

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, May 2nd, 1869.

MATTHEW xv. 32-38; xvi. 1-12; MARK viii. 1-21; Four thousand are fed. The Jews require a sign.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 11, 12.

Sunday, May 9th, 1869.

MATTHEW xvi. 1-20; MARK viii. 22-30; LUKE ix. 18-21; A blind man healed. The disciples profess faith in Christ.

Recite.—S. C., 13, 14, 15.

ANSWER TO QUESTION ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

B.

1. BABES. 1. Pet. ii. 2. (1st) They are free from pride and malice, Mark x. 14, 15. (2nd) They partake of the nature of their father, John iii. 6. (3rd) They grow as they advance in years, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

2. BUCKLER. 2 Sam. xxiii. 31; Ps. xviii. 2, 30.

3. BLINDNESS. 2 Cor. iv. 4; Eph. iv. 18.

4. BULLS. in Ps. xxii. 12, 13; Is. xxxiv. 7.

BEARS. in Prov. xxviii. 15; BOARS. in Ps. lxxx. 13; BEES. in Ps. cxviii. 12; BIRDS. in Rev. xviii. 2.

5. BEAM. in contrast with Mote, Matt. vii. 3, 4.

6. BONDS. Used metaphorically of sin in Acts viii. 23; Is. v. 18; of charity in Col. iii. 14; of obedience in Ezek. xx. 37; of peace in Eph. iv. 3; of sorrow in Acts xx. 22; of punishment in Acts xxiii. 29.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. IX.

Who two apostles entertained, at risk of loss of life? And who a hundred seers hid from his ruler's murderous wife?
Who, offering unto God strange fire, by holy fire was slain?
Who, a high lord espoused, preserver of a kingdom's grain?
What monarch turned from Judah's king the heathen arms aside?
What prophetic foretold the woe a nation would betide?
What cruel brother 'neath a wall by woman's hand was killed?
What captain let God's prisoned seer go free where'er he willed?

In these initials you may find
A royal warrior's name;
So loving, fearless, true, and kind,
He cannot die to fame
A people's love once saved his life
When doomed to instant death:
Years after, in a sudden strife
He yielded up his breath.

JOSEPH'S HISTORY.

A BIBLE SONNET.

Heaven's favourite down a darksome pit they cast,
His rich-hued robe and lofty dreams deriding;
Then, from his tears their ruthless faces hiding,
Sell him to merchants who with spicery passed.
The changeable years o'er that fair slave fled fast:
Behold him now in glorious chariot riding,
Arrayed in shining vesture, and presiding
O'er Egypt's councils,—owned by heaven at last.

In pit or palace, God's own hand was weaving
The "many-coloured" texture of his days,
The brightest tints till last in wisdom leaving,
So when in dismal paths our feet are sinking,
Let us be looking soon for lightsome rays,
For our wise Father "thoughts of peace is thinking."

RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

BY S. T. RAND.

It is generally known that the Indians in their conversation, set speeches, and methods of imparting instruction, are fond of using figurative language, comparisons, fable, and parable. They are, like other people, exceedingly fond of stories, and have a great variety of these among them, some of them of a most wild and extravagant character, abounding in transformations, fables, wizards, satyrs, huge serpents, huge birds and monsters in human shape. Some of their stories—ahtookwōkūn—as they term them, have a decidedly moral bearing. Industry, courage, and virtue, are shown to be rewarded. Laziness, cowardice, and vice are seen to be punished: Some of these ahtookwōkūn are manifestly of modern manufacture. Some of them may have been learned from the white people, and even those which purport to have been handed down from antiquity, may have received a tinge of modern elements, a circumstance that could hardly be avoided in passing through the channel, not of a written but of a spoken tradition.

Having been led lately to collect some additional specimens of these, singular 'literary productions,' I have selected a short one for

publication in the Messenger. I translate it from the 'original' which lies before me as I wrote it down from the mouth of my friend, Captain Joseph Glode, who says he learned it from an old Malisect Indian. It may be entitled,

THE ICE KING AND THE INDIAN.

