

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XVII. 16-34: Paul's discourse to the men of Athens. JUDGES XI. 1-20: Jephtha takes the command of Israel.

Recite—ACTS XVII. 10-12.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XVIII. 1-17: Paul at Corinth preaching to the Gentiles. JUDGES XII: The Ephraimites defeated by Jephtha.

Recite—ACTS XVII. 20-31.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

41. Mention an instance in which a Roman Governor indicated his knowledge of the Apostle Paul's being a man of great learning.

Answer to question given last week:—

40. Three: the first erected by Moses, called the tabernacle of the congregation.—Exodus xxxiii. 7. The second was erected by Moses in obedience to God's special command. The third was that erected by David in his own city for the reception of the ark.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 38.

JOSHUA.—His name was first Oshea: Numbers xiii. 8; then Jehoshua: Numbers xiii. 16; afterwards Joshua.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 38.

Whither did Jonah vainly seek from God to flee? Who once three angels entertained beneath a tree?

A noted brook that flowed beside Jerusalem? A ready scribe who wrote the book that bears his name?

A judge who hoped to gain a bribe for Paul's release? Who made a molten calf rebelling tribes to please?

A man that grossly mocked and cast stones at his king? Whom did Paul ask his parchments, books, and cloak to bring?

Who unto Solomon, for God's house, workmen sent? And where was it for precious gold his servants went?

Whom, four days dead, out of the grave did Jesus call? Who loved this evil world and hence deserted Paul?

On whose behalf did Paul an earnest letter write? To whom was he conveyed a prisoner by night? Whom did his godly father on an altar bind? And for whose vineyard was it that a king repined?

A word th' Ephraimites could not pronounce aright? Where Paul, from Troas travelling, tarried for a night? Where was the birthplace of the prophet Samuel?

Who touched God's ark, and instantly a victim fell? Who cherished angry thoughts and then his brother killed? And into whose young mind were holy truths instilled?

A king's son on his bed once barbarously slain? Who proved a friend to Paul, ashamed not of his chain? A man that timidly, with deeply-felt concern, Come unto Christ by night, the way of truth to learn?

Take the initials, and in them you'll find Wise words of counsel, for the young designed.

The Street Stand.

(Translated from the German.)

"As ye give unto others it shall be measured unto you again."

In many of the public squares of Paris there are stalls or booths, kept by women who, during the time of the French wars, acted as "cantinières" for the army, and who now, in a modest way, supply to the poor nourishment made from the humble and otherwise worthless scraps of the butchers' shambles, seasoned and enriched with vegetables from their own little gardens. Many a poor widow comes with her two sons to seek renewed strength from a bowl of this potage, which though cheap, is clean and good; many an infirm beggar brings the penny he has begged to buy with it the only food, perhaps, that he has tasted for the day; and many an honest workman, his meagre lunch eaten, stops on his way back to his work for the little cup of chocolate—his luxury—which he finds not the less palatable because he sips it from an earthen mug.

M. de Bouilly, a wealthy and benevolent bachelor, was passing one day through the square of the Innocents, when he observed a stand of this kind kept by a rosy, motherly-looking woman, engaged at the moment in rinsing the cup from which a workman had just been drinking. He could not resist his desire to taste

for once, this food of the people, and stopping-asked for a dish of potage. A glance showed the good woman that her customer was a gentleman, and she served him accordingly. Instead of a wooden spoon she gave him a well plated iron one, and instead of the common earthen bowl his potage was served to him in a china-soup-plate, white and clean. When he came to pay for his refreshment, he perceived two little Savoyards, with hungry faces and eager eyes, looking wistfully at the tempting food; and laying down a silver coin, desired the good woman to give the value of the change to the poor children. Liberal was the supply she accordingly served out to them, and from that day her honest, beaming smile and most polite courtesy were ready for "the good Monsieur" whenever he passed.

Months passed, and one fine day in July he was walking on the Champs Elysées with a gentleman of high rank—a distinguished councillor—and his two daughters, when the former was called suddenly to attend to some important business, leaving the girls to the care of his friend. The two young ladies were both remarkable for personal beauty, but differed as much in appearance as in character. Thénie, the elder, was reserved and dignified, and too proud, unfortunately, to give way to the kind impulses of her better nature, while Anais, a merry little witch, was all heart and soul, ready to talk to any one or to go anywhere, if she could relieve a pain or confer a pleasure. These traits of character she had inherited from her noble father, who, while he loved her the better for them, watched with a sad smile her sister's assumptions of dignity, and tried by all gentle means to make the two more alike.

