

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 31ST, 1863.

Read—ACTS viii. 1-13: The persecution of the church by Saul. JOSHUA xxii. 21-34: An altar built by the two tribes and a half.

Recite—ACTS vii. 54-56.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS viii. 14-25: Peter and John's mission to Samaria. JOSHUA xxiii.: Joshua's farewell address.

Recite—ACTS viii. 5, 6.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

21. What disease is mentioned in Scripture of which only one cure is recorded previous to the time of Christ.

Answer to question given last week:—

20. The coat of Aaron the high priest was embroidered. Exodus xxviii. 39; xxxv. 35. The clothing of the wealthy was also thus ornamented. Judges v. 30. Psalm xlv. 14. Ezekiel xvi. 10.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 28.

You desire not heaven, came not from above, You are of the earth, and know nought of God's love.

To stand up for Him you have never refused, And for strength and firmness you're frequently used.

Being costly and precious, you were much in demand, When Solomon's builders prepared you by hand. (1)

But inflexibly hard you too must have been, Compared, as you are, to a heart full of sin. (2)

When Stephen the first christian martyr was made, His murderers killed him alone by your aid. (3)

When the law of the Lord was revealed unto men, On you God placed his commandments ten. (4)

When David the youth, who believed in God's word, Went out to fight in the name of the Lord, The mighty Philistine was conquered and fell, By your aid and God's help, he did it right well. (5)

A pillow you've been for a patriarch's head, When "the land where thou liest I'll give thee," God said;

There descending angels he saw, it would seem, And ascending, too, in that beautiful dream. (6)

Though more about you in the Bible is said, And 'tis known that you frequently watch o'er the dead.

Though seven eyes are promis'd, as yet you have none, We see that your name is most commonly called STONE. (7)

E. C.

Tatamagouche, May 18, 1863.

(1) 1 Kings v. 17, 18. (2) Ezek. xi. 9. (3) Acts vii. 59. (4) Deut. v. 22. (5) 1 Sam. xvii. 49. (6) Gen. xxviii. 13. (7) Zech. iii. 9.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 29.

I once enjoyed the good things of this life, As furnished by the All-wise Creator, Who beneficently supplies us all With what is suited to our condition.

I took delight in feasting on his bounty, For I the Epicurean creed endorsed,—

"Live while you live, and seize the pleasures Of the present day." I also followed— [come.]

The injunction,—"Take no thought for days to Unlike the miser, I ne'er thought the world Worth hoarding up, or doing a wrong deed:

But given to be enjoyed, as wisest man Declared "eat, drink, and take the good of all Your labour here below the sun." Th' was

My strong desire, and this I strove to do. In arts and sciences I made no great Pretence, but sometimes tried to entertain

The listeners with harmonious symphonies. But O! the scandalous knaves,—they said my notes Were not mellifluous! but that rather they

Prognosticated weeping in the skies. I bore with Stoic patience,—such as that

For which our race is famed,—all the obloquy Heaped on my head, and seldom answered back.

When, in obedience to the high behest, Of him I served with strict fidelity,

On impious errand bent. While in the way A visitant celestial from the realms

Of light ineffable appeared to view, And—being grieved at mad oppression's rod

Inflicted on the innocent,—I dealt My last rebuke on sinful man before

I left the stage of action,—which you'll find Recorded in the sacred book divine.

Now children look and see.

Yarmouth.

DALETH.

Loo's Opinions.

Louis, or Loo, as he was generally called, had been looking, with others of the family, at a daguerreotype of his deceased grandmother. As they were shutting up the case, he gazed into it with a reverent air, and said in a low, grave voice, "That's Heaven!" He had been told that dear

grandma was in heaven, and finding her inside the morocco case, concluded in his small mind that this was her happy mansion.

Loo, at two years old, was a great reader of the Bible. The duty was performed in this wise. Getting some friend to place the great family Bible open on the floor, he would lie down on his stomach, and gazing intently at the page, would repeat for a long time together, the word, "Noah! Noah! Noah!" After which exercise, he would get up, apparently well satisfied with his own piety.

But Loo is not always so reverent. One day he came to his mother with a little picture which seemed to have interested him very much and asked who they were, and what they were doing in there. "It's Christ blessing little children," said she; "he is taking them up in his arms and saying, 'Let the little children come unto me.'" "What chil'n are they?" he inquired. "Why, the little children that lived where Christ did, when he was in the world; and if Loo had lived at that time, maybe he would have been one of them." "No, I wouldn't!" with great decision. "Oh! Loo wouldn't?" why not? "Because, they were little chil'n, and I"—drawing himself up to his full baby height—"I'M BIG!" Ah, Loo! thou art the image, in miniature, of many an older sinner, whose "bigness" has kept him out of the kingdom of heaven, though few among them would so honestly confess the feeling.—N. Y. Examiner.

