.— Blank silence fell on all, and I was completely brought to a standstill. The children were evidently as much puzzled as myself, and it suddenly struck me that, though they had not attached the least meaning to "a. c." A few more questions made this point certain; and wishing to give them some notion of the real meaning of dates, I asked, by way of an absurdity, "Is Samuel alive now?"

"Yes, sir! yes, sir!" resounded on every side, and all the children looked quite pleased, being now on safe ground, and away from abstractions. Still more taken aback, I asked how they knew he was alive, and one and all declared that they had seen him last year. I asked what his appearance was, but got very contradictory answers, one thinking him tall, another short, but all agreeing that he wore a coat and a hat, and was a very fine gentleman.

It was a hopeless business, and I yielded the point.

However, the mystery was solved that afternoon. Waiting till the school was closed, I took the evening prayers, and then came upon a clue to this extraordinary maze. After asking a blessing upon the school, the parish, and the clergy, especial mention was made of "SAMUEL, our Bishop." A light flashed across me; and on questioning the children afterwards, I found that they had actually identified the Samuel of the Bible with the respected prelate who now rules the diocese of Oxford.

ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

"The Plough"—The plough used in Syria is so light and simple in its construction, that the husbandman is under the necessity of guiding it with great care, bending over it, and loading it with his own weight, else the share would glide along the surface without making any incision. His mind should be wholly intent on his work, at once to press the plough into the ground, and direct it in a straight line. "Let the ploughman," said Hesiod, "attend to his charge, and look before him; nakt urn aside to look on his associates, but make straight furrows, and have his mind attentive to his work." And Piny, "Unless the ploughman stoop forward," to press his plough, into the soil, and conduct it properly, "he will turn it aside." To such careful and incessant exertion our Lord alludes in that declaration: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

THE ART OF GESTURE.—Mr. Gough tells of a young man preparing to preach, who came to him for some lessons, particularly in the art of gesture. "Gesture!" said Mr. G. to him, "if you have anything to say to a congregation, stand up and say it, and when the gestures come, let them come natural and spontaneous—that is all the lesson I have to give you." "What should we think?" added Mr. Gough in relating this, "of a dog who should undertake to wag his tail by rule? thus"—and here he moved his hand, stiffly and squarely, upward, downward, right, left, in most ludicrous regularity. "But no, no," said he, "let the little dog see something or hear something to wag his tail about, and see how it will go"—and as Mr. Gough imitated the motion, shaking his hand flexibly and rapidly with the wrist joint as the pivot, the effect was irresistibly laughable. But it was suggestive, too.

"Two Christians met at a crossing-place on a Monday morning. Both were parents. As was natural, the conversation turned upon the services of the preceding day. The first speaker said—'We had a sermon from our minister last night on the religious instruction of children; why didn't you come and hear it?' Because," said the other, 'I was at home doing it.'—Christian Treasury.

INTELLECT AND PIETY.—Genius, intellect, imagination, taste, sensibility, must all be baptized with religion, or they will never know, and never make known, their real glory and immortal power.

"Honesty" is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man.—Archbishop Whately.

"True humility, consists not so much in thinking meanly of ourselves as in not thinking of ourselves at all."

No man is fit to be a theologian who has not been been a schoolmaster.

The true man walks calmly amid the cruelties and wickedness of the world, like Daniel among the lions.