The girls, left to the care of their father's friend, at once turned toward home, and on the way passed the stand of the good cocoa-merchant.

"Oh!" exclaimed Anais, "how I should like a cup of that cocoa! I am half dead with thirst!" "You wouldn't think of such a thing!" cried Thénie in alarm. "You surely would not think of drinking from those cups after everybody has had their lips upon them!"

"My dear," said Monsieur de Bouilly, "I think Anais runs no risk on that point. See, the good woman has hot water over that brazier in which she first carefully washes them, then she rinses them in that pail of cold water, and I am sure you have never seen whiter, cleaner towels than those with which she wipes them. I see no impropriety in letting a little girl of twelve years old drink a cup of chocolate at such a place; so far from it, I will myself join her."

Anais was delighted, and the worthy woman received orders for two cups. But there was no danger of the vulgar cup; she was provided for serving "real ladies," it seemed, and the chocolate was handed in goblets of pure and heavy silver, with spoons of the same. Her broad, goodhumored face glowed with pleasure at the condescension of the little lady, and both found the drink very refreshing. The cups returned, Thénie whispered to their protector: "Quick! Pay her, and let us go. If any one should see us here, I should die of mortification!" While Anais was amusing herself at her sister's looks of horror, M. de Bouilly took out his purse to pay for the chocolate; but he had no small change, and was obliged to give the good woman a twenty franc piece.

She was busily counting out the change, when a boy came running, out of breath, exclaiming: "Mother Frossard, come, quick! Your little boy has tumbled down stairs, and they think he has broken his arm! Come, quick!" Poor though she was, she was an affectionate mother, and forgetting the rank of her customers, said to M. de Bouilly: "My good Monsieur, I pray you watch my stand until I come back! It is my all, and I won't stay long," and away she ran.

Left thus, the benevolent man could not for a moment think of leaving the place, and Anais was but too glad to stay and play saleswoman. Poor Thénie was in agonies of terror lest some of her noble friends should see them; but there was no help for it. Even she was forced to allow that it would be cruel to betray the poor woman's trust, so she stood moodily by, while Anais and Monsieur de Bouilly "took," as they said, "an account of stock," before entering upon the business.

Four brightly scoured urns, standing over heaters and containing chocolate and coffee, stood on the little table, together with some china cups, some glass goblets, and a bowl of wooden and pewter spoons; on one side stood a box of mild, cheap cigars, and underneath was a basket of cherries and a tray of Nanterre cakes, together with a pair of scales and some weights.

Again Thénie was horrified: "You don't mean to say," said she, "that you are going to sell these things? Can't you tell people, if they come, that the old woman will be back directly?"

"Why, no, indeed!" exclaimed Monsieur de Bouilly. "She has entrusted her interests to me, and I must look after them. I shall sell chocolate, coffee, or cigars, as much as I can." "And I," cried Anais, in high glee, "shall take the responsibility of these cakes and cherries: Sister, you can wash and wipe the cups and glasses." "Thank you!" replied Thénie, turning up her nose. Her kind heart was tyrannized over by her unfortunate pride.

The next moment two young masons, returning to their work on a neighboring building, came up and asked for chocolate. Great was their surprise at finding the stall in new hands, but a few words explained all, and they drank their chocolate, took each a cigar, and handed M. de Bouilly four sous, adding, as only a Frenchman could, with a polite bow, "Mother Frossard has chosen well her substitutes." Anais was charmed with the simple compli-

ment, though Thénie colored with vexation; and M. de Bouilly was gratified at having found out the price of the articles, about which he had been in doubt. The young men, it seems, were regular customers, and knew just what to give.

In short, in ten minutes they had disposed of fifteen cups of chocolate or coffee, all the potage left in the boiler, and more than a dozen cigars; most of the buyers being regular dealers, and nearly all refusing to take change, that they might help the worthy woman in her troubles.