Four good Doctors.

"I am a temperance man," says William Howitt, "because I have seen and felt the good of it. If I had lived as many literary men do, kept late hours, passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, sat over the bottle at late suppers; in short, had "jollified," as they call it, I should have been dead long ago. For my part, seeing victims to "fast life" daily falling around me, I willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet domestic life.

"I am now fast approaching my seventieth year. I cannot, indeed, say I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the aid of doctors. I have had the constant attendance of these four famous ones, Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours. Often, in early years, I labored with my pen sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could tire a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when I was about sixty, I walked often under a burning sun of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty degrees at noon my twenty miles a day, for days, and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers, for neither a man nor nature had made many bridges, and let my clothes dry on my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread; slept occasionally under a forest-tree; and through it all, was hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors, as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors I saw there, from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense sober. "So that I have a right to recommend abstinence from beer, spirits, and their great copartner, tobacco. They are all poisoners of the blood; they are all burnt-offerings to death; they are all destroyers of the bottom" of the pocket, and, what is worse, destroyers of peace of families and the constitutions of men. They strip those who take them of health, clothes, morals and mind; they convert them into mad-men and devils. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the top and the spigot."—Child's Paper.

Simplicity in Sermons.

Let it be well understood that in the pulpit nothing can be gained in perspicuity, force, precision, dignity, elevation, or eloquence, by departing from plain, simple, natural, unstilted English. The most forcible and eloquent speakers, and the best understood, are they who least depart from such language. Old Davie Crockett, when he came to the House of Representatives in Washington, went into the Senate to hear Daniel Webster. When he had heard one of Mr. Webster's great speeches, he was amazed. "Why," said he, "I thought Mr. Webster was such a great speaker. But he spoke so plain, I understood every word." Mr. Webster had not many higher compliments in his life than that. A clergyman of our Church not long since preached in a country town. One of his hearers, a plain, sensible, and religious man, said to another: "That was exactly the thing. I said to myself, Why can't everybody preach in that way? It seems as if they might, but they can't." It was the simplicity and plainness and intelligibility he meant. I was visiting the other day in a friend's house. It was a cold day. The window-glass was of the large plate-glass fashion. A lady with me said, "Are the windows open?" I answered, "They seem to be, and yet it is very curious if they are." I went to see, and as I came very near them, I said, "They are surely open." I put out my hand to make sure, and touched the glass. It was so perfectly transparent I could not see it. Only touch convinced me it was there. I stopped and thought. The perfection of that glass is that in looking through it, you do not see it. Its glory and honor are to hide itself in its own perfection. The more you make it visible, even though you dishonor it,

So should language be. So should we aim to make our speech, so transparently clear, carrying the mind so directly through itself to the thoughts beyond, that attention, instead of being arrested by it, shall observe only what it expresses. If illustrations and figures and ornaments help that one end, very well. If instead of that they impede it, by becoming themselves objects of thought to the hearer, thus making the glass in any degree opaque, then you may be complimented on your fine language and beautiful imagery and sounding sentences—and your congregation may go away praising the composition or the learning—but your ornamented sermon is now a veil that hides, not a glass that shows. It is like our windows encrusted with frost work. How beautiful! we often say of them! But their beauty is our hindrance—we wipe it off when we want to see beyond.

Be covetous of simplicity in thought, in words, in expression by voice, and in expression by manner—aim at likeness to that perfectly transparent window-glass. It is the highest attainment of language. Many a man can make a speech or sermon, that will make the audience think of him and praise him. It is an unspeakably more difficult, and more eminent attainment, so to hide oneself in the perfect significance and adaptation of what we say, that no thought shall stop at us, but all shall pass us by, as if we were not, and shall see nothing between ourselves and the objects we present. Colored glass of the most beautiful tints is an old manufacture. But can you see through it? The splendid plate glass now so common, splendid in its perfect transparency, is a very modern art. The former flourished at its height of beauty when the art of glass-making was rude. The latter is the product of that art in its highest cultivation.—Western Episcopalian.

To the uttermost.

It is not often that a traveller on a public thoroughfare hears a conversation like the following, which recently saluted my ears while I was standing at a street corner awaiting a railway car:

"What do you want me to go meetin' for? What's the good, I'd like to know?"

