

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 5th, 1864.

Read—LUKE II. 36-52: Christ questioning the doctors of the law. 1 SAMUEL XIV. 1-15: Jonathan's miraculous success.

Recite—2 CORINTHIANS IV. 17, 18.

Sunday, June 12th, 1864.

Read—LUKE III. 1-14: John's ministry. 1 SAMUEL XIV. 16-35: Jonathan's miraculous success.

Recite—JOHN III. 14-17.

For the Christian Messenger.

About a Little Girl who died recently in Picton county.

CELICIA PERRIN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Perrin, of River John, Picton county, was born on Oct. 2nd, 1855, and died April 13th, 1864. She left the following admissions and testimonies to her parents and those other friends who called to see her during her last sickness.

When she first began to complain, she said to her mother that she had read a verse in a Wesleyan tract giving an account of a heathen child that had died lately rejoicing in hope and singing "Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, Praise the Lord." Ma, is not that very pretty? A few days afterwards she asked her mother if she thought she was dying. Her mother said to her "Are you afraid to die? O no, ma, was the answer: I'll go to Jesus to that better land. On another occasion she expressed a wish to see Rev. Mr. Chipman, and felt disappointed at his being absent from the place. She then desired to see Rev. Mr. Tweedie. When he got word, he came without delay. After he had prayed and conversed with her, she said to him, "Please tell all the Sunday School scholars I thought I was dying, and tell them to be good that when they die they may be happy, as I am. And please teach your little children (with whom Cecilia had become acquainted at S. S.) to be good that she may go to heaven too. She spoke of an aged S. S. Teacher, and said he used to tell us that little children are just as liable to die as old people. I did not believe it then, but I do now. On observing her mother weeping, she told her not to weep for her because she was going to Jesus, and to that happy land. A lady one day said; "Would you not like to live and get well again? O no I would sooner die, and be with Jesus and the angels than to live and grow up and become wicked; but, said the lady; all people that grow up don't die wicked. Cecilia replied: But I might forget Jesus. She spoke during her sickness of the effect of prayer, and said it refreshed her soul.

On one occasion she thought she saw the angels standing around her bed, one was handing to her little books. On another occasion she fancied she heard the angels singing, and the song they sang was: "Halleluia! glory, glory, glory! praise ye the Lord," and then she tried to tune her voice (not previously known by her friends to be musical, but at this time sounding out in a clear melodious tone) to join with them again, then said "I can't sing like them."

The foregoing facts have been handed to me by Cecilia's parents. I have here repeated them as nearly as possible in the language in which they were first uttered. Many other sayings of this child of eight summers—having fallen from her lips during her last sickness, might be related, such as: "The nearer death comes to me, the nearer Jesus seems." The writer of this did not have the privilege of standing by the bed-side of Cecilia during the earliest part of her last illness, but the first time he saw her, observing at once her intense suffering and yet her patient, yea, happy countenance, he spoke with her substantially in the following manner: And so you think, Cecilia, you can trust your soul and your life in Jesus' hands? Oh yes, she promptly and confidently answered. But, said I, have you always loved the Saviour? Have you ever felt that you had a very hard and wicked heart? Oh yes, but God says in his word: I will take away the heart of stone and give a heart of flesh; and Jesus has given me a heart to love Him. When that blessed change was wrought in and for Cecilia Perrin, it is not for us infallibly to know, but it seems probable that her heart was divinely renewed, her mind enlightened, and her whole soul converted to Christ, ere her last illness, as she had been often observed, while in health, most attentively reading and thoughtfully turning down various leaves of the New Testament, and seemed in advance of her years in many respects. In regard to her acquaintance with and love for the Bible, particularly the New Testament, it may be added that while she lay on her bed of pain and death, unable herself to read, she would ask her mother to read to her such and such chapters, naming them from memory, and sometimes making such selections even from the book of Revelations. My first impression when I saw her was: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Again I was reminded of the couplet—

....."So wise, so young,
They say do ne'er live long."