Presently a young girl of ten years old, exquisitely lovely, but evidently extremely poor, came up and asked for two sous' worth of cherries; she stopped, astonished at seeing Anais, and wanted to retire, but a kind word stopped her and the cherries were weighed out. In answer to the questions of the new saleswoman, she explained that the fruit was for the dinner of her sister and herself, who, by sewing, supported their sick mother. Ample measure she got, and an extra handful besides, while M. de Bouilly put the price of it into a money-box, and Anais borrowed from him a seven-franc piece, which she slipped in among the fruit.

Their conjectures and comments about the beautiful child, and the extreme purity and refinement of her language, were cut short by the approach of a troop of noisy boys. It was Thursday, the holiday of French schools, and the sixty students of the lyceum were walking with their teachers, to enjoy the fresh air and spend their pocket-money. Among them were the two sons of M. de B.'s most intimate friends, and great was their surprise at finding their old friend, with two beautiful little girls, selling chocolate in the street. While their young companions were declaring that it must be for a bet, and comparing Anais' fine merry face with the proud reserve of her sister, the two lads walked up to M. de Bouilly and frankly demanded the cause of his proceedings.

"Poor woman!" exclaimed the little fellows, as the explanation passed among them. "Let's buy her things and help her!" and forthwith cherries, cakes, chocolate, and coffee began to disappear rapidly. Indeed, so full did little Anais find her hands with the cherries, that she was too busy to look astonished, even when Thénie offered to dispense the cakes. But Thénie had heard some of the older boys—one of whom she knew to be the son of a duke, commenting upon the proceeding, and so far from thinking it vulgar, declaring that if Anais had tried for her whole life, she could not have done a more graceful action, or one more to her credit. So she took the basket of cakes, and soon became as much interested in selling Mother Frossard's goods as any one, while silver and gold began to take the place of the sous and centimes that had before filled the box.

The concourse gathered about the stand attracted the attention of the noble Marchioness de D—, who was driving past with her two young daughters, and who stopped to inquire the cause. The young lad who gave the explanation omitted nothing that he thought would interest her in Mother Frossard and her substitutes, and immediately the lady alighted, and followed by her children, made her way to the stand. She, too, was an old friend of Monsieur de Bouilly's, and thus addressed him: "My dear sir, give, if you please, to each of my children a cup of chocolate, that they may never again, as long as they live, see or hear of it without remembering how much a good action honors those who do it."

The chocolate taken, a couple of gold pieces were put into the box, and the lady departed, leaving Thénie still more astonished that even so distinguished and discreet a person should approve of what her sister and guardian had done, and still more inclined to help them now that she was sure it was not vulgar.

The lady had hardly gone, followed by the homage of the young Lycéens, when Mother Frossard came panting back, full of apologies for having kept Monsieur and the dear young ladies there almost an hour! Her little boy had not broken his arm, it was only put out of place; and the pain of pulling it in again was so great, that she had been obliged to stop a while and quiet him. "But where are all the things?" exclaimed the good woman in astonishment. "Surely you have not sold all?"

"Yes, we have," said M. de Bouilly with a smile. "Pots and baskets are all empty. And there in your box are one hundred and twenty francs, besides the thirty-five centimes that you left in it."

"A hundred and twenty francs?" said the poor woman, perplexed. "Why, Monsieur, all that was on my table was worthy only thirty—and it was more than I should have sold in a week!"

"Well, well! we've done better," said Anais; "so when you extend your business remember to send for your clerks." But M. de Bouilly explained to her how it had all happened, and the grateful woman, with tears of gratitude, told him how troubled she had been to support her children, and what an excellent offer she had been forced to decline for want of fifty francs. "But I can do it now!" she exclaimed, "I know God would send me help."

Taking leave of Mother Frossard, the girls proceeded toward their home, but were met on the way by the little girl who had bought the cherries, and who now held out to them the seven-franc piece she had found among them. "The dear young ladies," said she, "are too honorable to wish to try a poor child, and as the daughter of a brave officer, who died on the battle-field, I would rather hunger than take charity." Anais was grieved to take back the money; she questioned the child closely, and found that she lived in the fifth story of a back building in a narrow street.

