

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xvi. 19-40: Paul and Silas delivered from Prison. JUDGES ix. 42-57: The death of Abimelech.

Recite—ACTS xvi. 14-15.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xvii. 1-15: Paul preaching at Thessalonica. JUDGES x: The Israelites' prayer and repentance.

Recite—ACTS xvi. 25-26.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

39. Who is supposed to have founded the Schools of the prophets, which were intended to provide suitable persons for the temple service?

Answer to question given last week:—

38. Pharaoh's chief baker was beheaded, or had his head lifted from off him, and then hanged on a tree.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE, No. 37.

You were "born to high honors."—The son of a king. Of you did your rival the good David sing. A score of Philistines by you were once slain. 'Twas Bozoz and Senah (a). They rose not again. We also remember, when weary and faint, And ready to die, some honey you ate. (b) Your father had caused you for this to expire, Had Israel not saved you that day from his ire. (c) The trophy you mention by your rival won, Was the head of Goliath (d)—of Ham the proud son, Your life you endangered your rival's to save,— You truly were generous, noble and brave. On the Mount of Gilboa at last you were slain, (e) And you left behind you "an untarnished name." If the daughters of Israel need weep for Saul, (f) For you his brave son, their tears might well fall; For though with the dead long years thou hast lain, And far far away is the place thou wast slain, Yet now christian women for thee shed the tear, As if bending o'er a loved brother's bier. But we hope to meet thee when our work is done; They love as our brother, thou brave JONATHAN.

a 1 Sam. xiv. 4-14. b ver. 27. c ver. 45. d xvii. 51-54. e xxxi. 8. f 2 Sam. i. 24.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 38.

The name my parents gave to me, Five letters it contained. But when to man's estate I grew, I then again was named. Eight letters spell'd my second name, When first it had been changed, But then again 'twas shortened down To six—as now arranged. Once on an errand I was sent, A long and tedious road, With others who as cowards went, And believed not the Lord. To honours high, and trust, I rose, By mandate from on high, In place of one whose sudden death, Caused many a weeping eye. Strict orders I received, from God. To guide those great affairs, Of "Church and State," on me devolved, With wars tremendous cares. Though blood and slaughter swift I sped, Nor could soft pity move, Till Israel's foes were all subdued, They wickedness did love. Then when my lines were fairly drawn, And orders strictly given, One hundred and ten years had run. I found my home in heaven. Yarmouth. DALETH.

Is it you?

There is a child—a boy or girl, I'm sorry it is true— Who doesn't mind when spoken to; Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl, I'm loth to say I do— Who struck a little playmate child; I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl, I hope that such are few— Who told a lie—yes, told a lie! It cannot be 'was you!

There is a boy—I know a boy, I cannot love him though— Who robs the little birdies nest; That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know, And I could love her, too, But that she is so proud and vain; That surely isn't you!

Chickens coming home to roost.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Many years ago, a poor boy was walking one of the many crooked streets of Boston, on his way to the printing office. He was an apprentice in that office, without friends or home, or any one to care for him. He had met with some rebuff that day, and felt discouraged. There was no one to cheer him when he tried to do well, and many to blame him when he did not try. As he slowly moved towards his place of work, an old gentleman met him and spoke to him.

"Is your name Samuel?" "Yes, sir." "And your father's name was John—, was it not?" "It was, sir; but he is dead." "Is your mother not living?" "No, sir." "Well, are you alone in the world, without friends or property?" "I have neither, sir."

"Nor have I many or much. But let me say, Samuel, that you can do well without either. You have a young heart, strong limbs, good health, and you have only to earn a good character, and you will be a man. It is all in your own power. You can make yourself just what you choose to be. I have watched you and noticed that you are sober, and industrious, and have too much self-respect to go in bad company. Continue to do so, and you will be all that you want to be. Remember, my boy, that your character is in your own keeping. God bless you!"

The old man passed on, and so did the apprentice. They never met again. But those words of kindness, and approbation, and cheer, sank down deep into the heart of the boy. They gave him new hope and courage. And from that day he began to develop more character, and more that was manly. Faithfully he served out the time of his apprenticeship, though often he had not a whole shirt to his back. I met him years after this, when he was in business for himself, printing and a book store. He was then very diligent in business, careful and frugal of expenses. He had an industry that never tried, and would often publish great works that no other man dared touch.

Years passed away, and he had become a man—had risen in wealth and influence till he was mayor of the city in which he resided, and was the acting governor of the proud State that gave him birth. And on these high places he was not giddy, but was the same pains-taking man that he had ever been—universally respected and greatly honored.

One day he met a young man who was qualified for a valuable office under the United States Government, but he had no friends to aid him.

