

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 15th, 1866.

JOHN XVI. 22-33: Christ comforts his disciples. 1 KINGS XVI. 1-14: Jehu's Prophecy. Recite—ISAIAH. XL. 28-31.

Sunday, July 22nd, 1866.

JOHN XVII.: Christ's prayer. 1 KINGS XVI. 15-34: Ahab's wicked reign. Recite—PSALM CXXXIII.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

READ the initials and you will perceive "THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER," unquestionably "a source of much valuable information," every week to your thousands of readers.

- 1. Trophimus. 2nd Timothy iv. 20. 2. Heman. 1st Chronicles xxv. 5. 3. Eliab. Numbers vii. 29. 4. Cornet. Daniel iii. 5. 5. Hiram. 1st Kings vii. 13. 6. Rama. Matthew ii. 18. 7. Ira. 1st Chronicle xxvii. 9. 8. Seth. Genesis v. 3. 9. Troas. 2nd Timothy iv. 13. 10. Igal. Numbers xiii. 7. 11. Abigail. 1st Samuel xxv. 3. 12. Nehemiah. Nehemiah i. 1. 13. Michael. Jude 9. 14. Elisabeth. Luke i. 5. 15. Stephen. Acts vi. 5. 16. Saul. 1st Samuel ix. 3. 17. Enoch. Jude xiv. 18. Nod. Genesis iv. 16. 19. Gerizim. Deuteronomy xxvii. 12. 20. Ezekiel. Ezekiel i. 3. 21. Rhoda. Acts xii. 13, 14.

A lesson of Trust.

Some time ago, a boy was discovered in Claborn street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man, who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "He has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of truth, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

"Always, always flowing."

It is related of a late eminent servant of God, who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was often employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them from day to day was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream admiring the ceaseless flow of the waters, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere in a sermon that "a river was like eternity." He felt now, as he had never before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant torrent, he said to himself: "When I die, I must go either to heaven or hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness will be like this river—always, always flowing; and if I go to hell, my misery shall be like this river—always, always flowing." The thought clung to his mind, as hour after hour the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call from heaven, no alarming providence, no pathetic appeal stirred his soul; nothing but the still small voice from the bosom of the tranquil river. At length he returned home, but he could not shake off the impression.—The Holy Spirit awoke him to the consciousness of his immortality, and constrained him to ponder whether that immortality should be an endless river of pleasure at God's right hand, or a ceaseless stream of anguish from the lake of fire. Day after day he returned with his flock to the pasture, but every fresh glance at the river recalled to his mind that one towering thought—ETERNITY.

At last he could endure it no longer. He fled for refuge to the Saviour, received the sense of forgiveness through a believing apprehension of His cross, and thenceforward found the thought of a future endless existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently he was called to the ministry of the gospel, and became a distinguished blessing to the church. The circumstances which, under Divine guidance, originated his career, gave the tone to all its subsequent course. He habitually dwelt, not upon the seen and the temporal, but upon the unseen and eternal.

Young Men.

How many great men performed their greatest achievements before forty? Alexander the Great died at thirty-three. Napoleon had achieved all his great victories at thirty-five. Washington was twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British army under Braddock, and not forty-five in 1775. At thirty-three, Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At thirty, Hamilton helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. At twenty-three, Melancthon wrote the Loci Communes, which passed through fifty editions within his life-time. At thirty-three, he wrote the Augsburg Confession. At twenty-nine, Ursinus wrote the Heidelberg Catechism. Zwingli wrote his chief works before forty, and died at forty-six. At the Disputation of Leipsic, Luther was thirty-five; at the Diet of Worms, thirty-seven. At twenty-seven, Calvin wrote the Institutes. Moses sent young men to spy out the land of Canaan, and Joshua sent young men, as spies, to Jericho. Saul, David, and Solomon achieved their greatest works before they had reached middle life. John the Baptist and the Apostles did their leading life-work as young men, and Jesus Christ finished his labors and endured his sufferings as a young man. Not a decrepit worn-out life, but the warm blood of manhood's morning did he shed upon the cross for the world's redemption.—German Messenger.

The Blind Bible-reader.

Rev. Mr. Bliss, the agent of the Bible Society at Constantinople, thus writes of a blind colporter who calls attention to the Bible by reading it publicly with his fingers:

One of the colporters is the blind young man from Erzingan. When his lesson for the day is finished, he takes a few books in his carpet-bag, goes to the market-place, and feeling his way slowly and carefully from shop to shop, offers the Book of books to all whose attention he can gain. He is very often successful where one who can see would be rudely turned away.

He has several portions of the Bible in Armenian, in raised letters, prepared by Mr. Moon, of London, and he is able to read them quite fluently. He usually takes one of these books with him when he goes forth to his work. On several occasions he has created great interest, not only in himself, but in the Word of God, which he reads to them with the ends of his fingers.

He is a shrewd young man, quick at repartee, and full of zeal and faith. Several persons have been persuaded to commence the study of the Bible, rebuked by seeing this blind young man's enthusiasm in reading portions of it with his fingers.