It runs thus:

There was once a large Indian village on the banks of a river. One winter the weather was unusually severe, huge piles of snow lay on the ground, the water was frozen up every where, and many of the people perished. The few, that remained scarcely survived the rigors of the season. Spring came, however, at last. The snow in the woods melted, the ice in the river gave way, and drifted down with the current, all but one huge cake. This lodged on the bank, and long resisted the power of the sun, and shed its cold baleful influence far and wide. At length a stout resolute Indian resolved to remove the nuisance. So arming himself with a large bludgeon and bracing himself up against the cold breath of the monster, he assailed it and laid on sturdy blows. Every blow told. Piece after piece was broken off, the huge ice cake rapidly diminished, and finally by dint of pushing and prying, it was tumbled into the river, was caught by the current and borne rapidly away. "There," shouted the Indian, "be off with yourself—Jiglahusee—and dont you ever come back—movapoh coohcoocow—you will not freeze us again in a hurry, I guess." "Thank you" exclaimed the ice cake, you have done a great kindness—cané, loak wellahlin—but I'll visit you again next winter."

These words made a deep impression on the man. He remembered them particularly as the following autumn approached. He felt sure that the 'Ice King' would return and renew the contest. So he prepared to give him a "warm" reception. He built his wigwom* in the most suitable situation and fortified it in the best manner possible for resisting an attack from so insidious a foe. He laid in a store of ammunition, collected piles of dry wood, and carefully split it, and saturated it with oil. Having carefully provided and prepared for the foe he awaited his visit. And he came, first silently and stealthily but making his presence and his power felt every where around. The cold became intense, and the intensity increased day after day. Finally the 'Ice king' walked boldly into the wigwom and took his seat just opposite the man on the other side of wigwom. A large fire was blazing in the centre at the time but the chilliness of his body and breath all but extinguished it, and all but froze the man to death. He could scarcely move his benumbed limbs. But he made a vigorous effort, and threw on kindling wood and poured on oil. Presently the fire began to blaze up again and his stiffened limbs to grow supple. Then he bestirred himself and manfully contended with the "Ice King." He piled on wood and poured in oil, and the fire blazed up and roared furiously; and 'his majesty' began to give way. First he hitched back a little, and then he took another hitch, and then another, until his back brought up against the wigwom, and he could move no farther. Meanwhile the man piled on the dried and well oiled fuel, and the fire blazed higher and higher. This started the perspiration all over the icy monster, and he grew "beautifully less" in a trice. "Tabenk" he exclaimed, 'it is enough' "let me out. I am conquered." So the man rose up and with a piece of wood shoved the fire over from the side where the 'Ice King' sat, and gave him a chance to escape; which he did with all haste, exclaiming as he went out. "You have fairly beaten me twice. You are now my master forever." After this that man never suffered from cold. Winter and summer were all alike to him—"apche-nibunumit," "with him it was always summer." He could go bare-headed, bare-handed, and bare-foot all the year round.

Such is the fable. The moral is very plain, a child can understand it. But we may be excused for pointing it out somewhat particularly.

1. A wise man will learn from past experience, and provide against all possible emergencies. Especially will he provide in summer against the rigors of winter. A tight comfortable house, and a good supply of food, dry fuel, good stoves, and warm clothing, provided beforehand, will conquer the rigors of the coldest winter any where. These are the weapons with which "Jack Frost"—or as the hero of our fable is called in Micmac, Umcoomy—Ice—is to be assailed.

2. Resolution and perseverance will conquer all difficulties. One victory paves the way for another, and a man who has shown himself stout and resolute in a series of encounters, will work his way. Let this fable of the "Ice king and the Indian," with its moral, be pondered and remembered and its lessons acted upon, and many evils will be overcome besides cold.

*This word should be spelled with an o in the final syllable wigwom.

3. A serious suggestion will not be out of place. It is a sad thing when winter comes upon the careless and improvident and finds them unprepared. Alas, 'for those who do not in time make provision for eternity! Let us be wise to-day.'

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. XIII.

HOME OPPOSITION.