"Whose son are you?" asked the mayor. "The son of—" was the answer. "Was old Mr.— your grandfather?" "Yes, sir." "I remember him well. He it was who gave me kind words of encouragement when I needed them most. I attribute most of my success in life to those few words that dropped from his lips. Young man, if in my power, you shall have the office, out of gratitude to your grandfather!"

Away posted the mayor to Washington, and soon returned with the appointment in his pocket. He used to say it was the only office he ever really sought.

How little do men know the power of kind words, especially words of encouragement! The good old man had no thought that what he was saying would produce so much of character in the poor apprentice, and still less did he dream that he was weaving a cloth of gold for a grandchild then unborn!

Words seem a small affair, but they carry a mighty power. And such deeds of sympathy are like casting bread upon the waters—sure to be found after many days. My reader may do today what will carry a blessing through generations.—S. S. Times.

How to be miserable.

"How to be happy." is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young: I have seen it in the papers so often that I should not think of writing upon it. But I believe I have never seen anything in print to tell young people "how to be miserable." "How to be miserable! Well I guess we don't want to be miserable." Don't want to be miserable! How so? Then why do you take so much pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth, who is free from care or trouble, and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable, without trying very hard to be so. But as I have seen a great many young persons, who not only seem determined to make themselves miserable, but everybody around them also, I thought perhaps they would thank me for telling them how to do it easier. In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish! Think all the time of yourself, and your own things. Don't care about any body else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself, think unkindly toward them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at it like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for every thing that is your own, though it be not worth a pin; for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take

every thing that is said to you in playfulness, in the most sincere manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon it you can, and conclude that they wish to cut your acquaintance; and so the next time you meet them, put on a sour look, and show a proper resentment. You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with them. You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself. Be very touchy and irritable. Cultivate a sour, cross, snappish disposition. Never speak in good nature if you can help it. Never be satisfied with any thing, but always be fretting. Pout at your father and mother, get angry with your brothers and sisters; or if you are alone, fret at your books, or your work, or your play. Never look at or admire any thing that is beautiful or good; but fix your eyes on the dark side of everything; complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the look out for whatever is deformed, or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half of those things you will be miserable, enough.

Mr. Spurgeon on Marriage.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon performed the marriage ceremony between Mr. Charles Blackshaw and Miss Hannah Edwards at Henage-street Chapel, Birmingham, on Tuesday morning. Although the weather was wet, the chapel was crowded by persons who were anxious to be witnesses of the interesting ceremony, and to hear what Mr. Spurgeon had to say about marriage. Before commencing the ceremony Mr. Spurgeon observed that, although marriage was a civil contract, it was the most solemn engagement which human beings could make, and it was therefore, right that it should never be entered into without an invocation of the blessing of God. Marriage was instituted at the time of man's perfection in Eden, and was, therefore, consistent with the utmost purity of life and the greatest piety and perfection of character. The miracle wrought by Christ at the marriage feast was full of meaning. He turned the water into wine; and a happy marriage turned the water of life into wine. A prayer was then offered and the marriage ceremony was performed, Mr. Spurgeon observing, as the ring was placed upon the finger of the bride, that the ring was an ancient and most fitting emblem of love. The gold of which it was made was emblematic of purity, and its form was significant of endless love. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he said he should venture to say a few words for the benefit of the young people in the congregation who might, one of these days, be married themselves. Holy Scripture was a book so full and complete that it never left out anything that was necessary to make a perfect Christian. For instance as Christians entered upon the relationships of masters and servants, there was advice given to them in those capacities; and since men and women would become husbands and wives, the Holy Ghost, speaking through the Apostle Paul and the Apostle Peter, had given excellent advice for the guidance of persons in these relationships. First, he said to husbands, in Ephesians, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." Love was the point in which husbands were most likely to fail; and, therefore, love was the duty that was especially insisted upon with respect to them. It was not often that the wife failed in love. She might in obedience, but not often in love; and hence it was the husband who was exhorted to love his wife "even as Christ also loved the Church." Christ loved the Church infinitely; and, therefore, as husbands were to love their wives as Christ loved the Church, they could not love their wives too well, if they were wise in their love. "Even as Christ also loved the Church." He loved it to cleanse it and purify it—to make it holy and without blemish; and it was in the same way that husbands should love their wives. The purest and best love was that which sought the holiness of its object. That was no love which led its object astray; but that was true, deep and hallowed love which always sought to promote the highest interests of its object. Christ loved his Church not to leave her in sin, but to cleanse her from—not to lead her into folly, but to take her away from it. Husbands ought to love their wives as their own bodies. No man hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it. We read indeed of one domoniac who cut his own flesh with knives. A man must be very nearly a domoniac who will ill-treat his own wife. He must be very far fallen indeed from the dignity of manhood. The very first marriage was a lesson of love to us. The woman was taken out of the man, but not from his feet, for he must not trample on her; not from his head, for she was not to govern him; but from his side, near his heart, for he must love her—from under his arm, for he ought to protect her. She was to be to him a help-meet to share his troubles, and to increase his joys. As Christ identified himself with his people—"I and my people are one"—so should husband and wife be identical in everything—having no divided ends, no separate objects, and neither sorrows nor joys that were not common to each. With reference to the duties of wives, Peter was very explicit upon this subject in the third chapter of his first epistle. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your husbands; that if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation of their wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear, whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible—even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Upon special occasions, a godly woman might law-