Cecilia Perrin on her recent death-bed certainly presented the brightest evidences of true conversion to Christ that could reasonably be expected, and I may almost say, desired, in this world—on this side Heaven. It was a singular impression she received when first taken ill, that she saw angels and Jesus round about her bed. Although her little body and mind grew

somewhat weaker and her inclination and power to speak appeared to be lessened as she came nearer to death, yet she never, up to the hour of her decease, lost her vision, as she supposed, of the angels and her Saviour, nor even of their positions around her bed, always pointing when questioned respecting them to the same places, as their stations. We call this a singular impression,—rare at least; but who is prepared, by facts or in disposition, to deny that God does sometimes make special revelations and realizations to his own chosen ones by way of earthly foretastes of what Heaven is and is to be? "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth &c?"

Neither did Cecilia, during her last days of painful lingering in this world, once lose her hope of heaven. And Jesus—his blood and worthiness—not the goodness of "the Almighty" in general, nor the piety or pious training of her parents, (although her conversion to Christ and early preparation for heaven, there is reason to believe, were granted in answer to such prayers and influence)—was her realized passport to heaven. Thither she has doubtless gone, possessed of such a hope, in answer also to her own repeated prayer, while ill, that she might die, that Jesus would speedily come and take a poor little sufferer home to heaven.

Why should the parents or other friends of Cecilia weep over the early departure from earth or the grave of such a child? Rather may we all who are readers of this sketch, old and young, seek in the spirit and example of this "little child," while in life and health, like meetness for heaven.

"Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But rarest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach."

—Com. by Rev. A. Chipman.

GOOD USE OF A SERMON.

Mr. Nott, a missionary to one of the islands in the Pacific ocean, preached a sermon one day on the words, "Let him that stole steal no more." In the sermon he said it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

The next morning, when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around his house. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked why they had come. "We have not been able to sleep all night," they said. "We were at chapel yesterday, and heard you say from the Word of God that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we worshipped a God who we thought would protect thieves. We have stolen. All those things that we have brought with us are stolen goods." Then one of the men held up a saw saying, "I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

"Why have you brought them to me?" asked Mr. Nott. "Take them home, and wait till the ship from which you stole them comes again, and return them with a present besides." The people begged Mr. Nott to keep the things until they could find the owners. One man who had stolen from a missionary then being on another island took a voyage of seventy miles to restore the goods.

That is the true way to improve by preaching—doing what it says. A great many people form good resolutions where they hear a sermon which touches the heart and instructs their conscience; but good resolutions are worth nothing unless they are set to action. That clinches the feelings and makes them of value.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Photographs are now taken very successfully by the aid of the new magnesium light. Fifteen grains in the form of fine wire will burn a minute, and not cost more than a few cents. At the distance of eight feet from the sitter, the light produces a negative equal to any obtained from sunlight under the most favorable circumstances, and by moving the light, the harshness of the shadows and a distribution of light and shade are completely at the control of the operator. This opens a new page in photography.

A BROTHER'S CRITICISM.—Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College, New Jersey, was considered one of the greatest preachers of his times. He was remarkable for his dignity of manner, almost to bombast. He had a brother, Dr. John B. Smith, of Union College, New York. The brothers met in New York and the Princeton Doctor preached. On the way to their lodgings, Dr. Samuel said to Dr. John, "Brother Jack, what did you think of my sermon?" John replied, "It was all very well, perhaps; but I could not help thinking you preached, instead of Jesus Christ and him crucified, Sam Smith and him dignified."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How, sir," cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at this triumph over metaphysics.

"I would give a thousand pounds for your good name," said a bad man to a gentleman distinguished for his honesty. "Why?" Because I could make ten thousand pounds by it," was the knave's reply.

The London Anniversaries.