Next week early we saw Marion again. The ball was over, and she had not gone: and almost immediately after Colonel and Mrs. Staunton and Adeline had gone on a long promised visit to a relation, and Marion was left in solitary possession of the house. There was no difficulty, therefore, in her accepting the cordial invitation of Mrs. Marsden, Emily's mother, to stay with her and her daughter till her parents should return; and before we had been many hours the inmates of the same house Marion and I were already on a footing of intimacy. She was naturally open and unreserved, and when she found that I could give her as cordial sympathy, and more practical counsel, than her friend Emily, she was ready to open her heart to me, and seek my advice with a humility and gentleness which I saw to be the effect of grace, though, perhaps, also, in some degree it was increased by her discouragement and depression at the failure of all her efforts.

Her position was certainly, I found, a very painful one. The friends with whom she had been staying during the interval between her leaving school and her joining her parents on their return from India were earnest and devoted, but not altogether judicious Christians. Living in a small circle of friends and fellow-workers who all felt and thought much alike, they had no idea of the need of prudence and circumspection which a Christian must experience when brought into contact with the openly worldly. The one point they continually pressed on their young guest was, faithfulness in speaking her mind openly; and her special friend and adviser, the eldest daughter of the family, was particularly earnest in giving counsels which would have been, with some modifications, extremely useful if addressed to a timid, hesitating, over-cautious character, but which, to an impulsive, frank, and rather warm temper like Marion's, should have been tempered with exhortations to cultivate "the meekness of wisdom" in all she did and said, and to beware lest she caused her "good to be evil spoken of." But she received no such salutary warnings. Her first kind friend, Miss Williams, was at that time laid aside by indisposition, and she had no one else to give her a word of caution. She came fresh from an atmosphere of warm, glowing Christian feeling and active work to one totally opposite. Her father had imbibed all the strong prejudices against aggressive Christian effort which are often acquired by residents in India who have not been brought under the influence of vital Christianity. The cold blighting atmosphere of a heathen land, which is likely to affect even those nominal Christians who make no effort to overcome the baleful influence, had passed over him. Mrs. Staunton's one object in life was to advance her children in the world, and to help them to obtain good situations, if sons, and to marry well, if daughters. This was the business of her life: its pleasures consisted entirely in worldly society and amusements. She had succeeded in marrying two daughters well in India, and in getting two sons established in lucrative and honourable situations in the same country. The third daughter, whose illness during her short stay in India had hindered her mother's views, had returned to England well prepared to go into company to the extent of Mrs. Staunton's wishes, and eager, on the recovery of her health, to rush headlong into every gaiety. Such was the family group into which Marion was suddenly introduced: and as soon as they found she had imbibed what they called "Puritan" views, parents and sister took no pains to conceal their disgust and displeasure. Marion had been prepared for difference of opinion, but she had not realized its full effects; and frank, and even bold in some respects as she was, a sensitive heart lay concealed under an outwardly daring manner, and the opposition she often seemed wantonly to provoke, she nevertheless felt keenly when it came.

"It is like bodily pain," she said to me: "one never represents it to oneself rightly beforehand: it always feels worse than one expects."

"And yet, dear Marion, some of your friends would say you almost courted it sometimes."

"I know it; and Adeline says that I love contradiction. I know I am apt to be carried away by excitement when I get into an argument—and I can't easily keep my thoughts to myself: but still strong opposition and blame give me more pain than I can tell; only, you see, if one really thinks it's one's duty, one dares not stop. I should often have been tempted by fear of the suffering to give up, but I felt if I once gave way I should never stop, and so I have made myself resist even in little things, and often appeared more determined and obstinate than I really felt, because I could not trust myself to give way even for a moment."

"I understand; you found it easier to run than to walk. So it often is."

"But another thing. Not only were the Daltons always urging me to be bold and determined, but I read also so many accounts in stories, and 'diaries,' and collections of anecdotes of young Christians being the means of bringing their families to the truth, that I

thought, why should I not do the same? And I prayed, ah! so earnestly, that God would grant me success! But now I am growing utterly discouraged: no blessing has followed."