The Prince of Wales and the Bible Society.

The recent occasion of His Royal Highness laying the corner stone of the new building for the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Earl Street, Blackfriars, London, was one of interest, not only from the object of the assemblage, and the personages present, but also from the sentiments expressed by the Prince of Wales in his address.

On the temporary floor, raised in a vacant space of ground at the back of St. Paul's, and not more than a hundred yards or so from the well-known premises of the society in Earl Street, were assembled many earnest helpers in the spread of religion, honoured for their deeds and admired for their eloquence in that great cause. The tent, which was spread above the site of the new house, covered a kind of amphitheatre, whose raised tiers of benches accommodated some 2500 spectators of the interesting scene. On what may be termed, with relation to them, the stage, appeared the square block of granite, with cords and pulleys ready to lower it upon its base; garlands of flowers and an open Bible resting on the top surface of the stone. At the back was a huge framework with squares of glass, covering many hundred copies of the sacred volume, in all languages; and along the cornice of this structure ran a scroll, which bore the words of holy writ: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The platform, carpeted with crimson, bore two chairs of state, and several fastenings of less conspicuous size and ornament. When the Prince reached the platform, the Rev. C. Jackson gave out the Hundredth Psalm, which was sung by the people, and immediately afterwards the Rev. Thomas Binney read certain appropriate texts and passages of Scripture. The Prince then requested the Lord Mayor to take the vacant chair on his left, and when the assemblage had also resumed their seats, the Rev. S. B. Bergine read a long statement of the objects and operations of the society. This statement embraced a period of more than sixty years—the society, under the presidency of Lord Teignmouth, having been originated in 1804, and having at an early period been favoured with the patronage of the late Duke of Kent. From the most accurate data available it was inferred that in the year 1804 there could not have been more than four million copies of the Scriptures—complete Bibles or New Testaments—in the whole world.

The Prince of Wales read the following address.—My Lord Archbishop, ladies, and gentlemen,—I have to thank you for the very interesting address in which you ably set forth the objects of this noble institution. It is now sixty-three years ago since Mr. Wilberforce, the father of the eminent prelate who now occupies so prominent a place in the Church of

England, met with a few friends by candlelight in a small room in a dingy counting-house, and resolved upon the establishment of a Bible Society. Contrast with this obscure beginning the scene of this day, and which not only in England and in the colonies, but in the United States of America, and in every nation in Europe, will awaken the keenest interest. Such a reward of perseverance is always a gratifying spectacle—much more so when the work which it commemorates is one in which all Christians can take part, and when the object is that of enabling every man in his own tongue to read the wonderful works of God. I have an hereditary claim to be here on this occasion. (Cheers) My grandfather the Duke of Kent, as you have reminded me, warmly advocated the claims of this society, and it is gratifying to me to reflect that the two modern versions of the Scriptures more widely circulated than any others—the German and English—were both in their origin connected with my family. The translation of Martin Luther was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, the collateral ancestor of my lamented father, whilst that of William Tyndale, the foundation of the present authorised English version, was introduced with the sanction of the Royal predecessor of my mother Queen, who first desired that the Bible "should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm." It is my hope and trust that, under the Divine guidance, the wider diffusion and the deeper study of the Scriptures will, in this as in every age, be at once the surest guarantee of the progress and liberty of mankind, and the means of multiplying in the purest form the consolations of our holy religion.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated.

Marriage of the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge (who will still retain her title and name) was married on Tuesday the 12th ult., at the parish church at Kew. It was the wish of the Princess that she should be married, as she had been confirmed, in the little parish church, which she had attended so long, and where among all the poorer members of its congregation she is said to be idolized for her acts of charity and her generous feeling. As she desired she was married, as she expressed it herself, "among her own people," and her marriage feast was celebrated in the quiet old-fashioned little red brick villa in which she has lived so long. The decorations of the village and around the church were very pretty, but the church itself retained its ordinary plain everyday appearance. No guests were admitted till 10 o'clock, but in a very few minutes after that hour the little nave and aisles were tolerably well filled, and, as is always the case on these occasions, almost entirely by ladies. Indeed, the first gentleman visitor of distinction—Lord Derby—did not arrive till after 11 o'clock. Almost at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone entered, and then the tide of eminent personages began to flow in fast. All, both ladies and gentlemen, were, of course, in morning dress, the prevailing colours worn by the former being so markedly white and blue (the colours of the bridemaids) that there was almost a monotony of tint along the rows on either side of the nave. Many of the peers wore their stars and ribands, but there was great diversity in this respect, some wearing their ribands without the stars, and some their stars without the ribands, while several were in plain walking dress, without decoration of any kind. The Queen arrived shortly after 12 o'clock; all rose to receive her, and bowed deeply, as leaning on the arm of the Duke of Cambridge, she passed slowly up the church, and took her seat in the highest chair of State, close on the right of the altar. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, but was attired in the very deepest mourning—mourning so deep, indeed, that not even a speck of white relieved its sombreness. With Her Majesty came their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Princess Helena, and Princess Louise.