THE LONDON BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, said, I have the profoundest respect for those politicians who would follow a Liberal course of reform in the government of our land, and I suspect very greatly those Conservatives who sit down under the tree whose branches are nearly rotten and sing—

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

(Renewed laughter.) There is something very beautiful and touching about this—so beautiful and touching that it never would be in my heart to speak a hard thing about that old Conservative tree. Again, there is something very beautiful about that youthful flush and fire that to set all things right would turn all things upside down, but for all that I would prefer to adopt a middle course. I would rather see in power those who would make reforms when necessary, and who would yet hold fast the constitutional principles and even the items that grow out of these principles as far as possible. True lovers of their country are to be found in both extreme roads, no doubt, but they are not to be thought less true to their country who take a middle position and do not aspire to lead either side. And the true lovers of the Baptist Missionary Society may be those who would not have a word altered in its constitution and yet cannot defend the phraseology; and they may be those who say, "No society"; but when I take my stand and say, Let us hold together in a great society, but at the same time let us be prepared to follow out more and more what we feel to be Scriptural revelation. I hold I am not less a friend to the Baptist Missionary Society than any man living. I do not believe there is any party who wish that there had been no society action. I believe that to have been a thorough misapprehension—not a misrepresentation doubtless—for we have all said, God speed the Society! On our knees have we asked of God to show us what could make her more efficient, what could give her missionaries more spirit in the field and her ministers more spirit in the cabinet. It is not a question whether there should be a society or not, but how far the churches of God should be recognized and individual action be brought more fully into play. If the question had not been started by the gentleman who preceded me I had not taken it up, but when the gage of battle is thrown down I am not the man to refuse to take it up. (Cheers and laughter.) You have been hearing of the great work in which we have been engaged, and when I listened to our dear friend Mr. Evans, I could not but feel impressed with its solemnity. Did it not seem strange, according to human reason and the law of cause and effect—did it not seem absurd and ridiculous that a few people in England should meet together to talk about the conversion of India! I excuse Sydney Smith for his belief that it was indeed the freak of a raving madman, though I cannot excuse the ribald language in which he expressed the thought. But it does seem, on any principle but a supernatural one, to have been the maddest enterprise in which men ever engaged. We must understand then where we are. We take our stand on the supernatural. We are to depend for our success on Him who has bidden us "go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It becomes us, then, to be exceedingly careful how we lose this principle, or do anything whatever that might rob us of its strength; for we must lean entirely on that arm. If neither committee, funds, nor subscribers, can do anything without Him, we must mind we do not grieve Him, but we must go to work on such principles as may ensure us success because He has promised it. We are willing, dear friends, to hear arguments on the other side at all times, provided they are not those equivocal arguments which say "the thing is right in principle, but not in practice; it is right, but not important." To us to be right is to be important, and to be true is to be necessary. Let it only be shown that a thing is wrong and unscriptural, and in an assembly of Baptists we never ask the question whether we shall keep it any longer. It is wrong to the winds with it. When I joined this denomination I was enchanted with that which seemed to be written on its banner. We will have nothing but what we find in Scripture. We will not even have infant baptism, because we think it merely a tradition, and we will order our church government on Scriptural principles. It seems to us that to say a thing is right and Scriptural but does not signify, would be to cut the rock from under our feet and stand upon the sands for ever; and to this by the grace of God we cannot possibly submit. (Cheers)

Now it has seemed to us that an association of good men working out God's purposes was a noble idea, and the outgrowth of the idea of a church, and we have therefore never said a word against it, but have on the other hand fondly cherished the hope that we might see such an association.

We have not believed in an association composed of ten-and-six-pences; we have always said piety is an essential, and the profession of that piety before men. We have always thought that any connection with the world, merely on account of ten-and-six-pences, or even thousands of pounds, was almost as great an evil as uniting the Church with the State, which contains so many worldly elements. And therefore we