fully put on her adornments as well as other women but upon ordinary occasions it would be better for her to wear nothing but the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Ornaments were valued for their cost, and "a meek and quiet spirit" was "of great price in the sight of God." Those foolish women who were pleased with having an evil report to spread, had nothing of such price as a meek and quiet spirit. "For after this manner in the old time the holy women, also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands, even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." That word "lord" was the only good word in the sentence spoken by Sarah; and the one good word was noticed as Christ always noticed, what was good in his creatures. In the same way a husband ought to notice what is good in his wife. Should he see something to blame in her, or be suspicious of anything deserving blame, he had better be silent, unless he could mend it. Mr. Spurgeon said that if he ended the marriage ceremony there, it might be said that it was like the Church Service—beginning with "dearly beloved" and ending with "amazement," which he feared many marriages did. He should conclude it with a hymn, in which every one might join; for the occasion was one of rejoicing, and he was glad that the bride did not indulge in the silly whim of crying, as if she were at a funeral. A hymn was then sung; after which Mr. Spurgeon pronounced a blessing on the newly-wedded couple, and prayed that their joys might be like the grapes of Eschol—so many that less than two could not carry them.

Agriculture, &c.

STRAWBERRIES GROWING ON A TREE.—As I was at work in the woods, last January, cutting ship-timber, I felled a large maple-tree; and in the top, forty feet from the ground, I found a little bed of strawberry vines, fine, thrifty stalks, which were as green as they are in the summer. Probably they would have borne fruit this season, had they not been disturbed. It is quite a curiosity to find a patch of strawberries growing so high on a tree. The seeds may have been dropped there by birds, or carried up by mice. They grew where a large limb had been broken off years before, that had rotted away, and made the soil on which they grew. I preserved the plants, and set them in my garden last spring. Some of them are growing finely, and in another year I may have a new variety of strawberries—possibly a "Hovey's Seedling."—N. E. Farmer.

A BIRD'S EGG.—I think that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg. There is, first, its exquisite facility of material, strong only by the mathematical precision of that form so daintily moulded. There is its absolute purity from external stain, since that thin barrier remains impassable till the whole is in ruins—a purity recognized in the household proverb of "an apple, an egg, and a nut." Then its range of tints, so varied, so subdued and so beautiful—whether of the pure white, like the martin's, or pure green, like the robin's, or dotted and mottled into the loveliest of browns, like the red thrush's, or aqua marine, with stains of moss-agate, like the chipping sparrow's, or blotched with long weird ink-marks on a pale ground, like the oriole's, as if it bore inscribed some magic clew to the bird's darting flight and pensile nest. Above all, the associations and predictions of this little wonder—that one may bear home between his finger all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody, coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of the perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of Nature, claiming more kindred with the very spheres than with feathery existence, and it is as if a pearl opened and an angel sang.—Higginson's Out-Door Papers.

THE assertion that eggs containing male germs are wrinkled at the small end, while those containing female germs are smooth at both ends, has been re-affirmed by a Frenchman, who says it has been his invariable experience for three years.

A CALIFORNIA TREE.—A friend communicates to us the following particulars respecting a gigantic tree recently cut in California. The circumference of the tree was 90 feet, and its height 325 feet. It took 12 men six weeks to cut it down, and it had to be tipped over by inserting wedges on the one side. The wood was sound and solid. The age of the tree was 3100 years, and it contained 250,000 feet of timber. The stump is now the floor of a ball room. The bark was in some places 4 feet thick. A portion of the bark and top of the tree was sent in a letter to the party from whom we received the above particulars, from California.—Picture Standard.

TO FASTEN HANDLES.—When pitch-forks or hoes get loose on the handle, drive them in solid by the side of one or more strips of India-rubber; they will stay.—Ohio Farmer.

Mrs. Partington is delighted that our Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with Foreign Greece.—She says she always thought he had much better stick to his native Isle.

Men's graces must get the better of their faults as a farmer's crops do of the weeds—by growth.