At 12 o'clock the bride came in, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Cambridge, and followed by her bridal suite. The Princess walking with all the stately grace which may be almost said to be peculiar to herself, and her fine, kindly, genial face shone with smiles as she acknowledged the deep reverences of her personal friends on both sides of the nave. She was dressed entirely in white, trimmed with lace, which was looped up with bouquets of orange flowers and myrtle. The body of the dress was high and square, and the lace veil, depending from a wreath of orange blossoms, almost formed a train behind her. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. In the afternoon Prince Teak and the Princess Mary left for Berkhampstead, to become the guests of Earl Brownlow during the honeymoon.—Freeman

Extraordinary Railway Accident.

One of the most extraordinary railway accidents ever recorded took place on Saturday June 9th on the Great Northern line. Its scene was the Welwyn tunnel, about twenty miles from London, and according to the official account the circumstances were these:—A train of empty coal waggons was going northwards through the tunnel, when the engine burst a tube, and was unable to go on. A goods train was following, and by some mistake on the part of the signalman (at present unexplained) was allowed to enter the tunnel before he (the signalman) had received the telegraphic message

from the other end of it, that the preceding train had passed out. The second train came into collision with the break van of the train of empty waggons, throwing the van and several waggons of the first train and the engine of the second train off the line. The guard of the first train was killed. At this moment an up goods train reached the north end of the tunnel, and as there was nothing to indicate an obstruction of the upline, it was allowed to proceed. The engine of this train came into contact with the engine of the down train, and together with several waggons was also thrown off the line. Before any means could be taken to remove the broken waggons, the fire from one of the engines had caught the debris, and the wind blowing through the tunnel caused the fire to spread so rapidly that it was impossible to clear the line. The fire was burning in the tunnel all day Sunday. Continued explosions took place, there being a quantity of casks of oil and other inflammable goods in the waggons of one of the trains (belonging to the Midland Company). The repeated explosions rendered any attempt, even if the heat and smoke had not prevented it, to enter the tunnel abortive. It was not until six o'clock on Sunday night that the fire had become sufficiently reduced to enable any one to enter the tunnel. The inquest on the guard and a man who died from the injuries he had received in the accident was held on Tuesday night, at Welwyn, and after a long inquiry, a verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

A Temperance text.

The Apostle Paul writes to Timothy,—"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." This text is quoted by some in opposition to what they regard as ultra temperance views. It belongs on the other side. Look at it carefully, and consider what it implies, first on the part of Paul, and secondly on the part of Timothy. As it regards Paul, it teaches us that he was in favor of using wine only as a medicine, and then only in small quantities. As it regards Timothy, it teaches us that, though an invalid, he was such an obstinate teetotaler, that he would not even use a little wine when he needed it as a medicine, until it was prescribed by an inspired apostle. So it appears that Paul was a strict temperance man, and that Timothy was, if any thing, rather ultra on the subject. We would recommend to all tipplers total abstinence from the use of this text as an argument in favor of their practices.—W. & P.

The Contrast:

WITH AND WITHOUT.

WITH.

With your glass of wine, you are simply an ordinary wine-drinker; uttering no protest, showing no definite example; allowing a great movement to be conducted without you; leaving a work undone, which might have been done; supinely resting upon your oars; withdrawing yourself from the conflict, while other men are waging a manly and successful struggle in behalf of their fellow men.

WITHOUT.

Without your glass of wine, you are part of a great movement; uttering a humble protest; walking in the highway of blessed privilege; showing a practical example; going down to fetch a fallen brother from the mire; with vigor and energy pulling hard against the stream, and at every stroke rising to higher and purer waters; and at last conducting, it may be, many sons to glory.

A Hindoo explanation.

The following explanation of an eclipse, as recorded in the Shasters, was reported by Rev. J. Makepeace at a Missionary meeting in Luton, England.

"The infernal and supernal deities were to be present at the churning of the ocean, in order to gain the water of immortality. They got into the ocean and called around them a circle of assistant spirits, and the work of churning commenced. The superiors intended to secure the draught for themselves, but there was one of the demons, one of the sharpest of his kind, who saw through the design, and determined not to be out-witted. He laid aside his infernal garb and assumed one that better suited the superior portion of the assembly. Birshed was master of the ceremonies. He had not observed what was transpiring, and so it fell to the lot of the demon to sip the nectars and live forever. The sun and the moon who had been watching the movements, interposed, and the moon endeavored to draw back his arm. Birshed resented the interference of the moon, but he cut the demon in two. The demon, however, had drank the water of immortality and must live forever. But he sought vengeance of the sun and moon, and is represented as running after the two luminaries crying revenge. When he comes up to the sun he catches him, but finds him too hot to hold, and lets him go, and that accounts for the partial eclipse of the sun. He then makes chase for the moon, finds her somewhat cooler and swallows her, but inasmuch as his body is cut in two, she soon makes her appearance again, and that accounts for the temporary though total eclipse of the moon."

That which is a tempest to some, is to others a pleasant and prosperous gale.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.