have not spoken about words and phraseologies, but about what is to us a very solemn principle. We are prepared as Christian men to maintain in its fullest strength this Society, but we are not prepared to work with any Society, which either ignores the churches, or does not distinctly make itself a Christian Society, by having no members but those who profess to be Christians. We don't believe we could expect to have God's blessing unless we purge out the old leaven. We think that just as in the human body, if there is a piece of bone that is dead, there will be an ulcer and a swelling till the bone is cut out, so the admission, even in phraseology, of anything like a dead world, and the unrenewed nature of man into the working society of Christ, would only be to breed an ulcer in it, which would mar the whole body in its beauty and strength. But, leaving this question, let me touch now upon another point. What I do want to say is this—I want to see everywhere a widespread satisfaction with the Baptist Society, and a wide-spread dissatisfaction with what it is. I want to see a wide-spread dissatisfaction with all the results that have ever come out of the missionary enterprise—a dissatisfaction which shall make us fall upon our faces before our God, and groan and weep, saying, "Lord, how is it that Thou dost not bless Thy churches more?" My heart was full of joy to hear what has been done in India, and as I read this report my heart leaped within me, for, oh, it is a blessing to get one sheep into the fold; but when I think of the great masses who are unconverted—of the millions who are perishing for lack of knowledge, my eyes are wet with tears, while the dread thought goes through my soul that the world lieth in the wicked one, and that the Prince of this world still sways his sceptre in darkness. We want to get Christian people to say we must have something more; for God will never give us greater things till we want them, and pant after them even as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. To a great extent our prayers and expectations are prophetic. They show what God is going to do, and if we are content with what we have (grateful I know we must be), if we do not pant after wider and larger things, we shall not have them. But when the groan has gone up, "O God, we cannot endure this any longer; O Lord, who didst work so mighty a work at Pentecost, is Thine arm shortened that it cannot save; were not whole continents covered with the truth in a short space of time, and may we not expect the like wonders now?"—then we may expect to see something more done by God for the salvation of men. Now it has struck some of us that to get the whole country into something like dissatisfaction with the results hitherto obtained would be one of the best ways toward making every man feel more than he does his own individual responsibility, and to make every church feel more than it does its own individual responsibility. If you could see my heart, you would see nothing in it but the purest love to the Society even when I say something about its faults. It is because I love the society that I want to see a more thorough revival of the sense of individual responsibility. To whom did Christ give his commission? Not to a society, but to individuals. If I understand the promise, it is given to each individual believer, who feeling his own weakness comes to God, and casts himself upon the Divine strength. And to whom is the reward given? Shall I at the gate of heaven hear the words, Well done, good and faithful servant? No; but Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord. And mark, there are personal benefits to be derived from personal action which you cannot have without it. There is the personal joy of doing good which I cannot have unless with my own hand I feed the hungry, and with my own lips instruct the ignorant, and with my own heart show sympathy to those that are suffering and sick. There is besides a kind of spiritual education that a man gains from feeling his personal responsibility. His heart grows larger. He learns how necessary it is to call for the aid of all brethren like-minded, and he shakes off all bigotry. And as he works, he feels his own weakness, and is humbled, but he feels his own strength, and so his faith grows; and the spiritual education of the individual who works for Christ is something so instrumentally beneficial that everything that should seem in any way to prevent this sense of responsibility ought to be deplored. What we want to do in connection with this Society is this—could not some of you keep a missionary yourself, paying your money into the Society? At the same time inform that missionary that he depends upon you for support, and tell him that if he is ill and wants a little extra help to let you know, if things are not going well with him to let you know. A person sustaining a missionary in that way would be more likely to pay for him and feel sympathy with him than anybody else. There may be some friend here—a lady perhaps—who has faith enough, though poor, to believe that God will enable her to support a missionary; like a dear sister in Cheltenham who supports an Evangelist in Paris. Well, I am quite sure, if she undertakes to do it, that it will have a most blessed effect on her soul. And there is one mistake that will not arise. If she supports a missionary it will never be supposed that she is the Queen of England, or the Lord Mayor, or the House of Commons. Your see they are all now looking to this great Society; that, to a large extent, takes off the responsibility from the individual. We do not want to cut the rope that is holding the missionaries down below, but we want you to understand that it is nothing but a rope, and we must all have one share in holding it, and we must be recognised as having our share. If every man feels that the holding of the rope depends upon him, and that if he does not subscribe the rope will not be held so