When they reached home the little girl told her mother of their morning's employment, and was warmly praised for the kind spirit she had

shown. Though the worthy lady explained to Thénie that there was a great difference between serving or eating at a street stand under such circumstances, and making a habit of going to them indiscriminately. She was much interested also, in the story of the officer's child, and being one of a society for relieving such, set out early the next day to seek her.

In a room small, close, and uncomfortable, but clean as it was possible, they found the poor invalid widow, by whose bedside her two children sat sewing, and whose manner and conversation showed her to be a lady, and where her daughter had learned her pure beauty of language. She told them frankly how much they suffered from want, and spoke with streaming eyes of her children's untiring industry and affection, denying themselves everything to give to her. Proud as she was in her poverty, she made no objection to receive the sum of money that the kind visitor placed in her hand, for she learned that it came from an association of the wives, daughters, and widows of officers, whose object was to assist the less fortunate widows and orphans of the same class.

The poor sufferer knew that she was entitled to a government pension, but had hitherto had no means of obtaining it; this the lady promised her that the association would attend to, and the promise was redeemed. A few weeks found the widow in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, and with it of restored health; while Anais never ceased to wonder at the grand things resulting from drinking a cup of chocolate, and Monsieur de Bouilly, every time he thinks of that day's experience, repeats to himself the words he once heard from a celebrated preacher:

"The more deeply one humbles himself to succor the poor and unfortunate, the more highly he is exalted in the eyes of God."—New York Methodist.

In the wrong pulpit.

An amusing mistake occurred in one of our city churches, says the Hartford Times, last Sabbath afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Parker, pastor of the South Congregational church, being absent, engaged with a minister from the "rural districts" to supply his place, said clergyman never having before occupied Mr. Parker's pulpit. In walking down Main Street, when opposite the South Baptist Church, he inquired of a passer-by if that was the South church. Being answered in the affirmative, he walked gravely up the centre aisle and took his seat in the pulpit. Presently the Rev. Mr. Cushman, who was to preach, came in, and, seeing a stranger in his place, asked one of the deacons who he was. Nobody knew. So Mr. Cushman, ascending the steps took his seat alongside of the stranger. The compliments of the day were passed, the organ meanwhile playing the voluntary. The stranger takes up the hymn-book to select the hymn, but, not recognizing the book, asked Mr. Cushman if that was the book used in that church.

"Yes," replied Mr. C. "That is the book used in that church." The stranger then asked Mr. C. if he was to preach, and receiving an affirmative answer, said: "There must be some mistake here, as Mr. Parker requested me to fill his place this afternoon."

"Bless you!" replied Mr. Cushman, "this is the South Baptist church; the South Congregational church is just below."

With many apologies for the mistake, the stranger took his hat and retired gracefully, though somewhat in haste, down the side aisle, amid the half-suppressed smiles of the congregation, reaching Mr. Parker's church just in time to allay the fears of the congregation assembled there, that they were not going to have any minister there that afternoon.

St. Paul in money matters.

Ethics, in the abstract, most persons know little of. But the ethics of money matters they understand thoroughly. This fact St. Paul seemed to be aware of, and hence was exceedingly particular in all money transactions. And in this particular his example is worthy of imitation.

St. Paul kept out of debt. He never was distracted for rent, or forced to pawn his furniture, or refused to go a certain road or particular streets, lest he should meet a disagreeable creditor who would dun him. All this is evident from Romans xii. 8, to which we refer our readers. Therefore, with what boldness he could preach the gospel of his Master. He could look every one of his hearers calmly in the eye, knowing not one of them could accuse him of being in his debt. Had he been in debt to Felix, does any one suppose he could have made Felix tremble? Never! On the contrary, he would have trembled before Felix. We ask this question of our clerical readers, if any of them are so unfortunate to be in debt. Can you preach, if one of your creditors is before you? If not, then your debts hinder the success of the gospel of Christ. Think of it!

A PREACHER'S RULES.—It appears from Dr. Leifchild's own account of his labors, in the recently published biography, that he regarded the delivery and the preparation of his discourses as being of almost equal importance. In the following quaint "precept for remembrance," he expresses the manner in which, in his opinion, sermons should be preached:

Begin low, Proceed slow, Take fire, Rise higher; Be self-possessed When most impressed.