"Still, my dear friend, never despair. Though the Lord 'tarry, wait for Him.' A faithful prayer will not be left unanswered; though the answer may not come always when we expect, or as we expect. But we are taught in God's word to work as well as to pray. May I ask what means you used to bring the truths home to your friends?"

"Why, I thought the best way was to be very plain and direct in speaking out openly and putting the truth before them. Louisa Dalton urged this particularly on me, and the books I read all spoke of very direct means being blessed. There was one story which struck me very much, of a son remonstrating with his father about his never having family prayer, and after a little struggle it ended in the father's asking him to lead the prayers from that time forward. Well, I found, as I expected, that nothing of the sort was done at home; in the evenings there was company, which broke up too late to assemble servants, and in the morning breakfast was late and irregular. I saw the servants had no sort of religious help, for on Sundays most of them could seldom even get once to church; and at last I thought I ought to speak. So I screwed up my courage, and asked mamma if she would let me read with the maids in the mornings. She stared as if she thought I were crazy; but I then explained that as the maids had done their breakfast long before ours began, was it not a pity they should not get some sort of family prayer or reading, that would do them good, and as I was always the first down I should be very glad to be allowed to read to them upstairs, that they might not go without any opportunity of hearing Bible reading. I suppose, now I look back to it, I did speak a little abruptly, you know when one is feeling frightened at heart one sometimes does—at least I know I do! for mamma and Adeline seemed to think I had spoken very improperly, and mamma put it down at once, and said she could not have the maids taken from their work by all the preaching which was so much the fashion now-a-days; she thought if people could read the Bible and pray in their own rooms it was quite enough, and she did not see the good of making a show of religion. I know I ought to have been silent, but I could not bear to be accused of making a show; and I said I thought there was a great difference between reading quietly to a maid and making a public parade of religion, and I thought now-a-days most people did have family prayers. Mamma was quite vexed, said every family must judge for itself, and she could not be dictated to either by Miss Williams or Mrs. Dalton. So I was silenced, and it just left a permanent unpleasantness."

"And was that your last attempt?"

"About the prayers, of course, I could do no more; but I was very anxious my family should see and understand what my principles really were. Louisa's letters were always full of entreaties that I would show them plainly I was a Christian, and tell them so in words if possible. But I had been stopped short about the prayers and it was not easy to find an opportunity. No one seemed to care what I thought. Papa was mostly out, mamma always full of her arrangements at home and her engagements with company, Adeline busy with her own pursuits. I hoped they would see that my religion made me so bright and happy that they would wish to know the secret of my happiness; but unluckily, in the first place, as I said, they were too busy to care, and in the second, I was not always able to show as I wished what my real comfort was. I can thankfully say I have inward peace at the bottom of my heart, but I am apt to get troubled and worried at top as it were, like a river that is foaming and disturbed at its surface, though it is smooth and calm deep down below. I allow small things to harass me, and then I am often distressed by not seeing plainly what I ought to do, which is a thing which doesn't seem to harass some people at all. And then the want of sympathy in all those about me often makes me sad, and they think me gloomy and morose."

GOLDEN WORDS.

At a funeral of a little child the silvery-haired pastor entered the room. Heeding not the chair placed for him by the small table with the Bible upon it, he walked first to the little form, gazed upon it, and laying his hand upon the marble forehead, spoke first to the dead: "Dear lamb! safe in the fold; safe in the fold!" Every heart throbbed, and every eye gave forth its tears at this sweetly solemn congratulation. The words of comfort rested in the parents' hearts then and ever after, and those present who had also mourned, believed, and looked upward.

"A word fitly spoken, how good it is!" That loving sentence was the better prelude to the hymn and prayer, and the heart turned with love to the Book whence they were taken.

Horsemen, and others who pretend to know, say that the following directions had better be observed in using "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders": Give a horse a table spoonful every night for a week; the same every other night for 4 or 6 nights; the same for a milch cow, and twice as much for an ox. The addition of a little fine salt will be an advantage.

We have heard recently of several severe cases of spinal disease cured by "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment": one case of a man forty-five years old, who had not done a day's work for four years. The back should first be washed, then rubbed with a coarse towel. Apply the Liniment cold, and rub in well with the hand.