"You know Dick Stevens, Bill; you remember how horridly he used to sweat. Old Moses, his employer, was a rough man himself, but he could not stand Dick's tongue; and so he turned him off. Well just then a kind neighbor persuaded him to go to church and 'twas only a little while before he stopped cursing, and began to pray. You never saw anybody so changed as he is."

"Poor Dick! he was a jolly fellow when things went well with him; I'm sorry if the pious ones have got hold of him, and made him blue."

"Ah, Bill, you are all out, now; Dick Stevens is anything but blue. He told me yesterday that he never was so happy in his life; and he wants as all to know how good it is to have God for our friend; to love and pray to him, instead of cursing and abusing him."

"Where is Dick now? I haven't seen him for months."

"He's got a place to tend in a stable. There's a loft over it, where he sleeps; and he has persuaded several of the fellows who work near him to come in there evenings, and read the Bible, and pray together. I was there last night myself, and he asked us all to join in prayer for you, Bill."

"Pray for me."

The last speaker's voice was husky—I stole a glance at the talkers—Bill's head was dropped into his bosom, while the comrade who was seeking his welfare held him by the hand, and looked earnestly into his face. Just then the car for which I was waiting took me from the street; but ere I was out of sight, I saw Bill's coat-sleeve draw hastily across his eyes; and then the two boys, arm in arm, walked away together.

O, the power of the gospel! He stopped cursing, and began to pray. O, the blessed spirit of Christian love! He wants us all to know how good it is to have God for our friend. He prayed for you, Bill.—Congregationalist.

Anecdotes of Birds.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on the ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterward, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge, to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably

saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not walk very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and is singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity.—Marryat.

Tunneling the Alps.

The great engineering enterprise of tunneling the Alps has been some five years in progress, and the distance penetrated is only about one mile, leaving eleven more to be bored! Another project for crossing the Alps over Simplon, has just been submitted to the Emperor of the French. The survey of this great work was commenced on the first of August last. About forty agents, divided into two brigades, one turning to the north and the other to the south of the Alps, have, during four months, explored the mountain, and traced the plan of the future railway, which is to pass over rocks, cross torrents, fill up valleys, gorges and precipices, before which science does not hesitate. The stimulus of having a great work to accomplish has alone sustained the picked men to whom the task was confided. They set up shelters and encampments in wood's hitherto unexplored, carrying on their backs beds, clothing and provisions, as they had often to live two or three leagues from any dwelling. It was frequently necessary to lower by ropes down the precipices the men who had to prepare the plans amid empty space, and the snow and avalanches more than once threatened to stop them summarily in their work. The estimated cost of this great project, including the fixed and rolling material, the interest of the capital employed, etc., is 72,000,000 francs.

CLAIMING TOO MUCH.—It is generally claimed by our Methodist brethren, and popularly believed, that in membership they outnumber any other denomination of evangelical Christians in the United States. We rejoice with them in their prosperity, and bid them God speed in the work of Evangelization; but can scarcely admit their claim to superiority. According to the Methodist statistics of that denomination show a total of 843,401, besides 99,505 probationers; or including probationers 942,906.

According to the American Baptist Almanac for 1863, there are in the United States 12,648 regular Baptist churches, embracing a total membership of 1,037,576 of whom 69,073 were baptized during the past year.

Thus it appears that there are 194,175 more Baptists than Methodists in full membership, and counting their probationers, that the excess of Baptists, even then, is 94,670.

There are besides, in the United States, about half a million of members gathered into churches belonging to the Baptist family, and of course not included in these statistics.—N. Y. Examiner.

THE COLORS OF NATURE.—He who exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in their formation, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying character of the spectrum. Without this the foliage of vegetable life might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it veils, but the youthful green of its spring would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn. If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particulars of which possess the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would shine with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, all the features of the human countenance would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch of a China ink drawing. The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light, the stars would have shone through a grey sky, and the mantle of a wintry twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising and setting sun.—Sir David Brewster.

ENAMELLED STEEL COLLARS.—The Rochester Evening Express says:—We mentioned some weeks ago, the coming into fashion, in England, of enamelled steel shirt collars, but we confess we hardly looked for their introduction into our country so soon. A city contemporary informs us that they are beginning to come into general use here, in New York. He says that if seen at even a short distance, they look like highly polished linen, differing from that article only in their greater lustre and cleanliness. The same material is worked into wrist-bands, and some of the New York ladies are fettering themselves in these novelties. The starch in this species of fabric is warranted to be perfect in all weathers, and one wipe of the sponge does all the washing.